THE

COMEDIES, TRAGEDIES, AND OPERAS

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Now first Collected together, and Corrected from the Originals.

The Second Volume.

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To the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of *MULGRAVE*,

Gentleman of His Majesty's Bed-Chamber, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

'TIS a severe Reflection which *Montaign* has made on Princes, that we ought not, in Reason, to have any Expectations of Favour from them, and that 'tis Kindness enough, if they leave us in possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure shews the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of *England* may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly by his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Posterity a far other Account of my Royal Master, than what *Montaign* has left of his. Those Accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferiour Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many who make it their Business to ruin Wit. And *Montaign*, in other places, tells us, what Effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the only end of their Creation. If good accrue to any from them, 'tis only in order to own their Designs; conferr'd most commonly on the Base and Infamous; and never given, but only hapning sometimes on Well-deservers, Dulness has brought them to what they are; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of Specious they must have to recommend themselves to Princes, (for Folly will not easily go down in its own natural Form with discerning Judges,) and Diligence in waiting is their gilding of the Pill; for that looks like Love, tho' tis only Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their Advantage over witty Men; whose love of Liberty and Ease, makes 'em willing too often to discharge their Burden of Attendance on these Officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the Nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man; when he sees he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a moated Castle, he must first pass through the Mud and Filth with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who, wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the Name of Solid Men: and a Solid Man is, in plain English, a Solid, Solemn Fool. Another Disguise they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other Names, and pass by an *Alias*) and that is the Title of honest Fellows. But this Honesty of theirs ought to have many Grains for its Allowance; for certainly they are no farther honest than they are silly: they are naturally mischievous to their Power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply of witty Men, 'tis only because God has not bestow'd on them the Gift of Utterance. They fawn and crouch to Men of Parts, whom they cannct ruine: quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent steal their Jeast: But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they shew themselves in their natural Antipathy; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter than a *Dutchman* would to an *English* Vessel in the *Indies*; they strike Sail where they know they shall be masterd, and murder where they can with Safety.

This, *my Lord*, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyr to other Men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it. If the least of these Reflections could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your Kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some Observations on Mankind: The lowness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice; and 'tis my Duty to give Testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that Nature, which either seeks a Commendation, or want it. Your Mind has always been above the wretched Affectation of Popularity. A popular Man is, in Truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People: He lies down to every one he meets, for the Hire of Praise; and his Humility is only a disguis'd Ambition. Even *Cicero* himself, whose Eloquence deserv'd the Admiration of Mankind; yet by his insatiable Thirst of Fame, he has lessen'd his Character with succeeding Ages: His Action against *Catiline* may be said to have ruin'd the Consul, when it sav'd the City; for it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly Great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set with Vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that *Brutus*, whom of all Men he ador'd, refus'd him a Place in his Conspiracy. A Modern Wit has made this Observation on him, That coveting to recommend himself to Posterity, he begg'd it as an Alms of all his Friends, the Historians, to remember his Consulship: And observe, if you please, the odness of the Event; and their Histories are lost, and the Vanity of his Request stands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordship, is your Contempt of popular Applause, and your retir'd Virtue, which shines only to a few; with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the Tenderness of Friendship; and that you only retire your self from those, who are not capable of returning it. Your Kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is invio-

lable

lable: And 'tis to that only I attribute my Happineſs in your Love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an Argument, on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell: I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; becauſe I have the Honour to be one. After which, I am ſure you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have reſcu'd, not only from the Power of others, but from my worſt of Enemies, my own Modeſty and Lazineſs. Which Favour, had it been employ'd on a more deſerving Subject, had been an effect of Juſtice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is only Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferr'd on ſuch a Man, as prefers your Kindneſs it ſelf before any of its Conſequences; and who values, as the greateſt of your Favours, thoſe of your Love, and of your Converſation. From this Conſtancy to your Friends, I might reaſonably aſſume, that your Reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting, if they were not reſtrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generoſity. For certainly 'tis the ſame Compoſition of Mind, the ſame Reſolution and Courage, which makes the greateſt Friendſhips and the greateſt Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himſelf to the World for a Chriſtian, but I ſhould hardly truſt him for a Friend. The *Italians* have a Proverb to that purpoſe, *To forgive the firſt time ſhews me a good Catholick, the ſecond time a Fool.* To this firmneſs in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the Intereſt your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is conſtant to himſelf, and ſteady in all his Undertakings, one with whom that Character of *Horace* will agree.

Si fractus illabatur orbis, Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such an one cannot but place an Eſteem, and repoſe a Confidence on him, whom no Adverſity, no change of Courts, no Bribery of Intereſt, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the ſolid Foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro.

How well your Lordſhip will deſerve that Praiſe, I need no Inſpiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Propheſie; your early Undertakings have been ſuch, in the Service of your King and Country, when you offer'd your ſelf to the moſt dangerous Employment, that of the Sea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe Delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the Hazards, and, which was worſe, the Company of common Seamen, that you have made it evident, you will refuſe no Opportunity of rendring your ſelf uſeful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct ſhall be requir'd. The ſame Zeal and Faithfulneſs continues in your Blood, which animated one of your noble Anceſtors to Sacrifice his Life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign; though, I hope, both for your ſake and for the publick Tranquility, the ſame Occaſion will never be offer'd to your Lordſhip, and that a better Deſtiny will attend you. But I make haſte to conſider you as abſtracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to uſe a Term of Logick) is only an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happineſs. The Academicks, I confeſs, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity; but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philoſophers did ever leave a room for Greatneſs. Neither am I form'd to praiſe a Court, who admire and covet nothing but the eaſineſs and quiet of Retirement. I naturally withdraw my Sight from a Precipice; and admit the Proſpect be never ſo large and goodly, can take no pleaſure, even in looking on the downfal, though I am ſecure from the danger. Methinks there's ſomething of a malignant Joy in that excellent Deſcription of *Lucretius*.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis Non quia vexari quenquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem; Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave eſt.

I am ſure his Maſter *Epicurus*, and my better Maſter *Cowley*, preferr'd the Solitude of a Garden, and the Converſation of a Friend to any Conſideration, ſo much as a regard, of thoſe unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the Great. True Greatneſs, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the Notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a Contemplation of it ſelf, and centring on it ſelf:

Omnis enim per ſe Divum natura, neceſſe eſt —— Curâ ſemota, metuque
Immortali ævo ſummâ cum pace fruatur; Ipſa ſuis pollens opibus ———

If this be not Life of a Deity, becauſe it cannot conſiſt with Providence; 'tis at leaſt a God-like Life: I can be contented, (and I am ſure I have your Lordſhip of my Opinion) with an humbler Station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be ſet on the Pinacle of it.

Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.

The Truth is, the conſideration of ſo vain a Creature as Man, is not worth our Pains, I have Fool enough at home without looking for it abroad; and am a ſufficient Theatre to my ſelf of ridiculous Actions, without expecting Company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-Houſe. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the Deformities of Life, and Lazars of the People, where every Figure of Imperfection more reſembles me than it can do others. If I muſt be condemn'd to Rhime, I ſhould find ſome eaſe in my change of Puniſhment. I deſire to be no longer the *Syſiphus* of the Stage; to rowl up a Stone with endleſs Labour (which to follow the Proverb, *Gathers no Moſs*) and which is perpetually falling down again, I never thought my ſelf very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predeceſſors have excell'd me in all kinds; and ſome of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in *Comedy*. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and thoſe too, conſidering my Abilities, may be vain, that I may

make

make the World ſome part of amends, for many ill Plays, by an Heroick Poem. Your Lordſhip has been long acquainted with my Deſign; the Subject of which you know is great, the *Story* Engliſh, and neither too far diſtant from the preſent Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is my Opinion, that I could not have wiſh'd a nobler Occaſion to do Honour by it to my King, and Country, and my Friends; moſt of our ancient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordſhip has one particular Reaſon to promote this Undertaking, becauſe you were the firſt who gave me the Opportunity of diſcourſing it to His Majeſty, and his Royal Highneſs: They were then pleas'd both to commend the Deſign, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the unſetledneſs of my Condition has hitherto put a ſtop to my Thoughts concerning it. As I am no Succeſſor to *Homer* in his Wit, ſo neither do I deſire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapſodies, nor go a begging at the *Græcian* Doors, while I ſing the Praiſes of their *Anceſtors*. The times of *Virgil* pleaſe me better, becauſe he had an *Auguſtus* for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am ſure I ſhall not want a *Mecœnas* with him. 'Tis for your Lordſhip to ſtir up that Remembrance in His Majeſty, which his many Avocations of Buſineſs have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aſide. And, (as himſelf and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to repreſent to them the Images of their Warlike Predeceſſors, as *Achilles* is ſaid to be rous'd to Glory, with the ſight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am ſatisfy'd to have offer'd the Deſign; and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to preſent you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the neareſt to thoſe of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my Heart, before 'twas preſented on the Stage. Some things in it have paſs'd your Approbation, and many your Amendment. You were likewiſe pleas'd to recommend it to the King's Peruſal, before the laſt Hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the Favour from him, to have the moſt conſiderable Event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleaſure. It may be ſome Vanity in me to add this Teſtimony then, and which he graciouſly confirm'd afterwards, that it was the beſt of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private Opinion of it; at leaſt, he has given it a Value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.

That which was not pleaſing to ſome of the fair Ladies in the laſt Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, ſo neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more Reaſon for their Cenſures. The Procedure of *Indamora* and *Meleſinda*, ſeems yet, in my Judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them fail not more, the World will never blame their Conduct: And I ſhall be glad for the Honour of my Country, to find better Images of Vertue drawn to the Life in their Behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confeſs, I have only repreſented a practicable Virtue, mix'd with the Frailties and Imperfections of Humane Life. I have made my *Heroine* fearful of Death, which neither *Caſſandra* nor *Cleopatra* would have been; and they themſelves, I doubt it not, would have out-done Romance in that particular. Yet their *Mandana* (and the *Cyrus* was written by a Lady) was not altogether ſo hard-hearted; for ſhe ſat down on the cold Ground by the King of *Aſſyria*, and not only pity'd him, who dy'd in her defence, but allow'd him ſome Favours, ſuch, perhaps, as they would think, ſhould only be permitted to her *Cyrus*. I have made my *Meleſinda* in oppoſition to *Nourmahal*, a Woman paſſionately loving of her Husband, patient of Injuries and Contempt, and conſtant in her Kindneſs to the laſt, and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, becauſe it is not a Virtue much in uſe. Thoſe *Indian* Wives are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themſelves in their own Country; or, at leaſt, to keep Company with the *Arria*'s and *Portia*'s of Old *Rome*: Some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: yet I have labour'd as much as any Man to diveſt my ſelf of the Self-Opinion of an Author, and am too well ſatisfied of my own Weakneſs, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written: But on the other ſide, my Reaſon tells me, that, in probability, what I have ſeriouſly and long conſider'd, may be as likely to be juſt and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any ſuch amongſt thoſe Ladies) will think fit, in a tranſient Preſentation, to be plac'd in the Room of that which they condemn. The moſt judicious Writer is ſometimes miſtaken, after all his Care; but the haſty Critick who judges on a view, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him firſt conſider all the Arguments which the Author had to write this, or to deſign the other, before he arraigns him of a Fault; and then perhaps, on ſecond Thoughts, he will find his Reaſon oblige him to revoke his Cenſure. Yet, after all, I will not be too poſitive. *Homo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* As I am a Man, I muſt be changeable; and ſometimes the graveſt of us all are ſo, even upon ridiculous Accidents. Our Minds are perpetually wrought on by Temperaments of our Bodies; which makes me ſuſpect, they are nearer ally'd, than either our Philoſophers or School-Divines will allow them to be. I have obſerv'd, ſays *Montaign*, that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is ſeldom at his eaſe. An ill Dream, or a cloudy Day, has power to change this wretched Creature, who is ſo proud of a reaſonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not Yeſterday. And *Homer* was of this Opinion, as *Cicero* is pleas'd to tranſlate him for us:

Tales ſunt hominum mentes quali pater ipſe Jupiter, auctiferâ luſtravit lampade terras.

Or as the ſame Author in his Thuſculine Queſtions, ſpeaks with more Modeſty than uſual of himſelf: *Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos noſtros probabilitate percuſſit, id dicimus.* 'Tis not therefore impoſſible, but that I may alter the concluſion of my Play, to reſtore

my ſelf into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordſhip, who is ſo well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my promiſe of Amendment. The impotent Lover in *Petronius*, though his was a very unpardonable Crime, yet was receiv'd to Mercy on the Terms I offer. *Summa excuſationis meæ hæc eſt: placebo tibi, ſi culpam emendare permiſeris.*

But I am conſcious to my ſelf of offering at a greater boldneſs in preſenting to your view what my meanneſs can produce, than in any other error of my Play. And therefore make haſte to break off this tedious Addreſs which has, I know not how, already run it ſelf into ſo much of Pedantry, with an excuſe of *Tully*'s, which he ſent with his Books *De Finibus*, to his Friend *Brutus*, *De ipſis rebus autem, ſæpenumero Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te ſcribam, qui tum in Poeſi.* (I change it from *Philoſophiâ*) *tum in optimo genere Poeſeos tantum proceſſeris. Quod ſi facerem quaſi te eruidens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimùm abſum: nec, ut ea cognoſcas quæ tibi notiſſima ſunt ad te mitto: ſed quià facillimè in nomine tuo acquieſco, & quia te habeo æquiſſimum eorum ſtudiorum quæ mihi communia tecum ſunt æſtimatorem & judicem.* Which you may pleaſe, my Lord, to apply to your ſelf, from him, who is,

Your Lordſhips moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

John Dryden.

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author by experience finds it true,
'Tis much more hard to pleaſe himſelf, than you:
And out of no feign'd Modeſty, this day,
Damns his Laborious Trifle of a Play:
Not that its worſe than what before he writ,
But he has now another taſte of Wit;
And to confeſs a Truth, (though out of time)
Grows weary of his long-lov'd Miſtriſs, Rhyme.
Paſſion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.
What Verſe can do, he has perform'd in this,
Which he preſumes the moſt correct of his.
But ſpite of all his Pride, a ſecret Shame
Invades his Breaſt at Shakeſpear's *ſacred Name:*
Aw'd when he hears his God-like Romans *Rage,*
He, in a juſt deſpair, would quit the Stage.
And to an Age leſs poliſh'd, more unskill'd,
Does, with diſdain, the foremoſt Honours yield,
As with the greater dead he dares not ſtrive,
He would not match his Verſe with thoſe who live:
Let him retire, betwixt two Ages caſt,
The firſt of this, and hindmoſt of the Laſt.
A loſing Gameſter, let him ſneak away;
He bears no ready Money from the Play.
The Fate which governs Poets thought it fit,
He ſhould not raiſe his Fortunes by his Wit.
The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;
Dull Heroes fatten with the ſpoils of War;
All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd are here;
But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,
'Tis a ſhrewd ſign 'twas never of your growth:
And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like Orange-Trees *'tis Hous'd from Snow.*
There needs no care to put a Play-Houſe down,
'Tis the moſt deſart Place of all the Town.
We and our Neighbours, to ſpeak proudly, are
Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expenſive War.
While, like wiſe Engliſh, *unconcern'd, you ſit,*
And ſee us play the Tragedy of Wit.

EPILOGUE.

A Pretty Task! and ſo I told the Fool,
Who needs would undertake to pleaſe by Rule.
He thought that, if his Characters were good,
The Scenes entire, and freed from Noiſe and Blood.
The Action great, yet circumſcrib'd by Time,
The Words not forc'd, but ſliding into Rhime,
The Paſſions rais'd and calm'd by juſt Degrees,
As Tides are ſwell'd, and then retire to Seas.
He thought, in hitting theſe, his bus'neſs done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a Poet muſt confeſs,
His Art's like Phyſick, but a happy gueſs.
Your Pleaſure on your Fancy muſt depend:
The Lady's pleas'd, juſt as ſhe likes her Friend,
No Song! no Dance! no Show! he fears you'll ſay,
You love all Naked Beauties but a Play.
He much miſtakes your Methods to Delight;
And, like the French, *abhors our Target fight:*
But thoſe damn'd Dogs can never be i'th' right,
True Engliſh *hate your* Monſieur's *Paultry Arts;*
For you are all Silk-Weavers in your Hearts.
Bold Britains, *at a brave Bear-Garden Fray,*
Are rouz'd: and clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, Play, Play.
Mean time, your filthy Foreigner will ſtare,
And mutter to himſelf, Ha gens Barbare!
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Our Butchers elſe would Tear him Limb from Limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may be
Infected with this French *Civility.*
But this in after Ages will be done:
Our Poet writes a Hundred Years too ſoon.
This Age comes on too ſlow, or he too faſt:
And early Springs are ſubject to a Blaſt!
Who would excel, when few can make a Teſt
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the beſt?
For Favours cheap and common who would ſtrive,
Which, like abandon'd Proſtitutes, you give?
Yet ſcatter'd here and there, I ſome behold,
Who can diſcern the Tinſel from the Gold.
To theſe he Writes; and if by them allow'd,
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.
For he more fears, (like a preſuming Man)
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE Old Emperour. — By Mr. *Mohun.*
Aurenge-Zebe his Son. — Mr. *Hart.*
Morat, his Younger Son. — Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Arimant, Governour of *Agra*. — Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Dianet, Solyman, Mir Baba, Abas, Aſaph Chan, Fazel Chan. — *Indian* Lords, or *Omrahs* of ſeveral Factions.
Nourmahal, the Empreſs, — Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Indamora, a Captive Queen. — Mrs. *Cox.*
Meleſinda, Wife to *Morat*. — Mrs. *Corbet.*
Zayda, Favourite Slave to the Empreſs. — Mrs. *Uphil.*

SCENE *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

AURENGE-

AURENGE-ZEBE:
OR, THE
Great-Mogul.

ACT I.

Arimant, Aſaph Chan, Fazel Chan.

Arim. HEAV'N ſeems the Empire of the Eaſt to lay
On the ſucceſs of this important Day:
Their Arms are to the laſt deciſion bent,
And Fortune labours with the vaſt Event:
She now has in her Hand the greateſt Stake,
Which for contending Monarchs ſhe can make
Whate'er can urge ambitious Youth to Fight,
She pompouſly diſplays before their ſight:
Laws, Empire, all permitted to the Sword,
And Fate could ne'er an ample Scene afford.

Aſaph. Four ſeveral Armies to the Field are led,
Which, high in equal Hopes, four Princes Head:
Indus and *Ganges*, our wide Empires Bounds,
Swell'd their dy'd Currents with their Natives wounds:
Each purple River winding, as he runs,
His bloody Arms about his ſlaughter'd Sons.

Fazel. I well remember you foretold the Storm,
When firſt the Brothers did their Factions form:
When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, ſtrove
To draw th' indulgent King to partial Love.

Arim. What Heav'n decrees, no prudence can prevent.
To cure their mad Ambition, they were ſent
To Rule a diſtant Province each alone.
What could a careful Father more have done?
He made proviſion againſt all, but Fate;
While, by his Health, we held our Peace of State.
The weight of Seventy Winters preſt him down,
He bent beneath the burthen of a Crown:
Sickneſs, at laſt, did his ſpent Body ſeize,
And Life almoſt ſunk under the Diſeaſe:
Mortal 'twas thought, at leaſt by them deſir'd,
Who, impiouſly, into his Years enquir'd:
As at a Signal, ſtraight the Sons prepare
For open Force, and ruſh to ſudden War:
Meeting, like Winds, broke looſe upon the Main,
To prove, by Arms, whoſe Fate it was to Reign.

Aſaph. Rebels and Parricides!

Arim. Brand not their Actions with ſo foul a name:
Pity, at leaſt, what we are forc'd to blame,
When Death's cold hand has clos'd the Father's Eye,
You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.
Leſs Ills are choſe greater to avoid,
And Nature's Laws are by the States deſtroy'd.
What Courage tamely could to Death conſent,
And not, by ſtriking firſt, the blow prevent?
Who falls in Fight, cannot himſelf accuſe,
And he dies greatly, who a Crown purſues.

To them, Solyman Agah.

Solym. A new Expreſs all *Agra* does affright:
Darah and *Aurenge-Zebe* are join'd in Fight,
The preſs of People thickens to the Court,
Th' impatient Crowd devouring the Report.

Arim. T' each changing News they chang'd Affections bring,
And ſervilely from Fate expect a King.

Solym. The Miniſters of State, who gave us Law,
In corners, with ſelected Friends, withdraw:
There, in deaf Murmurs, ſolemnly are wiſe;
Whiſp'ring, like Winds, e're Hurricanes ariſe.
The moſt corrupt are moſt obſequious grown,
And thoſe they ſcorn'd, officiouſly they own.

Aſaph. In change of Government,
The Rabble rule their great Oppreſſors Fate:
Do Sovereign Juſtice, and revenge the State.

Solym. The little Courtiers who near come to know
The depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,
Where Int'reſt meet and croſs ſo oft, that they
With too much care are wilder'd in their way.

Arim. What of the Emperor?

Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himſelf appears,
And, meriting no ill, no danger fears:
Yet mourns his former vigour loſt ſo far,
To make him now Spectator of a War:
Repining that he muſt preſerve his Crown
By any help, or Courage, but of his own:
Wiſhes each Minute he could unbeget
Thoſe Rebel-Sons, who dare t'uſurp his Seat:
To ſway his Empire with unequal Skill,
And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh! had he ſtill that Character maintain'd,
Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd,
He promis'd in his Eaſt a Glorious Race;
Now ſunk from his Meridian, ſets apace.
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
And with abated heat, leſs fiercely ſhines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleaſing himſelf with the remains of Day:
So he who, in his Youth, for Glory ſtrove,
Would recompence his Age with Eaſe and Love.

Aſaph. The name of Father hateful to him grows,
Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.

Fazel. Darah, the Eldeſt bears a generous Mind;
But to implacable Revenge inclin'd.
Too openly does Love Hatred ſhow:
A bounteous Maſter, but a deadly Foe.

Solym. From *Sujah*'s Valour I ſhould much expect,
But he's a Bigot of the *Perſian* Sect:
And, by a Foreign Int'reſt ſeeks to reign,
Hopeleſs by Love the Scepter to obtain.

Aſaph. Morat's too inſolent, too much a Brave,
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.
What he attempts, if his Endeavours fail
T' effect, he is reſolv'd no other ſhall.

Arim. But *Aurenge-Zebe* by no ſtrong Paſſion ſway'd,
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:
This *Atlas* muſt our ſinking State uphold;
In Council cool, but in performance bold:
He ſums their Vertues in himſelf alone,
And adds the greateſt of a Loyal Son:
His Father's Cauſe upon his Sword he wears,
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

Solym.

Solym. Two vaſt Rewards may well his Courage move,
A Parent's Bleſſing and a Miſtreſs Love.
If he ſucceed, his recompence, we hear,
Muſt be the Captive Queen of *Caſſimere*.

To them, Abas.

Abas. Miſchiefs on Miſchiefs, greater ſtill, and more:
The Neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er:
The Vale an Iron Harveſt ſeems to yield
Of thick ſprung Lances in a waving Field.
The poliſh'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And every Moment nearer ſhews the War.
The Horſes Neighing by the Wind is blown,
And Caſtl'd Elephants o'er-look the Town.
Arim. If, as I fear, *Morat* theſe Pow'rs Commands,
Our Empire on the brink of Ruin ſtands:
Th' Ambitious Empreſs with her Son is joyn'd,
And, in his Brother's abſence has deſign'd
The unprovided Town to take with eaſe,
And then, the Perſon of the King to ſeize.
Solym. To all his former Iſſue ſhe has ſhown
Long-Hate, and labour'd to advance her own.
Abas. Theſe Troops are his.
Surat he took; and thence, preventing Fame,
By quick and painful Marches hither came.
Since his approach, he to his Mother ſent,
And two long Hours in cloſe Debate were ſpent.
Arim. I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel repair,
And ſhew my Duty by my timely Care.

To them the Emperour *with a Letter in his Hand: After him an* Ambaſſador, *with a Train following.*

Aſaph. But ſee, the Emperour! a fiery Red,
His Brows and glowing Temples does o'erſpread,
Morat has ſome diſpleaſing Meſſage ſent.
Amb. Do not, Great Sir; miſconſtrue his intent:
Not call Rebellion what was prudent Care,
To guard himſelf by neceſſary War:
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd;
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy ſway'd:
But, when he thought you gone,
T' augment the number of the Bleſs'd above,
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal Love:
Nor arm'd his Brother's Portions to invade,
But to defend the Preſent you had made.
Emp. By frequent Meſſages, and ſtrict Commands,
He knew my pleaſure to diſcharge his Bands:
Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made;
Yet ſtill he arm'd, came on, and diſobey'd.
Amb. He thought the *Mandat* forg'd, your Death conceal'd:
And but delay'd, till Truth ſhould be reveal'd.
Emp. News of my Death from Rumor he receiv'd;
And what he wiſh'd, he eaſily believ'd:
But long demurr'd, though from my Hand he knew
I liv'd, ſo loth he was to think it true.
Since he pleads Ignorance to that Command,
Now let him ſhew his Duty, and disband.
Amb. His Honour, Sir, will ſuffer in the Cauſe,
He yields his Arms unjuſt if he withdraws:
And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,
By owning thoſe he leads to be your Guard.
Emp. I, in my ſelf, have all the Guard I need;
Bid the preſumptuous Boy draw off with ſpeed:
If his audacious Troops one Hour remain,
My Cannon from the Fort ſhall ſcour the Plain.

Amb. Since you deny him entrance, he demands
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in bands:
Her, if unjuſtly, you from him detain,
He juſtly will by force of Arms regain.
Emp. O'er him and his, a right from Heaven I have:
Subject and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.
But whatſoe'er his own demerits are,
Tell him, I ſhall not make on Women, War.
And yet I'll do her Innocence the Grace,
To keep her here, as in the ſafer place.
But, thou, who dar'ſt this bold defiance bring,
May'ſt feel the rage of an offended King.
Hence from my ſight without the leaſt reply:
One word, nay, one look more and thou ſhalt dye. [*Exit* Ambaſſador.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, ſtill augment your bliſs
With length of Days, and every Day like this.
For, from the Banks of *Gemna* news is brought,
Your Army has a bloody Battel fought:
Darah from Loyal *Aurenge-Zebe* is fled;
And Forty thouſand of his Men lie dead.
To *Sujah* next your conqu'ring Army drew;
Him they ſurpriz'd, and eaſily o'erthrew.
Emp. 'Tis well.
Arim. But well! What more could at your wiſh be done,
Than two ſuch Conqueſts gain'd by ſuch a Son?
Your Pardon, Mighty Sir;
You ſeem not high enough your Joys to rate;
You ſtand indebted a vaſt Sum to Fate:
And ſhould large Thanks for the great Bleſſing pay,
Emp. My Fortune owes me great every Day.
And, ſhould my Joy more high for this appear,
It would have argu'd me before of Fear.
How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,
And Fortune only pays me with my own?
Arim. Great *Aurenge-Zebe* did duteous Care expreſs:
And durſt not puſh too far his good Succeſs.
But leſt *Morat* the City ſhould attack,
Commanded his Victorious Army back;
Which, left to March as ſwiftly as they may,
Himſelf comes firſt, and will be here this Day;
Before a cloſe form'd Siege ſhut up his way.
Emp. Prevent his purpoſe, hence, hence, with all thy ſpeed.
Stop him; his entrance to the Town forbid.
Arim. How, Sir, your Loyal, your Victorious Son?
Emp. Him, would I more than all the Rebels ſhun.
Arim. Whom with your Pow'r and Fortune, Sir, you truſt.
Now to ſuſpect is vain, as 'tis unjuſt.
He comes not with a Train to move your fear,
But truſts himſelf to be a Pris'ner here.
You knew him brave, you know him faithful now:
He aims at Fame, but Fame from ſerving you.
'Tis ſaid, Ambition in his Breaſt does rage,
Who would not be the *Hero* of an Age?
All grant him prudent: Prudence Intereſt weighs,
And Intereſt bids him ſeek your Love and Praiſe.
I know you grateful; when he march'd from hence,
You bad him hope an ample recompence:
He conquer'd in that Hope, and from your hands,
His Love, the precious pledge he left, demands.
Emp. No more; you ſearch too deep my wounded Mind:
And ſhew me what I fear, and would not find.
My Son has all the Debts of Duty paid:
Our Prophet ſends him to my preſent Aid.

Such

Such Virtue to diſtruſt were baſe and low:
I'm not ungrateful ——— or I was not ſo!
Inquire no further, ſtop his coming on:
I will not, cannot, dare not ſee my Son.
Arim. 'Tis now too late his entrance to prevent:
Nor muſt I to your Ruin give conſent.
At once your Peoples Heart and Son's you loſe:
And give him all when you juſt things refuſe.
Emp. Thou lov'ſt me ſure; thy Faith has oft been try'd,
In ten pitch'd Fields not ſhrinking from my ſide,
Yet giv'ſt me no Advice to bring me eaſe.
Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your Diſeaſe?
I ask'd you, Sir.
Emp. ———Thou ſhould'ſt have ask'd again:
There hangs a ſecret Shame on guilty Men.
Thou ſhould'ſt have pull'd the Secret from my Breaſt,
Torn out the bearded Steel to give me reſt:
At leaſt thou ſhould'ſt have gueſs'd ———
Yet thou art honeſt, thou could'ſt ne'er have gueſs'd.
Haſt thou been never baſe? Did Love ne'er bend
Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?
Flatter me, make thy Court, and ſay, it did:
Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.
We would be kept in Count'nance, ſav'd from Shame:
And own'd by others who commit the ſame.
Nay, now I have confeſs'd ———
Thou ſeeſt me Naked, and without diſguiſe:
I look on *Aurenge-Zebe* with Rivals Eyes.
He has abroad my Enemies o'ercome,
And I have ſought to ruin him at home.
Arim. This free Confeſſion ſhews you long did ſtrive:
And Virtue, though oppreſs'd, is ſtill alive.
But what ſucceſs did your Injuſtice find?
Emp. What it deſerv'd, and not what I deſign'd.
Unmov'd ſhe ſtood, and deaf to all my Prayers,
As Seas and Winds to ſinking Mariners.
But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:
Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.
Prayers, Promiſes, and Threats were all in vain.
Arim. Then cure your ſelf by generous Diſdain.
Emp. Virtue, Diſdain, Diſpair, I oft have try'd,
And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defil'd;
This made me with ſo little joy to hear
The Victory, when I the Victor fear.
Arim. Something you ſwiftly muſt reſolve to do,
Leſt *Aurenge-Zebe* your ſecret Love ſhould know.
Morat without does for your Ruin wait;
And would you loſe the Buckler of your State?
A jealous Empreſs lies within your Arms,
Too haughty to endure neglected Charms,
Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail:
And juſt Revenge o'er Virtue may prevail.
Emp. Go then to *Indamora*, ſay from me,
Two Lives depend upon her Secreſie.
Bid her conceal my Paſſion from my Son.
Though *Aurenge-Zebe* return a Conqueror,
Both he and ſhe are ſtill within my power.
Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too;
Much to my Son, more to my Self I owe.
When ſhe receives him, to her words give Law:
And even the kindneſs of her Glances awe.
See, he appears!

[*After a ſhort Whiſper,* Arimant *departs.*

Enter Aurenge-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.* Aurenge-Zebe *kneels to his Father, and kiſſes his Hand.*

Aur. My Vows have been ſucceſsful as my Sword:
My Prayers are heard, you have your Health reſtor'd.
Once more 'tis given me to behold your Face:
The beſt of Kings and Fathers to embrace.
Pardon my Tears; 'tis Joy which bids 'em flow,
A Joy which never was ſincere till now.
That which my Conqueſt gave, I could not prize;
Or 'twas imperfect till I ſaw your Eyes.

Emp. Turn the Diſcourſe: I have a reaſon why
I would not have you ſpeak ſo tenderly.
Knew you what Shame your kind Expreſſions bring,
You would in pity ſpare a wretched King.

Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:
You have a dearer Name, a Father too.

Emp. I had that Name.

Aur. —— What have I ſaid or done,
That I no longer muſt be call'd your Son?
'Tis in that Name, Heaven knows, I glory more,
Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to ſee
You're not ſo perfect, but can fail, like me.
I have no God to deal with.

Aur. —— Now I find
Some ſly Court-Devil has ſeduc'd your Mind:
Fill'd it with black Suſpicions, not your own:
And all my Actions through falſe Opticks ſhown.
I ne'er did Crowns ambitiouſly regard:
Honour I ſought, the generous Mind's Reward.
Long may you live! while you the Scepter ſway,
I ſhall be ſtill moſt happy to obey.

Emp. Oh *Aurenge-Zebe!* thy Virtues ſhine too bright,
They flaſh too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,
Shut my dull Eyes, and ſicken at the ſight.
Thou haſt deſerv'd more Love than I can ſhow:
But 'tis thy Fate to give, and mine to owe.
Thou ſeeſt me much diſtemper'd in my Mind:
Pull'd back, and then puſh'd forward to be kind.
Virtue, and ——— fain I wou'd my ſilence break:
But have not yet this confidence to ſpeak,
Leave me, and to thy needful Reſt repair,

Aur. Reſt is not ſuiting with a Lover's Care,
I have not yet my *Indamora* ſeen. [*Is going.*

Emp. Somewhat I had forgot: Come back again:
So weary of a Father's Company!

Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your ſelf to Licenſe me.

Emp. You made me no relation of the Fight,
Beſides, a Rebels Army is in ſight.
Adviſe me firſt: yet go———
He goes to *Indamora*; I ſhould take [*Aſide.*
A kind of envious Joy to keep him back.
Yet to detain him makes my Love appear:
I hate his Preſence, and his Abſence fear. [*Exit.*

Aur. To ſome new Clime, or to thy Native Sky,
O Friendleſs and forſaken Virtue fly.
Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:
Deceit and canker'd Malice rule thy Throne.
Why did my Arms in Battel proſp'rous prove,
To gain the barren praiſe of Filial Love?
The beſt of Kings by Women is miſled,
Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a ſecond Bed.
Againſt my ſelf I Victories have won,
And by my fatal abſence am undone.

To him Indamora, *with* Arimant.

But here ſhe comes!
In the calm Harbour of whoſe gentle Breaſt,
My Tempeſt-beaten Soul may ſafely reſt.
Oh, my Heart's Joy! what-e'er my Sorrows be,
They ceaſe and vaniſh in beholding thee:
Care ſhuns thy Walks; as at the chearful Light,
The groaning Ghoſts and Birds obſcene take flight.
By this one view, all my paſt pains are paid:
And all I have to come more eaſie made.
Ind. Such ſullen Planets at my Birth did ſhine,
They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.
Fly the purſuit of my diſaſtrous Love,
And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.
Aur. Bid the laborious Hind,
Whoſe harden'd Hands did long in Tillage toil,
Neglect the promis'd Harveſt of the Soil.
Should I, who cultivated Love with Blood,
Refuſe poſſeſſion of approaching good?
Ind. Love is an airy Good Opinion makes:
Which he who only thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a ſtrong Imagination's Beam,
That tricks and dreſſes up the gaudy Dream;
Preſented ſo, with Rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low deſtroy'd.
Aur. If Love be Viſion, mine has all the Fire,
Which, in firſt Dreams, young Prophets does inſpire:
I Dream, in you, our promis'd Paradiſe:
An Ages tumult of continu'd Bliſs.
But you have ſtill your Happineſs in doubt:
Or elſe 'tis paſt, and you have dreamt it out.
Ind. Perhaps not ſo.
Aur. ——Can *Indamora* prove
So alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you love?
Then farewel all, I thought in you to find
A Balm, to cure my much diſtemper'd Mind.
I came to grieve a Father's Heart eſtrang'd;
But little thought to find a Miſtreſs chang'd:
Nature her ſelf is chang'd to puniſh me:
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconſtancy.
Ind. You heard me not Inconſtancy confeſs:
'Twas but a Friends Advice to love me leſs.
Who knows what adverſe Fortune may befal?
Arm well your Mind; hope little, and fear all.
Hope, with a goodly proſpect, feeds your Eye:
Shows, from a riſing Ground, poſſeſſion nigh,
Shortens the diſtance, or o'er-looks it quite;
So eaſie 'tis to travel with the ſight.
Aur. Then to deſpair you would my Love betray,
By taking Hope, its laſt kind Friend, away.
You hold the Glaſs, but turn the Perſpective,
And farther off the leſſen'd Object drive:
You bid me fear: in that your change I know:
You would prepare me for the coming Blow.
But, to prevent you, take my laſt Adieu;
I'll ſadly tell my ſelf, you are untrue,
Rather than ſtay to hear it told by you. [*Going.*
Ind. Stay, *Aurenge-Zebe*, I muſt not let you go,
And yet believe your ſelf your own worſt Foe,
Think I am true, and ſeek no more to know.
Let in my Breaſt the fatal Secret lie,
'Tis a ſad Riddle, which, if known, we die. [*Seeming to pauſe.*
Aug. Fair Hypocrite, you ſeek to cheat in vain;
Your ſilence argues you ask time to feign.

Once more, farewel: The Snare in ſight is laid,
'Tis my own fault if I am now betray'd. [*Going again.*
Ind. Yet once more ſtay; you ſhall believe me true,
Though in one Fate I wrap my ſelf and you.
Your abſence———
Arim. ———Hold; you know the hard Command
I muſt obey; you only can withſtand
Your own miſhap, I beg you on my Knee,
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.
Aug. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we ſhould be ruin'd both.
Both is a ſound of Joy.
In Death's dark Bow'rs our Bridals we will keep:
And his cold Hand
Shall draw the Curtain when we go to ſleep.
Ind. Know then, that Man whom both of us did truſt,
Has been to you unkind, to be unjuſt.
The Guardian of my Faith ſo falſe did prove,
As to ſolicite me with lawleſs Love:
Pray'd, Promis'd, Threatn'd, all that Man could do,
Baſe as he's great; and need I tell you who?
Aug. Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:
Speak quickly, and my impious Thoughts prevent.
Ind. You've ſaid; wiſh I could ſome other name!
Arim. My Duty muſt excuſe me, Sir, from blame.
A Guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ———Slave, for me?
Arim. ———My Orders are
To ſeize this Princeſs, whom the Laws of War
Long ſince made Priſoner.
Aur. ————Villain.
Arim. ———Sir, I know
Your Birth, nor durſt another call me ſo.
Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine ſhe's free.
Arim. You may have right to give her liberty:
But with your Father, Sir, that right diſpute,
For his Commands to me were abſolute;
If ſhe diſclos'd his Love, to uſe the right
Of War, and to ſecure her from your ſight.
Aur. I'll reſcue her, or die. [*Draws.*
And you, my Friends, tho' few, are yet too brave
To ſee your Gen'rals Miſtreſs made a Slave. [*All Draw.*
Ind. Hold, my dear Love! if ſo much Pow'r there lies,
As once you own'd, in *Indamora*'s Eyes.
Loſe not the Honour you have early won;
But ſtand the blameleſs Pattern of a Son.
My Love your Claim inviolate ſecures:
'Tis writ in Fate, I can be only yours.
My Sufferings for you make your Heart my due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.
I've thought, and bleſs'd be you who gave me time: [Aur. *Putting up his Sword.*
My Virtue was ſurpriz'd into a Crime.
Strong Virtue, like ſtrong Nature, ſtruggles ſtill:
Exerts it ſelf, and then throws off the ill.
I to a Son's and Lover's Praiſe aſpire:
And muſt fulfil the parts which both require.
How dear the cure of Jealouſie has coſt!
With too much Care and Tenderneſs y'are loſt!
So the fond Youth from Hell redeem' his Prize,
Till looking back, ſhe vaniſh'd from his Eyes. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II.

Betwixt the ACTS, a Warlike Tune is plaid, ſhooting off Guns, and ſhouts of Soldiers are heard as in an Aſſault.

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant, Aſaph Chawn, Fazel Chawn, Solyman.]

Aur. WHat Man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:
The Fortreſs thrice himſelf in Perſon ſtorm'd.
Your Valour bravely did th' Aſſault ſuſtain:
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.
Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:
Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.
Arim. To us you give what Praiſes are not due:
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.
High, over all, was your great Conduct ſhown:
You ſought our ſafety, but forgot your own.
Aſaph. Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,
Deſpair and Death among the Soldiers ſent!
You, the bold *Omrah* tumble from the Wall:
And ſhouts of Victory purſu'd his Fall.
Fazel. To you, alone, we owe this proſp'rous Day:
Our Wives and Children reſcu'd from the Prey:
Know your own Intereſt, Sir, where e'er you lead,
We jointly vow to owe no other Head.
Solym. Your wrongs are known, impoſe but your Commands.
This hour ſhall bring you twenty thouſand Hands.
Aur. Let them who truly would appear my Friends,
Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble ends.
No more: Remember you have bravely done:
Shall Treaſon end, what Loyalty begun?
I own no wrongs, ſome grievance I confeſs,
But Kings, like Gods, at their own time redreſs.
Yet, ſome becoming boldneſs I may uſe:
I've well deſerv'd, nor will he now refuſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll ſtrike my Fortunes with him at a heat.
And give him not the leiſure to forget. [*Exit attended by the* Omrahs.
Arim. Oh! *Indamora*, hide theſe fatal Eyes:
Too deep they wound whom they too ſoon ſurprize:
My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Intereſt, all
Before this Univerſal Monarch fall.
Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray;
Who can tread ſure on the ſmooth ſlippery way.
Pleas'd with the Paſſage, we ſlide ſwiftly on,
And ſee the Dangers which we cannot ſhun.
To him Indamora.
Ind. I hope my Liberty may reach thus far:
Theſe Terras-walks within my limits are.
I came to ſeek you, and to let you know,
How much I to your generous Pity owe.
The King, when he deſign'd you for my Guard,
Reſolv'd he would not make my Bondage hard:
If otherwiſe, you have deceiv'd his end;
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a Friend.
Arim. A Guardian's Title I muſt own with ſhame:
But ſhould be prouder of another Name.
Ind. And therefore 'twas I chang'd that Name before:
I call'd you Friend, and could you wiſh for more?
Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But wiſhes, Madam, are extravagant.
They are not bounded with things poſſible:
I may wiſh more than I preſume to tell.

Deſire's the vaſt extent of Humane Mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor Hope behind.
I could wiſh ——
Ind. What?
Arim. Why did you ſpeak? you've daſh'd my Fancy quite:
Ev'n in the approaching Minute of Delight.
I muſt take breath ——
E're I the Rapture of my wiſh renew,
And tell you then, it terminates in you.
Ind. Have you conſider'd what th' event would be?
Or know you, *Arimant* your ſelf, or me?
Were I no Queen, did you my Beauty weigh,
My Youth in Bloom, your Age in its decay?
Arim. I my own Judge, condemn'd my ſelf before:
For pity aggravate my Crime no more.
So weak I am, I with a frown am ſlain:
You need have us'd but half ſo much diſdain.
Ind. I am not cruel yet to that degree:
Have better Thoughts both of your ſelf, and me.
Beauty a Monarch is,
Which Kingly Power Magnificently proves,
By crowds of Slaves, and Peopled Empire loves.
And ſuch a Slave as you, what Queen would loſe?
Above the reſt; I *Arimant* would chuſe:
For Counſel, Valour, Truth, and Kindneſs too,
All I could wiſh in Man, I find in you.
Arim. What Lover could to greater Joy be rais'd!
I am, methinks, a God, by you thus prais'd.
Ind. To what may not deſert, like yours, pretend?
You have all Qualities —— that fit a Friend.
Arim. So Mariners miſtake the promis'd Coaſt:
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are loſt.
Think you my aged Veins ſo faintly beat,
They riſe no higher than to Friendſhips heat?
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's Night,
Twinkling with Stars, they freeze me while they light?
Ind. Miſtake me not, good *Arimant*, I know
My Beauty's Pow'r, and what my Charms can do.
You your own Talent have not learn'd ſo well;
But practiſe one, where you can ne'er excell.
You can at moſt,
To an indiff'rent Lovers praiſe pretend:
But you would ſpoil an admirable Friend.
Arim. Never was Amity ſo highly priz'd;
Nor ever any Love ſo much deſpis'd.
Ev'n to my ſelf ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry if I knew but how.
Ind. Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:
When e'er I pleaſe, you muſt be pleas'd again,
Knowing what pow'r I have your Will to bend,
I'll uſe it; for I need juſt ſuch a Friend.
You muſt perform, not what you think is fit:
But to what-ever I propoſe, ſubmit.
Arim. Madam, you have a ſtrange Aſcendant gain'd;
You uſe me like a Courſer, Spurr'd and Rein'd:
If I fly out, my fierceneſs you Command,
Then ſooth, and gently ſtroke me with your Hand.
Impoſe; but uſe your pow'r of Taxing well:
When Subjects cannot Pay, they ſoon Rebel.
Enter the Emperour, *unſeen by them.*
Ind. My Rebels puniſhment would eaſie prove:
You know y'are in my pow'r by making Love.
Arim. Would I, without diſpute, your Will obey,
And could you, in return, my Life betray?

Emp.

Emp. What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?
Or what Love ſecret which I muſt not hear?
Theſe alter'd Looks ſome inward Motion ſhow,
His Cheeks are pale, and yours with bluſhes glow. [*To her.*
Ind. 'Tis what, with Juſtice, may my Anger move:
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.
Arim. I am betray'd, and ſhall be doom'd to die! [*Aſide.*
Emp. Did he, my Slave, preſume to look ſo high?
That crawling Inſect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindl'd into Man?
Durſt he, who does but for my pleaſure live,
Intrench on Love, my great Prerogative?
Print his baſe Image on his Sovereign's Coin?
'Tis Treaſon if he ſtamp his Love with mine.
Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold; but if it be
A Crime ——
Ind. ——He means, 'tis only ſo to me.
You, Sir, ſhould praiſe, what I muſt diſapprove:
He inſolently talk'd to me of Love:
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your Name:
You, if you pleaſe, may all he ſaid diſclaim.
Emp. I muſt diſclaim whate'er he can expreſs:
His groveling Senſe will ſhew my Paſſion leſs.
But ſtay, if what he ſaid my Meſſage be,
What Fear, what Danger could arrive from me?
He ſaid, he fear'd you would his Life betray.
Ind. Should he preſume again, perhaps I may.
Though in your hands he hazard not his Life,
Remember, Sir, your Fury of a Wife:
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
The Agents of your Paſſion will purſue.
Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm ſick that Day;
The ſound is mortal, and frights Life away.
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous Thought:
Diſtruſt in Lovers is the Tender's fault.
Leave me, and tell thy ſelf in my excuſe,
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalſhip can bear;
And precious things are ſtill poſſeſs'd with fear. [*Exit* Arimant *Bowing.*
This, Madam, my excuſe to you may plead;
Love ſhould forgive the Faults which Love has made.
Ind. From me, What pardon can you hope to have,
Robb'd of my Love, and treated as a Slave?
Emp. Force is the laſt Relief which Lovers find:
And 'tis the beſt excuſe of Woman-kind.
Ind. Force never yet a generous Heart did gain;
We yield on parley, but are ſtorm'd in vain.
Conſtraint in all things makes the pleaſure leſs;
Sweet is the Love which comes with willingneſs.
Emp. No; 'tis reſiſtance that inflames deſire:
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.
Love is diſarm'd that meets with too much eaſe:
He languiſhes, and does not care to pleaſe.
And therefore 'tis your Golden Fruit you guard
With ſo much care, to make poſſeſſion hard.
Ind. Was't not enough, you took my Crown away,
But cruelly you muſt my Love betray?
I was well-pleas'd to have transferr'd my Right,
And better chang'd your claim of Lawleſs Might,
By taking him, whom you eſteem'd above
Your other Sons, and taught me firſt to Love.
Emp. My Son, by my Command his Courſe muſt ſteer:
I bad him love, I bid him now forbear.
If you have any kindneſs for him ſtill,
Adviſe him not to ſhock a Father's Will.

Ind. Muſt I adviſe?
Then let me ſee him, and I'll try to obey.
Emp. I had forgot, and dare not truſt your way.
But ſend him word,
He has not here an Army to Command:
Remember he and you are in my Hand.
Ind. Yes, in a Father's Hand, whom he has ſerv'd;
And, with the hazard of his Life, preſerv'd.
But Piety to you, unhappy Prince,
Becomes a Crime, and Duty an Offence:
Againſt your ſelf you with your Foes combine,
And ſeem your own deſtruction to deſign.
Emp. You may be pleas'd your Politicks to ſpare:
I'm old enough, and can my ſelf take care.
Ind. Advice from me was, I confeſs, too bold:
Y'are old enough, it may be, Sir, too old.
Emp. You pleaſe your ſelf with your contempt of Age:
But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage.
If on your Head my Fury does not turn,
Thank that fond Dotage which ſo much you ſcorn.
But, in another's Perſon you may prove,
There's warmth for Vengeance left, though not for Love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. The Empreſs has the Anti-Chambers paſt,
And this way moves with a diſorder'd haſte:
Her Brows, the ſtormy Marks of Anger bear.
Emp. Madam, retire: She muſt not find you here.

[*Exit* Indamora *with* Arimant.

Enter Nourmahal *haſtily.*

Nour. What have I done, that *Nourmahal* muſt prove
The ſcorn and triumph of a Rival's Love?
My Eyes are ſtill the ſame, each Glance, each Grace,
Keep their firſt Luſtre, and maintain their Place;
Not ſecond yet to any other Face.
Emp. What Rage tranſports you? Are you well awake?
Such Dreams diſtracted Minds in Feavers make.
Nour. Thoſe Feavers you have giv'n, thoſe Dreams have bred,
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.
Such Viſions hourly paſs before my ſight;
Which from my Eyes their balmy ſlumbers fright,
In the ſevereſt ſilence of the Night.
Viſions which in this Citadel are ſeen;
Bright, Glorious Viſions of a Rival Queen.
Emp. Have patience, my firſt Flames can ne'er decay:
Theſe are but Dreams, and ſoon will paſs away.
Thou know'ſt, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:
In thy own Heav'n of Love ſerenely ſhine:
Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
When Flowers firſt peep'd, and Trees did Bloſſoms bear,
And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year.
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eaſtern Groves,
And bright as when thy Eyes firſt lighted up our Loves.
Let our Eternal Peace be ſeal'd by this,
With the firſt Ardour of a Nuptial Kiſs. [*Offers to Kiſs her.*
Nour. Me would you have, me your faint Kiſſes prove,
The dregs and droppings of enervate Love?
Muſt I your cold long-labouring Age ſuſtain,
And be to empty Joys provok'd in vain?
Receive your ſighing after other Charms,
And take an abſent Husband in my Arms?
Emp. Even theſe Reproaches I can bear from you,
You doubted of my Love, believe it true.
Nothing but Love this Patience could produce,
And I allow your Rage that kind excuſe.

Nour.

Nour. Call it not Patience, 'tis your Guilt ſtands mute:
You have a Cauſe too foul to bear diſpute.
You wrong me firſt, and urge my Rage to riſe,
Then I muſt paſs for Mad, you, Meek and Wiſe,
Good Man, plead Merit by your ſoft Replies,
Vain priviledge, poor Women have of Tongue:
Man can ſtand ſilent and reſolve on wrong.
Emp. What can I more? my Friendſhip you refuſe,
And even my Mildneſs, as my Crime accuſe.
Nour. Your ſullen ſilence cheats not me, falſe Man;
I know you think the bloudieſt things you can.
Could you accuſe me, you would raiſe your Voice:
Watch for my Crimes, and in my Guilt rejoyce.
But my known Virtue is from ſcandal free,
And leaves no ſhadow for your Calumny.
Emp. Such Virtue is the plague of Human Life:
A Virtuous Woman but a curſed Wife.
In vain of pompous Chaſtity y'are proud:
Virtue's Adultery of the Tongue when loud.
I, with leſs pain, a Proſtitute could bear,
Than the ſhrill ſound of Virtue, Virtue hear.
In unchaſte Wives———
There's yet a kind of recompenſing eaſe:
Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to pleaſe:
But againſt clamorous Virtue, what defence?
It ſtops our Mouths, and gives your noiſe pretence.
Nour. Since Virtue does your Indignation raiſe,
'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praiſe.
Your own wild Appetites are prone to rang,
And then you tax our Humours with your change.
Emp. What can be ſweeter than our Native home!
Thither for eaſe, and ſoft repoſe, we come:
Home is the ſacred refuge of our Life:
Secur'd from all approches, but a Wife.
If thence we fly, the Cauſe admits no doubt:
None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.
Clamours, our privacies uneaſie make:
Birds leave their Neſts diſturb'd, and Beaſts their Haunts forſake.
Nour. Honour's my Crime that hath your loathing bred:
You take no pleaſure in a Virtuous Bed.
Emp. What pleaſure can there be in that Eſtate,
Which your unquietneſs has made me hate?
I ſhrink far off———
Diſſembling Sleep, but wakeful with the fright,
The Day takes off the pleaſure of the Night.
Nour. My Thoughts no other Joys but Pow'r purſue:
Or if they did, they muſt be loſt in you.
And yet the fault's not mine——
Though Youth and Beauty cannot warmth command;
The Sun in vain ſhines on the barren Sand.
Emp. 'Tis true, of Marriage Bands I'm weary grown;
Love ſcorns all ties, but thoſe that are his own.
Chains that are drag'd, muſt needs uneaſie prove:
For there's a God-like liberty in Love.
Nour. What's Love to you?
The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,
Nor will be gather'd by ſuch wither'd Hands:
You importune it with a falſe deſire,
Which ſparkles out, and makes no ſolid Fire.
This impudence of Age, whence can it ſpring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.
Eager to ask, when you are paſt a Grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want.

Have Conſcience, give not her you love this pain:
Sollicite nor your ſelf, and her, in vain.
All other Debts may compenſation find:
But Love is ſtrict, and will be paid in kind.
Emp. Sure of all Ills Domeſtick are the worſt;
When moſt ſecure of Bleſſings, we are curſt.
When we lay next us what we hold moſt dear,
Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear.
And cleaving Miſchiefs.
Nour. —— What you merit, have:
And ſhare, at leaſt, the Miſeries you gave.
Your days I will alarm, I'll haunt your Nights.
And, worſe than Age, diſable your Delights.
May your ſick Fame ſtill languiſh till it dye:
All Offices of Pow'r neglected lye,
And you grow cheap in every Subject's Eye.
Then as the greateſt Curſe that I can give;
Unpity'd, be depos'd: and after live.
Emp. Stay; and now learn, [*Going off.*
How Criminal ſoe'er we Husbands are,
'Tis not for Wives to puſh our Crimes too far.
Had you ſtill Miſtreſs of your Temper been,
I had been modeſt, and not own'd my Sin.
Your Fury hardens me, and whate'er wrong
You ſuffer, you've cancell'd by your Tongue.
A Guard there; ſeize her: ſhe ſhall know this Hour,
What is a Husband's, and a Monarch's Pow'r. [*Guards ſeizes her.*

Enter Aurenge-Zebe.

Nour. I ſee for whom your Charter you maintain:
I muſt be fetter'd, and my Son be ſlain,
That *Zelyma*'s ambitious Race may Reign.
Not ſo, you promis'd when my Beauty drew
All *Aſia*'s Vows; when *Perſia* left for you
The Realm of *Caudahar* for Dow'r I brought:
That long contended Prize for which you fought.
Aur. The name of Step-Mother, your practis'd Art,
By which you have eſtrang'd my Father's Heart,
All you have done againſt me, or deſign,
Shews your averſion, but begets not mine.
Long may my Father *India*'s Empire Guide:
And may no breach your Nuptial Vows divide.
Emp. Since Love obliges not, I from this Hour,
Aſſume the right of Man's Deſpotick Pow'r:
Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes Head:
And is himſelf the Cannon of his Bed.
In Bands of Iron fetter'd you ſhall be:
An eaſier Yoke than what you put on me.
Aur. Though much I fear my Int'reſt is not great, [*Kneeling.*
Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.
Secrets of Marriage ſtill are Sacred held:
There ſweet and bitter by the Wife conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands ſtill:
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've choſen ill.
And the myſterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely ſhown.
Emp. To ſo perverſe a Sex all Grace is vain;
It gives 'em courage to offend again;
For with feign'd Tears they penitence pretend:
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.
Fathom our pity when they ſeem to grieve;
Only to try how far we can forgive.
Till lanching out into a Sea of ſtrife,
They ſcorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

But be it as you pleaſe: for your lov'd ſake,
This laſt and fruitleſs Trial I will make.
In al Requeſts, your right of Merit uſe:
And know, There is but one I can refuſe.
[*He ſigns to the Guards, and they remove from the Empreſs.*
Nour. You've done enough, for you deſign'd my Chains:
The Grace is vaniſh'd, but th' Affront remains.
Nor is't a Grace, or for his Merit done;
You durſt no farther, for you fear'd my Son.
This you have gain'd by the rough courſe you prove:
I'm paſt Repentance, and you paſt my Love. [*Exit.*
A Spirit ſo untam'd the VVorld ne'er bore.
Aur. And yet worſe uſage had incens'd her more.
But ſince by no Obligement ſhe is ty'd,
You muſt betimes for your Defence provide.
I cannot idle in your danger ſtand;
But beg once more I may your Arms Command.
Two Battles your auſpicious Cauſe has won;
My Sword can perfect what it has begun,
And from your VValls diſlodge that haughty Son.
Emp. My Son, your Valour has, this Day, been ſuch,
None can enough admire, or praiſe too much.
But now, with reaſon, your Succeſs I doubt:
Her Faction's ſtrong within, his Arms without.
Aur. I left the City in a Panick fright,
Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.
But my own Troops by *Mirzah* led, are near:
I, by to morrow's Dawn, expect 'em here.
To favour 'em I'll ſally out e'er Day:
And through our ſlaughter'd Foes enlarge their way.
Emp. Age has not yet.
So ſhrunk my Sinews, or ſo chill'd my Veins,
But conſcious Virtue in my Breaſt remains.
But had I now
That Strength, with which boiling Youth was fraught;
VVhen in the Vale of *Balaſor* I fought,
And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought.
VVhen Elephant 'gainſt Elephant did rear
His Trunk, and Caſtles juſtl'd in the Air.
My Sword thy way to Victory had ſhown:
And ow'd the Conqueſt to it ſelf alone.
Aur. Thoſe fair Ideas to my Aid I'll call,
And emulate my great Original.
Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,
The Pow'r of Love, and *Indamora*'s Charms.
Emp. I doubt the happy Influence of your Star;
T' invoke a Captives Name bodes ill in VVar.
Aur. Sir, give me leave to ſay, what ever now
The Omen prove, it boded well to you.
Your Royal Promiſe, when I went to fight;
Oblig'd me to reſign a Victor's Right.
Her Liberty I fought for, and I won:
And claim it as your General, and your Son.
Emp. My Ears ſtill ring with noiſe, I'm vex'd to Death;
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd breath.
Nor will I be preſcrib'd my time by you:
Firſt end the VVar, and then your Claim renew.
VVhile to your Conduct I my Fortune truſt;
To keep this Pledge of Duty is but juſt.
Aur. Some hidden Cauſe your Jealouſie does move,
Or you could ne'er ſuſpect my Loyal Love.
Emp. VVhat Love ſoever by an Heir is ſhown,
He waits but time to ſtep into the Throne.

You're neither juſtifi'd, not yet accus'd:
Mean while, the Pris'ner with reſpect is us'd.
Aur. I know the kindneſs of her Guardian ſuch,
I need not fear too little, but too much.
But how, Sir, How have you from Vertue ſwerv'd?
Or what ſo ill return have I deſerv'd?
You doubt not me, nor have I ſpent my Blood,
To have my Faith no better underſtood:
Your Soul's above the baſeneſs of diſtruſt:
Nothing but Love could make you ſo unjuſt.
Emp. You know your Rival then; and know 'tis fit,
The Sons ſhould to the Father's Claim ſubmit.
Aur. Sons may have Right which they can never quit.
Your ſelf firſt made that Title which I claim:
Firſt bid me love, and authoris'd my flame.
Emp. The value of my Gift I did not know:
If I could give, I can reſume it too.
Aur. Recal your Gift, for I your power confeſs:
But firſt, take back my Life, a Gift that's leſs.
Long Life would now but a long burthen prove:
You're grown unkind, and I have loſt your Love.
My Grief let unbecoming Speeches fall:
I ſhould have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.
Emp. Witneſs ye Pow'rs,
How much I ſuffer'd, and how long I ſtrove
Againſt th'aſſaults of this imperious Love!
I repreſented to my ſelf the ſhame
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.
Your great deſerts, how ill they were repay'd;
All Arguments in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty Love, who Prudence does deſpiſe,
For Reaſon, ſhew'd me *Indamora*'s Eyes.
What would you more, my Crime I ſadly view,
Acknowledge, am aſham'd, and yet purſue.
Aur. Since you can love, and yet your Error ſee,
The ſame reſiſtleſs Pow'r may plead for me.
With no leſs Ardor I my claim purſue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.
Emp. Your Elder Brother's, tho' o'ercome, have Right:
The Youngeſt yet in Arms prepar'd to Fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to Empire ſhall ſucceed.
Aur. To after Ages let me ſtand a ſhame,
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.
You might have found a mercenary Son,
To profit of the Battels he had won:
Had I been ſuch what hinder'd me to take
The Crown? Nor had th'exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you pleaſe, deſcend.
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part:
There, there's my Throne in *Indamora*'s Heart.
Emp. 'Tis in her Heart alone that you muſt Reign;
You'll find her Perſon difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by force:
And know, Obedience is your ſafeſt courſe.
Aur. I'm taught by Honour's Precepts to obey:
Fear to Obedience is a ſlaviſh way.
If ought my want of Duty could beget;
You take the moſt prevailing means, to threat:
Pardon your Blood that boils within my Veins;
It riſes high, and Menacing diſdains.
Even Death's become to me no dreadful Name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame.

In fighting Fields, where our Acquaintance grew,
I ſaw him, and contemn'd him firſt for you.
Emp. Of formal Duty make no more thy boaſt:
Thou diſobey'ſt where it concerns me moſt.
Fool, with both Hands thus to puſh back a Crown:
And headlong caſt thy ſelf from Empire down.
Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son ſhall Reign:
Inglorious thou, by thy own fault remain.
Thy Younger Brother I'll admit this hour:
So mine ſhall be thy Miſtreſs, his thy pow'r. [*Exit.*
Aur. How vain is Virtue which directs our ways
Through certain Danger, to uncertain Praiſe!
Barren and airy Name! Thee Fortune flies;
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wiſe.
Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without regard;
And lets thee poorly be thine own Reward.
The World is made for the bold impious Man;
Who ſtops at nothing, ſeizes all he can.
Juſtice to Merit does weak Aid afford;
She truſts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
And, while ſhe long conſults, the Prize is gone.

To him Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the Bearer of unhappy News:
Your alter'd Father openly purſues
Your Ruin; and to compaſs his intent,
For violent *Morat* in haſte has ſent.
The Gates he order'd all to be unbar'd:
And from the Market-Place to draw the Guard.
Aur. How look the People in this turn of State?
Dia. They mourn your Ruin as their proper Fate.
Curſing the Empreſs: for they think it done
By her procurement, to advance her Son.
Him too, though aw'd, they ſcarcely can forbear;
His Pride they hate, his Violence they fear.
All bent to riſe, would you appear their Chief,
Till your own Troops come up to your relief.
Aur. Ill treated, and forſaken as I am,
I'll not betray the Glory of my Name:
'Tis not for me who have preſerv'd a State,
To buy an Empire at ſo baſe a rate.
Dia. The points of Honour Poets may produce;
Trappings of Life, for Ornament, not Uſe.
Honour, which only does the Name advance,
Is the meer raving madneſs of Romance.
Pleas'd with a word, you may ſit tamely down;
And ſee your Younger Brother force the Crown.
Aur. I know my Fortune in extreams does lie:
The Sons of *Indoſtan* muſt Reign or Die.
That deſperate hazard Courage does create;
As he plays frankly who has leaſt Eſtate.
And that the World the Coward will deſpiſe,
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize?
Dia. Of all your Knowledge, this vain fruit you have,
To walk with Eyes broad open to your Grave.
Aur. From what I've ſaid, concluded without reply,
I neither would uſurp, nor tamely dy.
Th' attempt to fly, would Guilt betray, or Fear:
Beſides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our Priſon here.
Somewhat I have reſolv'd———
Mor. Perhaps, has Honour in his Breaſt:
And, in extreams, bold Counſels are the beſt.
Like Emp'rick Remedies they laſt are try'd;
And by th' event condemn'd, or juſtify'd.

Preſence of Mind, and Courage in Diſtreſs,
Are more than Armies to procure Succeſs. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Arimant, *with a Letter in his hand*, Indamora.

Arim. AND I the Meſſenger to him from you?
Your Empire you to Tyranny purſue:
You lay Commands, both cruel and unjuſt,
To ſerve my Rival, and betray my Truſt.
Ind. You firſt betray'd your Truſt in loving me,
And ſhould not I my own advantage ſee?
Serving my Love, you may my Friendſhip gain,
You know the beſt of your pretences vain.
You muſt, my *Arimant*, you muſt be kind:
'Tis your Nature, and your Noble Mind.
Arim. I'll to the King, and ſtrait my Truſt reſign.
Ind. His Truſt you may, but you ſhall never mine.
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my Confident and Friend.
As ſuch, I keep no Secret from your ſight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:
Read it, and tell me freely then your Mind:
If 'tis indited as I meant it kind.
Arim. Reading.] I ask not Heav'n my freedom to reſtore,
But only for your ſake——I'll read no more:
And yet I muſt——
Reading.] Leſs for my own, than for your Sorrow, ſad——
Another Line like this wou'd make me mad——.
As Reading.] Heav'n! ſhe goes on--yet more—and yet more kind!
Each Sentence is a Dagger to my Mind.
Reading.] See me this Night——
Thank Fortune, who did ſuch a Friend provide,
For faithful *Arimant* ſhall be your Guide:
Not only to be made an Inſtrument,
But pre-ingag'd without my own conſent.
Ind. Unknown t'ingage you ſtill augment my ſcore,
And gives you ſcope of meriting the more.
Arim. The beſt of Men
Some Int'reſt in their Actions muſt confeſs;
None merit, but in hope they may poſſeſs.
The fatal Paper rather let me tear,
Than like *Bellerophon* my own Sentence bear.
Ind. You may, but 'twill not be your beſt advice.
'Twill only give me pains of writing twice.
You know you muſt obey me, ſoon or late:
Why ſhould you vainly ſtruggle with your Fate?
Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou haſt been wondrous kind!
Why am I thus to Slavery deſign'd,
And yet am cheated with a Free-born Mind?
Or make thy Orders with my Reaſon ſute,
Or let me live by Senſe a Glorious Brute—— [*She Frowns.*
You frown, and I obey with ſpeed before
That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more!*
See me no more! that Sound, methinks, I hear
Like the laſt Trumpet thund'ring in my Ear.

Enter Solyman.

Solym. The Princeſs *Meleſinda* bath'd in Tears,
And toſs'd alternately with Hopes and Fears.
If your Affairs ſuch leiſure can afford,
Would learn from you the Fortunes of her Lord.
Arim. Tell her, that I ſome certainty may bring,
I go this Minute to attend the King.

Ind.

Ind. This lonely Turtle I deſire to ſee:
Grief, though not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.
Arim. To Solym.] Say, if ſhe pleaſe, ſhe hither may repair.
And breath the freſhneſs of the open Air. [*Exit* Solym.
Ind. Poor Princeſs! How I pity her Eſtate,
Wrapt in the Ruins of her Husband's Fate;
She mourn'd *Morat* ſhould in Rebellion riſe;
Yet he offends, and ſhe's the Sacrifice.
Arim. Not knowing his deſign at Court ſhe ſtaid;
Till, my Command, cloſe Pris'ner ſhe was made.
Since when,
Her Chains with *Roman* Conſtancy ſhe bore;
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's more.
Ind. Go, bring her Comfort: leave me here alone.
Arim. My Love muſt ſtill be in Obedience ſhown. [*Exit* Arim.
Enter Meleſinda, *led by* Solyman, *who retires afterwards.*
Ind. When graceful Sorrow in her Pomp appears,
Sure ſhe is dreſs'd in *Meleſinda*'s Tears.
Your Head reclin'd, (as hiding Grief from view),
Droops like a Roſe, ſurcharg'd with Morning Dew,
Mel. Can Flow'rs but droop in abſence of the Sun,
Which wak'd their Sweets? and mine, alas! is gone.
But you the nobleſt Charity expreſs:
For they who ſhine in Courts ſtill ſhun Diſtreſs.
Ind. Diſtreſs'd my ſelf, like you, confin'd I live:
And therefore can compaſſion take, and give.
We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate ſo croſs,
One muſt be happy by the others loſs.
Morat or *Aurenge-Zebe* muſt fall this Day.
Mel. Too truly *Tamerlain*'s Succeſſors they,
Each thinks a World too little for his ſway.
Could you and I the ſame pretences bring,
Mankind ſhould with more eaſe receive a King:
I would to you the narrow World reſign,
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine:
Ind. Wiſh'd freedom I preſage you ſoon will find;
If Heav'n be Juſt, and be to Virtue kind.
Mel. Quite otherwiſe my Mind foretels my Fate:
Short is my Life, and that unfortunate.
Yet ſhould I not complain, would Heav'n afford
Some little time, e're Death, to ſee my Lord.
Ind. Theſe Thoughts are but your Melancholy's Food;
Rais'd from a lonely Life, and dark abode:
But whatſoe'er our jarring Fortunes prove,
Though our Lords hate, methinks we two may Love.
Mel. Such be our Loves as may not yield to Fate:
I bring a Heart more true than fortunate. [*Giving their hands.*
To them Arimant.
Arim. I come with haſte, ſurprizing News to bring:
In two Hours time, ſince laſt I ſaw the King,
Th' Affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their Face:
Unhappy *Aurenge-Zebe* is in diſgrace:
And your *Morat* (proclaim'd the Succeſſor)
Is call'd to awe the City with his Power.
Thoſe Trumpets his Triumphant Entry tell,
And now the Shouts waſte near the Citadel.
Ind. See, Madam, ſee th' event by me fore-ſhown:
I envy not your chance, but grieve my own.
Mel. A change ſo unexpected muſt ſurprize:
And more, becauſe I am unus'd to Joys.
Ind. May all your Wiſhes ever proſp'rous be,
But I'm too much concern'd th' event to ſee,
My Eyes too tender are———

To view my Lord become the publick ſcorn,
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*
Mel. Stay, I'll not ſee my Lord,
Before I give your Sorrow ſome Relief,
And pay the Charity you lent my Grief.
Here he ſhall ſee me firſt with you confin'd:
And if your Virtue fail to move his Mind,
I'll uſe my Int'reſt that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.
Ind. So fair a Pleader any Cauſe may gain.
Mel. I have no Taſte, methinks, of coming Joy;
For black Preſages all my hopes deſtroy.
Die, ſomething whiſpers, *Meleſinda*, die;
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful deſtiny.
Mine is a glean of Bliſs too hot to laſt,
Watry it ſhines, and will be ſoon o'ercaſt.
Indamora *and* Meleſinda *Re-enter as into the Chamber.*
Arim. Fortune ſeems weary grown of *Aurenge-Zebe*,
While to her new made Favourite, *Morat*,
Her laviſh Hand is waſtfully profuſe:
With Fame and flowing Honour Tided in,
Born on a ſwelling Current ſmooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empreſs, to our wonder,
If not atton'd, yet ſeemingly at Peace;
As Fate for him that Miracle reſerv'd,
Enter in Triumph, Emperour, Morat, *and Train.*
Emp. I have confeſs'd I love.
As I interpret fairly your deſign,
So look not with ſeverer Eyes on mine.
Your Fate has call'd you to the Imperial Seat:
In Duty be, as you in Arms are great.
For *Aurenge-Zebe* a hated Name is grown,
And Love leſs bears a Rival than the Throne.
Mor. To me, the cries of fighting Fields are Charms:
Keen by my Sable, and of proof my Arms.
I ask no other Bleſſing of my Stars:
No Prize but Fame, nor Miſtriſs but the Wars.
I ſcarce am pleas'd, I tamely mount the Throne:
Would *Aurenge-Zebe* had all their Souls in one,
With all my elder Bothers I would fight,
And ſo from partial Nature force my Right.
Emp. Had we but laſting Youth, and time to ſpare,
Some might be thrown away on Fame and War.
But Youth, the periſhing Goods run on too faſt:
And uninjoy'd will ſpend it ſelf to waſte;
Few know the uſe of Life before 'tis paſt.
Had I once more thy vigour to command,
I would not let it die upon my hand.
No hour of pleaſure ſhould paſs empty by,
Youth ſhould watch Joys, and ſhoot 'em as they fly.
Mor. Methinks all pleaſure is in Greatneſs found,
Kings, like Heav'ns Eye, ſhould ſpread their Beams around.
Pleas'd to be ſeen, while Glories Race they run:
Reſt is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Subjects are ſtiff-neck'd Animals, they ſoon
Feel ſlack'd Reins, and pitch their Rider down.
Emp. To thee that Drudgery of Pow'r I give:
Cares be thy Lot, Reign thou, and let me live.
The Fort I'll keep for my Security,
Buſ'neſs and publick State reſign to thee.
Mor. Luxurious Kings are to their People loſt;
They live, like Drones, upon the publick Coſt.
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World ſhall ſhake:
And, with my ſelf, keep all Mankind awake.

Emp

Emp. Believe me, Son, and needleſs trouble ſpare;
'Tis a baſe World, and is not worth our care.
The Vulgar, a ſcarce animated Clod,
Ne'er pleas'd with ought 'em above Prince or God.
Were I a God the drunken Globe ſhould roul:
The little Emmets with the Humane Soul,
Care for themſelves, while at my eaſe I ſate,
And ſecond Cauſes did the work of Fate.
Or, if I would take care, that Care ſhould be,
For Wit, that ſcorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

To them Nourmahal, Zayda, *and Attendants.*

Nour. My dear *Morat*, [*Embracing her Son.*
This Day propitious to us all has been:
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.
Your youthful Father now may quit the State,
And finds the eaſe he ſought, indulg'd by Fate.
Cares ſhall not keep him on the Throne awake,
Nor break the Golden Slumbers he would take.
Emp. In vain I ſtruggl'd to the Goal of Life,
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife,
Still dragg'd me backwards into Noiſe and Strife.
Morat. Be that Remembrance loſt; and be't my Pride
To be your pledge of Peace on either ſide.

To them Aurenge-Zebe.

Aur. With all th' aſſurance Innocence can bring,
Fearleſs without, becauſe ſecure within.
Arm'd with my Courage, unconcern'd I ſee
This Pomp; a Shame to you, a Pride to me.
Shame is but where with Wickedneſs 'tis join'd;
And, while no baſeneſs in this Breaſt I find
I have not loſt the Birth-right of my Mind.
Emp. Children the blind effect of Love and Chance,
Form'd by their ſportive Parents Ignorance)
Bear from their Birth th' impreſſions of a Slave:
Whom Heav'n for Play-games firſt, and then for Service gave.
One then may be diſplac'd, and one may Reign:
And want of Merit, render Birth-right vain.
Mor. Comes he t' upbraid us with his Innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.
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All my Deſigns and Acts to Duty lead.
Your Life and Glory are my only end;
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.
Mor. Not him alone; I all Mankind defie,
Who dare adventure more for both than I?
Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your word:
That preſent Service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
Though vanquiſh'd, yet again they gather head.
I dare you, as your Rival in renown,
March out your Army from th' Imperial Town:
Chuſe whom you pleaſe, the other leave to me:
And ſet our Father abſolutely free.
This, if you do, to end all future ſtrife,
I am content to lead a private Life:
Disband my Army to ſecure the State,
Nor aim at more but leave the reſt to Fate.
Mor. I'll do't, draw out my Army on the Plain:
War is to me a Paſtime, Peace a Pain.
Emp. To Morat.] Think better firſt.
To Aur.] You ſee your ſelf inclos'd beyond eſcape,
And therefore, *Proteus* like, you change your ſhape.
Of Promiſe Prodigal, while Pow'r you want,
And Preaching in the Self-denying Cant.

To view my Lord become the publick ſcorn,
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn. [*Taking her leave.*
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Before I give your Sorrow ſome Relief,
And pay the Charity you lent my Grief.
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Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.
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Your Life and Glory are my only end;
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Who dare adventure more for both than I?
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That preſent Service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
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I dare you, as your Rival in renown,
March out your Army from th' Imperial Town:
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And ſet our Father abſolutely free.
This, if you do, to end all future ſtrife,
I am content to lead a private Life:
Disband my Army to ſecure the State,
Nor aim at more but leave the reſt to Fate.
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War is to me a Paſtime, Peace a Pain.
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To Aur.] You ſee your ſelf inclos'd beyond eſcape,
And therefore, *Proteus* like, you change your ſhape.
Of Promiſe Prodigal, while Pow'r you want,
And Preaching in the Self-denying Cant.

Mor. Plot better; for theſe Arts too obvious are,
Of gaining time, the Maſter-piece of War:
Is *Aurenge-Zebe* ſo known?
Aur.——If Acts like mine,
So far from Int'reſt, Profit, or Deſign,
Can ſhow my Heart, by thoſe I would be known;
I wiſh you could as well defend your own.
My abſent Army for my Father fought:
Yours, in theſe Walls, is to inſlave him brought.
If I come ſingly, you an armed Gueſt;
The World with eaſe may judge whoſe Cauſe is beſt.
Morat. My Father ſaw you ill Deſigns purſue:
And my admiſſion ſhow'd his Fear of you.
Aur. Himſelf beſt knows why he his Love withdraws:
I owe him more than to declare the Cauſe.
But ſtill I preſs our Duty may be ſhown
By Arms.
Mor.——I'll vanquiſh all his Foes alone,
Aur. You ſpeak as if you could the Fates command,
And had no need of any other Hand.
But, ſince my Honour you ſo far ſuſpect,
'Tis juſt I ſhould on your Deſigns reflect.
To prove your ſelf a Loyal Son, declare,
You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.
Morat. No preſent Anſwer your Demand requires,
The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inſpires.
And while the Sword this Monarchy ſecures,
'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.
Emp. Morat's Deſign a doubtful meaning bears, [*Apart.*
In *Aurenge-Zebe* true Loyalty appears.
He, for my ſafety, does his own deſpiſe;
Still with his Wrongs, I find his Duty riſe.
I feel my Virtue ſtrugling in my Soul,
But ſtronger Paſſion does its Pow'r controul.
Yet be advis'd your Ruin to prevent, [*To* Aur. *apart.*
You might be ſafe if you would give conſent.
Aur. So to your welfare I of uſe may be,
My Life and Death are equal both to me.
Emp. The Peoples Hearts are yours; the Fort yet mine:
Be wiſe, and *Indamora*'s Love reſign.
I am obſerv'd, Remember that I give
This my laſt proof of Kindneſs, Die, or Live.
Aur. Life, with my *Indamora* I would chuſe;
But, loſing her, the end of living loſe.
I had conſider'd all I ought before:
And fear of Death can make me change no more.
The Peoples Love ſo little I eſteem,
Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.
May he who muſt your Favour now poſſeſs,
Much better ſerve you, and not love you leſs.
Emp. I've heard you; and, to finiſh the Debate, [*Aloud.*
Commit that Rebel Pris'ner to the State
Mor. The deadly Draught he ſhall begin this Day;
And languiſh with inſenſible decay.
Aur. I hate the lingring Summons to attend,
Death all at once would be the nobler end.
Fate is unkind; methinks a General
Should warm, and at the Head of Armies fall.
And my Ambition did that Hope purſue,
That ſo I might have dy'd in Fight for you. [*To his Father.*
Mor. Would I had been diſpoſer of thy Stars:
Thou ſhould'ſt have had thy VViſh, and dy'd in VVars.
'Tis I, not thou, have reaſon to repine,
That thou ſhouldſt fall by any Hand, but mine,

Aur.

Such may be ſway'd by Honour, or by Love;
But Monarchs, only, by their Int'reſt move.
Mel. Heav'n does a Tribute for your Pow'r demand,
He leaves th' oppreſt and poor upon your hand.
And thoſe who Stewards of his pity prove,
He bleſſes, in return, with publick Love.
In his Diſtreſs ſome Miracle is ſhown:
If exil'd, Heav'n reſtores him to his Throne.
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near,
Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbours, lives in fear.
No Plots th' Alarm to his Retirements give:
'Tis all Mankind's concern that he ſhould live.
Mor. You promis'd Friendſhip in your low Eſtate;
And ſhould forget it in your better Fate.
Such Maxims are more plauſible than true;
But ſomewhat muſt be giv'n to Love and you.
I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her ſee,
Pray'rs and Complaints are loſt on ſuch as me.
Mel. I'll bear the news: Heav'n knows how much I'm pleas'd,
That, by my care, th' Afflicted may be eas'd.
As ſhe is going off, Enter Indamora.
Ind. I'll ſpare your pains, and venture out alone,
Since you, fair Princeſs, my Protection own.
But you, brave Prince, a harder Task muſt find; [*To* Morat *kneeling, who takes her up.*
In ſaving me, you would but half be kind.
An humble Suppliant at your Feet I lie;
You have condemn'd my better part to die.
Without my *Aurenge-Zebe* I cannot live;
Revoke his Doom, or elſe my Sentence give.
Mel. If *Meleſinda* in your Love have part,
Which, to ſuſpect, would break my tender Heart.
If Love, like mine, may for a Lover plead,
By the chaſte pleaſures of our Nuptial-Bed,
By all the Int'reſts my paſt ſufferings make,
And all I yet would ſuffer for your ſake.
By you your ſelf, the laſt and deareſt tye——
Mor. You move in vain; for *Aurenge-Zebe* muſt die.
Ind. Could that Decree from any Brother come?
Nature her ſelf is ſentenc'd in your Doom.
Piety is no more, ſhe ſees her place
Uſurp'd by Monſters, and a ſavage Race.
From her ſoft Eaſtern Climes you drive her forth,
To the cold Manſions of the utmoſt North.
How can our Prophet ſuffer you to reign,
When he looks down and ſees your Brother ſlain?
Avenging Furies will your Life purſue:
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.
Mel. Her Words imprint a Terror on my Mind,
What if this Death, which is for him deſign'd,
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury!)
And you, not *Aurenge-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of Humane Fate,
And ſeek, by Mercy, to ſecure your State.
Ind. Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aurenge-Zebe* deſign'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous Mind.
Pity does with a Noble Nature ſuit:
A Brother's Life had ſuffer'd no diſpute.
All things have right in Life, our Prophet's care,
Commands the Beings ev'n of Brutes to ſpare.
Though Int'reſt his reſtraint has juſtify'd,
Can Life, and to a Brother, be deny'd?
Mor. All Reaſons for his ſafety urg'd, are weak:
And yet methinks 'tis Heav'n to hear you ſpeak.

Mel. 'Tis part of your own Being to invade——
Mor. Nay, if ſhe fail to move, would you perſwade? [*Turning to* Indamora.
My Brother does a Glorious Fate purſue,
I envy him, that he muſt fall for you.
He had been baſe had he releas'd his Right,
For ſuch an Empire none but Kings ſhould fight.
If with a Father he diſputes this Prize,
My wonder ceaſes when I ſee theſe Eyes.
Mel. And can you then deny thoſe Eyes you praiſe?
Can Beauty wonder, and not Pity raiſe?
Mor. Your interceſſion now is needleſs grown:
Retire, and let me ſpeak with her alone.
[Meleſinda *retires, weeping, to the ſide of the Theatre.*
Queen, that you may not fruitleſs Tears employ, [*Taking* Indamora's *hand.*
I bring you news to fill your Heart with Joy:
Your Lover King of all the *Eaſt* ſhall reign:
For *Aurenge-Zebe* to Morrow ſhall be ſlain.
Ind. The hopes you rais'd y'ave blaſted with a Breath: [*Starting back.*
With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.
Did you not ſay, my Lover ſhould be King?
Mor. I, in *Morat*, the beſt of Lovers bring?
For one forſaken both of Earth and Heav'n,
Your kinder Stars a Nobler Choice have given.
My Father, while I pleaſe, a King appears;
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years.
An Emperour and Lover but in ſhow:
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your Eyes and Form Divine,
Submit the Fate of all the Imperial Line.
So was it order'd by its wiſe Decree,
That you ſhould find 'em all compris'd in me.
Ind. If, Sir, I ſeem not diſcompos'd with Rage,
Feed not your Fancy with a falſe preſage.
Farther to preſs your Courtſhip is but vain:
A cold refuſal carries more Diſdain.
Unſetled Virtue ſtormy may appear:
Honour, like mine, ſerenely is ſevere.
To ſcorn your Perſon, and reject your Crown,
Diſorder not my Face into a Frown. [*Turns from him.*
Mor. Your Fortune you ſhould rev'rently have us'd:
Such offers are not twice to be refus'd.
I go to *Aurenge-Zebe*, and am in haſte:
For your Commands, they're like to be the laſt.
Ind. Tell him,
With my own Death I would his Life redeem:
But, leſs than Honour, both our Lives eſteem.
Mor. Have you no more?
Ind. ——What ſhall I do or ſay?
He muſt not in this Fury go away.
Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;
And yet he falſly ſaid he was in Love.
Falſly; for had he truly lov'd, at leaſt,
He would have giv'n one Day to my Requeſt.
A little yielding may my Love advance.
Mor. She darted from her Eyes a ſide-long-glance,
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke; and, like her words it flew:
Seem'd not to beg, what yet ſhe bid me do.
A Brother, Madam, cannot give a Day; [*To her.*
A Servant, and who hopes to Merit, may.
Mel. If, Sir—— [*Coming to him.*
Mor. No more——ſet Speeches, and a formal Tale,
With none but States-Men and grave Fools prevail.
Dry up your Tears, and practiſe every Grace,
That fits the Pageant of your Royal Place. [*Exit.*

Mel,

Aur. VVhen thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin;
But the Brute Soul, by chance, was ſhuffl'd in.
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain,
Where valiant Beaſts by Force and Rapine reign.
In Life's next Scene, if Tranſmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reſerv'd for thee.
Mor. Take heed thou com'ſt not in that Lion's way:
I propheſie thou wilt thy Soul convey
Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.
Hence with that dreaming Prieſt.
Nour.——Let me prepare
The pois'nous Draught: his Death ſhall be my care:
Near my Apartment let him Pris'ner be,
That I his hourly ebbs of Life may ſee.
Aur. My Life I would not ranſom with a Pray'r:
'Tis vile, ſince 'tis not worth my Father's care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my Grave,
You paid your ſelf, and took the Life you gave. [*Exit.*
Emp. O that I had more ſenſe of Virtue left, [*Aſide.*
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereſt.
I have juſt enough to know how I offend,
And, to my ſhame, have not enough to mend.
Lead to the Moſque——
Mor. Love's Pleaſures, why ſhould dull Devotion ſtay?
Heav'n to my *Meliſinda*'s but the way. [*Exeunt* Emperor, Morat, *and Train.*
Zayd. Sure *Aurenge-Zebe* has ſomewhat of Divine,
Whoſe Virtue through ſo dark a Cloud can ſhine.
Fortune has from *Morat* this Day remov'd
The greateſt Rival, and the beſt belov'd.
Nour. He is not yet remov'd.
Zayd.——He Lives, 'tis true;
But ſoon muſt die, and, what I mourn, by you.
Nour. My *Zayda*, May thy words Prophetick be, [*Embracing her eagerly.*
I take the *Omen*, let him die by me.
He ſtiff'd in my Arms, ſhall loſe his Breath:
And Life it ſelf ſhall envious be of Death.
Zayd. Bleſs me, you Pow'rs above!
Nour.——Why doſt thou ſtart?
Is Love ſo ſtrange, or have not I a Heart?
Could *Aurenge-Zebe* ſo lovely ſeem to thee,
And I want Eyes that Noble VVorth to ſee?
Thy little Soul was but to wonder mov'd;
My Senſe of it was higher, and I lov'd.
That Man, that Godlike Man, ſo Brave, ſo Great;
But theſe are thy ſmall Praiſes I repeat.
I'm carry'd by a Tide of Love away:
He's ſomewhat more than I my ſelf can ſay.
Zayd. Though all the *Ideas* you can form be true,
He muſt not, cannot be poſſeſs'd by you.
If contradicting Int'reſt could be mixt,
Nature her ſelf hath caſt a Bar betwixt.
And e'er you reach to this inceſtuous Love,
You muſt Divine and Humane Rights remove.
Nour. Count this among the VVonders Love has done:
I had forgot, he was my Husband's Son!
Zayd. Nay more, you have forgot who is your own:
For whom your care ſo long deſign'd the Throne.
Morat muſt fall, if *Aurenge-Zebe* ſhould riſe.
Nour. 'Tis true; but who was e'er in love, and wiſe.
VVhy was that fatal Knot of Marriage ty'd,
VVhich did, by making us too near, divide?
Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,
Excludes but me alone of VVoman-kind.

I ſtand with Guilt confounded, loſt with Shame,
And yet made wretched only by a Name.
If Names have ſuch Command on Humane Life,
Love's ſure's a Name that's more Divine than Wife.
That Sov'reign Power all Guilt from Action takes,
At leaſt the Stains are beautiful it makes.
Zayd. Th' incroaching ill you early ſhould oppoſe:
Flatter'd, 'tis worſe, and by Indulgence grows.
Nour. Alas! and what have I not ſaid or done?
I fought it to the laſt: and Love has won.
A bloody Conqueſt; which Deſtruction brought,
And ruin'd all the Country where he fought.
Whether this Paſſion from above was ſent,
The Fate of him Heav'n Favours to prevent,
Or as the curſe of Fortune in exceſs;
That, ſtretching, would beyond its reach poſſeſs.
And, with a Taſte which plenty does deprave,
Loaths lawful Good, and lawleſs Ill does crave?
Zayd. But ye conſider——
Nour.——No, 'tis loſs of time:
Think how to farther, and divert my Crime.
My Artful Engines inſtantly I'll move:
And chuſe the ſoft and gentleſt hour of Love.
The under Provoſt of the Fort is mine,
But ſee, *Morat!* I whiſper my Deſign.

Enter Morat *with* Arimant, *as talking: Attendants.*

Arim. And for that cauſe was not in publick ſeen:
But ſtays in Priſon with the Captive Queen.
Mor. Let my Attendants wait; I'll be alone:
Where leaſt of State, there moſt of Love is ſhown.
Nour. My Son, your Buſ'neſs is not hard to gueſs; [*To* Morat.
Long abſence makes you eager to poſſeſs.
I will not importune you by my ſtay;
She merits all the Love which you can pay. [*Exit with* Zayd.

Re-enter Arimant *with* Meleſinda: *then Exit* Morat, *runs to* Meleſinda *and embraces her.*

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you choſe to ſtay,
In gloomy Shades, and loſt a glorious Day?
Loſt the Firſt-Fruits of Joy you ſhould poſſeſs,
In my return, and made my Triumph leſs?
Mel. Should I not chide, that you could ſtay and ſee,
Thoſe Joys, preferring publick Pomp to me?
Through my dark Cell your ſhouts of Triumph rung;
I heard with Pleaſure; but I thought 'em long.
Mor. The Publick will in Triumphs rudely ſhare:
And Kings the rudeneſs of their Joys muſt bear.
But I made haſte to ſet my Captive free:
And thought that Work was only worthy me.
The Fame of ancient Matrons you purſue;
And ſtand a blameleſs Pattern to the new.
I have not words to praiſe ſuch Acts as theſe:
But take my Heart and mould it as you pleaſe.
Mel. A Trial of your Kindneſs I muſt make,
Though not for mine ſo much as Virtue's ſake.
The Queen of *Caſſimeer.*
Mor.——No more, my Love;
That only ſuit I beg you not to move.
That ſhe's in Bonds for *Aurenge-Zebe* I know,
And ſhould, by my conſent, continue ſo,
The good old Man, I fear, will Pity ſhow.
My Father dotes, and let him ſtill dote on;
He buys his Miſtreſs dearly with his Throne.
Mel. See her, and then be cruel if you can.
Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private Man.

Such

Mel. Madam, the ſtrange reverſe of Fate you ſee: [*To* Indamora.
I pity you, now you may pity me. [*Exit after him.*
Ind. Poor Princeſs! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,
Had I not nearer Sorrows of my own.
Beauty is ſeldom Fortunate, when Great:
A vaſt Eſtate, but over-charg'd with Debt.
Like thoſe whom Want to Baſeneſs does betray:
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot Pay.
O would he be content to ſeize the Throne:
I beg the Life of *Aurenge-Zebe* alone.
Whom Heav'n would bleſs, from Pomp it will remove,
And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Aurenge-Zebe *Solus.*

Diſtruſt, and Darkneſs of a future State,
Make poor Mankind ſo fearful of their Fate.
Death, in it ſelf, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where. [*Soft Muſick.*
This is the Ceremony of my Fate:
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.
They lodge me, as were I the *Perſian* King:
And with Luxurious Pomp my Death they bring.
To him Nourmahal.
Nour. I thought before you drew your lateſt Breath,
To ſmooth your Paſſage, and to ſoften Death;
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above.
Nor name me there, th'occaſion of your Fate;
Or what my Intereſt does impute to Hate.
Aur. I ask not for what end your Pomp's deſign'd;
Whether t' inſult, or to compoſe my Mind:
I mark'd it not.
But, knowing Death would ſoon th' Aſſault begin,
Stood firm collected in my Strength within.
To guard that Breach did all my Forces guide,
And left unman'd the quiet Senſes ſide.
Nour. Becauſe *Morat* from me his Being took,
All I can ſay will much ſuſpected look.
'Tis little to confeſs your Fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would eaſily believe.
Aur. Since my inevitable Death you know,
You ſafely unavailing pity ſhow:
'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.
Nour. You made my Liberty your late Requeſt:
Is no return due from a grateful Breaſt?
I grow impatient, till I find ſome way,
Great Offices, with greater, to repay.
Aur. When I conſider'd Life, 'tis all a Cheat:
Yet, fool'd with hope, Men favour the Deceit.
Truſt on, and think to Morrow will repay:
To Morrow's falſer than the former Day.
Lies worſe; and while it ſays, we ſhall be bleſt,
With ſome new Joys, cuts off what we poſſeſt.
Strange Couzenage! none would live paſt Years again,
Yet all hope pleaſure in what remain.
And, from the dregs of Life think to receive,
What the firſt ſprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
Which Fools us Young, and Beggars us when Old.

Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we Life purſue;
It pays our Hopes with ſomething ſtill that's new.
Each Day's a Miſtreſs, unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with ſeeing more.
Did you but know what Joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your Journey's end.
Aur. I need not haſte the end of Life to meet;
The Precipice is juſt beneath my Feet.
Nour. Think not my ſenſe of Virtue is ſo ſmall:
I'll rather leap down firſt, and break your Fall.
My *Aurenge-Zebe*, (may I not call you ſo?) [*Taking him by the hand.*
Behold me now no longer as your Foe.
I am not, cannot be your Enemy:
Look, is there any Malice in my Eye?
Pray Sir——— [*Both ſit.*
That diſtance ſhews too much Reſpect or Fear:
You'll find no danger in approaching near.
Aur. Forgive th' amazement of my doubtful State:
This kindneſs from the Mother of *Morat*.
Or is't ſome Angel, pitying what I bore,
Who takes that Shape, to make my wonder more?
Nour. Think me your better *Genius* in diſguiſe;
Nor any thing that more may charm your Eyes.
Your Guardian Angel never could excel,
In care, nor could he love his Charge ſo well.
Aur. Whence can proceed ſo wonderful a change?
Nour. Can kindneſs to deſert like yours be ſtrange;
Kindneſs by ſecret Sympathy is ty'd;
For Noble Souls in Nature are ally'd.
I ſaw with what a Brow you brav'd your Fate;
Yet with what boldneſs bore your Father's hate.
My Virtue, like a ſtring wound up by Art,
To the ſame ſound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At diſtance ſhook, and trembled at my Heart.
Aur. I'll not complain my Father is unkind,
Since ſo much pity from a Foe I find.
Juſt Heav'n reward this Act.
Nour. 'Tis well the Debt no payment does demand,
You turn me over to another hand.
But happy, happy ſhe,
And with the Bleſs'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your ſelf would, with your ſelf, reward:
The greateſt, nay, the faireſt of her kind,
Would envy her that Bliſs which you deſign'd.
Aur. Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raiſe,
To juſtifie their Grace, their Creatures praiſe.
Nour. As Love the Nobleſt Paſſion we account,
So to the higheſt Object it ſhould mount.
It ſhews you brave, when mean deſires you ſhun,
An Eagle only can behold the Sun.
And ſo muſt you; if yet, preſage Divine,
There be in Dreams, or was't a Viſion mine?
Aur. Of me?
Nour. ———And who could elſe employ my Thought?
I dream'd, your Love was by Love's Goddeſs ſought.
Officious *Cupids* hov'ring o'er your Head,
Held Myrtle Wreaths: Beneath your Feet was ſpread
What Sweets ſoe'er *Sabean* Springs diſcloſe,
Our *Indian* Jeſmine, or the *Syrian* Roſe.
The wanton Miniſters around you ſtrove,
For Service, and inſpir'd their Mother's Love:
Cloſe by your ſide, and languiſhing, ſhe lies,
With bluſhing Cheeks, ſhort Breath and wiſhing Eyes;

Upon your Breaſt ſupinely lay her Head,
While, on your Face, her famiſh'd Sight ſhe fed.
Then, with a Sigh, into theſe words ſhe broke,
(And gather'd humid Kiſſes as ſhe ſpoke.)
Dull, and Ingrateful! muſt I offer Love?
Deſir'd by gods, and envy'd ev'n by *Jove*:
And doſt thou Ignorance or Fear pretend?
Mean Soul! and dar'ſt not glorioufly offend?
Then, preſſing thus his Hand——
Aur. I'll hear no more, [*Riſing up.*
'Twas impious to have underſtood before,
And I, till now, endeavour'd to miſtake,
Th' inceſtuous meaning which too plain you make.
Nour. And why this niceneſs to that pleaſure ſhown,
Where Nature ſums up all her Joys in one.
Gives all ſhe can, and labouring ſtill to give,
Makes it ſo great, we can but taſte and live.
So fills the Senſes, that the Soul ſeems fled,
And thought it ſelf does, for the time, lie dead.
Till like a String, ſcru'd up with eager haſte,
It breaks, and is too exquiſite to laſt?
Aur. Heav'ns! can you this, without juſt Vengeance, hear?
When will you Thunder, if it now be clear?
Yet her alone let not your Thunder ſeize:
I, too, deſerve to die, becauſe I pleaſe.
Nour. Cuſtom our Native Royalty does awe;
Promiſcuous Love is Nature's general Law:
For whoſoever the firſt Lovers were,
Brother and Siſter made the ſecond Pair,
And doubled by their Love, their Piety.
Aur. Hence, hence, and to ſome barbarous Climate fly,
Which only Brutes in humane Form does yield,
And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field.
Who eat their Parents, Piety pretend;
Yet there no Sons their Sacred Bed aſcend.
To vail great Sins, a greater Crime you chuſe;
And, in your Inceſt, your Adultery loſe.
Nour. In vain this haughty Fury you have ſhown,
How I adore a Soul ſo like my own!
You muſt be mine, that you may learn to live:
Know Joys, which only ſhe who loves can give.
Nor think that Action you upbraid, ſo ill:
I am not chang'd; I love my Husband ſtill.
But love him as he was, when Youthful Grace,
And the firſt down began to ſhade his Face.
That Image does my Virgin flames renew,
And all your Fathers ſhines more bright in you.
Aur. In me a horror of my ſelf you raiſe;
Curs'd by your Love, and blaſted by your Praiſe.
You find new ways to proſecute my Fate;
And your leaſt guilty Paſſion was your Hate.
Nour. I beg my Death, if you can Love deny. [*Offering him a Dagger.*
Aur. I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.
Nour. Know then, you are not half ſo kind as I. [*Stamps with her Foot.*

Enter Mutes, ſome with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.

You've choſen, and may now repent too late,
Behold th' effect of what you wiſh'd, my hate.
This Cup, a Cure for both our Ills has brought: [*Taking the Cup to preſent him.*
You need not fear a Philtre in the Draught.
Aur. All muſt be Poiſon which can come from thee, [*Receiving it from her.*
But this the leaſt t' immortal Liberty.
This firſt I pour——like dying *Socrates*: [*Spilling a little of it.*
Grim though he be, Death pleaſes when he frees.

As he is going to drink, Enter Morat *attended.*

Mor. Make not ſuch haſte, you muſt my leiſure ſtay:
Your Fate's deferr'd, you ſhall not die to day. [*Taking the Cup from him.*
Nour. What fooliſh Pity has poſſeſs'd your Mind,
To alter what you'r Prudence once deſign'd?
Mor. What if I pleaſe to lengthen out his Date,
A Day, and take a Pride to cozen Fate?
Nour. 'Twill not be ſafe to let him live an Hour.
Mor. I'll do't, to ſhew my Arbitrary Pow'r.
Nour. Fortune may take him from your Hands again,
And you repent th'occaſion loſt in vain.
Mor. I ſmile at what your Female Fear foreſees:
I'm in Fate's place, and dictate her Decrees.
Let *Arimant* be call'd. [*Exit one of his Attendants.*
Aur. Give me the Poiſon, and I'll end your Strife:
I hate to keep a poor precarious Life.
Would I my ſafety on baſe terms receive,
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.
But thoſe I could accuſe, I can forgive:
By my diſdainful Silence, let 'em live.
Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my hand? [*To* Morat.
So low! I've not a Murder at Command!
Can you not one poor Life to her afford,
Her, who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?
And from th' abundance of whoſe Soul and Heat,
Th' o'erflowing ſerv'd to make your Mind ſo great.
Mor. What did that Greatneſs in a Woman's Mind?
Ill lodg'd and weak to Act what it deſign'd.
Pleaſures your Portion, and your ſlothful eaſe:
When Man's at leiſure, ſtudy how to pleaſe.
Soften his angry hours with ſervile care,
And when he calls the ready Feaſt prepare.
From Wars, and from affairs of State abſtain:
Women Emaſculate a Monarch's Reign.
And murmuring Crouds who ſee 'em ſhine with Gold,
That Pomp, as their own raviſh'd Spoils behold.
Nour. Rage choaks my words: 'Tis Womanly to weep } [*Aſide.*
In my ſwoll'n Breaſt my cloſe Revenge I'll keep, }
I'll watch his tender'ſt part, and there ſtrike deep } [*Exit.*
Aur. Your ſtrange proceeding does my wonder move;
Yet ſeems not to expreſs a Brother's Love.
Say to what cauſe my reſcu'd Life I owe.
Mor. If what you ask would pleaſe, you ſhould not know.
But ſince that knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,
Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve.
Aur. And whence had ſhe the Pow'r to work your change?
Mor. The pow'r of Beauty is not new or ſtrange.
Should ſhe command me more, I could obey;
But her Requeſt was bounded with a day.
Take that: And, if you'll ſpare my farther Crime,
Be kind, and grieve to death againſt your time.
Enter Arimant.
Remove this Pris'ner to ſome ſafer place:
He has, for *Indamora*'s ſake, found Grace.
And, from my Mother's Rage muſt guarded be,
Till you receive a new Command from me.
Arim. Thus Love, and Fortune, perſecute me ſtill,
And make me Slave to every Rival's Will. [*Aſide.*
Aur. How I diſdain a Life, which I muſt buy,
With your contempt, and her inconſtancy.
For a few hours, my whole content I pay:
You ſhall not force on me another day. [*Exit. with* Arimant

Enter

Enter Meleſinda.

Mel. I have been ſeeking you this hours long ſpace,
And fear'd to find you in another place.
But, ſince you're here, my jealouſie grows leſs:
You will be kind to my unworthineſs.
What ſhall I ſay, I love to that degree,
Each glance another way is robb'd from me.
Abſence, and Priſons I could bear again;
But ſink, and die, beneath your leaſt diſdain.

Mor. Why do you give your Mind this needleſs care,
And, for your ſelf, and me, new pains prepare?
I ne'er approv'd this Paſſion in exceſs:
If you would ſhew your Love diſtruſt me leſs.
I hate to be purſu'd from place to place:
Meet, at each turn, a ſtale domeſtick Face.
Th' approach of Jealouſie Love cannot bear,
He's wild, and ſoon on VVing, if watchful Eyes come near.

Mel. From your lov'd Preſence, how can I depart?
My Eyes purſue the Object of my Heart.

Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal Night:
Fondneſs is ſtill th' effect of new Delight.
And Marriage but the Pleaſure of a Day:
The Metal's baſe, the gilding worn away.

Mel. I fear I'm guilty of ſome great Offence,
And that has bred this cold Indifference.

Mor. The greateſt in the VVorld to Fleſh and Blood:
You fondly love much longer than you ſhou'd.

Mel. If that be all which makes your Diſcontent,
Of ſuch a Crime I never can repent.

Mor. VVould you force Love upon me, which I ſhun?
And bring courſe Fare when Appetite is gone?

Mel. VVhy did I not, in Priſon, die before
My fatal Freedom made me ſuffer more?
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd, becauſe you then were true.
Then I had hope, but now, alas, have none.

Mor. You ſay you love me; let that Love be ſhown.
'Tis in your Power to make my Happineſs.

Mel. Speak quickly: to command me is to bleſs.

Mor. To *Indamora* you my Suit muſt move:
You'll ſure ſpeak kindly of the Man you love.

Mel. Oh! let me rather periſh by your Hand,
Than break my Heart by this unkind Command.
Think 'tis the only one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuſe than die.
Try, if you pleaſe, my Rival's Heart to win:
I'll bear the Pain, but not promote the Sin.
You own whate'er Perfections Man can boaſt,
And if ſhe view you with my Eyes ſhe's loſt.

Mor. Here I renounce all Love, all Nuptial Ties:
Henceforward live a Stranger to my Eyes:
VVhen I appear, ſee you avoid the place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky Face.

Mel. Hard, as it is, I this Command obey,
And haſte, while I have Life to go away.
In pity ſtay ſome hours, till I am dead,
That blameleſs you may court my Rival's Bed.
My hated Face I'll not preſume to ſhow;
Yet I may watch your Steps where-e'er you go.
Unſeen, I'll gaze? and with my lateſt Breath, [*Weeping.*
Bleſs, while I die, the Author of my Death.

Enter Emperour.

Emp. VVhen your Triumphant Fortune high appears.
VVhat Cauſe can draw theſe unbecoming Tears.

Let Chearfulneſs on happy Fortune wait,
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.
Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately ſmil'd:
I doubt a Foe ſo newly reconcil'd.
You ſaw but Sorrow in its waining Form,
A working Sea, remaining from a Storm.
VVhen the now weary VVaves roul o'er the Deep,
And faintly murmur e'er they fall aſleep.
Emp. Your inward Griefs you ſmother in your Mind;
But Fame's loud Voice proclaims your Lord unkind.
Mor. Let Fame be buſie where ſhe has to do:
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous Show.
Thoſe Tales are fit to fill the Peoples Ears:
Monarchs unqueſtion'd move in higher Spheres.
Mel. Believe not Rumor, but your ſelf; and ſee
The Kindneſs 'twixt my plighted Lord and me. [*Kiſſing* Mor.
This is our State; thus happily we live;
Theſe are the Quarrels which we take and give.
Aſide to Mor.] I had no other way to force a Kiſs,
Forgive my laſt farewel to you and Bliſs. [*Exit.*
Emp. Your haughty Carriage ſhews too much of Scorn,
And Love, like hers, deſerves not that return.
Mor. You'll pleaſe to leave me Judge of what I do,
And not examine by the outward ſhow.
Your uſage of my Mother might be good:
I judge it not.
Emp.——Nor was it fit you ſhou'd.
Mor. Then in as equal Ballance weigh my Deeds.
Emp. My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.
Suppoſe (what I'll not grant) Injuſtice done;
Is judging me the Duty of a Son?
Mor. Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me Pow'r.
If your own Actions on your VVill you ground,
Mine ſhall hereafter know no other bound.
VVhat meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?
VVas it to pleaſe me with a Name alone:
Emp. 'Twas that I thought your Gratitude would know
VVhat to my partial Kindneſs you did owe:
That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,
Your merit of Obedience might ſupply.
Mor. To your own Thoughts ſuch Hopes you might propoſe;
But I took Empire not on Terms like thoſe.
Of Buſ'neſs you complain'd, now take your eaſe:
Enjoy what e'er decrepid Age can pleaſe:
Eat, ſleep, and tell long Tales of what you were
In flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear.
Emp. Pow'r, like new VVine, does your weak Brain ſurprize,
And its mad Fumes, in hot Diſcourſes, riſe;
But time theſe giddy Vapours will remove:
Mean while I'll taſte the ſober Joys of Love.
Mor. You cannot love, nor Pleaſures take, or give;
But Life begin, when 'tis too late to live.
On a tir'd Courſer you purſue Delight,
Let ſlip your Morning, and ſet out at Night.
If you have liv'd, take thankfully the paſt:
Make, as you can, the ſweet Remembrance laſt.
If you have not enjoy'd what Youth yould give,
But Life ſunk through you like a leaky Sieve.
Accuſe your ſelf you liv'd not while you might;
But, in the Captive Queen reſign your Right.
I've now reſolv'd to fill your uſeleſs place;
I'll take that Poſt to cover your Diſgrace,
And love her for the Honour of my Race.

Emp.

Emp. Thou doſt but try how far I can forbear,
Nor art that Monſter which thou would'ſt appear.
But do not wantonly my Paſſion move;
I pardon nothing that relates to Love.
My Fury does like jealous Forts, purſue,
With death, ev'n Strangers, who but come to view.
Mor. I did not only view, but will invade:
Could you ſhed Venom from your reverend Shade.
Like Trees, beneath whoſe Arms 'tis death to ſleep:
Did rouling Thunder your fenc'd Fortreſs keep.
Thence would I ſnatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,
And midſt the dreadful wrack enjoy my Love.
Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When Right, when Nature, ſtruggl'd in my Heart,
When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's Claim,
Broke all, and ſulli'd my unſpotted Fame?
Wert thou to Empire by my baſeneſs brought,
And wouldſt thou raviſh what ſo dear I bought?
Dear! For my Conſcience and its Peace I gave:
Why was my Reaſon made my Paſſions Slave?
I ſee Heaven's Juſtice; thus the Pow'rs Divine
Pay Crimes with Crimes, and puniſh mine by thine.
Mor. Crimes let them pay, and puniſh as they pleaſe:
What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to ſeize.
Since 'tis to that they their own greatneſs owe
Above, why ſhould they queſtion mine below? [*Exit.*
Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art ſought,
And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought.
We're paſt the uſe of Wit, for which we toil;
Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.
My ſtock of Fame is laviſh'd and decay'd;
No profit of the vaſt profuſion made.
Too late my Folly I repent; I know
My *Aurenge-Zebe* would ne'er have us'd me ſo.
But, by his ruin I prepar'd my own;
And, like a naked Tree, my ſhelter gone,
To Winds and Winter-ſtorms muſt ſtand expos'd alone. [*Exit.*

Aurenge-Zebe, Arimant.

Arim. Give me not Thanks, which I will ne'er deſerve;
But know, 'tis for a nobler Price I ſerve.
By *Indamora*'s Will you're hither brought:
All my Reward in her Command I fought.
The reſt your Letters tell you——See, like Light,
She comes, and I muſt vaniſh, like the Night. [*Exit.*

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again:
Heav'ns, I forgive you all my fear and pain.
Since I behold my *Aurenge-Zebe* appear;
I could not buy him at a Price too dear.
His Name alone afforded me relief,
Repeated as a Charm to cure my Grief.
I that lov'd Name did, as ſome God, invoke,
And printed Kiſſes on it while I ſpoke.
Aur. Short eaſe: but long, long Pains from you I find,
Health to my Eyes, but Poiſon to my Mind.
Why are you made ſo excellently fair?
So much above what other Beauties are,
That, ev'n in curſing, you new form my Breath,
And make me bleſs thoſe Eyes, which give me Death?
Ind. What reaſon for your Curſes can you find?
My Eyes your Conqueſt, not your Death deſign'd;
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.
Aur. The ruins they have wrought you will not ſee:
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

Ind.

Ind. Think you baſe Intereſt, Souls, like mine, can ſway?
Or that, for Greatneſs, I can Love betray:
No, *Aurenge-Zebe*, you merit all my Heart,
And I'm too noble but to give a part.
Your Father, and an Empire! am I known
No more? or have ſo weak a judgment ſhown,
In chuſing you, to change you for a Throne?
Aur. How, with a Truth, who would a Falſhood blind!
'Tis not my Father's Love you have deſign'd;
Your Choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd.
Ind. Where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd! has he a Name?
Aur. You would be told; you glory in your ſhame;
There's Muſick in the Sound; and to provoke
Your pleaſure more, by me it muſt be ſpoke.
Then, then it raviſhes, when your pleas'd Ear,
The ſound does from a wretched Rival hear.
Morat's the Name your Heart leaps up to meet,
While *Aurenge-Zebe* lies dying at your Feet.
Ind. Who told you this?
Aur. ——— Are you ſo loſt to Shame?
Morat, *Morat*, *Morat*: You love the Name.
So well, your ev'ry Queſtion ends in that;
You force me ſtill to anſwer you, *Morat*.
Morat, who beſt could tell what you reveal'd;
Morat, too proud to keep his Joy conceal'd.
Ind. Howe'er unjuſt your Jealouſie appear,
It ſhews, the loſs of what you love, you fear.
And does my Pity, not my Anger move:
I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.
To ſhew the Truth of my unalter'd Breaſt,
Know, that your Life was giv'n at my Requeſt:
At leaſt Repriev'd. When Heav'n deny'd you aid,
She brought it, She, whoſe Falſhood you upbraid.
Aur. And 'tis by that you would your Falſhood hide,
Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!
Accurſt Reprieve! Not to prolong my Breath,
It brought a lingring, and more painful Death.
I have not liv'd ſince firſt I heard the News;
The Gift the guilty Giver does accuſe.
You knew the Price, and the Requeſt did move,
That you might pay the Ranſom with your Love.
Ind. Your accuſation muſt, I ſee, take place;
And I am guilty, infamous, and baſe!
Aur. If you are falſe, thoſe Epithets are ſmall;
You're then the things, the abſtract of 'em all.
And you are falſe: you promis'd him your Love,
No other Price a Heart ſo hard could move.
Do not I know him? Could his Brutal Mind
Be wrought upon? Could he be Juſt, or Kind?
Inſultingly, he made your Love his boaſt;
Gave me my Life, and told me what it coſt.
Speak; Anſwer. I would fain yet think you true;
Lie; and I'll not believe my ſelf, but you.
Tell me you love; I'll pardon the deceit,
And, to be fool'd, my ſelf aſſiſt the Cheat.
Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to ſay,
If you'll believe I have been falſe, you may.
Aur. I would not; but your Crimes too plain appear:
Nay, even that I ſhould think you true, you fear.
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?
Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my Truth believ'd,
You would be Cozen'd! would aſſiſt the Cheat!
But I'm too plain to join in the deceit:
I'm pleas'd you think me falſe———

And, whatſoe'er my Letter did pretend,
I made this Meeting for no other end.
Aur. Kill me not quite, with this indifference:
When you are guiltleſs, boaſt not an Offence.
I know you better than your ſelf you know:
Your Heart was true, but did ſome frailty ſhow:
You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;
But promis'd what you never meant to give.
Speak, was't not ſo? confeſs; I can forgive?
Ind. Forgive, what dull excuſes you prepare!
As if your Thoughts of me were worth my care.
Aur. A Traitreſs! Ah Ingrate! Ah faithleſs Mind!
Ah Sex, invented firſt to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dreſs you up for Sin:
Adorn'd without; unfiniſh'd left, within.
Hence, by no Judgment you your Loves direct;
Talk much, ne'er think, and ſtill the wrong effect.
So much Self-Love in your Compoſures mix'd,
That Love to others ſtill remain unfix'd.
Greatneſs, and Noiſe, and Show, are your delight;
Yet Wiſe-Men love in their own deſpight.
And, finding in their Native Wit no eaſe,
Are forc'd to put your Folly on to pleaſe.
Ind. Now you ſhall know what cauſe you have to rage;
But to increaſe your Fury, not aſſwage:
I found the way your Brother's Heart to move,
Yet promis'd not the leaſt return of Love.
His Pride, and Brutal Fierceneſs I abhor;
But ſcorn your mean ſuſpicions of me more.
I ow'd my Honour and my Fame this care:
Know what your Folly loſt you, and deſpair. [*Turning from him.*
Aur. Too cruelly your Innocence you tell.
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the Pit of Hell.
Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:
You may forgive, and put a ſtop to Fate.
Save, juſt ſinking, and no more to riſe. [*She frowns.*
How can you look with ſuch relentleſs Eyes?
Or let your Mind by penitence be mov'd,
Or I'm reſolv'd to think you never lov'd.
You are not clear'd unleſs you Mercy ſpeak:
I'll think you took th' occaſion thus to break.
Ind. Small Jealouſie, 'tis true, inflame Deſire,
Too great, not fan, but quite blow out the Fire.
Yet I did love you, till ſuch Pains I bore,
That I dare truſt my ſelf, and you no more.
Let me not love you; but here end my pain:
Diſtruſt may make me wretched once again.
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,
And ſafely can unlade my Breaſt of Love:
Quiet and Calm: Why ſhould I then go back,
To tempt the ſecond hazard of a Wrack?
Aur. Behold theſe dying Eyes, ſee their ſubmiſſive awe:
Theſe Tears, which fear of Death could never draw:
Heard you that ſigh? from my heav'd Heart it paſt,
And ſaid, if you forgive not, 'tis my laſt.
Love mounts, and roul about my ſtormy Mind,
Like fire, that's born by a tempeſtuous Wind.
Oh, I could ſtifle you with eager haſte!
Devour your Kiſſes with my hungry taſte!
Ruſh on you! Eat you! wander o'er each part,
Raving with pleaſure, ſnatch you to my Heart!
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new rage
Invade you, till my Conſcious Limbs preſage

Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow!
So loſt, ſo bleſt, as I, but then could know!
Ind. Be no more jealous. [*Giving him her hand.*
Aur. ———Give me cauſe no more:
The danger's greater after, than before.
If I relapſe, to cure my Jealouſie
Let me (for that's the eaſieſt parting) die.
Ind. My Life!
Aur. ——— My Soul!
Ind. ——— My All that Heav'n can give!
Death's Life with you: without you, Death to live.
To them Arimant *haſtily.*
Arim. Oh, we are loſt, beyond all humane Aid!
The Citadel is to *Morat* betray'd.
The Traitor and the Treaſon know too late;
The falſe *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate:
Ev'n, while I ſpeak, we're compaſs'd round with Fate.
The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward flie;
But both undiſtinguiſh'd Crowds muſt die.
Aur. Then my Prophetick Fears are come to paſs:
Morat was always bloudy; now he's baſe:
And has ſo far in Uſurpation gone,
He will by Parricide ſecure the Throne.
To them the Emperor.
Emp. Am I forſaken, and betray'd, by all?
Not one brave Man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
Then, welcome Death, to cover my Diſgrace;
I would not live to reign o'er ſuch a Race.
My *Aurenge-Zebe!* [*Seeing* Aurenge-Zebe.
But thou no more art mine; my Cruelty
Has quite deſtroy'd the Right I had in thee.
I have qeen baſe,
Baſe, ev'n to him from whom I did receive,
All that a Son could to a Parent give.
Behold me puniſh'd in the ſelf-ſame kind,
Th' ungrateful doer a more ungrateful find.
Aur. Accuſe your ſelf no more; you could not be
Ungrateful: could permit no Crime to me.
I only mourn my yet uncancel'd ſcore:
You put me paſt the pow'r of paying more.
That, that's my Grief, that I can only grieve,
And bring but pity, where I would relieve.
For had I yet Ten thouſand Lives to pay,
The mighty Sum ſhould go no other way.
Emp. Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you ſhou'd.
Why will you be ſo excellently good?
'Twill ſtick too black a brand upon my Name:
The Sword is needleſs; I ſhall die with Shame.
What had my Age to do with Love's delight,
Shut out from all enjoyments but the Sight?
Arim. Sir, you forget the danger's imminent:
This Minute is not for excuſes lent.
Emp. Diſturb me not ———
How can my lateſt Hours be better ſpent?
To reconcile my ſelf to him is more,
Than to regain all I poſſeſs'd before.
Empire and Life are now not worth a Pray'r:
His Love, alone, deſerves my dying Care.
Aur. Fighting for you, my Death will glorious be.
Ind. Seek to preſerve your ſelf, and live for me.
Arim. Loſe then no farther time.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a ſudden Thought,
Whence your unhop'd for ſafety may be wrought,
Though with the hazard of my Blood 'tis bought.

But,

But, ſince my Life can ne'er be fortunate,
'Tis ſo much Sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.
You, Madam, muſt retire;
Your Beauty is its own ſecurity.
And leave the conduct of the reſt to me.
Glory will crown my Life, if I ſucceed;
If not, ſhe may afford to love me dead. [*Aſide.*
Aur. My Father's kind, and, Madam, you forgive:
Where Heav'n ſo pleas'd, I now could wiſh to live.
And, I ſhall live.
With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:
I feel th' inſpiring heat, and abſent God return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Indamora *alone.*

THE Night ſeems doubled with the fear ſhe brings,
And o'er the Citadel new ſpreads her Wings.
The Morning, as miſtaken, turns about,
And all her early Fires again go out.
Shouts, Cries, and Groans firſt pierce my Ears, and then
A flaſh of Lightning draws the guilty Scene,
And ſhews me Arms, and Wounds, and dying Men.
Ah, ſhould my *Aurenge-Zebe* be fighting there,
And envious Winds diſtinguiſh'd to my Ear,
His dying Groans, and his laſt accents bear.

To her Morat *attended.*

Mor. The bloudy bus'neſs of the Night is done,
And, in the Citadel an Empire won.
Our Swords ſo wholly did the Fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to deſtroy:
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of Breath,
Made Sorrow and Deſpair attend for Death.
But what of all my Conqueſt can I boaſt?
My haughty Pride, before your Eyes, is loſt:
And Victor but gains me to preſent
That Homage which our Eaſtern World has ſent.
Ind. Your Victory, alas, begets my fears:
Can you not then Triumph without my Tears?
Reſolve me; (for you know my deſtiny
In *Aurenge-Zebe*'s) ſay, do I live or die?
Mor. Urg'd by my Love, by hope of Empire fir'd:
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd.
What Fate decreed, for when great Souls are giv'n,
They bear the Marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.
My Elder Brothers my fore-runners came;
Rough draughts of Nature, ill-deſign'd and lame.
Blown off, like Bloſſoms, never made to bear;
Till I came, finiſh'd; her laſt labour'd Care.
Ind. This Prologue leads to your ſucceeding Sin:
Blood ended what Ambition did begin.
Mor. 'Twas rumour'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
My Father 'ſcap'd from out the Citadel.
My Brother too may live.
Ind. —— He may.
Mor. —— He muſt:
I kill'd him not, and a leſs Fate's unjuſt.
Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his room;
A Phœnix-Lover, riſing from his Tomb.
In whom you'll loſe your Sorrows for the Dead;
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

Ind. Should I from *Aurenge-Zebe* my Heart divide,
To love a Monſter and a Parricide?
Theſe Names your ſwelling Titles cannot hide.
Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe:
But to our Thoughts, what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your ſelf, to your own Breaſt, ſhall tell
Your Crimes: and your own Conſcience be your Hell.
Mor. What bus'neſs has my Conſcience with a Crown?
She ſinks in Pleaſures, and in Bowls will drown.
If Mirth ſhould fail, I'll buſie her with Cares:
Silence her Clamorous Voice with louder Wars:
Trumpets and Drums ſhall fright her from the Throne,
As ſounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.
Ind. Repel'd by theſe, more eager ſhe will grow;
Spring back more ſtrongly than a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidſt your Train, this unſeen Judge will wait;
Examine how you came by all your State.
Upbraid your impious Pomp; and in your Ear,
Will hollow, *Rebel*, *Tyrant*, *Murderer*.
Your ill-got Pow'r, wan Looks and Care ſhall bring:
Known but by Diſcontent to be a King.
Of Crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'll ſit and brood your Sorrows on a Throne.
Mor. Birth-right's a vulgar Road to Kingly ſway;
'Tis every dull-got Elder-Brother's way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;
Grows of a piece with that he ſits upon,
Heav'ns choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.
But who by force a Scepter does obtain,
Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of courſe, whate'er he was before;
Murder and Uſurpation are no more.
Ind. By your own Laws you ſuch Dominion make;
As ev'ry ſtronger Pow'r has right to take.
And Parricide will ſo deform your Name,
That diſpoſſeſſing you will give a claim.
Who next Uſurps, will a juſt Prince appear;
So much your ruin will his Reign endear.
Mor. I without Guilt would mount the Royal Seat;
But yet 'tis neceſſary to be Great.
Ind. All Greatneſs is in Virtue underſtood:
'Tis only neceſſary to be good.
Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,
What moſt your ſelf deſire?
Mor. —— Renown, and Fame,
And Pow'r, as uncontroul'd as is my Will.
Ind. How you confound deſires of Good and Ill!
For true Renown is ſtill with Virtue join'd.
But luſt of Pow'r lets looſe the unbridl'd Mind.
Yours is a Soul irregularly Great,
Which wanting Temper, yet abounds with Heat:
So ſtrong, yet ſo unequal Pulſes beat.
As Sun which does through Vapours dimly ſhine:
What pity 'tis you are not all Divine!
New molded, thorough Lighten'd, and a Breaſt
So pure, to bear the laſt ſevereſt Teſt.
Fit to Command an Empire you ſhould gain
By Virtue, and without a Bluſh to Reign.
Mor. You ſhow me ſomewhat I ne'er learnt before;
But 'tis the diſtant proſpect of a Shore,
Doubtful in Miſts; which, like enchanted Ground,
Flies from my Sight, before 'tis fully found.
Ind. Dare to be Great, without a guilty Crown;
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.

'Tis

'Tis baſe to ſeize on all, becauſe you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away.
There's Joy when to wild Will you Laws preſcribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bride.
A Joy, which none but greateſt Minds can taſte;
A Fame which will to endleſs Ages laſt.
Mor. Renown, and Fame, in vain I courted long;
And ſtill purſu'd 'em though directed wrong.
In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;
Sail'd farther than the Coaſt, but miſs'd my way:
Now you have given me Virtue for my guide;
And, with true Honour, ballaſted my Pride.
Unjuſt Dominion I no more purſue;
I quit all other Claims but thoſe to you.
Ind. Oh be not juſt to halves! pay all you owe:
Think there's a Debt to *Meleſinda* too.
To leave no blemiſh on your after-Life;
Reward the Virtue of a ſuff'ring Wife.
Mor. To love once paſt, I cannot backward move;
Call yeſterday again, and I may love.
'Twas not for nothing I the Crown reſign'd;
I ſtill muſt own a mercenary Mind:
I in this venture, double gains purſue,
And laid out all my Stock to purchaſe you.
To them Aſaph Chan.
Now, what ſucceſs? Does *Aurenge-Zebe* yet live?
Aſaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that ſhe can give,
Your Brother——
Mor. ——Hold; thou ſhew'ſt an impious Joy,
And think'ſt I ſtill take pleaſure to deſtroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him ſlain.
Aſaph. 'Tis paſt; and you deſire his Life in vain.
He, prodigal of Soul, ruſh'd on the ſtroke
Of lifted Weapons, and did Wounds provoke.
In ſcorn of Night he would not be conceal'd;
His Soldiers where he fought his Name reveal'd.
In thickeſt Crowds ſtill *Aurenge-Zebe* did ſound:
The vaulted Roofs did *Aurenge-Zebe* rebound,
Till late, and in his Fall, the Name was drown'd.
Ind. Wither that Hand which brought him to his Fate,
And blaſted be the Tongue which did relate.
Aſaph. His Body——
Mor. —— Ceaſe to inhanſe her Miſery:
Pity the Queen, and ſhow reſpect to me.
'Tis every Painters Art to hide from ſight,
And caſt in Shades, what ſeen would not delight.
Your Grief, in me ſuch Sympathy has bred, [*To her.*
I mourn; and wiſh I could recal the Dead.
Love ſoftens me; and blows up Fires, which paſs
Through my tough Heart, and melt the ſtubborn Maſs.
Ind. Break Heart; or Choak, with Sobs, my hated Breath;
Do thy own work: admit no foreign Death.
Alas! Why do I make this uſeleſs moan?
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.
To them Mir Baba.
Mir. What Tongue the terror of this Night can tell,
Within, without, and round the Citadel!
A new form'd Faction does your Pow'r oppoſe;
The Fight's confus'd, and all who meet are Foes.
A ſecond Clamour from the Town we hear;
And the far noiſe ſo loud it drowns the near,
Abas, who ſeem'd our Friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head.
Your frighted Soldiers ſcarce their Ground maintain.
Mor. I thank their Fury; we ſhall fight again:

They rouze my rage; I'm eager to ſubdue:
'Tis fatal to with-hold my Eyes from you. [*Exit with the two* Omrahs.

Enter Meleſinda.

Mel. Can Miſery no place of ſafety know?
The noiſe purſues me whereſoe'er I go,
As Fate ſought only me, and where I fled,
Aim'd all its Darts at my Devoted Head.
And let it; I am now paſt care of Life;
The laſt of Women; an abandon'd Wife.
Ind. Whether Deſign or Chance has brought you here,
I ſtand oblig'd to Fortune or to Fear.
Weak Women ſhould, in danger, herd like Deer.
But ſay, from whence this new Combuſtion ſprings?
Are there yet more *Morat*'s? more fighting Kings?
Mel. Him from his Mother's Love your Eyes divide,
And now her Arms the cruel ſtrife decide.
Ind. What ſtrange Misfortunes my vex'd Life attend?
Death will be kind and all my Sorrows end.
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my Fate.
Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard Eſtate;
But what can my weak Charity afford?
I have no longer Int'reſt in my Lord:
Nor in his Mother, He: ſhe owns her hate
Aloud, and would her ſelf uſurp the State.
Ind. I'm ſtupifi'd with Sorrow, paſt relief
Of Tears, parch'd up, and wither'd with my Grief.
Mel. Dry mourning will decays more deadly bring,
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.
Give Sorrow vent, and let the Sluces go.
Ind. My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.
Mel. Have Comfort; yield not to the blows of Fate.
Ind. Comfort, like Cordials after Death, comes late.
Name not ſo vain a word; my hopes are fled:
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.
Mel. I can no more———
Can no more Arguments for Comfort find:
Your boding Words have quite o'erwhelm'd my Mind.
[*Clattering of Weapons within.*
Ind. The noiſe increaſes as the Billows roar,
When rolling from afar, they threat the Shore.
She comes; and feeble Nature now I find
Shrinks back in danger, and forſakes my Mind.
I wiſh to Die, yet dare not Death endure;
Deteſt the Med'cine, yet deſire the Cure:
I would have Death; but mild, and at Command:
I dare not truſt him in another's hand.
In *Nourmahal*'s, he would not mine appear!
But arm'd with Terror, and diſguis'd with Fear.
Mel. Beyond this place you can have no retreat:
Stay here, and I the danger will repeat.
I fear not Death, becauſe my Life I hate:
And envious Death will ſhun th'unfortunate.
Ind. You muſt not venture.
Mel. Let me: I may do
My ſelf a kindneſs in obliging you.
In your lov'd Name I'll ſeek my angry Lord;
And beg your ſafety from his conqu'ring Sword:
So his Protection all your Fears will eaſe,
And I ſhall ſee him once, and not diſpleaſe. [*Exit.*
Ind. O wretched Queen! what Pow'r thy Life can ſave?
A Stranger, and Unfriended, and a Slave!

Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, *and* Abas, *with Soldiers.*

Alas, ſhe's here!

[Indamora *withdraws to the inward part of the Scene.*

Nour.

Nour. Heartleſs they fought, and quitted ſoon their ground,
While ours with eaſie Victory were Crown'd.
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.
Abas. The vain *Morat* by his own raſhneſs wrought,
Too ſoon diſcover'd his ambitious Thought.
Believ'd me his, becauſe I ſpoke him fair,
And pitch'd his Head into the ready Snare.
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at firſt admit;
But ſuch, whoſe numbers could no fears beget.
By them the Emperor's Party firſt I ſlew,
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to ſubdue.
Nour. Now let the head-ſtrong Boy my Will controul:
Virtue's no Slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:
I, for my ſelf, th' Imperial Seat will gain,
And he ſhall wait my leiſure for his Reign.
But *Aurenge-Zebe* is no where to be found.
And now perhaps in Death's cold Arms he lies:
I fought, and conquer'd, yet have loſt the Prize.
Zayd. The chance of War determin'd well the ſtrife,
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.
He's dead, whoſe Love has ſully'd all your Reign,
And made you Empreſs of the World in vain.
Nour. No; I my Pow'r and Pleaſure would divide:
The Drudge had quench'd my Flames, and then had di'd.
I rage, to think without that Bliſs I live;
That I could wiſh what Fortune would not give;
But, what Love cannot, Vengeance muſt ſupply;
She, who bereav'd me of his Heart, ſhall die.
Zayd. I'll ſearch, far diſtant hence ſhe cannot be. [*Going in.*
Nour. This wondrous Maſter-Piece I fain would ſee;
This fatal *Helen* who can Wars inſpire,
Make Kings her Slave, and ſet the World on fire.
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my view:
Or durſt not ſet the falſe one by the true.

Re-enter Zayda *leading* Indamora.

Zayd. Your frighted Captive, e're ſhe dies, receive;
Her Soul's juſt going elſe, without your leave.
Nour. A fairer Creature did my Eyes ne'er ſee!
Sure ſhe was form'd by Heav'n in ſpite to me!
Some Angel Copy'd, while I ſlept, each Grace,
And molded ev'ry Feature from my Face.
Such Majeſty does from her Forehead riſe,
Her Cheeks ſuch Bluſhes caſt, ſuch Rays her Eyes,
Nor I, nor Envy, can a blemiſh find.
The Palace is, without, too well deſign'd:
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind.
Speak, if thou haſt a Soul, that I may ſee. [*To her.*
Ind. My Tears and Miſeries muſt plead my Cauſe: [*Kneeling.*
My Words the terror of your Preſence awes:
Mortals, in ſight of Angels, mute become;
The nobler Nature ſtrikes th' inferior dumb.
Nour. The Palm is, by the Foes confeſſion, mine;
But I diſdain, what baſely you reſign.
Heav'n did, by me, the outward Model build:
Its inward work, the Soul, with rubbiſh fill'd.
Yet, Oh! th' imperfect Piece moves more delight;
'Tis gilded o'er with Youth, to catch the ſight.
The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin bloom,
And what I am, by what I was, o'ercome.
Traitreſs, reſtore my Beauty and my Charms,
Nor ſteal my Conqueſts with my proper Arms.
Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your hate?
I am not guilty, but unfortunate.

Nour.

Nour. Not guilty, when thy looks my pow'r betray,
Seduce Mankind, my Subject, from my Sway,
Take all my Hearts and all my Eyes away?
My Husband firſt, but that I could forgive:
He only mov'd and talk'd, but did not live.
My *Aurenge-Zebe*, for I dare own the Name,
The glorious Sin, and the more glorious Flame.
Him, from my Beauty, have thy Eyes miſled,
And ſtarv'd the Joys of my expected Bed.
Ind. His Love ſo ſought, he's happy that he's dead.
O had I Courage but to meet my Fate;
That ſhort dark Paſſage to a future State:
That melancholy Riddle of a Breath.
Nour. That ſomething, or that nothing, after Death:
Take this, and teach thy ſelf. [*Giving a Dagger.*
Ind. Alas!
Nour.——Why doſt thou ſhake?
Diſhonour not the Vengeance I deſign'd:
A Queen, and own a baſe Plebeian Mind!
Let it drink deep in thy moſt vital part:
Strike home, and do me reaſon in thy Heart.
Ind. I dare not.
Nour. Do't while I ſtand by and ſee,
At my full guſt, without the drudgery.
I love a Foe, who dares my Stroke prevent,
Who gives me the full Scene of my content.
Shows me the flying Souls convulſive Strife,
And all the Anguiſh of departing Life.
Diſdain my Mercy, and my Rage defie;
Curſe me with thy laſt Breath; and make me ſee
A Spirit worthy to have rival'd me.
Ind. Oh, I deſire to die, but dare not yet:
Give me ſome reſpite, I'll diſcharge the Debt.
Without my *Aurenge-Zebe* I would not live.
Nour. Thine, Traitreſs! thine! that word has wing'd thy Fate,
And put me paſt the tedious forms of Hate.
I'll kill thee with ſuch eagerneſs and haſte,
As Friends, let looſe, would lay all Nature waſte.
[Indamora *runs back, as* Nourmahal *is running to her, claſhing of Swords is heard within.*
Sold. Yield, y're o'er power'd: reſiſtance is in vain. [*Within.*
Mor. Then Death's my choice: Submiſſion I diſdain. [*Within.*
Nour. Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run [*At the Door.*
On pointed Swords? Diſarm, but ſave my Son.
Enter Morat *ſtaggering, and upheld by Soldiers.*
Mor. She Lives! and I ſhall ſee her once again!
I have not thrown away my Life in vain.
[*Catches hold of* Indamora's *Gown, and falls by her, ſhe ſits,*
I can no more; yet, ev'n in Death, I find
My fainting Body byaſs'd by my Mind.
I fall toward you, ſtill my contending Soul
Points to your Breaſt, and trembles to its Pole.
To them Meleſinda *haſtily, caſting her ſelf on the other ſide of* Morat.
Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worſt of woes I find,
Live ſtill: Oh live, ev'n to be unkind.
With half ſhut Eyes he ſeeks the doubtful day;
But, ah! he bends his Sight another way.
He faints! and in that Sight his Soul is gone;
Yet Heaven's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careleſs on.
Nour. Where are thoſe Pow'rs which Monarchs ſhould defend?
Or do they vain Authority pretend.
O're humane Fates, and their weak Empire ſhow,
Which cannot guard their Images below?

If,

If, as their Image, he was not Divine,
They ought to have reſpected him as mine.
I'll waken them with my Revenge; and ſhe,
Their *Indamora*, ſhall my Victim be,
And helpleſs Heav'n ſhall mourn in vain, like me.

[*As ſhe is going to ſtab* Indamora, Morat *raiſes himſelf, and holds her Hand.*

Mor. Ah, what are we,
Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched Strife,
Puft with the Pride of Heav'ns own Gift, frail Life.
That Blaſt which my ambitious Spirit ſwell'd,
See by how weak a Tenure it was held!
I only ſtay to ſave the Innocent:
Oh envy not my Soul its laſt content.
Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly ſummon'd now:
Firſt, by my *Aurenge-Zebe*; and, ſince, by you.
My Soul grows hardy, and can Death endure:
Your Convoy makes the dangerous way ſecure.
Mel. Let me, at leaſt a Funeral Marriage crave;
Nor grudge my cold Embraces in the Grave.
I have too juſt a Title in the Strife:
By me, unhappy me, he loſt his Life.
I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal Breath;
And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his Death. [*Shouts within.*
Abas. What new Alarms are theſe? I'll haſte and ſee. [*Exit.*
Nour. Look up, and live; an Empire ſhall be thine.
Mor. That I contemn'd ev'n when I thought it mine.
Oh, I muſt yield to my hard Deſtinies, [*To* Indamora.
And muſt for ever ceaſe to ſee your Eyes.
Mel. Ah turn your Sight to me my deareſt Lord!
Can you not one, one parting Look afford?
Ev'n ſo unkind in Death? but 'tis in vain;
I loſe my Breath, and to the VVinds complain;
Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel Scorn:
Still I can love, without this laſt return.
Nor Fate, nor you, can my vow'd Faith controul?
Dying, I'll follow your diſdainful Soul:
A Ghoſt, I'll haunt your Ghoſt; and, where you go,
VVith mournful Murmurs fill the Plains below.
Mor. Be happy, *Meleſinda*, ceaſe to grieve,
And for a more deſerving Husband, live:
Can you forgive me?
Mel.——Can I! Oh my Heart!
Have I heard one kind word before I part?
I can, I can forgive: Is that a task
To love, like mine? Are you ſo good to ask
One Kiſs——Oh 'tis too great a Bleſſing this; [*Kiſſes him.*
I would not live to violate the Bliſs.

Re-enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more;
The Fort's revolted to the Emperour:
The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;
And Deluges of Armies from the Town
Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty Flaw,
VVhen firſt it broke; the crowding Enſign ſaw,
VVhich choak'd the Paſſage; and (what leaſt I fear'd)
The waving Arms of *Aurenge-Zebe* appear'd,
Diſplay'd with your *Morat*'s.
In either's Flag the Golden Serpents bear,
Erected Creſts alike, like Volumes rear,
And mingle Friendly hiſſings in the Air.
Their Troops are joyn'd, and our deſtruction nigh,
Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I diſdain to flie,
I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;
And, ſpite of Fortune, make a glorious end,

In

In pois'nous Draughts my Liberty I'll find:
And from the nauſeous World ſet free my Mind. [*Exit.*

At the other end of the Stage, Enter Aurenge-Zebe, Dianet, *and Attendants.*
Aurenge-Zebe *turns back, and ſpeaks entring.*

Aur. The Lives of all who ceaſe from Combat, ſpare;
My Brothers be your moſt peculiar Care:
Our impious uſe no longer ſhall obtain;
Brothers no more by Brothers ſhall be ſlain. [*Seeing* Indamora *and* Morat.
Ha! do I dream? is this my hop'd Succeſs?
I grow a Statue, ſtiff, and motionleſs.
Look, *Dianet*; for I dare not truſt theſe Eyes;
They dance in Miſts, and dazle with ſurprize.

Dia. Sir. 'tis *Morat*; dying he ſeems, or dead:
And *Indamora*'s Hand——

Aur.——Supports his Head [*Sighing.*
Thou ſhalt not break yet Heart, nor ſhall ſhe know
My inward Torments by my outward Show;
To let her ſee my weakneſs were too baſe;
Diſſembled Quiet ſit upon my Face:
My Sorrow to my Eyes no paſſage find,
But let it inward ſink, and drown my Mind.
Falſhood ſhall want its Triumph: I begin
To ſtagger; but I'll prop my ſelf within.
The ſpacious Tow'r no ruin ſhall diſcloſe,
Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.

Mor. In ſign that I die yours, reward my Love, [*To* Indamora.
And ſeal my Paſſport to the bleſs'd above. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Ind. O ſtay, or take me with you when you go:
There's nothing now worth living for below.

Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded Mind
Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is joyn'd:
Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,
Fed from the Brand. [*Dies.*

Mel. Ah me! he's gone! I die! [*Swoons.*

Ind.——Oh diſmal Day!
Fate, thou haſt raviſh'd my laſt hope away.
O Heav'n! my *Aurenge-Zebe*—— [*She turns and ſees* Aurenge-Zebe *ſtanding by her, and ſtarts.*
——What ſtrange ſurprize!
Or does my willing Mind delude my Eyes,
And ſhews the Figure always preſent there?
Or liv'ſt thou? am I bleſs'd, and ſee thee here?

Aur. My Brother's Body ſee convey'd with care, *Turning from her to his Attendants.*
Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.
With ſpeed to *Meleſinda* bring relief;
Recal her Spirits, and moderate her Grief—— [*Half turning to* Indamora.
I go, to take for ever from your view
Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.
[*Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off.*

Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your ſtay, [*Laying hold of him.*
I will be heard, and after take your way.
Go; but your late Repentance ſhall be vain, [*He ſtruggles ſtill. She lets him go.*
I'll never ſee your Face again. [*Turning away.*

Aur. Madam, I know whatever you can ſay:
You might be pleas'd not to command my ſtay.
All things are yet diſorder'd in the Fort;
I muſt crave leave your Audience may be ſhort.

Ind. You need not fear I ſhall detain you long;
Yet you may tell me your pretended wrong.

Aur. Is that the buſ'neſs, then my ſtay is vain.

Ind. How are you injur'd?

Aur.——When did I complain?

Ind. Leave off your forc'd Reſpect——
And ſhew your Rage in its moſt furious Form:
I'm arm'd with Innocence to brave the Storm.

You heard, perhaps, your Brother's laſt deſire ;
And after ſaw him in my Arms expire.
Saw me, with Tears, ſo great a loſs bemoan :
Heard me complaining my laſt hopes were gone.
Aur. 'Oh ſtay, and take me with you when you go,
'There's nothing now worth living for below.
Unhappy Sex! whoſe Beauty is your Snare ;
Expos'd to Trials ; made too frail to bear.
I grow a Fool, and ſhow my Rage again :
'Tis Nature's fault ; and why ſhould I complain?
Ind. Will you yet hear me?
Aur. —— Yes, till you relate
What powerful Motives did your change create.
You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh,
Tears were but in vain, and brought but Youths decay.
Then, in *Morat*, your hopes a Crown deſign'd ;
And all the Woman work'd within your Mind.
I rave again, and to my Rage return,
To be again ſubjected to your ſcorn.
Ind. I wait till this long ſtorm be over-blown.
Aur. I'm conſcious of my folly : I have done,
I cannot rail ; but ſilently I'll grieve.
How did I truſt! and how did you deceive!
Oh. *Arimant*, would I had dy'd for thee!
I dearly buy thy Generoſity.
Ind. Alas! is he t!.en dead?
Aur.——Unknown to me,
He took my Arms ; and while I forc'd my way,
Through Troops of Foes, which did our paſſage ſtay,
My Buckler o'er my aged Father caſt,
Still fighting, ſtill defending as I paſt.
The noble *Arimant* uſurp'd my Name ;
Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, Fame.
To *Aurenge-Zebe*, he made his Soldiers cry,
And ſeeing not, where he heard danger nigh,
Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.
A ſhort, but mighty Aid : at length he fell,
My own Adventures, 'twere loſt time to tell.
Or how my Army entring in the Night,
Surpriz'd our Foes ; the dark diſorder'd Fight.
How my appearance, and my Father ſhown,
Made Peace ; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've ſumm'd it briefly, ſince it did relate
Th' unwelcome ſafety of the Man you hate.
Ind. As briefly will I clear my Innocence :
Your alter'd Brother dy'd in my defence.
Thoſe Tears you ſaw, that tenderneſs I ſhowd,
Were juſt effects of Grief and Gratitude.
He dy'd my Convert.
Aur. —— But your Lover too :
I heard his Words, and did your Actions view.
You ſeem'd to mourn another Lover dead :
My Sighs you gave him, and my Tears you ſhed.
But worſt of all,
Your Gratitude for his defence was ſhown :
It prov'd you valu'd Life when I was gone.
Ind. Not that I valu'd Life ; but fear'd to die :
Think that my Weakneſs, not Inconſtancy.
Aur. Fear ſhow'd you doubted of your own intent :
And ſhe who doubts becomes leſs innocent.
Tell me not you could fear ;
Fear's a large Promiſer, who ſubject live
To that baſe Paſſion, know not what they give.

No circumſtance of Grief you did deny;
And what could ſhe give more who durſt not Die?
Ind. My Love, my Faith.
Aur. ——— Both ſo adult'rate grown,
When mix'd with fear, they never could be known.
I wiſh no ill might her I love befall;
But ſhe ne'er lov'd, who durſt not venture all.
Her Life and Fame ſhould my concernment be;
But ſhe ſhould only be afraid for me.
Ind. My Heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here,
Abandon'd to thoſe Tyrants, Hope and Fear:
If they forc'd from me one kind Look or Word,
Could you not that, not that ſmall part afford?
Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call:
Giving the leaſt of mine, you gave him all.
True Love's a Miſer, ſo tenacious grown:
He weighs to the leaſt grain of what's his own.
More delicate than Honour's niceſt Sence:
Neither to give nor take the leaſt offence.
With, or without you, I can have no reſt:
What ſhall I do! y'are lodg'd within my Breaſt.
Your Image never will be thence diſplac'd;
But there it lies, ſtabb'd, mangl'd, and defac'd.
Ind. Yet, to reſtore the quiet of your Heart,
There's one way left.
Aur. ——— Oh name it.
Ind. ——— 'Tis to part.
Since perfect Bliſs with me you cannot prove,
I ſcorn to bleſs by halves the Man I love.
Aur. Now you diſtract me more: ſhall then the Day,
Which views my Triumphs, ſee our Loves decay?
Muſt I new bars to my own joy create?
Refuſe, my ſelf, what I had forc'd from Fate?
What though I am not lov'd?
Reaſon's nice Taſte does our Delights deſtroy:
Brutes are more bleſs'd who groſly feed on Joy.
Ind. Such endleſs Jealouſies your Love purſue,
I can no more be fully bleſs'd than you.
I therefore go, to free us both from pain,
I priz'd your Perſon, but your Crown diſdain.
Nay, ev'n my own ——
I give it you: for ſince I cannot call,
Your Heart my Subject, I'll not Reign at all. [*Exit.*
Aur. Go: though thou leav'ſt me tortur'd on the Rack,
'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.
She's guiltleſs, and I ſhould ſubmit; but Oh!
When ſhe exacts it, can I ſtoop ſo low?
Yes; for ſhe's guiltleſs; ——— but ſhe's haughty too.
Great Souls long ſtruggle e're they own a Crime:
She's gone; and leaves me no repenting time.
I'll call her now; ſure if ſhe loves, ſhe'll ſtay;
Linger at leaſt, or not go far away. [*Locks to the Door, and returns.*
For ever loſt, and I repent too late,
My fooliſh Pride would ſet my whole Eſtate,
Till, at one throw, I loſt all back to Fate.
To him the Emperour, *drawing in* Indamora, *Attendants.*
Emp. It muſt not be, that he, by whom we live,
Should no advantage of his Gift receive.
Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,
In this bleſs'd Day, a Day ſo much his own? [*To* Indamora.
I have not quitted yet a Victor's right;
I'll make you happy in your own deſpight.
I love you ſtill; and if I ſtruggle hard
To give, it ſhows the worth of the Reward.

Ind. Suppoſe he has o'ercome; muſt I find place
Among his Conquer'd Foes, and ſue for Grace?
Be pardon'd, and confeſs I lov'd not well?
What though none live my Innocence to tell?
I know it: Truth may own a generous Pride:
I clear my ſelf, and care for none beſide.
Aur. Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my Heart!
Could you reſolve on any terms to part?
I thought your Love eternal: was it ty'd
So looſly, that a Quarrel could divide?
I grant that my ſuſpicions were unjuſt,
But would you leave me for a ſmall diſtruſt?
Forgive thoſe fooliſh words ——— [*Kneeling to her.*
They were the Froth my raging Folly mov'd,
When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
Yet then lov'd moſt.
Ind. To Aur.] You would but half be bleſt! [*Giving her hand, ſmiling.*
Aur. ——— Oh do but try
My eager Love: I'll give my ſelf the Lie.
The very hope is a full happineſs;
Yet ſcanty meaſures what I ſhall poſſeſs.
Fancy it ſelf, ev'n in enjoyment, is
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliſs.
Emp. Her Eyes a ſecret yielding do confeſs,
And promiſe to partake your Happineſs,
May all the Joys I did my ſelf purſue,
Be rais'd by her, and multiply'd on you.

A Proceſſion of Prieſts, Slaves following, and laſt Meleſinda *in White.*

Ind. Alas! what means this Pomp?
Aur. 'Tis the Proceſſion of a Funeral Vow,
Which cruel Laws to *Indian* Wives allow.
When fatally their Virtue they approve;
Chearful in Flames, and Martyrs of their Love.
Ind. Oh my fore-boding Heart! th' event I fear;
And ſee! ſad *Meleſinda* does appear.
Mel. You wrong my Love; what Grief do I betray?
This is the Triumph of my Nuptial-day.
My better Nuptials; which, in ſpight of Fate,
For ever joyn me to my dear *Morat.*
Now I am pleas'd; my Jealouſies are o'er.
He's mine; and I can loſe him now no more.
Emp. Let no falſe ſhow of Fame your Reaſon blind.
Ind. You have no right to die; he was not kind.
Mel. Had he been kind, I could no Love have ſhown:
Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.
My Love was ſuch, it needed no return:
But could, though he ſupply'd no Fuel, burn.
Rich in it ſelf, like Elemental Fire,
Whoſe pureneſs does no Aliment require.
In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;
For I will Die: Die is too baſe a word.
I'll ſeek his Breaſt, and kindling by his ſide,
Adorn'd with Flames, I'll mount a glorious Bride. [*Exit.*

Enter Nourmahal *diſtracted, with* Zayda.

Zayd. She's loſt, ſhe's loſt! but why do I complain
For her, who generouſly did Life diſdain!
Poiſon'd, ſhe raves ———
Th' invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;
Th' invenom'd Soul works its own Poiſon back.

Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire:
See how my Mouth and Noſtrils flame expire.
I'll not come near my ſelf ———
Now I'm a burning Lake, it rowls and flows;
I'll ruſh, and pour it all upon my Foes.
Pull, pull that reverend piece of Timber near:
Throw't on———'tis dry———'twill burn———
Ha! ha! How my old Husband crackles there!
Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:
I know him: he'll but whiz, and ſtrait go out.
Fan me, you Winds: what not one breath of Air?
I burn 'em all, and yet have flames to ſpare.
Quench me: pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:
Morat ſtands there to drive 'em back again.
With thoſe huge Bellows in his hands, he blows
New fire into my Head: My Brain-pan glows.
See, ſee! there's *Aurenge-Zebe* too takes his part;
But he blows all his Fire into my Heart.

Aur. Alas! What Fury's this?

Nour. ——That's he, that's he! [*Starting upon him, and catching at him.*
I know the dear Man's Voice:
And this my Rival, this the curſed ſhe.
They Kiſs; into each others Arms they run:
Cloſe, cloſe, cloſe! muſt I ſee, and muſt have none?
Thou art not hers: Give me that eager Kiſs,
Ingrateful! have I loſt *Morat* for this?
Will you?----- before my Face? ------ poor helpleſs I
See all; and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*

Emp. With thy laſt Breath thou haſt thy Crimes confeſt:
Farewel; and take, what thou ne'er gav'ſt me, reſt.
But you, my Son, receive it better here: [*Giving him* Indamora's *Hand.*
The juſt Rewards of Love and Honour wear.
Receive the Miſtreſs you ſo long have ſerv'd;
Receive the Crown your Loyalty preſerv'd.
Take you the Reins, while I from Cares remove,
And ſleep within the Chariot which I drove. [*Exeunt.*

TO

All for Love, or, *The World well Loſt.*

To the Right Honourable

Thomas Earl of Danby,

Viſcount *Latimer*, and Baron *Osborne* of *Kiveton* in *Yorkſhire.*

Lord High Treaſurer of *England*, One of His Majeſty's Moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

My LORD,

THE Gratitude of Poets is ſo troubleſome a Virtue to Great Men, that you are often in danger of your own Benefits: For you are threaten'd with ſome Epiſtle, and not ſuffer'd to do Good in quiet, or to compound for their Silence whom you have Oblig'd. Yet, I confeſs, I neither am, nor ought to be ſurpriz'd at this Indulgence; for your Lordſhip has the ſame Right to favour Poetry, which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quiſquis carmine digna gerit.

There is ſomewhat of a tye in Nature betwixt thoſe who are Born for Worthy Actions, and thoſe who can tranſmit them to Poſterity: And though ours be much the inferiour part, it comes at leaſt within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Common-wealth, when we animate others to thoſe Virtues which we Copy and Deſcribe from you.

'Tis indeed their Intereſt, who endeavour the ſubverſion of Governments, to diſcourage Poets and Hiſtorians; for the beſt which can happen to them is to be forgotten: But ſuch, who, under Kings, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a Juſt and Prudent ordering of Affairs preſerve it, have the ſame reaſon to cheriſh the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in ſafety the Deeds and Evidences of their Eſtates: For ſuch Records are their undoubted Titles to the Love and Reverence of After Ages. Your *Lordſhip's* Adminiſtration has already taken up a conſiderable part of the *Engliſh Annals*; and many of its moſt happy Years are owing to it. His MAJESTY, the moſt knowing Judge of Men, and the beſt Maſter, has acknowledged the Eaſe and Benefit he receives in the Incomes of His Treaſury, which you found not only Diſorder'd, but Exhauſted. All Things were in the confuſion of a *Chaos*, without Form or Method, if not reduc'd beyond it, even to Annihilation: So that you had not only to ſeparate the Jarring Elements, but (if that boldneſs of Expreſſion might be allow'd me) to create them. Your Enemies had ſo embroil'd the management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the Inſtrument of your Ruine. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the confuſion of Accounts, which you found in your Entrance, were not ſufficient, they added their own weight of Malice to the Publick Calamity, by foreſtalling the Credit which ſhou'd Cure it: Your Friends on the other ſide were only capable of Pitying, but not of Aiding you: No farther Help or Counſel was remaining to you, but what was founded on your Self; And that indeed was your Security: For your Diligence, your Conſtancy, and your Prudence, wrought more ſurely within, when they were not diſturb'd by any outward Motion. The higheſt Virtue is beſt to be truſted with it ſelf, for Aſſiſtance only can be given by a *Genius* Superiour to that which it Aſſiſts. And 'tis the Nobleſt kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, *My Lord*, is your juſt Commendation, That you have wrought out your Self a way to Glory, by thoſe very Means that were deſign'd for your Deſtruction: You have not only reſtor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Maſter, without Grievance to the Subject: And as if that were little yet, the Debts of the *Exchequer*, which lay heavieſt both on the *Crown*, and on *private Perſons*, have, by your Conduct, been eſtabliſh'd in a certainty of Satisfaction. An Action ſo much the more Great and Honourable, becauſe the Caſe was without the ordinary relief of Laws; above the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond

yond the Narrowneſs of the Treaſury to redreſs, had it been manag'd by a leſs able Hand. 'Tis certainly the happieſt, and moſt unenvy'd part of all your Fortune, to do Good to many, while you do Injury to none: To receive at once the Prayers of the Subject, and the Praiſes of the Prince: And by the care of your Conduct, to give him means of exerting the chiefeſt, (if any be the chiefeſt) of His Royal Virtues: His diſtributive Juſtice to the Deſerving, and His Bounty and Compaſſion to the Wanting. The Diſpoſition of Princes towards their People, cannot better be diſcover'd than in the choice of their Miniſters; who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate ſomewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is Juſt and Moderate in his Nature, who Rules according to the Laws, whom God made happy by Forming the Temper of His Soul to the Conſtitution of His Government, and who makes us happy, by aſſuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty conſiſts: A Prince, I ſay, of ſo excellent a Character, and ſo ſuitable to the Wiſhes of all Good Men, could not better have convey'd Himſelf into His Peoples Apprehenſions, than in your Lordſhip's Perſon; who ſo lively expreſs the ſame Virtues, that you ſeem not ſo much a Copy, as an Emanation of Him. Moderation is doubtleſs an eſtabliſhment of Greatneſs; but there is a ſteadineſs of Temper, which is likewiſe requiſite in a Miniſter of State: So equal a mixture of both Virtues, that he may ſtand like an *Iſthmus* betwixt the two encroaching Seas of Arbitrary Power and Lawleſs Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary *Genius*, to ſtand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the Great Repreſentative of the Nation, and neither to inhance, nor to yield up the undoubted Prerogatives of the Crown. Theſe, *My Lord*, are the proper Virtues of a Noble Engliſhman, as indeed they are properly Engliſh Virtues: No People in the World being capable of uſing them, but we who have the happineſs to be Born under ſo equal, and ſo well-pois'd a Government: A Government which has all the advantages of Liberty beyond a Common-wealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty, without the danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an Engliſhman, and my Reaſon, as I am a Man, have bred in me a loathing to that ſpecious Name of a Republick; That mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the Government, are Slaves; And Slaves they are of a viler Note than ſuch as are Subjects to an abſolute Dominion. For no Chriſtian Monarchy is ſo Abſolute, but 'tis circumſcrib'd with Laws: But when the Executive Power is in the Law-Makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the People muſt ſuffer without a Remedy becauſe they are oppreſs'd by their Repreſentatives. If I muſt ſerve, the number of my Maſters, who were born my Equals, would but add to the Ignominy of my Bondage. The nature of our Government, above all other, is exactly ſuited both to the Situation of our Country, and the Temper of the Natives: An Iſland being more proper for Commerce and for Defence, than for extending its Dominions on the Continent: For what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by reaſon of its Remoteneſs, and the Caſualties of the Seas, it could not ſo eaſily preſerve: And therefore, neither the Arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaſter and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the Conſent of the People was not Ask'd or Needed; but this were only by Conquering abroad to be Poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happieſt Subjects whoſe Kings extend their Dominions fartheſt. Since therefore we cannot win by an offenſive War, at leaſt a Land-War, the model of our Government ſeems naturally contriv'd for the Defenſive part: And the Conſent of a People is eaſily obtain'd to contribute to that Power which muſt protect it. *Felices nimium bona ſi ſua nôrint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents among us, who ſurfeiting themſelves on too much Happineſs, wou'd perſwade the People that they might be Happier by a Change. 'Twas indeed the Policy of their old Forefather, when himſelf was fallen from the Station of Glory, to ſeduce Mankind into the ſame Rebellion with him, by telling him, he might yet be freer than he was: that is, More free than his Nature would allow, or (if I may ſo ſay) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but Licenſe. But if it be Liberty of Conſcience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is ſuch, that its Practice extends not to the ſeverity of Perſecution, and its Diſcipline is withal ſo eaſie, that it allows more freedom to Diſſenters than any of the Sects wou'd allow to it. In the mean time, what Right can be pretended by theſe Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Truſtees, or (to ſpeak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the Liberty of *England*? If their Call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to diſturb the Government under which they were Born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Intereſt the Rule of it, gives little Evidence of his Sincerity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifeſt he changes but for himſelf, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the Experience of all Ages might let him know, that they who trouble the Waters firſt, have ſeldom the benefit of the Fiſhing: As they who began the late Rebellion, enjoy'd not the Fruit of their Undertaking, but were cruſh'd themſelves by the Uſurpation of their own Inſtrument: Neither is it enough for them to Anſwer, that they only intend a Reformation of the Government, but not

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the Subverſion of it: On ſuch pretences all Inſurrections have been founded; 'Tis ſtriking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonſtrance of private Men, has the Seed of Treaſon in it; and Diſcourſes which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, are therefore the more dangerous, becauſe they do all the Miſchief of open Sedition, yet are ſafe from the puniſhment of the Laws. Theſe, *My Lord*, are Conſiderations which I ſhould not paſs ſo lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deſerve: For no Man can be ſo inconſiderable in a Nation, as not to have a ſhare in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Engliſhman, he muſt at the ſame time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himſelf as he can on the Diſturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply my ſelf, than to your Lordſhip, who have not only an inborn, but an Hereditary Loyalty? The memorable Conſtancy and Sufferings of your Father, almoſt to the ruine of his Eſtate for the Royal Cauſe, were an earneſt of that, which ſuch a Parent and ſuch an Inſtitution wou'd produce in the Perſon of a Son. But ſo unhappy an occaſion of manifeſting your own Zeal in ſuffering for His preſent *Majeſty*, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of your Adminiſtration, will, I hope, prevent. That as your Father's Fortune waited on the unhappineſs of his *Sovereign*, ſo your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his *Son*. The Relation which you have by Alliance to the Noble Family of your Lady, ſerves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deſerve a greater place in the Engliſh Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of an Army Fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of *Lindſey*, is ſo illuſtrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an Heroick Poem; for he was the Proto-Martyr of the Cauſe, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Maſter.

Yet, after all, *My Lord*, if I may ſpeak my Thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to your ſelf: For the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Employment, have betray'd you from your ſelf, and given you up into the poſſeſſion of the Publick. You are robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and ſcarce any hour of your Life you can call your own. Thoſe who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more juſtly pity it; and when they ſee you watch'd by a Crowd of Suitors, whoſe importunity 'tis impoſſible to avoid, would conclude with reaſon, that you have loſt much more in true Content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a ſingle Servant, than your Lordſhip with ſo clamorous a Train. Pardon me, *My Lord*, if I ſpeak like a Philoſopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man uneaſie, cannot make him happy: and a Wiſe Man muſt think himſelf uneaſie, when few of his Actions are in his Choice.

This laſt Conſideration has brought me to another, and a very ſeaſonable one for your Relief; which is, That while I pity your want of leiſure, I have impertinently detain'd you ſo long a time. I have put off my own Buſineſs, which was my Dedication, till 'tis ſo late, that I am now aſham'd to begin it: And therefore I will ſay nothing of the Poem, which I Preſent to you, becauſe I know not if you are like to have an Hour, which, with a good Conſcience, you may throw away in peruſing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhips, moſt Obliged,

moſt Humble, and moſt

Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THE Death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, is a Subject which has been treated by the greateſt Wits of our Nation, after *Shakeſpeare*; and by all ſo variouſly, that their Example has given me the confidence to try my ſelf in this Bowe of *Ulyſſes* amongſt the Crowd of Suitors; and withal, to take my own Meaſures, in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the ſame Motive has prevail'd with all of us in this Attempt; I mean the Excellency of the Moral: For the chief Perſons repreſented, were famous Patterns of unlawful Love; and their End accordingly was unfortunate. All reaſonable Men have long ſince concluded, That the Hero of the Poem, ought not to be a Character of perfect Virtue; for, then, he could not, without Injuſtice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, becauſe he could not then be pitied: I have therefore ſteer'd the middle Courſe; and have drawn the Character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian* and *Dion Caſſius* wou'd give me leave: The like I have obſerv'd in *Cleopatra*. That which is wanting to work up the Pity to a greater heighth, was not afforded me by the Story: For the Crimes of Love which they both committed, were not occaſion'd by any Neceſſity or fatal Ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; ſince our Paſſions are, or ought to be, within our Power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough, as to the inferiour Parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly obſerv'd, than perhaps, the Engliſh Theatre requires. Particularly, the Action is ſo much one, that it is the only of the kind without Epiſode, or Under-plot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main Deſign, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greateſt Error in the Contrivance ſeems to be in the Perſon of *Octavia*: For, though I might uſe the Priviledge of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough conſider'd, that the Compaſſion ſhe mov'd to her ſelf and Children, was deſtructive to that which I reſerv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whoſe mutual Love being founded upon Vice, muſt leſſen the Favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppreſs'd by it. And, though I juſtified *Anthony* in ſome meaſure, by making *Octavia*'s departure to proceed wholly from her ſelf, yet the force of the firſt Machine ſtill remain d; and the dividing of Pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the Strength of the natural Stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Criticks have urg'd againſt me; and therefore I might have let it paſs, if I could have reſolv'd to have been partial to my ſelf. The Faults my Enemies have found, are rather Cavils concerning little, and not eſſential Decencies; which a Maſter of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confeſs, are ſtrict Obſervers of theſe Punctilio's: They would not, for Example, have ſuffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met, or if they had met, there muſt only have paſs'd betwixt them ſome cold Civilities, but no eagerneſs of Repartee for fear of offending againſt the greatneſs of their Characters, and the modeſty of their Sex. This Objection I foreſaw, and at the ſame time contemn'd; for I judg'd it both natural and probable, that *Octavia* proud of her new-gain'd Conqueſt, would ſearch out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra* thus attack'd, was not of a Spirit to ſhun the Encounter: And 'tis not unlikely, that two exaſperated Rivals ſhould uſe ſuch Satyr as I have put into their Mouths; for after all, though the one were a *Roman*, and the other a Queen, they were both Women. 'Tis true ſome Actions, though natural, are not fit to be repreſented; and broad Obſcenities in Words, ought in good Manners to be avoided: Expreſſions therefore are a modeſt cloathing of our Thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our Bodies. If I have kept my ſelf within the Bounds of Modeſty, all beyond it is but Nicety and Affectation; which is no more but Modeſty deprav'd into a Vice: They betray themſelves who are too quick of Apprehenſion in ſuch Caſes, and leave all reaſonable Men to imagine worſe of them, than of the Poet.

Honeſt *Montaigne* goes yet farther: *Nous ne ſommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laiſſons la ſubſtance des choſes. Nous nous tenons aux branches & abandonnons le trone & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans ſeulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement a faire: Nous n'eſons appeller a droict nos membres, & ne craignons par de les employer a toute ſorte de debauche. La ceremonie nous defend d' exprimer par paroles les choſes licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raiſon nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaiſes, & perſonne ne l'en croid.* My comfort is, that by this Opinion my Enemies are but ſucking Criticks, who wou'd fain be nibling e'er their Teeth are come.

Yet in this nicety of Manners does the Excellency of *French* Poetry conſiſt: Their Heroes are the moſt civil People breathing; but their good breeding ſeldom extends to a Word of Senſe: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but neceſſary when they cannot pleaſe, that they ſhould take care not to offend. But as the civilleſt Man in the Company is commonly the dulleſt, ſo theſe Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good Manners, make you ſleep. They are ſo careful not to exaſperate a Critick, that they never leave him any Work; ſo buſie with the Broom, and make ſo clean a riddance, that there islittle left either for Cenſure or for Praiſe: For no part of a Poem is worth our diſcommending, where the whole is inſipid; as when we have once taſted of pall'd Wine,

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we ſtay not to examine it Glaſs by Glaſs. But while they affect to ſhine in Trifles, they are often careleſs in Eſſentials. Thus their *Hippolytus* is ſo ſcrupulous in point of Decency, that he will rather expoſe himſelf to Death, than accuſe his Step-mother to his Father; and my Criticks, I am ſure, will commend him for it: But we of groſſer apprehenſions, are apt to think that this exceſs of Generoſity, is not practicable but with Fools and Mad-men. This was good Manners with a Vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable Hero: but take *Hippolytus* out of his Poetick Fit, and I ſuppoſe he would think it a wiſer part, to ſet the Saddle on the right Horſe, and chuſe rather to live with the reputation of a plain-ſpoken honeſt Man, than to die with the infamy of an inceſtuous Villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preſerv'd the Character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he ſhould have given us the Picture of a rough Young-man, of the *Amazonian* ſtrain, a jolly Huntſman, and both by his Profeſſion, and his early riſing a Mortal Enemy to Love, he has choſen to give him the turn of Gallantry, ſent him to travel from *Athens* to *Paris*, taught him to make Love, and transform'd the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* into Monſieur *Hippolyte*. I ſhould not have troubled my ſelf thus far with French Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* Criticks wholly form their Judgments by them. But for my part, I deſire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it ſeems unjuſt to me, that the French ſhould preſcribe here 'till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonnettiers who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themſelves are the moſt proper, though I conclude not the only Criticks. But till ſome Genius as univerſal as *Ariſtotle*, ſhall ariſe, who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the practice of them, I ſhall think it reaſonable that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art, ſhould be preferrable to the Opinion of another Man; at leaſt where he is not brib'd by Intereſt, or prejudic'd by Malice: And this, I ſuppoſe, is manifeſt by plain Induction: For, firſt, the Crowd cannot be preſum'd to have more than a groſs inſtinct of what pleaſes or diſpleaſes them: Every Man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindneſs to himſelf, he draws his own Stake firſt, and will be diſtinguiſh'd from the Multitude, of which other Men may think him one. But, if I come cloſer to thoſe who are allow'd for witty Men, either by the advantage of their Quality, or by common Fame, and affirm, that neither are they qualified to decide Sovereignly, concerning Poetry, I ſhall yet have a ſtrong Party of my Opinion; for moſt of them ſeverally will exclude the reſt, either from the number of witty Men, or at leaſt of able Judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themſelves: and every one who believes himſelf a Wit, that is, every Man, will pretend at the ſame time to a right of judging. But to preſs it yet farther, there are many witty Men, but few Poets, neither have all Poets a taſte of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily ſplitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, muſt generally pleaſe: but 'tis not to be underſtood, that all parts of it muſt pleaſe every Man; therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty Man, whoſe taſte is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every Man who loves Tragedy a ſufficient Judge of it: he muſt underſtand the Excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critick. From hence it comes, that ſo many Satyrs on Poets, and cenſures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleaſant Converſation, (at leaſt eſteem'd ſo) and indu'd with a trifling kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with ſome ſmattering of Latin, are ambitious to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry;

Rarus enim fermè ſenſus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.

And is not this a wretched Affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and ſit down quietly with their Eſtates, but they muſt call their Wits in queſtion, and needleſly expoſe their nakedneſs to publick view? Not conſidering that they are not to expect the ſame approbation from ſober Men, which they have found from their Flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little glittering in Diſcourſe has paſs'd them on us for witty Men, where was the neceſſity of undeceiving the World? would a Man who has an ill Title to an Eſtate, but yet is in poſſeſſion of it, would he bring it of his own accord to be try'd at *Weſtminſter*? we who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the excuſe that we do it for a poor Subſiſtance; but what can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to ſcribble out of meer Wantonneſs, take pains to make themſelves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he ſaid, That *no Man is ſatisfied with his own Condition.* A Poet is not pleas'd becauſe he is not Rich; and the Rich are diſcontented, becauſe the Poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the caſe is hard with Writers: If they ſucceed not, they muſt ſtarve; and if they do, ſome malicious Satyr is prepar'd to level them for daring to pleaſe without their leave. But while they are ſo eager to deſtroy the Fame of others, their Ambition is manifeſt in their Concernment: Some Poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their Faces on the Ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majeſty.

Dionyſius and *Nero* had the ſame Longings, but with all their Power they cou'd never bring their buſineſs well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themſelves Poets by ſound of Trumpet; and Poets they were upon pain of Death to any Man who durſt call them otherwiſe. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they ſate in a bodily

fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: For 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unſeaſonably; and the Tyrants were ſuſpicious, as they had reaſon, that their Subjects had 'em in the Wind; ſo every Man in his own defence ſet as good a face upon the buſineſs as he could: 'Twas known before-hand that the Monarchs were to be crown'd Laureats; but when the Show was over, and an honeſt Man was ſuffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his Laughter which he had ſtifled, with a firm Reſolution never more to ſee an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten Years a making it. In the mean time, the true Poets were they who made the beſt Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good Grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions: They were ſure to be rewarded if they confeſs'd themſelves bad Writers, and that was ſomewhat better than to be Martyrs for their Reputation. *Lucan*'s Example was enough to teach them Manners; and after he was put to Death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it, without diſpute, for the beſt Poet in his Dominions: No Man was ambitious of that grinning Honour; for if he heard the malicious Trumpeter proclaiming his Name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecænas* took another courſe, and we know he was more than a great Man, for he was witty too: but finding himſelf far gone in Poetry, which *Seneca* aſſures us was not his Talent, he thought it his beſt way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at leaſt he might be a Poet at the ſecond hand; and we ſee how happily it has ſucceeded with him; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him ſtill remain. But they who ſhould be our Patrons, are for no ſuch expenſive ways to Fame: they have much of the Poetry of *Mecænas*, but little of his Liberality. They are for procuring themſelves Reputation in the Perſons of their Succeſſors, (for ſuch is every Man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire, though in a leſs degree.) Some of their little *Zanies* yet go further; for they are Perſecutors even of *Horace* himſelf, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile Imitations of him; by making an unjuſt uſe of his Authority, and turning his Artillery againſt his Friends. But how would he diſdain to be Copyed by ſuch hands! I dare anſwer for him, he would be more uneaſie in their Company, than he was with *Criſpinus* their Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongſt the Criticks, than he would *Demetrius* the Mimique, and *Tigellius* the Buffoon;

——— *Demetri, teq; Tigelli,*
Diſcipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

With what ſcorn would he look down on ſuch miſerable Tranſlators, who make Doggrel of his Latin, miſtake his meaning, miſapply his Cenſures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to ſet out the bounds of Poetry,

——— *Saxum, antiquum ingens*
Limes agro poſitus litem ut diſcerneret arvis:

But other Arms than theirs, and other Sinews are requir'd, to raiſe the weight of ſuch an Author; and when they would toſs him againſt their Enemies,

Cenua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore ſanguis,
Tum lapis ipſe, viri vacuum per inane volutus
Nec ſpatium evaſit totum, nec pertulit ictum.

For my part, I would wiſh no other revenge, either for my ſelf or the reſt of the Poets, from this Rhiming Judge of the Twelve-peny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternhold*, than that he would ſubſcribe his Name to his Cenſure, or (not to tax him beyond his Learning) ſet his Mark: for ſhou'd he own himſelf publickly, and come from behind the Lyons Skin, they whom he condemns wou'd be thankful to him, they whom he praiſes wou'd chuſe to be Condemned, and the Magiſtrates whom he has elected, wou'd modeſtly withdraw from their Employment, to avoid the ſcandal of his Nomination. The ſharpneſs of his Satyr, next to himſelf, falls moſt heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and ſometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whoſe haſtineſs in writing is his greateſt Fault, *Horace* wou'd have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readineſs of Thought, and a flowing Fancy; for Friendſhip will allow a Man to Chriſten an Imperfection by the Name of ſome Neighbour Virtue:

Vellem in amicitiâ ſic erraremus; & iſti
Errori, nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum.

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a ſlow Man haſty, or a haſty Writer a ſlow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it:

——— *Canibus pigris ſcabieq; vetuſtâ*
Levibus, & ſiccæ lambentibus ora lucernæ
Nomen erit, Pardus, Tygris, Leo; ſi quid adhuc eſt
Quod fremit in terris violentius.

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a fooliſh Lover, even for excuſing the Imperfections of his Miſtreſs:

Nigra μελίχεω eſt, immunda & fœtida ἄκοσμω,
Balba loqui non quit, τεθυλίζει; muta pudens eſt, &c.

But to drive it, *ad Æthiopem Cygnum*, is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the benefit of his French Verſion on the other ſide, and without farther conſidering him, than I have the reſt of my illiterate Cenſors, whom I have diſdain'd to anſwer, becauſe they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader, that I have endeavour'd

deavour'd in this Play to follow the practice of the Ancients, who, as Mr. *Rymer* has judiciously obſerv'd, are and ought to be our Maſters. *Horace* likewiſe gives it for a Rule in his Art of Poetry,

——— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ,

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for Engliſh Tragedy; which requires to be built in a larger compaſs. I could give an inſtance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the Maſter-piece of *Sophocles*; but I reſerve it for a more fit occaſion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Stile I have profeſs'd to imitate the Divine *Shakeſpear*; which that I might perform more freely, I have diſincumber'd my ſelf from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my preſent purpoſe. I hope I need not to explain my ſelf, that I have not copy'd my Author ſervilely: Words and Phraſes muſt of neceſſity receive a change in ſucceeding Ages: but 'tis almoſt a Miracle that much of his Language remains ſo pure; and that he who began Dramatick Poetry amongſt us, untaught by any, and as *Ben. Johnſon* tells us, without Learning, ſhould, by the force of his own Genius perform ſo much, that, in a manner, he has left no Praiſe for any who come after him. The occaſion is fair, and the Subject would be pleaſant to handle the difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But ſince I muſt not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be ſilent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without Vanity, that by imitating him I have excell'd my ſelf throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in the firſt Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

PROLOGUE to *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*.

WHat Flocks of Criticks hover here to day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcaſs of a Play!
With croaking Notes they boad ſome dire event;
And follow dying Poets by the ſcent.
Ours gives himſelf for gone; y'ave watch'd your time!
He fights this day unarm'd; without his Rhyme;
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As ſad as Dido's, *and almoſt as old.*
His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his Mettle, and ſcarce rants at all:
He's ſomewhat lewd; but a well-meaning Mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In ſhort, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonyes of the Pit.
I cou'd name more; a Wife, and Miſtreſs too;
Both (to be plain) too good for moſt of you:
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Miſtreſs true.
Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his care;
Allow him all the Candour you can ſpare.
A brave Man ſcorns to quarrel once a day;
Like Hectors, in at every petty fray:
Let thoſe find fault whoſe Wit's ſo very ſmall,
They've need to ſhow that they can think at all:
Errors like Straws upon the ſurface flow;
He who would ſearch for Pearls muſt dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas; ſo little and ſo light;
We ſcarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feaſts,
For change, become their next poor Tenants Gueſts;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And ſnatch the homely Raſher from the Coals:
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do penance here.
And ſince that plenteous Autumn now is paſt,
Whoſe Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd your taſte,
Take in good part from our poor Poets board,
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.

EPILOGUE.

POets, like Diſputants, when Reaſons fail,
Have one ſure Refuge left, and that's to rail;
Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
We wonder how the Devil this diff'rence grows,
Betwixt our Fools in Verſe, and yours in Proſe?
For, 'Faith, the quarrel rightly underſtood,
'Tis Civil War *with their own Fleſh and Blood.*
The Thread-bare Author hates the gaudy Coat;
And ſwears at the Gilt Coach, but ſwears a Foot:
For 'tis obſerv'd of every Scribling Man,
He grows a Fop as faſt as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks the Oracle his Glaſs,
If Pink or Purple beſt become his Face.
For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your Wit juſt as you like his Plays;
He has not yet ſo much of Mr. Bays.
He does his beſt; and if he cannot pleaſe,
Wou'd quietly ſue out his Writ *of* Eaſe.
Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,
By the fair Sex he begs to ſtand or fall.
Let Cæſar's *Pow'r the Mens ambition move,*
But grace you him who loſt the World for Love.
Yet if ſome antiquated Lady ſay,
The laſt Age is not Copy'd in his Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that Face muſt drudge,
Which only has the Wrinkles of a Judge.
Let not the Young and Beauteous joyn with thoſe;
For ſhou'd you raiſe ſuch numerous Hoſts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks he to his aid muſt call;
'Tis more than one Man's work to pleaſe you all.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Marc Authony,	Mr. *Hart.*	*Cleopatra*, Queen of *Ægypt*,	Mrs. *Boutell.*
Ventidius, his General,	Mr. *Mohun.*	*Octavia*, *Anthony*'s Wife,	Mrs. *Corey.*
Dolabella, his Friend,	Mr. *Clarke.*	*Charmion*, *Iras*, } *Cleopatra*'s Maids.	
Alexas, the Queens Eunuch,	Mr. *Goodman.*		
Serapion, Prieſt of *Iſis*,	Mr. *Griffin.*	*Anthony*'s two little Daughters.	
Another Prieſt,	Mr. *Coyſh.*		
Servants to *Anthony*.			

SCENE *ALEXANDRIA*.

ALL for LOVE:

OR, THE

World well Loſt.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT. I. SCENE *The Temple of* Iſis.

Enter Serapian, Myris, *Prieſts* of Iſis.

Serap. POrtents and Prodigies are grown ſo frequent,
That they have loſt their Name. Our fruitful *Nile*
Flow'd ere the wonted Seaſon, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and ſo wond'rous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the haſte,
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beaſts
Were born above the tops of Trees, that grew
On th' utmoſt Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with ſo ſwift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward;
It ſlipt from underneath the ſcaly Herd;
Here monſtrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
Forſaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,
Lay laſhing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,
Sea-Horſes floundring in the ſlimy Mud,
Toſs'd up their Heads, and daſh'd the ouze about 'em.

Enter Alexas *behind them.*

Myr. Avert theſe Omens, Heav'n.

Serap. Laſt Night, between the Hours of Twelve and One,
In a lone Iſle o'th' Temple, while I walk'd,
A Whirl-wind roſe, that, with a violent blaſt,
Shook all the *Dome:* the Doors around me clapt,
The Iron Wicket that defends the Vault,
Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
Burſt open, and diſclos'd the mighty dead.
From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
An armed Ghoſt ſtarts up: the Boy-King laſt
Rear'd his inglorious Head. A peal of Groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My Blood ran back,
My ſhaking Knees againſt each other knock'd;
On the cold Pavement, down I fell intranc'd,
And ſo unfiniſh'd left the horrid Scene.

Alexas ſhewing himſelf. And, Dream'd you this? or, Did invent the Story,
To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
And train up betimes in fear of Prieſthood?

Serap. My Lord, I ſaw you not,
Nor meant my VVords ſhould reach your Ears; but what
I utter'd was moſt true.

Alex. A fooliſh Dream,
Bred from the Fumes of indigeſted Feaſts,
And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my Duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it ſhould;
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.

All

All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatning, like a Storm
Juſt breaking on our Heads.
Serap. Our faint *Egyptians* pray for *Anthony*;
But in their ſervile Hearts they own *Octavius.*
Myr. VVhy then does *Anthony* dream out his Hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
VVhich might redeem what *Actium* loſt?
Alex. He thinks 'tis paſt recovery.
Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to preſs the Siege.
Alex. O there's the wonder.
Mecœnas and *Agrippa*, who can moſt
VVith *Cæſar*, are his Foes. His VVife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his Houſe, ſollicites her Revenge;
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon ſome private Grudge, now ſeeks his Ruine:
Yet ſtill VVar ſeems on either ſide to ſleep.
Serap. 'Tis ſtrange that *Anthony*, for ſome Days paſt,
Has not beheld the Face of *Cleopatra*;
But here, in *Iſis* Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his Heart a Prey to black deſpair.
Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by abſence
To cure his Mind of Love.
Serap. If he be vanquiſh'd,
Or make his Peace, *Egypt* is doom'd to be
A *Roman* Province; and our plenteous Harveſts
Muſt then redeem the ſcarceneſs of their Soil.
VVhile *Anthony* ſtood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominions other Seat)
And Fortune ſtriding, like a vaſt *Coloſſus*,
Cou'd fix an equal foot of Empire here.
Alex. Had I my wiſh, theſe Tyrants of all Nature,
Who lord it o'er Mankind, ſhould periſh, periſh,
Each by the others Sword; but ſince our Will
Is lamely follow'd by our Pow'r, we muſt
Depend on one; with him to riſe or fall.
Serap. How ſtands the Queen affected?
Alex. O ſhe dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquiſh'd Man,
And winds her ſelf about his mighty Ruins,
Whom would ſhe yet forſake, yet yield him up,
This hunted Prey, to his Purſuers Hands,
She might preſerve us all; but 'tis in vain——
This changes my Deſigns, this blaſts my Counſels,
And makes me uſe all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wiſh divided from her Arms
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
The ſtate of things; no more of your ill Omens,
And black Prognoſticks; labour to confirm
The Peoples Hearts.

Enter Ventidius, *talking aſide with a Gentleman of* Anthony's.

Serap. Theſe *Romans* will o'er-hear us.
But, who's that Stranger? By his Warlike Port,
His fierce Demeanour, and erected Look,
He's of no vulgar note.
Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,
Our Emp'ror's great Lieutenant in the Eaſt,
Who firſt ſhow'd *Rome*, that *Parthia* could be conquer'd.
When *Anthony* return'd from *Syria* laſt,
He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.
Serap. You ſeem to know him well.
Alex. Too well. I ſaw him in *Cilicia* firſt,
VVhen *Cleopatra* there met *Anthony*:

A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*,
But, let me witneſs to the worth I hate,
A braver *Roman* never drew a Sword.
Firm to his Prince; but, as a Friend, not Slave.
He ne'er was of his Pleaſures; but preſides
O'er all his cooler Hours and Morning Counſels:
In ſhort, the plainneſs, fierceneſs, rugged Virtue
Of an old true-ſtampt *Roman* lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better,
And I'll acquaint you, why I ſought you here,
And what's our preſent work. *They withdraw to a corner of the Stage; and* Ventidius, *with the other, comes forwards to the front.*
Vent. Not ſee him, ſay you?
I ſay, I muſt and will.
Gent. He has commanded,
On pain of Death, none ſhould approach his Preſence.
Vent. I bring him news will raiſe his drooping Spirits,
Give him new Life.
Gent. He ſees not *Cleopatra.*
Ven. Would he had never ſeen her.
Gent. He Eats not, Drinks not, Sleeps not, has no uſe
Of any thing, but Thought; or, if he Talks,
'Tis to himſelf, and then 'tis perfect Raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it paſs;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and Curſes loud
The Boy *Octavius:* then he draws his Mouth
Into a ſcornful Smile, and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my Care.
Ven. Juſt, juſt his Nature.
Virtue's his Path; but ſometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vaſt Soul; and then he ſtarts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his firſt courſe, and plunges him in Ills:
But, when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to obſerve, and full of ſharp remorſe,
He cenſures eagerly his own miſdeeds,
Judging himſelf with Malice to himſelf,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Becauſe his other Parts are more than Man.
He muſt not thus be loſt. [Alexas *and the Prieſt come forward.*
Alex. You have your full Inſtructions, now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.
Serap. Romans, *Ægyptians*, hear the Queen's Command.
Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour ceaſe,
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day,
That gave the World a Lord: 'tis *Anthony*'s.
Live, *Anthony*; and *Cleopatra*, live.
Be this the general Voice ſent up to Heav'n,
And every publick place repeat this Eccho.
Ven. aſide.] Fine Pageantry!
Serap. Set out before your Doors
The Images of all your ſleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your Poſts,
And ſtrow with Flow'rs the Pavement; Let the Prieſts
Do preſent Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,
And call the Gods to join with you in gladneſs.
Ven. Curſe on the Tongue that bids this general Joy.
Can they be Friends of *Anthony*, who Revel
When *Anthony*'s in danger? Hide, for ſhame,
You *Romans*, your Great Grandſires Images,
For fear their Souls ſhould animate their Marbles,
To bluſh at their degenerate Progeny.
Alex. A Love which knows no bounds to *Anthony*,
Would mark the Day with Honours; when all Heaven

Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And ſhed his better influence. Her own Birth-day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That paſs'd obſcurely by.
Vent. Would it had ſlept,
Divided far from his: till ſome remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.
Alex. Your Emperour,
Though grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.
Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Prieſt?
He knows him not his Executioner.
O, ſhe has deck'd his ruine with her Love,
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy ſlaughter,
And made perdition pleaſing: She has left him
The blank of what he was;
I tell thee, Eunuch, ſhe has unman'd him:
Can any *Roman* ſee, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unſinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vaſt extent of all his Honours,
And crampt within a corner of the World?
O, *Anthony!*
Thou braveſt Soldier, and thou beſt of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Could'ſt thou but make new Worlds, ſo would'ſt thou give 'em,
As Bounty were thy Being, rough in Battel,
As the firſt *Romans*, when they went to VVar;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,
Than all their praying Virgins left at home!
Alex. VVould you could add to thoſe more ſhining Virtues,
His Truth to her who loves him.
Vent. VVould I could not.
But, wherefore waſte I precious Hours with thee?
Thou art her Darling Miſchief, her chief Engine,
Anthony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.
Let your *Ægyptian* Timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.
You dare not fight for *Anthony*; go Pray,
And keep your Cowards-Holy-Day in Temples. [*Exeunt* Alex. Serap.

Re-enter the Gentlemen of M. Anthony.

2. *Gent.* The Emperour approaches, and commands,
On pain of Death that none preſume to ſtay.
1. *Gent.* I dare not diſobey him. [*Going out with the other.*
Vent. VVell, I dare.
But, I'll obſerve him firſt unſeen, and find
VVhich way his Humour drives: I'll venture. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Anthony, *walking with a diſturb'd Motion before he ſpeaks.*

Anthony. They tell me 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
VVith double pomp of ſadneſs:
'Tis what the Day deſerves, which gave me Breath.
VVhy was I rais'd the Meteor of the VVorld,
Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were ſpent; and then caſt downward
To be trod out by *Cæſar*?
Vent. On my Soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful! [*Aſide.*
Antho. Count thy Gains.
Now, *Anthony*, wouldſt thou be born for this
Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring Youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanting Age.

Vent.

Vent. How Sorrow ſhakes him! [*Aſide.*
So, now the Tempeſt tears him up by th' Roots,
And on the Ground extends the noble Ruin. [Anth. *having thrown himſelf down.*
Lie there, thou ſhadow of an Emperor;
The place thou preſſeſt on thy Mother-Earth
Is all thy Empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few Days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in the narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold Aſhes; then *Octavia*,
(For *Cleopatra* will not live to ſee it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her Widow'd hand to *Cæſar*;
Cæſar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To ſee his Rival of the Univerſe
Lie ſtill and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Ant. Give me ſome Muſick; look that it be ſad:
I'll ſooth my Melancholy till I ſwell,
And burſt my ſelf with ſighing—— [*Soft Muſick.*
'Tis ſomewhat to my Humour. Stay, I fanſie
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forſaken, and forſaking all;
Live in a ſhady Foreſt's *Sylvan* Scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath ſome blaſted Oak,
I lean my Head upon the Moſſy Bark,
And look juſt of a piece as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd Locks matted like *Miſletoe*,
Hang o'er my hoary Face; a murm'ring Brook
Runs at my Foot.
Ven. Methinks I fancy
My ſelf there too.
Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearleſs, quench their Thirſt, while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen,
More of this Image, more; lulls my Thoughts. [*Soft Muſick again.*
Ven. I muſt diſturb him; I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*
Ant. ſtarting up.] Art thou *Ventidius*?
Ven. Are you *Anthony*?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you laſt.
Ant. I'm angry.
Ven. So am I.
Ant. I would be private: leave me.
Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learn'd that Anſwer? VVho am I?
Ven. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heaven:
If I ſaid more, I think 'twere ſcarce a Sin;
Y'are all that's good, and good-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then?
Ven. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not; but I dare not leave you:
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.
Ant. Now thou haſt ſeen, art thou ſatisfy'd?
For, if a Friend, thou haſt ſeen me, beheld enough;
And, if a Foe, too much.
Ven. weeping.] Look, Emperour, this is no common Dew.
I have not wept this Forty Years; but now
My Mother comes afreſh into my Eyes;
I cannot help her ſoftneſs.
Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he weeps!
The big round Drops courſe one another down

The furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,
Or I ſhall bluſh to death: they ſet my ſhame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Ven. I'll do my beſt.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the Tears of Friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own Griefs, but thine——Nay, Father.
Ven. Emperour.
Ant. Emperour! VVhy, that's the ſtile of Victory,
The Conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his General ſo; but never more
Shall that ſound reach my Ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——
Vent. It ſits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of Lead by Day,
And, in my ſhort diſtracted nightly ſlumbers,
The Hag that rides my Dreams——
Ven. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my ſhame.
I loſt a Battel.
Vent. So has *Julius* done.
Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou think'ſt;
For *Julius* fought it out, and loſt it fairly:
But *Anthony*——
Vent. Nay, ſtop not.
Ant. Anthony.
(VVell, thou wilt have it) like a Coward fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled firſt, *Ventidius.*
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou com'ſt prepar'd to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—— I have been a Man, *Ventidius.*
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning.
But, I have loſt my Reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The Name of Soldier with inglorious eaſe.
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sate ſtill, and ſaw it preſt by other hands.
Fortune came ſmiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purpl'd Greatneſs met my ripen'd Years.
VVhen firſt I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crowding to my Triumphs;
The wiſh of Nations; and the willing VVorld
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruine me; till I took pains
And work'd againſt my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her looſe; yet ſtill ſhe came again.
My careleſs Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now ſhe's gone.
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,
To curſe this Madman, this induſtrious Fool,
VVho labour'd to be wretched: prithee curſe me.
Vent. No.
Ant. VVhy?
Vent. You are too ſenſible already
Of what y'have done, too conſcious of your failings,
And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others firſt
To Fury, ſting your ſelf in mad revenge.
I would bring Balm, and pour it in your VVounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.
Ant. I know thou would'ſt.
Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Vent. You Laugh.
Ant. I do, to ſee officious Love
Give Cordials to the Dead.
Vent. You would be loſt then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I ſay you are not. Try your Fortune.
Ant. I have to th'utmoſt. Doſt thou think me deſperate
VVithout juſt cauſe? No, when I found all loſt
Beyond repair, I hid me from the VVorld,
And learnt to ſcorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The coſt of keeping.
Vent. *Cæſar* thinks not ſo:
He'll thank you for the Gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæſar*, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill my ſelf, and ſo reſolve.
Vent. I can die with you too, when time ſhall ſerve,
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To Fight, to Conquer.
Ant. Sure thou Dream'ſt, *Ventidius.*
Vent. No, 'tis you Dream; you ſleep away your Hour
In deſperate ſloth, miſcall'd *Philoſophy.*
Up, up, for Honour's ſake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: by painful Journeys,
I led 'em patient, both of heat and hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile.*
'Twill do you good to ſee their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their skar'd Cheeks and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em,
They'll ſell thoſe mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I ſaid, in lower *Syria.*
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in theſe.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why did'ſt thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids
To double my deſpair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Moſt firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To ſuccour me. Oh trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haſte to head 'em.
Ant. I'm beſieg'd.
Vent. There's but one way ſhut up: How came I hither?
Ant. I will not ſtir.
Vent. They would perhaps deſire
A better reaſon.
Ant. I have never us'd
My Soldiers to demand a reaſon of
My Actions. Why did they refuſe to march?
Vent. They ſaid, they would not fight for *Cleopatra.*
Ant. What was't they ſaid?
Vent. They ſaid, they would not fight for *Cleopatra.*
Why ſhould they fight, indeed, to make her Conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a Kiſs, at your next Midnight Feaſt,
You'll ſell to her? then ſhe new names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond ſuch or ſuch a Tax,
Each Pendant in her Ear ſhall be a Province.
Ant. *Ventidius*, I allow your Tongue free licence
On all my other Faults; but, on your life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deſerves

More VVorlds than I can loſe.
Vent. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intruſted Humane kind;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Aſia*, put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthleſs VVoman!
I think the Gods are *Anthony*'s, and give,
Like Prodigals, this nether VVorld away
To none but waſtful Hands.
Ant. You grow preſumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain Love to ſpeak.
Ant. Plain Love! plain Arrogance, plain Inſolence:
The Men are Cowards; thou an envious Traitor;
VVho, under ſeeming honeſty, haſt vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in Arms
As the firſt *Cæſar* was, that I might kill thee
VVithout a Stain to Honour!
Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me Traytor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For ſhewing you your ſelf,
VVhich none elſe durſt have done; but had I been
That Name, which I diſdain to ſpeak again,
I needed not have ſought your abject Fortunes,
Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.
VVhat hindred me t'have led my Conqu'ring Eagles
To fill *Octavius*'s Bands? I could have been
A Traytor then, a glorious happy Traytor,
And not have been ſo call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:
I've been too paſſionate.
Vent. You thought me falſe;
Thought my old Age betray'd you: kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your Unkindneſs
Has left your Sword no work.
Ant. I did not think ſo;
I ſaid it in my Rage: prithee forgive me:
VVhy didſt thou tempt my Anger, by diſcovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No Prince but you
Could merit that Sincerity I us'd,
Nor durſt another Man have ventur'd it;
But you, ere Love miſled your wandring Eyes,
VVere ſure the chief and beſt of Humane Race,
Fram'd in the very Pride and Boaſt of Nature,
So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit
Has mended our Deſign. Their Envy hindred,
Elſe you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
VVhen Heav'n would work for Oſtentation ſake,
To copy out again.
Ant. But *Cleopatra*——
Go on, for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'ſt not truſt my Paſſion; but thou may'ſt:
Thou only lov'ſt; the reſt have flatter'd me.
Vent. Heav'ns Bleſſing on your Heart for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? ſpeak again.
Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Hugging him.*
Thy Praiſes were unjuſt; but I'll deſerve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to Victory, thou know'ſt the way.
Vent. And, will you leave this——
Ant. Prithee do not curſe her.

And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows I love
Beyond Life, Conqueſt, Empire; all, but Honour;
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my Royal Maſter,
And, Shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier,
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the Head of our old Troops, that beat
The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.
Vent. O now I hear my Emperor! in that Word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me ſee that Day,
And if I have ten Years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.
Ant. O *Cleopatra!*
Vent. Again?
Ant. I've done: In that laſt Sigh ſhe went;
Cæſar ſhall know what 'tis to force a Lover
From all he Holds moſt dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another Soul: Your Looks are more Divine:
You ſpeak a Hero, and you move a God.
Ant. O, thou haſt fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And mans each part about me: Once again
That noble eagerneſs of Fight has ſeiz'd me;
That eagerneſs with which I darted upward
To *Caſſius*'s Camp: In vain the ſteepy Hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield:
I won the Trenches, while my foremoſt Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below.
Vent. Ye Gods, ye Gods,
For ſuch another Honour.
Ant. Come on, my Soldier!
Our Hearts and Arms are ſtill the ſame: I long
Once more to meet our Foes; that Thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taſte Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Paſſage,
And entring where the foremoſt Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harveſt of the Field. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. WHat ſhall I do? or whither ſhall I turn?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.
Alex. He goes to fight for you.
Cleo. Then he would ſee me ere he went to fight.
Flatter me not: If once he goes, he's loſt;
And all my Hopes deſtroy'd.
Alex. Does this weak Paſſion
Become a mighty Queen?
Cleo. I am no Queen:
Is this to be a Queen, to be beſieg'd
By yon inſulting *Roman*; and to wait
Each Hour the Victor's Chain? Theſe Ills are ſmall;
For *Anthony* is loſt, and I can mourn
For nothing elſe but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to loſe; prepare thy Bands;
I'm fit to be a Captive: *Anthony*
Has taught my Mind the Fortune of a Slave.
Iras. Call Reaſon to aſſiſt you.
Cleo. I have none.

And none would have: My Love's a noble Madneſs.
Which ſhews the Cauſe deſerv'd it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with ſuch tranſcendent Paſſion,
I ſoar'd at firſt, quite out of Reaſon's view,
And now am loſt above it —— No, I'm proud
'Tis thus, would *Anthony* could ſee me now;
Think you he would not ſigh? though he muſt leave me,
Sure he would ſigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender Heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis paſt.
Iras. Let it be paſt with you:
Forget him, Madam.
Cleo. Never, never, *Iras:*
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Poſſeſſion ſtill.
Alex. Think him unconſtant, cruel, and ungrateful.
Cleo. I cannot: If I could, thoſe Thoughts were vain.
Faithleſs, ungrateful, cruel, though he be,
I ſtill muſt love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, What news my *Charmion*?
Will he be kind? and will he not forſake me?
Am I to live, or die? nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? For when he gave his Anſwer,
Fate took the Word, and then I liv'd, or dy'd.
Char. I found him, Madam ——
Cleo. A long Speech preparing?
If thou bring'ſt Comfort, haſte and give it me;
For never was more need.
Iras. I know he loves you.
Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me ſo,
Before her Tongue could ſpeak it: Now ſhe ſtudies,
To ſoften what he ſaid; but give me Death,
Juſt as he ſent it, *Charmion*, undiſguis'd,
And in the Words he ſpoke.
Char. I found him then
Incompaſs'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
So mute, ſo motionleſs his Soldiers ſtood,
While awfully he caſt his Eyes about,
And ev'ry Leader's Hopes or Fears ſurvey'd:
Methought he look'd reſolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me ſtruggling in the Croud,
He bluſh'd, and bad, make way.
Alex. There's Comfort yet.
Char. Ventidius fix'd his Eyes upon my Paſſage,
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And ſullenly gave place: I told my Meſſage
Juſt as you gave it, broken and diſorder'd:
I number'd in it all your Sighs and Tears:
And while I mov'd your pitiful Requeſt,
That you but only begg'd a laſt Farewel,
He fetch'd an inward Groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, ſigh'd as if his Heart were breaking,
But ſhun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
He ſeem'd not now the awful *Anthony*
Who ſhook an arm'd Aſſembly with his Nod,
But making ſhow as he would rub his Eyes,
Diſguis'd and blotted out a falling Tear.
Cleo. Did he then weep? And, was I worth a Tear?
If what thou haſt to ſay be not as pleaſing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.
Char. He bid me ſay, he knew himſelf ſo well,

He could deny you nothing if he ſaw you;
And therefore ——
Cleo. Thou wouldſt ſay, he would not ſee me?
Char. And therefore beg'd you not to uſe a power,
Which he could ill reſiſt; yet he ſhould ever
Reſpect you as he ought.
Cleo. Is that a word
For *Anthony* to uſe to *Cleopatra?*
Oh that faint word, Reſpect! how I diſdain it!
Diſdain my ſelf, for loving after it!
He ſhould have kept that word for cold *Octavia.*
Reſpect is for a Wife, Am I that thing,
That dull inſipid lump, without deſires,
And without pow'r to give 'em?
Alex. You misjudge;
You ſee through Love, and that deludes your ſight:
As, what is ſtrait, ſeems crooked through the Water;
But, I who bear my reaſon undiſturb'd,
Can ſee this *Anthony*, this dreaded Man,
A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,
And ſhuns his Maſter's Eyes: if you purſue him,
My life on't, he ſtill drags a Chain along,
That needs muſt clog his flight.
Cleo. Could I believe thee! ——
Alex. By ev'ry Circumſtance I know he loves.
True he's hard preſt, by Intereſt and by Honour;
Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and caſt out
Many a long look'd for Succour.
Cleo. He ſends word,
He fears to ſee my Face.
Alex. And would you more?
He ſhews his weakneſs who declines the Combat;
And you muſt urge your Fortune. Could he ſpeak
More plainly? To my Ears, the Meſſage ſounds
Come to my reſcue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:
See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.
I hear his Trumpets. This way he muſt paſs.
Pleaſe you, retire a while; I'll work him firſt,
That he may bend more eaſie.
Cleo. You ſhall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain. [*Exit with* Char. *and* Iras.
Alex. I fear ſo too!
Though I conceal'd my Thoughts to make her bold:
But, 'tis our utmoſt means, and Fate befriend it. [*Withdraws.*

Enter Lictors *with* Faſces; *one bearing the Eagle: then Enter* Anthony *with* Ventidius, *follow'd by other Commanders.*

Ant. Octavius is the Minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.
Vent. Has he Courage?
Ant. But juſt enough to ſeaſon him from Coward.
O, 'tis the coldeſt Youth upon a Charge,
The moſt deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they ſay he did
To ſtorm a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuſe,
When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for ſeven Years after,
But, at a cloſe revenge he never fails.
Vent. I heard, you challeng'd him.
Ant. I did, *Ventidius.*
What think'ſt thou was his anſwer? 'twas ſo tame, ——
He ſaid he had more ways than to die;
I had not.
Vent. Poor!

Ant.

Ant. He has more ways than one;
But he would chuſe 'em all before that one.
Vent. He firſt would chuſe an Ague or a Fever.
Ant. No: It muſt be an Ague, not a Fever;
He has not warmth enough to die by that.
Vent. Or old Age, and a Bed.
Ant. I, there's his choice.
He would live, like a Lamp, to the laſt wink,
And crawl upon the utmoſt verge of Life;
O *Hercules!* why ſhould a Man like this,
Who dares not truſt his Fate for one great Action,
Be all the care of Heaven? Why ſhould he Lord it
O'er Fourſcore thouſand Men, of whom, each one
Is braver than himſelf?
Vent. You conquer'd for him:
Philippi knows it: there you ſhar'd with him
That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.
Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings
I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with ſoaring,
And now he mounts above me.
Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me?
Who bids my Age make way: drives me before him,
To the World's ridge, and ſweeps me off like rubbiſh?
Vent. Sir, we loſe time; the Troops are mounted all.
Ant. Then give the word to march:
I long to leave this Priſon of a Town,
To join thy Legions; and, in open Field,
Once more to ſhew my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in ſoft pity to th' oppreſt, a God:
This Meſſage ſends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.
Vent. Smooth Sycophant?
Alex. A thouſand Wiſhes, and ten thouſand Prayers,
Millions of Bleſſings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of Sighs and Tears ſhe ſends you too,
And would have ſent
As many dear Embraces to your Arms,
As many parting Kiſſes to your Lips;
But thoſe, ſhe fears, have weary'd you already.
Vent. [*aſide.*] Falſe Crocodyle!
Alex. And yet ſhe begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a wiſh too mighty for her Hopes,
Too preſuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing Love,
That were a wiſh for her more proſperous Days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing kindneſs.
Ant. [*aſide.*] Well, I muſt man it out; What would the Queen?
Alex. Firſt, to theſe Noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring Courage in the chaſe of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)
She humbly recommends all ſhe holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the care of you.
Vent. Yes, witneſs *Actium.*
Ant. Let him ſpeak, *Ventidius.*
Alex. You, when his matchleſs Valour bears him forward,
With Ardor too Heroick, on his Foes,
Fall down, as ſhe would do, before his Feet;
Lie in his way, and ſtop the paths of Death;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That abſent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear theſe Trifles, as a pawn,

Which,

Which, at your wiſht return, ſhe will redeem, [*Gives Jewels to the Commanders.*
With all the Wealth of *Ægypt:*
This, to the great *Ventidius* ſhe preſents,
Whom ſhe can never count her Enemy,
Becauſe he loves her Lord.
Vent. Tell her I'll none on't;
I'm not aſham'd of honeſt Poverty:
Not all the Diamonds of the Eaſt can bribe
Ventidius from his Faith. I hope to ſee
Theſe, and the reſt of all her ſparkling Store,
Where they ſhall more deſervingly be plac'd.
Ant. And who muſt wear 'em then?
Vent The wrong'd *Octavia.*
Ant. You might have ſpar'd that word.
Vent. And he that Bribe.
Ant. But have I no remembrance?
Alex. Yes, a dear one:
Your Slave, the Queen——
Ant. My Miſtreſs.
Alex. Then your Miſtreſs,
Your Miſtreſs would, ſhe ſays, have ſent her Soul,
But that you had long ſince; ſhe humbly begs
This Ruby Bracelet, ſet with bleeding Hearts,
(The emblems of her own) may bind your Arm, [*Preſenting a Bracelet.*
Vent. Now, my beſt Lord, in Honour's Name, I ask you,
For Manhood's ſake, and for your own dear ſafety,
Touch not theſe poiſon'd Gifts,
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not,
Miriads of blueſt Plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.
Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius.*
A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.
VVhat, to refuſe her Bracelet! On my Soul,
VVhen I lie penſive in my Tent alone,
'Twill paſs the wakeful Hours of VVinter Nights,
To tell theſe pretty Beads upon my Arm,
To count for every one a ſoft embrace,
A melting Kiſs at ſuch and ſuch a time;
And now and then the fury of her Love.
When——And what harm's in this?
Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis paſt for ever.
Ant. going to tye it. We Soldiers are ſo awkward——help me Tye it.
Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too are awkward
In theſe Affairs: ſo are all Men indeed;
Ev'n I, who am not one. But ſhall I ſpeak?
Ant. Yes, freely.
Alex. Then, my Lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tye it; She, who ſent it, can.
Vent. Hell, Death; this Eunuch Pandar ruines you.
You will not ſee her? [Alexas *whiſpers an Attendant, who goes out.*
Ant. But to take my leave.
Vent. Then I have waſh'd an *Æthiope.* Y'are undone;
Y'are in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are deſtroy'd;
Her Eyes do *Cæſar*'s Work,
Ant. You fear too ſoon.
I'm conſtant to my ſelf: I know my ſtrength;
And yet ſhe ſhall not think me barbarous, neither,
Born in the depths of *Africk*: I'm a *Roman,*
Bred to the Rules of ſoft Humanity.
A Gueſt, and kindly us'd, ſhould bid farewel.
Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an Infant:

You

You are not proof againſt a Smile or Glance;
A Sigh will quite diſarm you.
Ant. See ſhe comes!
Now you ſhall find your Error. Gods, I thank you:
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And, now 'tis near, 'tis leſſen'd.
Vent. Mark the end yet.
Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, *and* Iras.
Ant. Well, Madam, we are met,
Cleo. Is this a Meeting?
Then, we muſt part.
Ant. We muſt.
Cleo. Who ſays we muſt?
Ant. Our own hard fates.
Cleo. We make thoſe Fates our ſelves.
Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
In our mutual Ruin.
Cleo. The Gods have ſeen my Joys with envious Eyes;
I have no Friends in Heaven; and all the World,
(As 'twere the bus'neſs of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd againſt my Love; ev'n you your ſelf
Joyn with the reſt; you, you are arm'd againſt me.
Ant. I will be juſtify'd in all I do
To late Poſterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a Lye
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it;
Elſe, favour me with ſilence.
Cleo. You command me,
And I am Dumb.
Vent. I like this well: he ſhews Authority.
Ant. That I derive my Ruin
From you alone——
Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!
Ant. You promis'd me your ſilence, and you break it
E're I have ſcarce begun.
Cleo. VVell, I obey you.
Ant. VVhen I beheld you firſt, it was in *Ægypt*,
E're *Cæſar* ſaw your Eyes, you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I ſettled
Your Father in his Throne, was for your ſake,
I left the acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæſar ſtept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green Fruit, e're the firſt bluſh of Red,
Yet cleaving to the Bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beſide, too great for me to Rival,
But, I deſerv'd you firſt, though he enjoy'd you.
VVhen, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.
Cleo. I clear'd my ſelf——
Ant. Again you break your Promiſe.
I lov'd you ſtill; and took your weak excuſes,
Took you into my Boſom, ſtain'd by *Cæſar*,
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the bus'neſs of the VVorld,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my ſight,
To give whole Years to you.
Vent. Yes, to your ſhame be't ſpoken. [*Aſide.*
Ant. How I lov'd
VVitneſs ye Days and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your bus'neſs were to count my Paſſion.
One Day paſt by, and nothing ſaw but Love;
Another came, and ſtill 'twas only Love:
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,

And I untir'd with Loving.
I ſaw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;
And ev'ry Day was ſtill but as the firſt:
So eager was I ſtill to ſee you more.
Vent. 'Tis all too true.
Ant. Fulvia, my VVife, grew jealous,
As ſhe indeed had reaſon; rais'd a VVar
In *Italy* to call me back.
Vent. But yet
You went not.
Ant. VVhile within your Arms I lay,
The VVorld fell mould'ring from my Hands each Hour,
And left me ſcarce a graſp (I thank your love for't.)
Vent. VVell puſh'd: that laſt was home.
Cleo. Yet may I ſpeak?
Ant. If I have urg'd a Falſhood, yes, elſe, not.
Your ſilence ſays I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you Gods, with my unkindneſs dy'd.)
To ſet the VVorld at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This *Cæſar*'s Siſter; in her pride of Youth,
And flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
VVhom bluſhing I muſt praiſe becauſe I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:
This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cauſe was yours,
I would have fought by Land, where I was ſtronger;
You hindred it: yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forſook me fighting; and (Oh ſtain to Honour!
Oh laſting ſhame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.
Vent. What haſte ſhe made to hoiſt her purple Sails:
And to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our Strength away.
Ant. All this you caus'd.
And, would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honeſt Man, my beſt, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwreck of my Fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my laſt recruits,
And you have watch'd the News, and bring your Eyes
To ſeize them too. If you have ought to anſwer,
Now ſpeak, you have free leave.
Alex. [*aſide.*] She ſtands confounded:
Deſpair is in her Eyes.
Vent. Now lay a ſigh i'th' way to ſtop his paſſage:
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they ſhall be ſold.
Cleo. How ſhall I plead my Cauſe, when you, my Judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd againſt me, that deſtroys me;
For, love once paſt, is at the beſt forgotten;
But oftner ſours to hate: 'twill pleaſe my Lord
To ruine me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow ſearching Eyes,
Into my Faults, ſevere to my deſtruction:
And watching all Advantages with care,
That ſerve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deſerve this uſage,
Was it like you to give it?
Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I ſought this parting, as deſir'd
To accuſe you more than what will clear my ſelf,
And juſtifie this breach.
Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And ſince my Innocence will not offend,

I ſhall not bluſh to own it.
Vent. After this
I think ſhe'll bluſh at nothing.
Cleo. You ſeem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæſar* firſt
Enjoy'd my love, though you deſerv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I firſt been yours, it would have ſav'd
My ſecond choice: I never had been his,
And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæſar* firſt,
You ſay, poſſeſs'd my love. Not ſo, my Lord;
He firſt poſſeſs'd my Perſon; you my Love:
Cæſar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Anthony*.
If I endur'd him after, 'twas becauſe
I judg'd it due to the firſt name of Men;
And half conſtrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
VVhat he would take by force.
Vent. O Syren! Syren!
Yet grant, that all the Love ſhe boaſts were true,
Has ſhe not ruin'd you? I ſtill urge that,
The fatal conſequence.
Cleo. The conſequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greateſt Foe,
To ſay it was deſign'd: 'tis true I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneaſie VVill,
(Such *Fulvia* was)
Yes, but he'll ſay, you left *Octavia* for me;——
And, can you blame me to receive that love,
VVhich quitted ſuch deſert; for worthleſs me?
How often have I wiſh'd ſome other *Cæſar*,
Great as the firſt, and as the ſecond young,
VVould court my Love to be refus'd for you!
Vent. VVords, words; but *Actium*, Sir, remember *Actium*,
Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I counſell'd
To fight at Sea: but I betray'd you not.
I fled; but not to the Enemy. 'Twas fear;
VVould I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your Friendſhip,
VVho envy me your Love.
Ant. VVe're both unhappy:
If nothing elſe, yet our ill Fortune parts us.
Speak; VVould you have me periſh, by my ſtay?
Cleo. If as a Friend you ask my Judgment, go;
If as a Lover, ſtay. If you muſt periſh:
'Tis a hard word; but ſtay.
Vent. See now th' effects of her ſo boaſted Love!
She ſtrives to drag you down to ruine with her:
But, could ſhe 'ſcape without you, oh how ſoon
VVould ſhe let go her hold, and haſte to Shore,
And never look behind!
Cleo. Then judge my love by this. [*Giving* Anthony *a Writing.*
Could I have born
A life or death, a happineſs or woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.
Ant. By *Hercules*, the VVriting of *Octavius!*
I know it well; 'tis that preſcribing hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the ſecond place in Murder.——
See, ſee, *Ventidius!* here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joyns all *Syria* to it as a Preſent,
So, in requital, ſhe forſake my Fortunes,
And joyn her Arms with his.
Cleo. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, *Anthony*; and yet I love you.

Indeed I do: I have refus'd a Kingdom,
That's a Trifle:
For I could part with Life; with any thing,
But only you. O let me die, but with you;
Is that a hard requeſt?
Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.
Alex. [*aſide.*] He melts; We conquer.
Cleo. No: you ſhall go: your Int'reſt calls you hence;
Yes, your dear Intereſt pulls too ſtrong, for theſe
Weak Arms to hold you here—— [*Takes his hand.*
Go; leave me Soldier;
(For you're no more a Lover:) leave me dying:
Puſh me, all pale and panting, from your Boſom,
And when your March begins, let one run after.
Breathleſs almoſt for Joy; and cry, ſhe's dead:
The Soldiers ſhout; you then perhaps may ſigh
And muſter all your *Roman* Gravity;
Ventidius chides; and ſtrait your Brow clears up
As I had never been.
Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear.
Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forſaken Woman? and a Lover?——
Here let me breath my laſt: envy me not
This Minute in your Arms: I'll die apace:
As faſt as e'er I can, and end your Trouble.
Ant. Die! rather let me periſh: loos'n'd Nature
Leap from its Hinges. Sink the props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to cruſh the nether World.
My Eyes, my Soul; my All!—— [*Embraces her.*
Vent. And what's this Toy
In balance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?
Ant. What is't, *Ventidius?* it out-weighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cæſar* now:
My Queen's not only Innocent, but loves me.
This, this is ſhe who drags me down to ruin!
But, could ſhe 'ſcape without me, with what haſte
Would ſhe let ſlip her hold, and make to Shore,
And never look behind!
Down on thy Knees, Blaſphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveneſs of wrong'd Innocence.
Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?
Ant. Go! Whither? go from all that's excellent!
Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good things forbid,
That I ſhould go from her who ſets my Love
Above the price of Kingdomss. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæſar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gew-gaw World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. She's wholly yours! My Heart's ſo full of Joy,
That I ſhall do ſome wild extravagance
Of Love in publick; and the fooliſh VVorld,
VVhich knows not tenderneſs, will think me Mad.
Vent. O Women! Women! Women! all the Gods
Have not ſuch pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm. [*Exit.*
Ant. Our Men are Arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæſar*'s Camp:
I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:
And long Security makes Conqueſt eaſie.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the pleaſures I have known, beat thick
On my remembrance: how I long for Night!

That both the ſweets of mutual Love may try,
And once triumph o'er *Cæſar* e're we die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

At one Door, Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *and* Alexas, *a Train of* Ægyptians: *at the other,* Anthony *and* Romans. *The entrance on both ſides is prepar'd by Muſick; the Trumpets firſt ſounding on* Anthony's *part: then anſwer'd by Timbrels,* &c. *on* Cleopatra's. Charmion *and* Iras *hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of* Ægyptians. *After the Ceremony,* Cleopatra *Crowns* Anthony.

Ant. I Thought how thoſe white Arms would fold me in,
And ſtrain me cloſe, and melt me into Love;
So pleas'd with that ſweet Image, I ſprung forwards,
And added all my ſtrength to every blow.
Cleo. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my Embraces;
But, when I have you faſt, and all my own,
With broken Murmurs, and with amorous Sighs,
I'll ſay, you were unkind, and puniſh you,
And mark you red with many an eager Kiſs.
Ant. My brighter *Venus!*
Cleo. O my greater *Mars!*
Ant. Thou join'ſt us well, my Love!
Suppoſe me come from the *Phlegræan* Plains,
VVhere gaſping Gyants lay, cleft by my Sword:
And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury thoſe I ſlew: receive me, Goddeſs:
Let *Cæſar* ſpread his ſubtle Nets, like Vulcan,
In thy Embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and Earth at once:
And make their envy what they meant their ſport.
Let thoſe who took us bluſh; I would love on
VVith awful ſtate, regardleſs of their Frowns,
As their ſuperior God.
There's no ſatiety of Love in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou ſtill art new; perpetual Spring
Is in thy Arms; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
And bloſſoms riſe to fill its empty place;
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, *and ſtands apart.*

Alex. O, now the danger's paſt, your General comes.
He joins not in your Joys, nor minds your Triumphs;
But, with contracted Brows, looks frowning on,
As envying your Succeſs.
Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me;
He never flatter'd me in any Vice,
But awes me with his Virtue: ev'n this Minute
Methinks he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the Temple: I'll avoid his Preſence;
It checks too ſtrong upon me. [*Exeunt the reſt.*

As Anthony *is going,* Ventidius *pulls him by the Robe.*

Vent. Emperour.
Ant. [*looking back.*] 'Tis the old-argument; I pr'y thee ſpare me.
Vent. But this one hearing, Emperour.
Ant. Let go
My Robe; or, by my Father *Hercules*——
Vent. By *Hercules* his Father, that's yet greater,
I bring you ſomewhat you would wiſh to know.
Ant. Thou ſeeſt we are obſerved; attend me here,
And I'll return. [*Exit.*
Vent. I'm waining in his favour, yet I love him;
I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruin;

And,

And, ſure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lie ſo mingled with his Crimes,
As would confound their choice to puniſh one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. We can conquer,
You ſee, without your aid,
VVe have diſlodg'd their Troops,
They look on us at diſtance, and like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions Paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten VVar.
Five thouſand *Romans* with their Faces upward,
Lie breathleſs on the Plain.

Vent. 'Tis well: and he
VVho loſt 'em, could have ſpar'd Ten thouſand more.
Yet, if, by this advantage, you could gain
An eaſier Peace, while *Cæſar* doubts the chance
Of Arms! ——

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
The Boy purſues my ruin, he'll no Peace:
His Malice is conſiderate in advantage;
O, he's the cooleſt Murderer, ſo ſtanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.

Vent. Have you no Friend
In all his Army who has power to move him;
Mecænas, or *Agrippa* might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in *Cæſar*'s Intereſts.
VVe'll work it out by dint of Sword, or periſh.

Vent. Fain I would find ſome other.

Ant. Thank thy Love.
Some four or five ſuch Victories as this,
VVill ſave thy farther pains.

Vent. Expect no more; *Cæſar* is on his Guard:
I know, Sir, you have conquer'd againſt odds;
But ſtill you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
And of *Ægyptians*: He has all the VVorld,
And, at his beck, Nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. VVhy doſt thou drive me from my ſelf, to ſearch
For Foreign aids? to hunt my Memory;
And range all o'er a waſte and barren place
To find a Friend? The wretched have no Friends——
Yet I had one, the braveſt Youth of *Rome*,
VVhom *Cæſar* loves beyond the love of VVomen;
He could reſolve his Mind, as Fire does VVax,
From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,
And mould him in what ſofter Form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I ſee; that Man of all the VVorld;
Juſt ſuch a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too.
I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
VVe were ſo clos'd within each others Breaſts,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us firſt.
That does not reach us yet: we were ſo mixt,
As meeting Streams, both to our ſelves were loſt;
VVe were one Maſs; we could not give or take,
But from the ſame; for he was I, I he.

Vent. [*aſide.*] He moves as I would wiſh him.

Ant. After this,
I need not tell his Name: 'twas *Dolabella.*

Vent. He's now in *Cæſar*'s Camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbad him *Cleopatra*'s ſight;

Becauſe I fear'd he lov'd her: he confeſs'd
He had a warmth, which, for my ſake, he ſtifled;
For 'twere impoſſible that two, ſo one,
Should not have lov'd the ſame. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.
Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Elſe he had ſtaid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his Friend: I know he loves you.
Ant. I ſhould have ſeen him then e're now.
Vent. Perhaps.
He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.
Ant. Would he were here.
Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you!
I read your Anſwer in your Eyes; you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has ſent
A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*'s Camp, with Letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Vent. I'll bring him inſtantly. [*Exit* Ventidius, *and Re-enters immediately with* Dolabella.
Ant. 'Tis he himſelf, himſelf, by holy Friendſhip! [*Runs to embrace him.*
Art thou return'd at laſt, my better half?
Come, give me all my ſelf.
Let me not live,
If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half ſo fond.
Dola. I muſt be ſilent; for my Soul is buſie
About a noble Work: ſhe's new come home,
Like a long abſent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
If all be ſafe.
Ant. Thou haſt what's left of me,
For I am now ſo ſunk from what I was,
Thou find'ſt me at my loweſt Water-mark.
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another courſe:
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've ſtill a Heart that ſwells, in ſcorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.
Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.
Ant. Why, then I yet am ſo; for thou art all.
If I had any Joy when thou wert abſent,
I grudg'd it to my ſelf; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy part. But, Oh my *Dolabella!*
Thou haſt beheld me other than I am.
Haſt thou not ſeen my Morning Chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to ſalute me:
With Eaſtern Monarchs: who forgot the Sun,
To worſhip my upriſing? Menial Kings
Run courſing up and down my Palace-Yard,
Stood ſilent in my Preſence, watch'd my Eyes,
And, at my leaſt Command, all ſtarted out
Like Racers to the Goal.
Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.
Ant. Fortune is *Cæſar*'s now; and what am I?
Vent. What you have made your ſelf; I will not flatter.
Ant. Is this Friendly done?
Dola. Yes, when his end is ſo, I muſt join with him;
Indeed I muſt, and yet you muſt not chide:
Why am I elſe your Friend?
Ant. Take heed, young Man,
How thou upbraid'ſt my Love: The Queen has Eyes,
And thou too haſt a Soul. Canſt thou remember
When, ſwell'd with hatred, thou beheld'ſt her firſt
As acceſſary to thy Brother's Death?

Dola. Spare my Remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
And ſtill the bluſh hangs here.
Ant. To clear her ſelf,
For ſending him no aid, ſhe came from *Ægypt.*
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in Purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch, were plac'd;
Where ſhe, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.
Dola. No more: I would not hear it.
Ant. O, you muſt!
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And caſt a Look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if, ſecure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning with their painted Wings, the Winds
That plaid about her Face: But if ſhe ſmil'd,
A darting Glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens deſiring Eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the Object: To ſoft Flutes
The ſilver Oars kept Time; and while they plaid,
The Hearing gave new Pleaſure to the Sight;
And both to Thought: 'twas Heav'n or ſomewhat more;
For ſhe ſo charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their welcome Voice.
Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul:
VVas not thy Fury quite diſarm'd with Wonder?
Didſt thou not ſhrink behind me from thoſe Eyes,
And whiſper in my Ears? Oh, tell her not
That I accus'd her with my Brother's Death!
Dola. And ſhould my Weakneſs be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,
When kindly warmth, and when my ſpringing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours———
Vent. Speak boldly.
Yours, he would ſay, in your declining Age,
When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,
When it went down, then you conſtrain'd the Courſe,
And robb'd from Nature, to ſupply Deſire;
In you (I would not uſe ſo harſh a word)
But 'tis plain Dotage.
Ant. Ha!
Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the loſs was private that I made;
'Twas but my ſelf I loſt: I loſt no Legions;
I had no World to loſe, no Peoples Love.
Ant. This from a Friend?
Dola. Yes, *Anthony*, a true one;
A Friend ſo tender, that each word I ſpeak
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear.
O, judge me not leſs kind becauſe I chide:
To *Cæſar* I excuſe you.
Ant. O ye Gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæſar?*
Dola. As to your Equal:
VVhile I wear this he never ſhall be more.
I bring Conditions from him.
Ant. Are they Noble?
Methinks thou ſhould'ſt not bring 'em elſe; yet he
Is full of deep diſſembling; knows no Honour,
Divided from his Int'reſt. Fate miſtook him;
For Nature meant him for an Uſurer,

He's

He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.
Vent. Then, granting this,
What Pow'r was theirs who wrought ſo hard a Temper
To honourable Terms!
Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or ſome God.
Dola. Not I; nor yet *Mecænas*, nor *Agrippa*:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman*'s Deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: ſhow me that Man
Who has preſerv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour;
Let me but ſee his Face.
Vent. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n thou know'ſt how pleaſing. [*Exit* Vent.
Dola. You'll remember
To whom you ſtand oblig'd?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greateſt Curſe.
My Queen ſhall thank him too.
Dola. I fear ſhe will not.
Ant. But ſhe ſhall do't: the Queen, my *Dolabella!*
Haſt thou not ſtill ſome grudgings of thy Fever?
Dola. I would not ſee her loſt.
Ant. When I forſake her,
Leave me, my better Stars: for ſhe has truth
Beyond her beauty. *Cæſar* tempted her,
At no leſs Price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But ſhe reſiſted all: and yet thou chid'ſt me
For loving her too well. Could I do ſo?
Dola. Yes there's my reaſon.
Re-enter Ventidius, *with* Octavia, *leaving* Anthony's *two little Daughters.*
Ant. Where? ——*Octavia* there! [*Starting back.*
Vent. What, is ſhe poyſon to you? a Diſeaſe?
Look on her, view her well; and thoſe ſhe brings:
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? has Nature
No ſecret Call, no whiſper they are yours?
Dola. For ſhame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive 'em
With kinder Eyes. If you confeſs a Man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your Arms ſhould open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To claſp 'em in; your Feet ſhould turn to Wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,
And aim a Kiſs e're you could reach the Lips.
Ant. I ſtood amaz'd to think how they came hither.
Vent. I ſent for 'em; I brought 'em in unknown
To *Cleopatra*'s Guards.
Dola. Yet are you cold?
Octav. Thus long have I attended for my welcome;
Which, as a Stranger, ſure I might expect.
Who am I?
Ant. *Cæſar*'s Siſter.
Octav. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than *Cæſar*'s Siſter,
Know, I had ſtill remain'd in *Cæſar*'s Camp;
But your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Though baniſh'd, from your Bed, driv'n from your Houſe,
In ſpight of *Cæſar*'s Siſter, ſtill is yours.
'Tis true, I have a Heart diſdains your Coldneſs,
And prompts me not to ſeek what you ſhould offer;
But a Wife's Virtue ſtill ſurmounts that Pride:
I come to claim you as my own; to ſhow
My Duty firſt, to ask, nay beg, your kindneſs:
Your Hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it. [*Taking his Hand.*
Vent. Do, take it, thou deſerv'ſt it.
Dola. On my Soul,

And ſo ſhe does: ſhe's neither too ſubmiſſive,
Nor yet too haughty; but ſo juſt a Meen,
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.
Ant. I fear, *Octavia*, you have begg'd my Life.
Octav. Begg'd it, my Lord?
Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambaſſadreſs,
Poorly and baſely begg'd it of your Brother.
Octav. Poorly and baſely I could never beg;
Nor could my Brother grant.
Ant. Shall I, who to my kneeling Slave could ſay,
Riſe up, and be a King; ſhall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæſar*? ſhall I ſet
A Man, my Equal, in the place of *Jove*,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choak me up,
And die upon my Tongue.
Dola. You ſhall not need it.
Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me;
My Friend too! To receive ſome vile Conditions.
My Wife has bought me, with her Prayers and Tears;
And now I muſt become her branded Slave:
In every peeviſh Mood ſhe will upbraid
The Life ſhe gave: if I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.
Octav. My hard Fortune
Subjects me ſtill to your unkind Miſtakes.
But the Conditions I have brought are ſuch
You need not bluſh to take: I love your Honour,
Becauſe 'tis mine; it never ſhall be ſaid
Octavia's Husband was her Brothers Slave.
Sir, you are Free; Free, ev'n from her you loath;
For, though my Brother bargains for your Love,
Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,
I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deſerve.
I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
He ſhall draw back his Troops, and you ſhall march
To rule the Eaſt: I may be dropt at *Athens*;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
And rid you of the trouble.
Vent. Was ever ſuch a ſtrife of ſullen Honour!
Both ſcorn'd to be oblig'd.
Dola. Oh, ſhe has touch'd him in the tender'ſt part;
See how he reddens with deſpight and ſhame,
To be out-done in Generoſity!
Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a Tear,
That fain would fall!
Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and muſt praiſe
The greatneſs of your Soul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;
And you do all for Duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not ſo?
Octav. It was, my Lord.
Ant. Then I muſt be oblig'd
To one who loves me not, who, to her ſelf,
May call me thankleſs and ungrateful Man:
I'll not endure it, no.
Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.
Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia*'s Virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,
And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.

I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul
Could brook but ill the Man who ſlights my Bed.
Ant. Therefore you love me not.
Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I ſhould not love you.
Ant. Therefore you wou'd leave me?
Octav. And therefore I ſhould leave you —— if I could.
Dola. Her Soul's too great, after ſuch Injuries,
To ſay ſhe loves; and yet ſhe let's you ſee it.
Her modeſty and ſilence pleads her Cauſe.
Ant. Oh, *Dolabella*, which way ſhall I turn?
I find a ſecret yielding in my Soul;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Muſt ſhe be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?
Vent. Juſtice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you; but ſhe firſt
Had ruin'd you: the other you have ruin'd,
And yet ſhe would preſerve you.
In every thing their Merits are unequal.
Ant. Oh, my diſtracted Soul!
Octav. Sweet Heav'n compoſe it.
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you ſhould accept it. Look on theſe;
Are they not yours? Or ſtand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, ſpeak to him;
For you may ſpeak, and he may own you too,
Without a Bluſh; and ſo he cannot all
His Children: go, I ſay, and pull him to me,
And pull him to your ſelves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his Arms;
And you *Antonia*, claſp about his Waſte:
If he will ſhake you off, if he will daſh you
Againſt the Pavement, you muſt bear it, Children;
For you are mine, and I was born to ſuffer. [*Here the Children go to him*, &c.
Vent. Was ever ſight ſo moving! Emperour!
Dola. Friend!
Octav. Husband!
Both Childr. Father!
Ant. I am vanquiſh'd: take me,
Octavia; take me, Children; ſhare me all, [*Embracing them.*
I've been a thriftleſs Debtor to your Loves,
And run out much in Riot, from your Stock:
But all ſhall be amended.
Octav. O bleſt hour!
Dola. O happy Change!
Vent. My Joy ſtops at my Tongue;
But it has found two Channels here for one,
And bubbles out above.
Ant. to Octavia.] This is thy Triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.
Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas *haſtily.*

Alex. The Queen, my Miſtreſs, Sir, and yours ——
Ant. 'Tis paſt, *Octavia*, you ſhall ſtay this Night; To morrow,
Cæſar and we are one. [*Ex. leading* Octavia, Dolab. *and the Children follow.*
Vent. There's News for you; run,
My officious Eunuch,
Be ſure to be the firſt; haſte forward:
Haſte, my dear Eunuch, haſte. [*Exit.*
Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-ſcull'd Hero,
This blunt unthinking Inſtrument of Death,

With plain dull Virtue has out-gone my Wit:
Pleaſure forſook my early'ſt Infancy,
The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
And raviſh'd thence the Promiſe of a Man:
Caſt out from Nature, diſinherited
Of what her meaneſt Children claim by kind;
Yet, Greatneſs keeps me from Contempt: that's gone.
Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my Advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forſakes,
She dies for Love; but ſhe has known it's joys:
Gods, is this juſt, that I, who know no joys,
Muſt die, becauſe ſhe loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, *Train.*

Oh, Madam, I have ſeen what blaſts my Eyes!
Octavia's here!

Cleo. Peace with that Raven's note,
I know it too; and now am in
The Pangs of Death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen:
Ægypt is loſt.

Cleo. What tell'ſt thou me of *Ægypt!*
My Life, my Soul is loſt! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra*'s Love!
My Kiſſes, my Embraces now are hers;
While I——But thou haſt ſeen my Rival; ſpeak,
Does ſhe deſerve this Bleſſing? Is ſhe fair,
Bright as a Goddeſs? and is all Perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that courſe Matter which, when ſhe was finiſh'd,
The Gods threw by for rubbiſh.

Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.

Cleo. Death to my hopes, a Miracle!

Alex. [*bowing.*] A Miracle;
I mean of Goodneſs; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all Wonders ceaſe.

Cleo. I was too raſh:
Take this in part of recompence. But, Oh, [*Giving a Ring.*
I fear thou flatter'ſt me.

Char. She comes! ſhe's here!

Iras. Fly, Madam, *Cæſar*'s Siſter!

Cleo. Were ſhe the Siſter of the Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival. [*Meets* Octavia, *with* Ventidius.

[Octavia *bears up to her. Their Trains come up on either ſide.*

Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty Carriage——

Cleo. Shews I am a Queen:
Nor need I ask you who you are.

Octav. A *Roman:*
A Name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.

Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who ſerves me, is a *Roman.*

Octav. He was a *Roman*, till he loſt that Name
To be a Slave in *Ægypt*; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno.*
When he grew weary of that Houſhold-Clog,
He choſe my eaſier Bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your Bonds are eaſie; you have long been practis'd
In that laſcivious Art: he's not the firſt
For whom you ſpread your Snares: let *Cæſar* witneſs.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæſar*; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his Love: the worſt your Malice can,
Is but to ſay the greateſt of Mankind

Has

Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him
In my Eſteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his Love made mine.
Octav. [*coming up cloſe to her.*] I would view nearer
That Face, which has ſo long uſurp'd my Right,
To find th'inevitable Charms, that catch
Mankind ſo ſure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.
Cleo. O, you do well to ſearch; for had you known
But half theſe Charms, you had not loſt his Heart.
Octav. Far be their knowledge from a *Roman* Lady,
Far from a Modeſt Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Doſt thou not Bluſh, to own thoſe black Endearments
That make ſin pleaſing?
Cleo. You may Bluſh, who want 'em:
If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me Charms to pleaſe the braveſt Man;
Should I not thank 'em? ſhould I be aſham'd,
And not be Proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
For one like that.
Octav. Thou lov'ſt him not ſo well.
Cleo. I love him better, and deſerve him more.
Octav. You do not; cannot: you have been his ruine.
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra!*
Who made him ſcorn'd abroad but *Cleopatra?*
At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra.*
Who made his Children Orphans? and poor me
A wretched Vidow? only *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. Yet ſhe who loves him beſt is *Cleopatra.*
If you have ſuffer'd, I have ſuffer'd more.
You bear the ſpecious Title of a Wife,
To gild your Cauſe, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: the VVorld contemns poor me;
For I have loſt my Honour, loſt my Fame,
And ſtain'd the Glory of my Royal Houſe,
And all to bear the branded Name of Miſtreſs.
There wants but Life, and that too I would loſe
For him I love.
Octav. Be't ſo then; take thy VViſh. [*Exit cum ſuis.*
Cleo. And 'tis my Wiſh,
Now he is loſt for whom alone I liv'd.
My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,
And ſwims before me, in the maze of Death.
My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not ſink beneath a Rival's ſcorn:
But now ſhe's gone they faint.
Alex. Mine have had leiſure
To recollect their Strength, and furniſh Counſel,
To ruine her; who elſe muſt ruine you.
Cleo. Vain Promiſer!
Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your hand too, *Iras:*
My Grief has weight enough to ſink you both.
Conduct me to ſome ſolitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round;
Then leave me to my ſelf, to take alone
My fill of Grief:
There I till Death will his unkindneſs weep:
As harmleſs Infants moan themſelves aſleep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Anthony, Dolabella.

Dola. WHy would you ſhift it from your ſelf, on me?
Can you not tell her you muſt part?
Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
And t'other ſhould not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
How many Deaths are in this word *Depart!*
I dare not truſt my Tongue to tell her ſo:
One Look of hers, would thaw me into Tears,
And I ſhould melt till I were loſt agen.
Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;
He's rough by Nature.
Ant. Oh, he'll ſpeak too harſhly;
He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.
Dola. Nature has caſt me in ſo ſoft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleaſure
Of ſome ſad Lover's Death, moiſtens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood. ——I ſhould ſpeak
So faintly; with ſuch fear to grieve her Heart,
She'd not believe it earneſt.
Ant. Therefore; therefore
Thou only, thou art fit: think thy ſelf me,
And when thou ſpeak'ſt (but let it firſt be long)
Take off the edge from every ſharper ſound,
And let our parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: wilt thou do this?
Dola. What you have ſaid, ſo ſinks into my Soul,
That, if I muſt ſpeak, I ſhall ſpeak juſt ſo.
Ant. I leave you then to your ſad task: Farewel.
I ſent her word to meet you. [*Goes to the Door, and comes back.*
I forgot;
Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her Crown and Dignity ſhall be preſerv'd,
If I have pow'r with *Cæſar.*——O, be ſure
To think on that.
Dola. Fear not, I will remember. [Anthony *goes again to the door, and comes back.*
Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was conſtrain'd;
I did not this, but with extreameſt force:
Deſire her not to hate my Memory,
For I ſtill cheriſh hers;——inſiſt on that.
Dola. Truſt me, I'll not forget it.
Ant. Then that's all. [*Goes out, and returns again.*
Wilt thou forgive my fondneſs this once more?
Tell her, though we ſhall never meet again,
If I ſhould hear ſhe took another Love,
The News would break my Heart.——Now I muſt go;
For every time I have return'd, I feel
My Soul more tender; and my next Command
Would be to bid her ſtay, and ruine both. [*Exit.*
Dola. Men are but Children of a larger growth,
Our Appetite's as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, ſhut up in her dark Room,
Viewing ſo clear abroad, at home ſees nothing;
But, like a Mole in Earth, buſie and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and caſts it outward
To the World's open view: thus I diſcover'd,
And blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Anthony*;
Yet wiſh that I were he, to be ſo ruin'd.

Enter

Enter Ventidius *above.*

Vent. Alone? and talking to himſelf? concern'd too?
Perhaps my Gueſs is right; he lov'd her once,
And may purſue it ſtill.

Dola. O Friendſhip! Friendſhip!
Ill canſt thou anſwer this; and Reaſon, worſe:
Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeleſs to win;
And, if I win, undone: meer madneſs all.
And yet th' occaſion's fair. What injury
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wiſh,
To ruine her yet more with *Anthony.*

Enter Cleopatra, *talking with* Alexas, Charmion, Iras *on the other ſide.*

Dola. She comes! What Charms have Sorrow on that Face!
Sorrow ſeems pleas'd to dwell with ſo much ſweetneſs;
Yet, now and then, a Melancholy Smile
Breaks looſe, like Lightning in a Winter's Night,
And ſhows a Moments Day.

Vent. If ſhe ſhould love him too! Her Eunuch there?
That *Porcpiſce* bodes ill Weather.
Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try } Dolabella *goes over to* Charmion
To make him Jealous; Jealouſie is like } *and* Iras; *ſeems to talk with them.*
A poliſht Glaſs held to the Lips when Life's in doubt:
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the damp and ſhow it.

Cleo. I grant you Jealouſie's a Proof of Love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;
It puts out the Diſeaſe, and makes it ſhow,
But has no pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your laſt Remedy, and ſtrongeſt too:
And then this *Dolabella*, who ſo fit
To practiſe on? He's handſome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak Womens Eyes.
He ſtands already more than half ſuſpected
Of loving you: the leaſt kind word or glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love:
Then, like a burning Veſſel ſet adrift,
You'll ſend him down amain before the VVind,
To fire the Heart of jealous *Anthony.*

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's ſo true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor ſhow it where it is not. Nature meant me
A VVife, a ſilly harmleſs Houſhold Dove,
Fond without Art; and kind without Deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Miſtreſs of me,
Has thruſt me out to the wide VVorld, unfurniſh'd
Of Falſhood to be happy.

Alex. Force your ſelf.
Th' event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly deſirous to poſſeſs the good
VVhich once he fear'd to loſe.

Cleo. I muſt attempt it;
But Oh with what regret! [*Exit* Alex. (*She comes up to* Dolabella.)

Vent. So, now the Scene draws near, they're in my reach.

Cleo. to Dola. Diſcourſing with my VVomen! Might not I
Share in your Entertainment?

Char. You have been
The Subject of it, Madam.

Cleo. How; and how?

Iras. Such praiſes of your Beauty!

Cleo. Meer Poetry.
Your *Roman* VVits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*

Have

Have taught you this from *Citheris* and *Delia.*
Dola. Thoſe *Roman* VVits have never been in *Ægypt,*
Citheris and *Delia* elſe had been unſung:
I, who have ſeen———had I been born a Poet,
Should chuſe a nobler Name.
Cleo. You flatter me.
But, 'tis your Nation's Vice: all of your Country
Are Flatterers, and all falſe. Your Friend's like you.
I'm ſure he ſent you not to ſpeak theſe words.
Dola. No, Madam; yet he ſent me———
Cleo. VVell, he ſent you———
Dola. Of a leſs pleaſing Errand.
Cleo. How leſs pleaſing?
Leſs to your ſelf, or me?
Dola. Madam, to both;
For you muſt mourn, and I muſt grieve to cauſe it.
Cleo. You, *Charmion*, and your Fellow, ſtand at diſtance.
(*Aſide.*) Hold up, my Spirits.——VVell, now your mournful matter;
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can gueſs it too.
Dola. I wiſh you would; for 'tis a thankleſs office
To tell ill news: and I, of all your Sex,
Moſt fear diſpleaſing you.
Cleo. Of all your Sex,
I ſooneſt could forgive you if you ſhould.
Vent. Moſt delicate advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear damn'd inconſtant Sex!
Cleo. In the firſt place,
I am to be forſaken; is't not ſo?
Dola. I wiſh I could not anſwer to that Queſtion.
Cleo. Then paſs it o'er, becauſe it troubles you:
I ſhould have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to loſe my Kingdom———Farewel, *Ægypt.*
Yet, is there any more?
Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep ſenſe of Grief has turn'd your Reaſon.
Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poyſons are by Poyſons.
Dola. ——You o'erjoy me, Madam,
To find your Griefs ſo moderately born.
You've heard the worſt; all are not falſe, like him.
Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they ſhould.
Dola. Some Men are conſtant.
Cleo. And Conſtancy deſerves Reward, that's certain.
Dola. Deſerves it not; but give it leave to hope.
Vent. I'll ſwear thou haſt my leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll conſider. [*Exit.*
Dola. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy News; News which I thought,
Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to hear;
But you have met it with a Chearfulneſs
That makes my Task more eaſie; and my Tongue,
Which on anothers Meſſage was employ'd,
VVould gladly ſpeak its own.
Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella.*
Firſt tell me, were you choſen by my Lord?
Or ſought you this Employment?
Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his Boſom-Friend,
He charg'd me with his words.
Cleo. The Meſſage then
I know was tender, and each accent ſmooth,
To mollifie that rugged word, *Depart.*
Dola. Oh, you miſtake: he choſe the harſheſt words,
VVith fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,

He coin'd his Face in the ſevereſt ſtamp:
And fury ſhook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for vent, and burſt like bellowing *Ætna*,
In ſounds ſcarce humane, "Hence away for ever:
"Let her be gone, the blot of my Renown,
"And bane of all my hopes: [*All the time of this Speech*, Cleop. *ſeems more and more concern'd, till ſhe ſinks quite down.*
"Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think
"From Man's commerce: She'll poyſon to the Center.
Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more!
Dola. Help, help, Oh VVretch! Oh curſed curſed VVretch!
VVhat have I done?
Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*
Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.
Char. Heav'n be prais'd,
She comes again.
Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.
VVhy have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,
Th' abode of Falſhood, violated Vows,
And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;
For, if there be a place of long repoſe,
I'm ſure I want it. My diſdainful Lord
Can never break that quiet; nor awake
The ſleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb
Such words as fright her hence, Unkind, unkind.
Dola. [*kneeling.*] Believe me, 'tis againſt my ſelf I ſpeak,
That ſure deſerves Belief; I injur'd him:
My Friend ne'er ſpoke thoſe words. Oh, had you ſeen
How often he came back, and every time
VVith ſomething more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he ſaid; what dear Farewels;
How almoſt vanquiſht by his Love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I Traitor as I was, for love of you,
(But what can you not do who made me falſe!)
I forg'd that Lye; for whoſe forgiveneſs kneels
This ſelf-accus'd, ſelf-puniſh'd Criminal.
Cleo. With how much eaſe believe we what we wiſh!
Riſe, *Dolabella*; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much Love
Has made me guilty too.
Th' advance of kindneſs which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealouſie;
But 'twould not laſt. Oh, rather let me loſe
Than ſo ignobly trifle with his Heart.
Dola. I find your Breaſt fenc'd round from humane reach,
Tranſparent as a Rock of ſolid Cryſtal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endleſs Treaſure haſt thou thrown away,
And ſcatter'd like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain ſums of Wealth which none can gather thence.
Cleo. Could you not beg
An hours admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hoſpitable Inn
Is near to ſuccour Hunger,
Eats his fill, before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famiſh'd Eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never muſt return.
Ventidius, *with* Octavia, *behind.*
Vent. From hence you may diſcover——Oh, ſweet, ſweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty hand in Earneſt? [*Takes her hand.*
Dola. I will, for this Reward,——Draw it not back,

Tis all I e'er will beg.
Vent. They turn upon us.
Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!
Vent. Seem not to have obſerv'd 'em, and go on.
They Enter.
Dola. Saw you the Emperour, *Ventidius*?
Vent. No.
I ſought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.
Dola. Know you his bus'neſs?
Vent. Giving him Inſtructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Cæſar*.
Dola. VVell,
He muſt be found. [*Exeunt* Dolab. *and* Cleop.
Octav. Moſt glorious Impudence!
Vent. She look'd methought
As ſhe would ſay, Take your old Man, *Octavia*;
Thank you, I'm better here.
VVell, but what uſe
Make we of this Diſcovery?
Octav. Let it die.
Vent. I pity *Dolabella*; but ſhe's dangerous:
Her Eyes have power beyond *Theſſalian* Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,
The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their flatt'ry;
And, while ſhe ſpeaks, Night ſteals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of thoſe that hear: Then ſhe's ſo charming,
Age buds at ſight of her, and ſwells to Youth:
The holy Prieſts gaze on her when ſhe ſmiles;
And with heav'd hands forgetting Gravity,
They bleſs her wanton Eyes: Even I who hate her,
VVith a malignant joy behold ſuch Beauty;
And, while I curſe, deſire it. *Anthony*
Muſt needs have ſome remains of Paſſion ſtill,
VVhich may ferment into a worſe Relapſe,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,
VVith *Cæſar* he's endeavouring her Peace.
Octav. You have prevail'd:---but for a farther purpoſe [*Walks off.*
I'll prove how he will reliſh this Diſcovery.
What, make a Strumpet's Peace! it ſwells my Heart:
It muſt not, ſha' not be.
Vent. His Guards appear.
Let me begin, and you ſhall ſecond me.
Enter Anthony.
Ant. Octavia, I was looking you, my Love:
VVhat, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My laſt Inſtructions.
Octav. Mine, my Lord, are written.
Ant. Ventidius! [*Drawing him aſide.*
Vent. My Lord?
Ant. A word in private.
VVhen ſaw you *Dolabella*?
Vent. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.
Ant. Speak ſoftly. 'Twas by my Command he went,
To bear my laſt farewel.
Vent. aloud.] It look'd indeed
Like your farewel?
Ant. More ſoftly.———My farewel?
VVhat ſecret meaning have you in thoſe words
Of my Farewel? He did it by my Order.
Vent. [*aloud.*] Then he obey'd your Order. I ſuppoſe
You bid him do it with all gentleneſs,
All kindneſs, and all———love.

Ant.

Ant. How ſhe mourn'd,
The poor forſaken Creature!
Vent. She took it as ſhe ought; ſhe bore your parting
As ſhe did *Cæſar*'s, as ſhe would anothers,
VVere a new Love to come.
Ant. [*aloud.*] Thou doſt belye her;
Moſt baſely, and maliciouſly belye her.
Vent. I thought not to diſpleaſe you; I have done.
Octav. [*coming up.*] You ſeem diſturb'd my Lord.
Ant. A very Trifle.
Retire, my Love.
Vent. It was indeed a Trifle.
He ſent ———
Ant. [*angrily.*] No more. Look how thou diſobey'ſt me;
Thy Life ſhall anſwer it.
Octav. Then 'tis no Trifle.
Vent. [*to Octav.*] 'Tis leſs; a very nothing: you too ſaw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.
Ant. She ſaw it!
Vent. Yes: ſhe ſaw young *Dolabella*———
Ant. Young *Dolabella!*
Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handſome too; and ſo do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your Command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with ſome kind Meſſage;
For ſhe receiv'd it graciouſly; ſhe ſmil'd:
And then he grew familiar with her Hand;
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kiſſes;
She bluſh'd, and ſigh'd, and ſmil'd, and bluſh'd again;
At laſt ſhe took occaſion to talk ſoftly,
And brought her Cheek up cloſe, and lean'd on his:
At which, he whiſper'd Kiſſes back on hers;
And then ſhe cry'd aloud, That Conſtancy
Should be rewarded.
Octav. This I ſaw and heard.
Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and ſaw,
So playful with my Friend!
Not *Cleopatra?*
Ven. Ev'n ſhe, my Lord!
Ant. My *Cleopatra?*
Vent. Your *Cleopatra.*
Dolabella's *Cleopatra.*
Every Man's *Cleopatra.*
Ant. Thou ly'ſt.
Vent. I do not lye, my Lord.
Is this ſo ſtrange? ſhould Miſtreſſes be left,
And not provide againſt a time of change?
You know ſhe's not much us'd to lonely Nights.
Ant. I'll think no more on't.
I know 'tis falſe, and ſee the Plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia.*
VVhat harms it you that *Cleopatra*'s juſt?
She's mine no more, I ſee; and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, Love.
Octav. Are you concern'd
That ſhe's found falſe?
Ant. I ſhould be, were it ſo;
For, though 'tis paſt, I would not that the VVorld
Should tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one
Of ſo light Note; but I forgive you both.
Vent. VVhat has my Age deſerv'd, that you ſhould think
I would abuſe your Ears with Perjury?
If Heav'n be true, ſhe's falſe,
Ant. Though Heav'n and Earth,

Should witneſs it, I'll not believe her tainted.
Vent. I'll bring you then a witneſs
From Hell to prove her ſo. Nay, go back, [*Seeing* Alex. *juſt entring and ſtarting back.*
For ſtay you muſt and ſhall.
Alex. VVhat means my Lord?
Vent. To make you do what moſt you hate; ſpeak truth.
You are of *Cleopatra*'s private Counſel,
Of her Bed-Counſel, her laſcivious Hours;
Are conſcious of each Nightly change ſhe makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs ſhe paſſes through, what day.
Alex. My Noble Lord.
Vent. My moſt illuſtrious Pander,
No fine ſet Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods,
But a plain home-ſpun Truth is what I ask:
I did, my ſelf, o'erhear your Queen make love
To *Dolabella*. Speak: for I will know,
By your Confeſſion, what more paſt betwixt 'em;
How near the bus'neſs draws to your Employment;
And when the happy hour.
Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or pleaſe *Ventidius*, care not: juſtifie
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: dare his worſt.
Octav. [*aſide.*] See how he gives him Courage! how he fears
To find her falſe! and ſhuts his Eyes to truth,
VVilling to be miſled!
Alex. As far as Love may plead for VVoman's frailty,
Urg'd by deſert and greatneſs of the Lover;
So far (Divine *Octavia!*) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,
VVho is your Lord: ſo far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her paſt Actions hope a fair Report.
Ant. 'Tis well, and truly ſpoken: mark, *Ventidius.*
Alex. To you, moſt Noble Emperour, her ſtrong Paſſion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly juſtifi'd.
Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the diſtant Vows
Of ſighing Kings; and at her Feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,
To chooſe where ſhe would Reign:
She thought a *Roman* only could deſerve her;
And, of all *Roman* only *Anthony.*
And, to be leſs than Wife to you, diſdain'd
Their lawful Paſſion.
Ant. 'Tis but Truth.
Alex. And yet, though Love, and your unmatch'd Deſert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour,
At laſt, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
To ſee the wrongs ſhe offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whoſe holy Bed ſhe lawfully uſurpt,
The ſad Effects of this improſperous War,
Confirm'd thoſe pious Thoughts.
Vent. [*aſide.*] O, wheel you there?
Obſerve him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk ſubſtantial Reaſon. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperour has giv'n thee leave to ſpeak.
Alex. Elſe had I never dar'd t' offend his Ears
With what the laſt neceſſity has urg'd
On my forſaken Miſtreſs; yet I muſt not
Preſume to ſay her Heart is wholly alter'd.
Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal word.
Octav. [*aſide.*] Muſt I bear this? good Heav'n afford me patience.
Vent. On ſweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*
Has lov'd her long, he, next my God-like Lord,
Deſerves her beſt; and ſhould ſhe meet his Paſſion,
Rejected, as ſhe is, by him ſhe lov'd——
Ant. Hence, from my ſight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; each torturing Hand
Do thou employ, till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then joyn thou too, and help to torture her. [*Exit* Alexas, *thruſt out by* Anthony.
Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To ſhow this Paſſion, this extreme Concernment
For an abandon'd, faithleſs Proſtitute.
Ant. Octavia, leave me: I am much diſorder'd.
Leave me, I ſay.
Octav. My Lord?
Ant. I bid you leave me.
Vent. Obey him, Madam: beſt withdraw a while,
And ſee how this will work.
Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I falſe,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra?*
Were I ſhe,
Baſe as ſhe is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my Neck, take ſlight Excuſes,
And fawn upon my Falſhood.
Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, *Octavia*; I am preſt with Sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within to aid me.
Octav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;
You did but half return to me: your kindneſs
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of Love to me!
Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius?*
Or are you turn'd a *Dolabella* too,
And let this Fury looſe?
Vent. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.
Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You ſhall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always laſt,
When urg'd with long unkindneſs and diſdain;
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She ſtays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
Let a feign'd parting give her back your Heart,
Which a feign'd Love firſt got; for injur'd me,
Tho' my juſt ſenſe of wrongs forbid me ſtay,
My Duty ſhall be yours.
To the dear Pledges of our former Love,
My tenderneſs and care ſhall be transferr'd,
And they ſhall chear, by turns, my Widow'd Nights:
So, take my laſt farewel; for I deſpair
To have you whole, and ſcorn to take you half. [*Exit.*
Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blaſts my beſt Deſigns:
My laſt attempt muſt be to win her back;
But Oh I fear in vain. [*Exit.*
Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honeſt Heart,
Which knows not to diſguiſe its Griefs, and Weakneſs,
But bears its workings outward to the World?
I ſhould have kept the mighty Anguiſh in,

And

And forc'd a Smile at *Cleopatra*'s Falſhood:
Octavia had believ'd it, and had ſtaid;
But I am made a ſhallow-forded Stream,
Seen to the Bottom: all my clearneſs ſcorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd!——See, where he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileneſs!
With how ſecure a Brow, and ſpecious Form
He gilds the ſecret Villain! Sure that Face
VVas meant for Honeſty; but Heav'n miſ-match'd it,
And furniſh'd Treaſon out with Natures Pomp,
To make its work more eaſie.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Ant. VVell, *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Meſſage?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

VVas it ſo hard for you to bear our parting?
You ſhould have wiſh'd it.

Dola. VVhy?

Ant. Becauſe you love me.

And ſhe receiv'd my Meſſage, with as true,
VVith as unfeign'd a Sorrow as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to madneſs.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much ſhe loves me. And ſhould I
Forſake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Dola. I could not, were ſhe mine.

Ant. And yet you firſt
Perſwaded me: how come you alter'd ſince?

Dola. I ſaid at firſt I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her Sighs, and ſee her Tears,
But Pity muſt prevail: and ſo, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That ſhe ſhould take her laſt farewel: and, ſee,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. Falſe *Dolabella*!

Dola. What's falſe, my Lord?

Ant. Why, *Dolabella*'s falſe;
And *Cleopatra*'s falſe; both falſe and faithleſs.
Draw near, you well-joyn'd wickedneſs, you Serpents,
Whom I have, in my kindly Boſom, warm'd
Till I am ſtung to Death.

Dola. My Lord, have I
Deſerv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curſe
Beyond our Separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate
Be juſt, much greater: Heav'n ſhould be ingenious
In puniſhing ſuch Crimes. The rowling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were ſlight Pains invented
When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
Of mighty Ills; but you have ripen'd ſin
To ſuch a monſtrous growth, 'twill poſe the Gods
To find an equal Torture. Two, two ſuch,
Oh there's no farther Name, two ſuch——to me,
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breaſts,
Had no Deſires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart; I had no uſe,
No fruit of all, but you: a Friend and Miſtreſs

Was what the World could give. Oh, *Cleopatra!*
Oh, *Dolabella!* how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondneſs
Lay lull'd betwixt your Boſoms, and there ſlept
Secure of injur'd Faith?
Dola. If ſhe has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.
Ant. If ſhe wrong'd me,
Thou would'ſt evade thy part of Guilt; but ſwear
Thou lov'ſt not her.
Dola. Not ſo as I love you.
Ant. Not ſo! Swear, ſwear, I ſay, thou doſt not love her.
Dola. No more than Friendſhip will allow.
Ant. No more?
Friendſhip allows thee nothing; thou art perjur'd.——
And yet thou didſt not ſwear thou lov'dſt her not;
But not ſo much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'ſt not own to her thou doſt not love,
Nor own to me thou doſt! *Ventidius* heard it;
Octavia ſaw it.
Cleo. They are Enemies.
Ant. *Alexas* is not ſo: he, he confeſt it.
He, who, next Hell, beſt knew it, he avow'd it.
(*To Dola.*) Why do I ſeek a proof beyond your ſelf?
You whom I ſent to bear my laſt Farewel,
Return'd to plead her ſtay.
Dola. What ſhall I Anſwer?
If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have ſinn'd;
But if to have repented of that Love
Can wa'h away my Crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended paſt forgiveneſs,
Let not her ſuffer: ſhe is innocent.
Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will ſhe refuſe, to keep that Heart
Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd.
'Twas I blew up the Fire that ſcorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:
In ſpight of all the Damns, my Love broke o'er,
And drown'd my Heart again: Fate took th' occaſion;
And thus one Minutes feigning has deſtroy'd
My whole Life's truth.
Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falſhood;
Seen, and broke through at firſt.
Dola. Forgive your Miſtreſs.
Cleo. Forgive your Friend,
Ant. You have convinc'd your ſelves,
You plead each others Cauſe: What witneſs have you,
That you but meant to raiſe my Jealouſie?
Cleo. Our ſelves, and Heav'n.
Ant. Guilt witneſſes for Guilt. Hence, Love and Friendſhip;
You have no longer place in humane Breaſts,
Theſe two have driv'n you out: avoid my ſight;
I would not kill the Man whom I lov'd;
And cannot hurt the VVoman: but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I ſtay one minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Juſtice and Revenge
VVill cry ſo loud within me, that my Pity
VVill not be heard for either.
Dola. Heav'n has but
Our ſorrow for our ſins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: ſweet Mercy ſeems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Juſtice;

As if there were Degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want Perfection
Than puniſh to extent.
Ant. I can forgive
A Foe; but not a Miſtreſs, and a Friend:
Treaſon is there in its moſt horrid ſhape,
VVhere truſt is greateſt: and the Soul reſign'd
Is ſtabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my ſight for ever.
Cleo. How? for ever.
I cannot go one moment from your ſight,
And muſt I go for ever?
My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
VVhat place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have loſt for you: or to the *Romans?*
They hate me for your ſake: or muſt I wander
The wide VVorld o'er, a helpleſs, baniſh'd VVoman,
Baniſh'd for love of you? baniſh'd from you?
Ah, there's the Baniſhment! Oh hear me; hear me,
VVith ſtricteſt Juſtice: For I beg no favour:
And if I have offended you: then kill me,
But do not baniſh me.
Ant. I muſt not hear you.
I have a Fool within me takes your part;
But Honour ſtops my Ears.
Cleo. For pity hear me!
VVou'd you caſt off a Slave who follow'd you,
VVho crouch'd beneath your Spurn?——He has no pity!
See, if he gives one Tear to my Departure;
One look, one kind farewel: Oh Iron Heart!
Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!
Ant. No more: *Alexas!*
Dola. A perjur'd Villain!
Ant. [*to Cleo.*] Your *Alexas*; yours.
Cleo. O 'twas his Plot: his ruinous Deſign,
T'ingage you in my Love by Jealouſie.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him ſpeak.
Ant I have; I have.
Cleo. And if he clear me not——
Ant. Your Creature! one who hangs upon your Smiles!
VVatches your Eye to ſay or to unſay
VVhate'er you pleaſe! I am not to be mov'd.
Cleo. Then muſt we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th'appearance is againſt me; and I go
Unjuſtifi'd for ever from your ſight.
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
My only Comfort is, I know my ſelf:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me moſt: ſo well, ſo truly,
I'll never ſtrive againſt it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.
Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Muſt I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.
I muſt not weep; and yet I muſt, to think
That I muſt not forgive——
Live; but live wretched, 'tis but juſt you ſhou'd,
VVho made me ſo: Live from each others ſight:
Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth,
And all the Seas betwixt your ſunder'd Loves:
View nothing common but the Sun and Skies:
Now, all take ſeveral ways;
And each your own ſad Fate with mine deplore;
That you were falſe, and I could truſt no more. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Char. BE juſter, Heav'n: ſuch Virtue puniſh'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And ſhuffles, with a Random hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.
Cleo. I could tear out theſe Eyes, that gain'd his Heart.
And had not pow'r to keep it. O the Curſe
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear witneſs, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith——I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me—— [*She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.*
But I can keep my Breath; I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O *Alexas* help!
The Queen grows deſperate, her Soul ſtruggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And ſtrives to force its Paſſage.
Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, Traitor!——O
O, for a little Breath to vent my Rage!
Give, give me way, and let me looſe upon him.
Alex. Yes, I deſerve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majeſty?
To place my ſelf beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be cruſh'd, and pounded into Atoms,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too preſuming
For Subjects, to preſerve that wilful pow'r
Which courts its own Deſtruction.
Cleo. I wou'd reaſon
More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open Love
Into theſe crooked paths of Jealouſie?
Now, what's th' event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra*'s baniſh'd. Thou, thou Villain,
Has puſh'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
At my ſad Coſt, if thou canſt ſteer it back.
It cannot be; I'm loſt too far: I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impoſtor, Traitor, Monſter, Devil.——
I can no more: thou, and my Griefs, have ſunk
Me down ſo low, that I want voice to curſe thee.
Alex. Suppoſe from Shipwrack'd Seaman near the Shore,
Droping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, ſome charitable hand
Pull him to ſafety, hazarding himſelf
To draw the others weight; wou'd he look back
And curſe him for his pains? The Caſe is yours:
But one ſtep more, and you have gain'd the heighth.
Cleo. Sunk, never more to riſe.
Alex. *Octavia*'s gone, and *Dolabella* baniſh'd.
Believe me, Madam, *Anthony* is yours.
His Heart was never loſt; but ſtarted off
To Jealouſie, Love's laſt retreat and covert:
VVhere it lies hid in Shades, watchful in ſilence,
And liſt'ning for the Sound that calls it back,
Some other, any Man, ('tis ſo advanc'd)
May perfect this unfiniſh'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to my ſelf) have left

So eaſie to his hand.
Cleo. Look well thou do't; elſe——
Alex. Elſe, what your ſilence threatens——*Anthony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whoſe Turret,
He ſtands ſurveying our *Ægyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Cæſar*'s Fleet: now Death, or Conqueſt.
If the firſt happen, Fate acquits my Promiſe:
If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.
A diſtant ſhout within.
Char. Have comfort, Madam: did you mark that Shout?
Second ſhout nearer.
Iras. Hark; they redouble it.
Alex. 'Tis from the Port.
The loudneſs ſhows it near: good News, kind Heavens.
Cleo. Oſiris make it ſo.
Enter Serapion.
Serap. VVhere, where's the Queen?
Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward ſtares!
As if not yet recover'd of th' Aſſault,
VVhen all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at ſtake.
Serap. O horror, horror!
Ægypt has been; our lateſt hour is come:
The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat,
Is ſunk for ever in the dark Abyſs:
Time has unrowl'd her Glories to the laſt,
And now clos'd up the Volume.
Cleo. Be more plain:
Say, whence thou com'ſt (though Fate is in thy Face,
VVhich from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens e're thou ſpeak'ſt.)
Serap. I came from *Pharos*;
From viewing (ſpare me and imagine it)
Our Lands laſt hope, your Navy.——
Cleo. Vanquiſh'd?
Serap. No.
They fought not.
Cleo. Then they fled.
Serap. Nor that. I ſaw,
VVith *Anthony*, your well appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with chearful Cries they ſhouted back:
'Twas then, falſe Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave a Bankrupt Prodigal,
VVith a diſſembling Smile would kiſs at parting,
And flatter to the laſt; the well-tim'd Oars
Now dipt from every Bank, now ſmoothly run
To meet the Foe; and ſoon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we ſaw their Caps
On either ſide thrown up; the *Ægyptian* Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) paſt through, and fell behind
The *Roman* rear: and now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.
Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*:
I've heard my doom. This needed not, you Gods:
VVhen I loſt *Anthony*, your work was done;
'Tis but ſuperfluous Malice. VVhere's my Lord?
How bears he this laſt blow?
Serap. His Fury cannot be expreſs'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have faln
Full on his Foes, and aim'd *Cæſar*'s Galley:
VVith-held, he raves on you; cries, he's betray'd,
Should he now find you.——
Alex. Shun him, ſeek your ſafety,

Till you can clear your Innocence.
Cleo. I'll ſtay.
Alex. You muſt not, haſte you to your Monument,
VVhile I make ſpeed to *Cæſar.*
Cleo. Cæſar! No,
I have no buſineſs with him.
Alex. I can work him
To ſpare your Life, and let this Madman periſh.
Cleo. Baſe fawning Wretch! would'ſt thou betray him too?
Hence from my ſight, I will not hear a Traytor:
'Twas thy deſign brought all this ruine on us;
Serapion, thou art honeſt; Counſel me:
But haſte, each Moment's precious.
Serap. Retire; You muſt not yet ſee *Anthony.*
He who began this miſchief,
'Tis juſt he tempt the Danger; let him clear you;
And, ſince he offer'd you his ſervile Tongue,
To gain a poor precarious Life from *Cæſar*,
Let him expoſe that fawning Eloquence,
And ſpeak to *Anthony.*
Alex. O Heavens! I dare not,
I meet my certain Death.
Cleo. Slave, thou deſerv'ſt it.
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him Noble: when he baniſh'd me,
And thought me falſe, he ſcorn'd to take my Life:
But I'll be juſtifi'd, and then die with him.
Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.
Cleo. To Death, if thou ſtir hence. Speak, if thou can'ſt,
Now for thy Life, which baſely thou wou'dſt ſave;
While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion.* [*Exeunt* Cleo. Serap. Char. Iras.
Alex. O that I leſs cou'd fear to loſe this Being,
VVhich, like a Snow-ball, in my Coward hand,
The more 'tis graſp'd, the faſter melts away.
Poor Reaſon! what a wretched Aid art thou!
For ſtill in ſpight of thee,
Theſe two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final Separation. Let me think:
VVhat can I ſay, to ſave my ſelf from Death?
No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra.*
Ant. within.] VVhich way? where?
Vent. within.] This leads to th' Monument.
Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd;
My gift of Lying's gone;
And this Court-Devil, which I ſo oft have rais'd,
Forſakes me at my need. I dare not ſtay;
Yet cannot far go hence. [*Exit.*

Enter Anthony *and* Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Cæſar!* Thou haſt Men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou haſt conquer'd *Anthony*;
But *Rome* has conquer'd *Ægypt.* I'm betray'd.
Vent. Curſe on this treach'rous Train!
Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with Baſeneſs:
And their young Souls come tainted to the VVorld
VVith the firſt Breath they draw.
Ant. Th' Original Villain ſure no God created;
He was a Baſtard of the Sun, by *Nile.*
Ap'd into Man: with all his Mother's Mud
Cruſted about his Soul.
Vent. The Nation is
One univerſal Traitor; and their Queen
The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.
Ant. Is there yet left
A poſſibility of Aid from Valour?

Is there one God unſworn to my Deſtruction?
The leaſt unmortgag'd hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of ſuch a Boy as *Cæſar*.
The World's one half is yet in *Anthony*:
And from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,
The Soul comes back to me.
Vent. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The laſt Aſſault
Lopt off the reſt: if Death be your Deſign,
(As I muſt wiſh it now) theſe are ſufficient
To make a heap about us of dead Foes,
An honeſt Pile for Burial.
Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our Stars; but ſide by ſide
Fight emulous: and with malicious Eyes
Survey each others Acts: ſo every Death
Thou giv'ſt, I'll take on me as a juſt Debt,
And pay thee back a Soul.
Vent. Now you ſhall ſee I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of Life,
I am ſo pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
That I wou'd not be *Cæſar* to out-live you.
When we put off this Fleſh, and mount together,
I ſhall be ſhown to all th' Etherial crowd:
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Anthony*.
Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their Troops,
And reach my Veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,
T' o'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,
And leave our wand'ring Deſtines behind.
Enter Alexas, *trembling*.
Vent. See, ſee, that Villain;
See *Cleopatra* ſtampt upon that Face,
With all her cunning, all her Arts of Falſhood!
How ſhe looks out through thoſe diſſembling Eyes!
How he ſets his Count'nance for deceit;
And promiſes a Lye, before he ſpeaks!
Let me diſpatch him firſt. [*Drawing.*
Alex. O ſpare me, ſpare me.
Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life,
(Which thou may'ſt keep, becauſe I ſcorn to take it)
No Syllable to juſtifie thy Queen;
Save thy baſe Tongue its Office.
Alex. Sir ſhe's gone,
Where ſhe ſhall never be moleſted more
By Love or you.
Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella!*
Die, Traitor, I revoke my Promiſe, die. [*Going to kill him.*
Alex. O hold, ſhe is not fled.
Ant. She is: my Eyes
Are open to her Falſhood; my whole Life
Has been a Golden Dream of Love and Friendſhip.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, rows'd
From ſoft repoſe, to ſee his Veſſel ſinking,
And all his Wealth caſt o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatt'ries to my Morning wake;
But, now my Winter comes, ſhe ſpreads her Wings,
And ſeeks the Spring of *Cæſar*.
Alex. Think not ſo:
Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had ſhe betray'd her Naval force to *Rome*,
How eaſily might ſhe have gone to *Cæſar*,

Secure

Secure by ſuch a Bribe!
Vent. She ſent it firſt,
To be more welcome after.
Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Elſe wou'd ſhe have appear'd, to clear her ſelf.
Alex. Too fatally ſhe has; ſhe could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but ſhut her ſelf
Within her Monument: look'd down, and ſigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd Face, the ſilent Tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but ſtole their parting.
Some undiſtinguiſh'd words ſhe inly murmur'd;
At laſt, ſhe rais'd her Eyes; and, with ſuch Looks
As dying *Lucrece* caſt,——
Ant. My Heart forebodes,——
Vent. All for the beſt: go on.
Alex. She ſnatch'd her Ponyard,
And, e're we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,
Plung'd it within her Breaſt: then turn'd to me,
Go, bear my Lord (ſaid ſhe) my laſt Farewel;
And ask him if he yet ſuſpect my Faith.
More ſhe was ſaying, but Death ruſh'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your Name with her laſt Breath,
And bury'd half within her.
Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.
Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?
O thoſe two words! their Sound ſhou'd be divided:
Hadſt thou been falſe, and dy'd; or hadſt thou liv'd,
And hadſt been true ——But Innocence and Death!
This ſhows not well above. Then what am I,
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themſelves in words ſo horrid
As can expreſs my Guilt!
Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gracious:
And thus you thank 'em for't.
Ant. [*to Alex.*] Why ſtay'ſt thou here?
Is it for thee to ſpy upon my Soul,
And ſee its inward Mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a *Roman* Emperour to perform.
Alex. [*aſide.*] He loves her ſtill:
His Grief betrays it. Good! the joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.
I've ſav'd my ſelf, and her. But Oh! the *Romans!*
Fate comes too faſt upon my Wit.
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double: [*Exit.*
Vent. Wou'd ſhe had dy'd a little ſooner though,
Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
Come rouze your ſelf, and lets die warm together.
Ant. I will not fight: there's no more work for VVar.
The buſ'neſs of my angry hours is done.
Vent. Cæſar is at your Gates.
Ant. VVhy, let him enter;
He's welcome now.
Vent. VVhat Lethargy has crept into your Soul?
Ant. 'Tis but a ſcorn of Life, and juſt deſire
To free my ſelf from Bondage.
Vent. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, *Ventidius:*
What ſhou'd I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but Great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandiſe to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now ſhe's dead,

Let

Let *Cæſar* take the World,——
An empty Circle, ſince the Jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my Strife: my Being's nauſeous;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.
Vent. Wou'd you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius:*
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæſar*'s reach,
And lay down Life my ſelf. 'Tis time the World
Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its Homage in ſuſpence,
And bent the Globe, on whoſe each ſide we trod,
Till it was dented inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.
My Torch is out; and the World ſtands before me
Like a black Deſart, at the approach of Night:
I'll lay me down, and ſtray no farther on.
Vent. I cou'd be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you: chooſe your Death;
For, I have ſeen him in ſuch various ſhapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The Life I bear, is worn to ſuch a Rag,
'Tis ſcarce worth giving. I could wiſh indeed
We threw it from us with a better Grace;
That, like two Lyons taken in the Toils,
We might at laſt thruſt out our Paws, and wound
The Hunters that incloſe us.
Ant. I have thought on't.
Ventidius you muſt live.
Vent. I muſt not, Sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live, to ſpeak ſome good of me?
To ſtand by my fair Fame, and guard th' approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?
Vent. Who ſhall guard mine,
For living after you?
Ant. Say, I command it.
Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will ſpeak themſelves,
And need no living Witneſs.
Ant. Thou haſt lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee: I muſt die;
Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Cæſar.*
Vent. Thank your kindneſs.
You ſaid I lov'd you; and, in recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I ſhou'd die
With a hard thought of you?
Ant. Forgive me, *Roman.*
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra*'s Death,
My Reaſon bears no rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my Thoughts break all at random out:
I've thought better, do not deny me twice.
Vent. By Heav'n I will not.
Let it not be t' out-live you.
Ant. Kill me firſt,
And then die thou: for 'tis but juſt thou ſerve
Thy Friend, before thy ſelf.
Vent. Give me your hand.
We ſoon ſhall meet again. Now farewel, Emperour. [*Embrace.*
Methinks that word's too cold to be my laſt:
Since Death ſweeps diſtinctions, Farewel Friend.
That's all.——
I will not make a bus'neſs of a Trifle:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you:

Pray

Pray turn your Face.
Ant. I do: ſtrike home ſure.
Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach. [*Kills himſelf.*
Ant. O thou miſtak'ſt;
That wound was none of thine: give it me back:
Thou robb'ſt me of my Death.
Vent. I do indeed;
But, think 'tis the firſt time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my Pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will: for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend. [*Dies.*
Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!
My Queen and thou have got the ſtart of me,
And I'm the lag of Honour.—— Gone ſo ſoon?
Is Death no more? He us'd him careleſly,
With a familiar kindneſs: e're he knock'd,
Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,
As who ſhou'd ſay, Y'are welcome at all hours,
A Friend need give no warning. Books had ſpoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by profeſſion.
'Tis not worth
My farther thought: for Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be ſatisfi'd. [*Falls on his Sword.*
I've miſt my Heart. O unperforming hand!
Thou never cou'd'ſt have err'd in a worſe time.
My Fortune jades me to the laſt; and Death,
Like a great Man, takes ſtate, and makes me wait
For my Admittance—— [*Trampling within.*
Some perhaps from *Cæſar:*
If he ſhou'd find me living, and ſuſpect
That I plaid booty with my Life! I'll mend
My work, e're they can reach me. [*Riſes upon his Knees.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Cleo. Where is my Lord? where is he?
Char. There he lies,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.
Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas!*
Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew? and thou
The firſt kind Ghoſt that meets me?
Cleo. Help me ſeat him.
Send quickly, ſend for help. [*They place him in a Chair.*
Ant. I am anſwer'd.
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra:*
I'll make the moſt I can of Life, to ſtay
A Moment more with thee.
Cleo. How is it with you?
Ant. 'Tis as with a Man
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his haſte forgot;
And he, for that returns upon the ſpur:
So I come back for thee.
Cleo. Too long, you Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me;
Now ſhow your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting Life.
Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my Soul by force.
Say but thou art not falſe.
Cleo. 'Tis now too late
To ſay I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you,
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:
Which, when I knew, I haſted to prevent
This fatal conſequence. My Fleet betray'd

Both you and me.
Ant. And *Dolabella.*———
Cleo. Scarce eſteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.
Ant. Enough: my Life's not long enough for more.
Thou ſay'ſt thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou ſay'ſt,
That we may part more kindly.
Cleo. I will come:
Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cæſar ſhall triumph o'er no part of thee.
Ant. But grieve not, while thou ſtay'ſt
My laſt diſaſtrous Times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious Day;
And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm,
Juſt till our cloſe of Ev'ning. Ten Years love,
And not a Moment loſt, but all improv'd
To th' utmoſt Joys: What Ages have we liv'd?
And now to die each others; and, ſo dying,
While hand in hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghoſts ſhall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.
Cleo. Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swan,
Too ſweet to laſt. Were there ſo many Hours
For your unkindneſs, and not one for Love?
Ant. No, not a minute———This one kiſs——more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæſar.* [*Dies.*
Cleo. O, tell me ſo again;
And take Ten thouſand Kiſſes, for that word.
My Lord, my Lord: ſpeak, if you yet have being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot ſpeak; or caſt
One look: Do any thing that ſhows you live.
Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you ſee, a Lump of ſenſleſs Clay,
The leavings of a Soul.
Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.
Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman* not to know
What ſhould become of his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;
For 'tis to that high Title I aſpire;
And now I'll not die leſs. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive to mourn him dead: my Nobler Fate
Shall knit our Spouſals with a tie too ſtrong
For *Roman* Laws to break.
Iras. Will you then die?
Cleo. Why ſhou'd'ſt thou make that Queſtion?
Iras. Cæſar is moſt merciful.
Cleo. Let him be ſo
To thoſe that want his Mercy: my poor Lord
Made no ſuch Cov'nant with him to ſpare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæſar*'s Pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to baſe *Plebeian* Eyes;
While ſome dejected Friend of *Anthony*'s,
Cloſe in a Corner, ſhakes his Head, and mutters
A ſecret Curſe on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.
Char. Whatever you reſolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.
Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more ſhou'd fear to live without you.
Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it ſhou'd be. Quick, my Friends,
Diſpatch; e're this, the Town's in *Cæſar*'s hands:
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my ſtay,

Leſt I ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd;
Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richeſt Jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lies dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.
Iras. The Aſpicks, Madam?
Cleo. Muſt I bid you twice? [*Exeunt* Char. *and* Iras.
'Tis ſweet to die, when they wou'd force Life on me,
To ruſh into the dark aboad of Death,
And ſeize him firſt; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful ſure.
We're now alone, in ſecreſie and ſilence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiſs
Theſe pale, cold Lips; *Octavia* does not ſee me;
And, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than ſee him in her Arms.——O welcome, welcome.
Enter Charmion, Iras.
Char. What muſt be done?
Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends:
But yet it muſt be decent. Firſt, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's Head: he fell not baſely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Cou'd'ſt triumph o'er thy ſelf; and thou alone
Wert worthy ſo to triumph.
Char. To what end
Theſe Enſigns of your Pomp and Royalty?
Cleo. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I ſaw him firſt, on *Cydnos* Bank,
All ſparkling, like a Goddeſs; ſo adorn'd,
I'll find him once again: my ſecond Spouſals
Shall match my firſt, in Glory. Haſte, haſte both,
And dreſs the Bride of *Anthony*.
Char. 'Tis done.
Cleo. Now ſeat me by my Lord. I claim this place;
For I muſt conquer *Cæſar* too, like him,
And win my ſhare o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my Immortal Love;
O let no impious hand remove you hence;
But reſt for ever here: let *Ægypt* give
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Casket.
Iras. Underneath the Fruit the Aſpick lies.
Cleo. [*putting aſide the Leaves.*] Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!
Thou beſt of Thieves; who, with an eaſie Key,
Do'ſt open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n ſteal us from our ſelves: diſcharging ſo
Death's dreadful Office, better than himſelf,
Touching our Limbs ſo gently into ſlumber,
That Death ſtands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himſelf but Sleep.
Serap. [*within.*] The Queen, where is ſhe?
The Town is yielded, *Cæſar*'s at the Gates.
Cleo. He comes too late to invade the Rights of Death.
Haſte, bare my Arm, and rouze the Serpent's Fury, [*Holds out her Arm and draws it back.*
Coward Fleſh——
Would'ſt thou conſpire with *Cæſar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be ſent by him,
But bring my Self, my Soul to *Anthony*. [*Turns aſide, and then ſhows her Arm bloody.*
Take hence; the work is done.
Serap. [*within.*] Break ope the Door,
And guard the Traitor well.
Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of your great Queen and Miſtreſs. [*They apply the Aſpicks.*
Cleo. Already, Death I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with ſuch a will to find my Lord,
That we ſhall quickly meet.
A heavy numbneſs creeps through every Limb,
And now 'tis at my Head: my Eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vaniſh'd in a Miſt.
Where ſhall I find him, where? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his Breaſt.——*Cæſar*, thy worſt;
Now part us if thou canſt. [*Dies.*] Iras *ſinks down at her Feet, and dies;*
Charmion *ſtands behind her Chair, as dreſſing her Head.*

Enter Serapion, *two Prieſts*, Alexas *bound*, Ægyptians.

2. *Prieſts.* Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!
Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.
Charmion, Is this well done?
Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the laſt
Of her great Race: I follow her. [*Sinks down; Dies.*
Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well: much better thus to die,
Than live to make a Holy-day in *Roman.*
Serap. See, ſee how the Lovers ſit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.
Th' impreſſion of a Smile left in her Face,
Shows ſhe dy'd pleas'd with him for whom ſhe liv'd,
And went to Charm him in another World.
Cæſar's juſt entring; Grief has now no leiſure.
Secure that Villain, as our pledge of ſafety
To grace th' Imperial Triumph. Sleep, bleſt Pair,
Secure from humane Chance, long Ages out,
While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;
And Fame, to late Poſterity, ſhall tell,
No Lovers liv'd ſo great, or dy'd ſo well.

The Kind Keeper : or, *Mr.* Limberham.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

John Lord Vaughan, &c.

My Lord,

I Cannot eaſily excuſe the printing of a PLAY at ſo unſeaſonable a time, when the Great Plot of the Nation, like one of *Pharaoh*'s Lean Kine, has devour'd its younger Brethren of the Stage: But however weak my defence might be for this, I am ſure I ſhou'd not need any to the World, for my Dedication to your Lordſhip; and if you can pardon my preſumption in it, that a bad Poet ſhould addreſs himſelf to ſo great a Judge of Wit, I may hope at leaſt to 'ſcape with the Excuſe of *Catullus*, when he writ to *Cicero*:

Gratias tibi Maximas Catullus
Agit, peſſimus omnium Poeta;
Tanto peſſimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.

I have ſeen an Epiſtle of *Fleckno*'s to a Noble-man, who was by ſome extraordinary chance a Scholar; (and you may pleaſe to take notice by the way, how natural the connection of thought is betwixt a bad Poet and *Fleckno)* where he begins thus: *Quatuordecim jam elapſi ſunt anni, &c.* his *Latin*, it ſeems, not holding out to the end of the Sentence; but he endeavour'd to tell his Patron, betwixt two Languages, which he underſtood alike, that it was fourteen Years ſince he had the happineſs to know him; 'tis juſt ſo long, and as happy be the Omen of dulneſs to me, as it is to ſome Clergy-men, and States-men, ſince your Lordſhip has known that there is a worſe Poet remaining in the World, than he of ſcandalous Memory who left it laſt. I might inlarge upon the Subject with my Author, and aſſure you. That I have ſerv'd as long for you, as one of the *Patriarch*'s did for his Old Teſtament Miſtreſs: But I leave thoſe flouriſhes, when occaſion ſhall ſerve, for a greater Orator to uſe, and dare only tell you, that I never paſs'd any part of my Life with greater ſatisfaction or improvement to my ſelf, than thoſe Years which I have liv'd in the Honour of your Lordſhip's Acquaintance. If I may have only the time abated when the Publick Service call'd you to another part of the World, which, in imitation of our Florid Speakers, I might (if I durſt preſume upon the Expreſſion) call the *Parentheſis of my Life.*

That I have always honour'd you, I ſuppoſe I need not tell you at this time of day; for you know I ſtaid not to date my Reſpects to you from that Title which now you have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your Merit, than you receive from it by the Name; but I am proud to let others know, how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, becauſe I am ſure it will give me a Reputation with the preſent Age, and with Poſterity. And now, my Lord, I know you are afraid, leſt I ſhould take this occaſion, which lies ſo fair for me, to acquaint the World with ſome of thoſe Excellencies which I have admir'd in you; but I have reaſonably conſider'd, that to acquaint the World, is a Phraſe of a malicious meaning: for it would imply, that the World were not already acquainted with them. You are ſo generally known to be above the meanneſs of my Praiſes, that you have ſpar'd my Evidence, and ſpoil'd my Complement: ſhould I take for my common places, your knowledge both of the old and the new *Philoſophy*; ſhould I add to theſe, your skill in *Mathematicks*, and *Hiſtory*; and yet farther, your being converſant with all the Ancient Authors of the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, as well as with the *Modern*, I ſhould tell nothing new to Mankind; for when I have once but nam'd you, the World will anticipate all my Commendations, and go faſter before me than I can follow. Be therefore ſecure, my Lord, that your own Fame has freed it ſelf from the danger of a *Panegyrick*, and only give me leave to tell you, that I value the Candour of your Nature, and that one Character of Friendlineſs, and if I may have leave to call it, kindneſs in you, before all thoſe other which make you conſiderable in the Nation.

Some few of our Nobility are Learned, and therefore I will not conclude an abſolute contradiction in the terms of Noble-man and Scholar; but as the World goes now, 'tis very hard to predicate one upon the other; and 'tis yet more difficult to prove, that a Noble-man can be a Friend to Poetry: Were it not for two or three Inſtances in *WHITEHALL*, and in the Town, the Poets of this Age would find ſo little incouragement for their Labours, and ſo few Underſtanders, that they might have leiſure to turn Pamphleteers, and augment the number of thoſe abominable Scriblers, who in this time of Licenſe abuſe the Preſs almoſt every day, with Nonſenſe, and railing againſt the Government.

It remains, my Lord, that I ſhould give you ſome account of this Comedy, which you have never ſeen, becauſe it was written and acted in your abſence, at your Government of *Jamaica*. 'Twas intended for an honeſt *Satyr* againſt our crying ſin of *Keeping*; how it would have ſucceeded, I can but gueſs, for it was permitted to be acted only thrice. The Crime for which it ſuffer'd, was that which is objected againſt the *Satyrs* of *Juvenal*, and the *Epigrams* of *Catullus*, that it expreſs'd too much of the Vice which it decry'd: Your Lordſhip knows what Anſwer was return'd by the Elder of thoſe Poets, whom I laſt mention'd, to his Accuſers.

Caſtum eſſe decet pium Poetam
Ipſum. Verſiculos nihil neceſſe eſt:
Qui tum denique habent ſalem ac leporem
Si ſint molliculi & parum pudici.

But I dare not make that Apology for my ſelf, and therefore have taken a becoming care, that thoſe things which offended on the Stage, might be either alter'd, or omitted in the Preſs: For their Authority is, and ſhall be ever ſacred to me, as much abſent as preſent, and in all alterations of their Fortune, who for thoſe Reaſons have ſtopp'd its farther appearance on the *Theatre*. And whatſoever hindrance it has been to me, in point of Profit, many of my Friends can bear me witneſs, that I have not once murmur'd againſt that Decree. The ſame Fortune once happen'd to *Moliere*, on the occaſion of his *Tartuffe*; which notwithſtanding afterwards has ſeen the Light, in a Country more *Bigot* than ours, and is accounted amongſt the beſt Pieces of that Poet. I will be bold enough to ſay, that this *Comedy* is of the firſt Rank of thoſe which I have written, and that Poſterity will be of my Opinion. It has nothing of particular *Satyr* in it: for whatſoever may have been pretended by ſome Criticks in the Town, I may ſafely and ſolemnly affirm, that no one Character has been drawn from any ſingle Man; and that I have known ſo many of the ſame humour, in every folly which is here expos'd, as may ſerve to warrant it from a particular Reflection. It was printed in my Abſence from the Town, this Summer, much againſt my expectation, otherwiſe I had over-look'd the Preſs, and been yet more careful, that neither my Friends ſhould have had the leaſt occaſion of unkindneſs againſt me, nor my Enemies of upbraiding me; but if it live to a ſecond Impreſſion, I will faithfully perform what has been wanting in this. In the mean time, my Lord, I recommend it to your Protection, and beg I may keep ſtill that place in your favour which I have hitherto enjoy'd; and which I ſhall reckon as one of the greateſt Bleſſings which can befall,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt obedient faithful Servant,

John Dryden.

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS.

1. ALdo, an honeſt, good-natur'd, free-hearted old Gentleman of the Town.
2. *Woodall*, his Son, under a falſe Name; bred abroad, and new return'd from Travel.
3. *Limberham*, a tame, fooliſh Keeper, perſwaded by what is laſt ſaid to him, and changing next word.
4. *Brainſick*, a Husband, who being well conceited of himſelf, deſpiſes his Wife: Vehement and Eloquent, as he thinks; but indeed a talker of Nonſenſe.
5. *Gervaſe*, *Woodall*'s Man: formal, and apt to give good Counſel.
6. *Giles*, *Woodall*'s caſt Servant.
7. Mrs. *Saintly*, an Hypocritical Fanatick, Landlady of the Boarding-Houſe.
8. Mrs. *Tricksy*, a Termagant kept Miſtreſs.
9. Mrs. *Pleaſance*, ſuppos'd Daughter to Mrs. *Saintly*: ſpightful and ſatyrical; but ſecretly in love with *Woodall*.
10. Mrs. *Brainſick*.
11. *Judith*, a Maid of the Houſe.

SCENE, *A Boarding-Houſe in Town.*

LIMBER.

LIMBERHAM:
OR, THE
Kind Keeper.
A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Garden-Houſe; a Table in it, and Chairs.

Enter Woodall, Gervaſe.

Woodall. BID the Foot-man receive the Trunks, and Pormantu; and ſee 'em plac'd in the Lodgings you have taken for me, while I walk a turn here in the Garden.

Gervaſe. 'Tis already order'd, Sir: But they are like to ſtay in the outer Room, till the Miſtreſs of the Houſe return from Morning-Exerciſe.

Wood. What, ſhe's gone to the Pariſh-Church, it ſeems, to her Devotions.

Ger. No, Sir; the Servants have inform'd me, that ſhe riſes every Morning, and goes to a privat Meeting-houſe; where they pray for the Government, and practiſe againſt the Authority of it.

Wood. And haſt thou trepan'd me into a Tabernacle of the Godly? Is this Pious Boarding-houſe a place for me, thou wicked Varlet?

Ger. According to humane appearance, I muſt confeſs, 'tis neither fit for you, nor you for it; but, have patience, Sir, matters are not ſo bad as they may ſeem: there are pious Baudy-houſes in the World, or Conventicles wou'd not be ſo much frequented: Neither is it impoſſible, but a Devout Fanatick-Landlady of a Boarding-Houſe may be a Baud.

Wood. I, to thoſe of her own Church, I grant you, *Gervaſe*; but I am none of thoſe.

Ger. If I were worthy to read you a Lecture in the Myſtery of Wickedneſs, I wou'd inſtruct you firſt in the *Art of ſeeming Holineſs:* but, Heav'n be thank'd, you have a toward and pregnant Genius to Vice, and need not any Man's Inſtruction; and I am too good, I thank my Stars, for the vile employment of a Pimp.

Wood. Then thou art e'en too good for me; a worſe Man will ſerve my turn.

Ger. I call your Conſcience to witneſs how often I have given you wholſome Counſel; how often I have ſaid to you, with Tears in my Eyes, Maſter, or Maſter *Aldo* ——

Wood. Mr. *Woodall*, you Rogue! that's my *nom de guerre:* You know I have laid by *Aldo*, for fear that Name ſhou'd bring me to the notice of my Father.

Ger. Cry you Mercy, good Mr. *Woodall.* How often have I ſaid, Into what Courſes do you run! Your Father ſent you into *France*, at twelve Years old, bred you up at *Paris*; firſt, in a College, and then at an *Academy:* At the firſt, inſtead of running through a courſe of Philoſophy, you ran through all the Baudy-houſes in Town: At the latter, inſtead of managing the Great Horſe, you exercis'd on your Maſter's Wife. What you did in *Germany*, I know not; but that you beat 'em all at their own Weapon, *Drinking*, and have brought home a Goblet of Plate from *Munſter*, for the Prize of ſwallowing a Gallon of *Rheniſh* more than the *Biſhop*.

Wood. Gervaſe thou ſhalt be my Chronicler, thou loſeſt none of my Heroick Actions.

Ger. What a Comfort are you like to prove to your good Old Father! You have run a Campaigning among the *French* theſe laſt three Years, without his leave; and, now he ſends for you back, to ſettle you in the World, and marry you to the Heireſs of a rich Gentleman, of whom he had the Guardianſhip, yet you do not make your Application to him.

Wood.

Wood. Prithee, no more.

Ger. You are come over, have been in Town above a Week *Incognito*, haunting Play-houſes, and other places, which for Modeſty I name not; and have chang'd your name from *Aldo* to *Woodall*, for fear of being diſcover'd to him: you have not ſo much as inquir'd where he is lodg'd, though you know he is moſt commonly in *London:* And laſtly, you have diſcharg'd my honeſt Fellow-ſervant *Giles*, becauſe———

Wood. Becauſe he was too ſaucy, and was ever offering to give me counſel: mark that, and tremble at his Deſtiny.

Ger. I know the reaſon why I am kept: becauſe you cannot be diſcover'd by my means; for you took me up in *France*, and your Father knows me not.

Wood. I muſt have a Ramble in the Town: when I have ſpent my Money, I will grow dutiful; ſee my Father, and ask for more. In the mean time, I have beheld a handſome Woman at a Play, I am fall'n in love with her, and have found her eaſie: thou, I thank thee, haſt trac'd her to her Lodging in this Boarding-houſe, and hither I am come to accompliſh my deſign.

Ger. Well, Heav'n mend all. I hear our Landlady's Voice without; [*Noiſe.*] and therefore ſhall defer my Counſel to a fitter ſeaſon.

Wood. Not a Syllable of Counſel: the next Grave Sentence, thou marcheſt after *Giles*. *Woodall*'s my Name: remember that.

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Is this the Lady of the Houſe?

Ger. Yes, Mr. *Woodall*, for want of a better, as ſhe will tell you.

Wood. She has a notable Smack with her! I believe Zeal firſt taught the Art of Kiſſing cloſe. [*Saluting her.*

Saintly. You're welcome, Gentleman. *Woodall* is your Name?

Wood. I call my ſelf ſo.

Saint. You look like a ſober diſcreet Gentleman; there is Grace in your Countenance.

Wood. Some ſprinklings of it, Madam: we muſt not boaſt.

Saint. Verily, boaſting is of an evil Principle.

Wood. Faith, Madam,———

Saint. No Swearing, I beſeech you. Of what Church are you?

Wood. Why, of *Covent-Garden* Church, I think.

Ger. How lewdly and ignorantly he anſwers! [*Aſide.*

She means, of what Religion are you?

Wood. O, does ſhe ſo?———Why, I am of your Religion, be it what it will, I warrant it a right one: I'll not ſtand with you for a Trifle; *Presbyterian*, *Independant*, *Anabaptiſt*, they are all of 'em too good for us, unleſs we had the grace to follow 'em.

Saint. I ſee you are Ignorant; but verily, you are a new Veſſel, and I may ſeaſon you. I hope you do not uſe the Pariſh-Church.

Wood. Faith, Madam——(Cry you mercy; I forgot again!) I have been in *England* but five days.

Saint. I find a certain Motion within me to this young Man, and muſt ſecure him to my ſelf, e're he ſee my Lodgers. [*Aſide.*

O, ſeriouſly, I had forgotten; your Trunk and Portmantu are ſtanding in the Hall: your Lodgings are ready, and your Man may place 'em, if he pleaſe, while you and I confer together.

Wood. Go, *Gervaſe*, and do as you are directed. [*Exit* Ger.

Saint. In the firſt place, you muſt know, we are a Company of our ſelves, and expect you ſhou'd live conformably and lovingly amongſt us.

Wood. There you have hit me. I am the moſt loving Soul, and ſhall be conformable to all of you.

Saint. And to me eſpecially. Then, I hope, you're no keeper of late hours.

Wood. No, no, my hours are very early; betwixt three and four in the Morning, commonly.

Saint. That muſt be amended: But to remedy the inconvenience, I will my ſelf ſit up for you. I hope, you wou'd not offer violence to me?

Wood. I think I ſhou'd not, if I were ſober.

Saint. Then, if you were overtaken, and ſhou'd offer violence, and I conſent not, you may do your filthy part, and I am blameleſs.

Wood. [*Aſide.*] I think the Devil's in her; ſhe has given me the hint again. Well, it ſhall go hard, but I will offer violence ſometimes; will that content you?

Saint.

Saint. I have a Cup of Cordial-Water in my Cloſet, which will help to ſtrengthen Nature, and to carry off a Debauch: I do not invite you thither; but the Houſe will be ſafe a Bed, and a Scandal will be avoided.

Wood. Hang Scandal; I am above it, at thoſe times.

Saint. But Scandal is the greateſt part of the Offence; you muſt be ſecret. And I muſt warn you of another thing; there are, beſides my ſelf, two more young Women in my Houſe.

Wood. [*Aſide.*] That, beſides her ſelf, is a cooling Card.
Pray, how young are they?

Saint. About my Age: ſome eighteen, or twenty, or thereabouts.

Wood. Oh, very good! Two more young Women beſides your ſelf, and both handſome?

Saint. No, verily, they are painted out-ſides; you muſt not caſt your Eyes upon 'em, nor liſten to their Converſation: you are already choſen for a better work.

Wood. I warrant you, let me alone: I am choſen, I.

Saint. They are a couple of alluring wanton Minxes.

Wood. Are they very alluring, ſay you? very wanton?

Saint. You appear exalted, when I mention thoſe Pit-falls of Iniquity.

Wood. Who, I exalted? Good faith, I am as ſober, a melancholy poor Soul!——

Saint. I ſee this abominable ſin of Swearing is rooted in you. Tear it out, oh tear it out; it will deſtroy your precious Soul.

Wood. I find we two ſhall ſcarce agree: I muſt not come to your Cloſet when I have got a Bottle; for, at ſuch a time, I am horribly given to it.

Saint. Verily, a little Swearing may be then allowable: You may ſwear you love me, 'tis a lawful Oath; but then, you muſt not look on Harlots.

Wood. I muſt wheedle her, and whet my Courage firſt on her: as a good Muſician always preludes before a Tune. Come, here's my firſt Oath.

[*Embracing her.*

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. How now, Mrs. *Saintly!* what work have we here towards?

Wood. [*Aſide.*] *Aldo*, my own natural Father, as I live! I remember the Lines of that hide-bound Face: Does he lodge here? if he ſhou'd know me, I am ruin'd.

Saint. Curſe on his coming! he has diſturb'd us. [*Aſide.*
Well, young Gentleman, I ſhall take a time to inſtruct you better.

Wood. You ſhall find me an apt Scholar.

Saint. I muſt go abroad upon ſome buſineſs; but remember your Promiſe, to carry your ſelf ſoberly, and without Scandal in my Family; and ſo I leave you to this Gentleman, who is a Member of it. [*Ex.* Saintly.

Aldo. [*Aſide.*] Before *George*, a proper Fellow! and a Swinger he ſhou'd be, by his make! the Rogue wou'd bumble a Whore, I warrant him! You are welcome, Sir, amongſt us;——moſt heartily welcome, as I may ſay.

Wood. All's well: he knows me not. Sir, your Civility is obliging to a Stranger, and may befriend me, in the acquaintance of our Fellow-Lodgers.

Aldo. Hold you there, Sir: I muſt firſt underſtand you a little better; and yet, methinks, you ſhou'd be true to love.

Wood. Drinking and Wenching are but ſlips of Youth: I had thoſe good qualities from my Father.

Aldo. Thou, Boy! Aha, Boy! a true *Trojan*, I warrant thee! [*Hugging him.*
Well, I ſay no more; but you are lighted into ſuch a Family, ſuch Food for Concupiſcence, ſuch *Bona-Roba*'s!

Wood. One I know indeed; a Wife: but *Bona Roba*'s ſay you.

Aldo. I ſay, *Bona Roba*'s, in the Plural Number.

Wood. Why, what a *Turk Mahomet* ſhall I be! No, I will not make my ſelf drunk, with the conceit of ſo much joy: the Fortunes too great for mortal Man; and I a poor unworthy ſinner.

Aldo. Wou'd I lye to my Friend? Am I a Man? am I a Chriſtian? there is that Wife you mention'd, a delicate little wheedling Devil, with ſuch an appearance of ſimplicity; and with that, ſhe does undermine, ſo fool her conceited Husband, that he deſpiſes her!

Wood. Juſt ripe for Horns: his Deſtiny, like a *Turks*, is written in his Forehead.

Aldo. Peace, peace; thou art yet ordain'd for greater things. There's another too, a kept Miſtreſs, a brave ſtrapping Jade, a two-handed Whore!

Wood. A kept Miſtreſs too! my bowels yearn to her already: She's certain prize.

Aldo.

Aldo. But this Lady is ſo Termagant an Empreſs! and he ſo ſubmiſſive, ſo tame, ſo led a Keeper, and as proud of his Slavery, as a *French*-man: I am confident he dares not find her falſe, for fear of a quarrel with her; becauſe he is ſure to be at the charges of the War; She knows he cannot live without her, and therefore ſeeks occaſions of falling out to make him purchaſe peace. I believe ſhe's now aiming at a Settlement.

Wood. Might not I ask you one civil Queſtion? How paſs you your time in this Noble Family? for I find you are a Lover of the Game, and ſhou'd be loath to hunt in your Purliews.

Aldo. I muſt firſt tell you ſomething of my condition: I am here a Friend to all of 'em; I am their *Fac totum*, do all their buſineſs; for, not to boaſt, Sir, I am a Man of general acquaintance: there's no News in Town, either Foreign or Domeſtick, but I have it firſt; no Mortgage of Lands, no ſale of Houſes, but I have a finger in 'em.

Wood. Then, I ſuppoſe, you are a gainer by your Pains.

Aldo. No, I do all *gratis*, and am moſt commonly a loſer; only a Buck ſometimes from this good Lord, or that good Lady in the Country: and I eat it not alone, I muſt have Company.

Wood. Pray, what company do you invite?

Aldo. Peace, peace, I am coming to you: Why, you muſt know I am tender-natur'd; and if any unhappy difference have ariſen betwixt a Miſtreſs and her Gallant, then I ſtrike in to do good Offices betwixt 'em; and, at my own proper Charges, conclude the Quarrel with a reconciling Supper.

Wood. I find the Ladies of Pleaſure are beholden to you.

Aldo. Before *George*, I love the poor little Devils. I am indeed a Father to 'em, and ſo they call me: I give 'em my Counſel, and aſſiſt 'em with my Purſe. I cannot ſee a pretty Sinner hurry'd to Priſon by the Land-Pirates, but Nature works, and I muſt Bail her: or want a Supper, but I have a couple of cram'd Chickens, a Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her.

Wood. Sure you expect ſome kindneſs in return.

Aldo. Faith, not much: Nature in me is at low Water-mark; my Body's a Jade, and tires under me, yet I love to ſmuggle ſtill in a Corner; pat 'em down, and pur over 'em; but after that I can do 'em little harm.

Wood. Then I'm acquainted with your buſineſs: you wou'd be a kind of Deputy-Fumbler under me.

Aldo. You have me right. Be you the *Lyon*, to devour the Prey, I am your *Jack-Call* to provide it for you: there will be a Bone for me to pick.

Wood. Your Humility becomes your Age. For my part, I am vigorous, and throw at all.

Aldo. As right as if I had begot thee! Wilt thou give me leave to call thee Son?

Wood. With all my Heart.

Aldo. Ha, mad Son!

Wood. Mad Daddy!

Aldo. Your Man told me, you were juſt return'd from Travel: what Parts have you laſt viſited?

Wood. I came from *France*.

Aldo. Then, perhaps, you may have known an ungracious Boy of mine there.

Wood. Like enough: pray, what's his Name?

Aldo. George Aldo.

Wood. I muſt confeſs I do know the Gentleman; ſatisfie your ſelf, he's in health, and upon his return.

Aldo. That's ſome comfort: But, I hear, a very Rogue, a lewd young Fellow.

Wood. The worſt I know of him is, that he loves a Wench; and that good quality he has not ſtoln.

Muſick at the Balconey over head: Mrs. Trickſy *and* Judith *appear.*

Hark! there's Muſick above.

Aldo. 'Tis at my Daughter *Trickſy*'s Lodging, the kept Miſtreſs I told you of, the Laſs of Mettle: but for all ſhe carries it ſo high, I know her Pedigree; her Mother's a Semſtreſs in *Dog* and *Bitch-Yard*, and was, in her Youth, as right as ſhe is.

Wood. Then ſhe's a two-pil'd Punk, a Punk of two Deſcents.

Aldo. And her Father, the famous Cobler, who taught *Walſingham* to the Blackbirds. How ſtand thy Affections to her, thou luſty Rogue?

Wood.

Wood. All o'fire: a moſt urging Creature!
Aldo. Peace! they are beginning.

A SONG.

1.

'GAinſt Keepers we Petition,
Who wou'd incloſe the Common:
'Tis enough to raiſe Sedition
In the free-born Subject Woman.
Becauſe for his Gold
I my Body have ſold,
He thinks I'm a Slave for my Life;
He rants, domineers,
He ſwaggers and ſwears,
And wou'd keep me as bare as his Wife.

2.

'Gainſt Keepers we Petition, &c.
'Tis honeſt and fair,
That a Feaſt I prepare;
But when his dull Appetite's o're,
I'll treat with the reſt,
Some welcomer Gueſt,
For the Reck'ning was paid me before.

Wood. A Song againſt Keepers! this makes well for us luſty Lovers.
Trickſy. [*Above.*] Father, Father *Aldo!*
Aldo. Daughter *Trickſy*, are you there Child? your Friends at *Barnet* are all well, and your dear Maſter *Limberham*, that Noble *Hepheſtion*, is returning with 'em.
Trick. And you are come upon the Spur before, to acquaint me with the news.
Aldo. Well, thou art the happieſt Rogue in a *Kind Keeper!* He drank thy Health five times, *ſupernaculum*, to my Son *Brain-ſick*; and dipt my Daughter *Pleaſance*'s little Finger, to make it go down more glibly: And, before *George*, I grew tory rory, as they ſay, and ſtrain'd a Brimmer through the Lilly-white Smock, i'faith.
Trick. You will never leave theſe fumbling Tricks, Father, till you are taken upon ſuſpicion of Manhood, and have a Baſtard laid at your Door: I am ſure you wou'd own it for your Credit.
Aldo. Before *George*, I ſhou'd not ſee it ſtarve for the Mother's ſake: for, if ſhe were a Punk, ſhe was good-natur'd, I warrant her.
Wood. [*Aſide.*] Well, if ever Son was bleſs'd with a hopeful Father, I am.
Trick. Who's that Gentleman with you?
Aldo. A young *Monſieur* return'd from Travel; a luſty young Rogue; a true-mill'd VVhore-maſter, with the right Stamp. He's a Fellow-Lodger, incorporate in our Society: for whoſe ſake he came hither, let him tell you.
Wood. [*Aſide.*] Are you gloting already? then there's hopes, i'faith.
Trick. You ſeem to know him, Father.
Aldo. Know him! from his Cradle——VVhat's your Name?
Wood. Woodall.
Aldo. Woodall of *Woodall*; I knew his Father; we were Contemporaries, and Fellow-wenchers in our Youth.
Wood. Aſide. My honeſt Father ſtumbles into truth, in ſpight of lying.
Trick. I was juſt coming down to the Garden-houſe before you came.
Aldo. I'm ſorry I cannot ſtay to preſent my Son *Woodall* to you; but I have ſet you together, that's enough for me. [*Exit.*
Wood. [*Alone.*] 'Twas my ſtudy to avoid my Father, and I have run full into his Mouth; and yet I have a ſtrong hank upon him too, for I am private to as many of his Vertues, as he is of mine. After all, if I had an ounce of diſcretion left, I ſhou'd purſue this buſineſs no farther: but two fine VVomen in a Houſe! VVell, 'tis reſolv'd, come what will on't, thou art anſwerable for all my ſins, old *Aldo*.——

Enter Trickſy *with a Box of Eſſences.*

Here ſhe comes, this Heir-apparent of a Semſtreſs, and a Cobler! and yet, as ſhe's adorn'd, ſhe looks like any Princeſs of the Blood. [*Salutes her.*

Trick. [*Aſide.*] What a difference there is between this Gentleman, and my feeble Keeper, Mr. *Limberham!* He's to my wiſh, if he wou'd but make the leaſt Advances to me. Father *Aldo* tells me, Sir, you're a Traveller: what Adventures have you had in Foreign Countries?

Wood. I have no Adventures of my own can deſerve your Curioſity; but, now I think on't, I can tell you one that hapned to a *French* Cavalier, a Friend of mine, at *Tripoli.*

Trick. No Wars, I beſeech you: I am ſo weary of Father *Aldo*'s *Lorrain* and *Crequy.*

VVood. Then this is as you wou'd deſire it, a Love-Adventure. This *French* Gentleman was made a Slave to the *Dye* of *Tripoli*; by his good qualities gain'd his Maſter's favour; and after, by corrupting an *Eunuch*, was brought into the *Seraglio* privately, to ſee the *Dye*'s Miſtreſs.

Trick. This is ſomewhat; proceed, ſweet Sir.

VVood. He was ſo much amaz'd, when he firſt beheld her, leaning over a *Balcone*, that he ſcarcely dar'd to lift his Eyes, or ſpeak to her.

Trick. [*Aſide.*] I find him now. But what follow'd of this dumb Interview?

VVood. The *Nymph* was gracious, and came down to him; but with ſo Goddeſs-like a preſence, that the poor Gentleman was Thunder-ſtruck again.

Trick. That favour'd little of the *Monſieurs* Gallantry, eſpecially when the Lady gave him incouragement.

VVood. The Gentleman was not ſo dull, but he underſtood the favour, and was preſuming enough to try if ſhe were Mortal: He advanc'd with more aſſurance, and took her fair hands: Was he not too bold, Madam? and wou'd not you have drawn back yours, had you been in the *Sultana*'s place?

Trick. If the *Sultana* lik'd him well enough to come down into the Garden to him, I ſuppoſe ſhe came not thither to gather Noſegays.

VVood. Give me leave, Madam, to thank you, in my Friends behalf, for your favourable judgment. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

He kiſs'd her Hand with an exceeding Tranſport; and finding that ſhe preſt his at the ſame inſtant, he proceeded with a greater eagerneſs to her Lips: But, Madam, the Story wou'd be without life, unleſs you give me leave to act the Circumſtances. [*Kiſſes her.*

Trick. Well, I'll ſwear you are the moſt Natural Hiſtorian!

VVood. But now, Madam, my Heart beats with joy, when I come to tell you the ſweeteſt part of his Adventure: Opportunity was favourable, and Love was on his ſide; he told her, the Chamber was more private, and a fitter Scene for Pleaſure. Then, looking on her Eyes, he found 'em languiſhing; he ſaw her Cheeks bluſhing, and heard her Voice faultring in a half denial: he ſeiz'd her Hand with an Amorous Extaſie, and—— [*Takes her hand.*

Trick. Hold, Sir, you act your Part too far. Your Friend was unconſcionable, if he deſir'd more Favours at the firſt Interview.

VVood. He both deſir'd, and obtain'd 'em, Madam, and ſo will——

[*Noiſe*] *Trick.* Heav'ns! I hear Mr. *Limberham*'s Voice: he's return'd from *Barnet.*

VVood. I'll avoid him.

Trick. That's impoſſible; he'll meet you. Let me think a Moment: Mrs. *Saintly* is abroad, and cannot diſcover you: Have any of the Servants ſeen you?

VVood. None.

Trick. Then you ſhall paſs for my *Italian* Merchant of Eſſences: Here's a little Box of 'em juſt ready.

Wood. But I ſpeak no *Italian*, only a few broken ſcraps which I pick'd up from *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* at *Paris.*

Trick. You muſt venture that: when we are rid of *Limberham*, 'tis but ſlipping into your Chamber, throwing off your black Periwig, and Riding Sute, and you come out an *Engliſh-man*, No more; he's here.

Enter Limberham.

Limberham. Why, how now, *Pug?* Nay, I muſt lay you over the Lips, to take handſel of 'em, for my welcome.

Trick. [*Putting him back.*] Foh! how you ſmell of Sweat, Dear!

Lim. I have put my ſelf into this ſame unſavoury heat, out of my violent Affection to ſee thee, *Pug*, before *George*, as Father *Aldo* ſays; I cou'd not live without thee; thou art the pureſt Bed-fellow, though I ſay it, that I did nothing but dream of thee all Night; and then I was ſo troubleſome to Father *Aldo* (for you muſt

muſt know, he and I were lodg'd together) that, in my Conſcience, I did ſo kiſs him, and ſo hug him in my ſleep!

Trick. I dare be ſworn 'twas in your ſleep; for, when you are waking, you are the moſt honeſt, quiet Bed-fellow, that ever lay by Woman.

Lim. Well, *Pug*, all ſhall be amended; I am come home on purpoſe to pay old Debts. But who is that ſame Fellow there? what makes he in our Territories?

Trick. You Auph you, do you not perceive it is the *Italian* Seignior, who is come to ſell me Eſſences?

Lim. Is this the Seignior? I warrant you, 'tis he the *Lampoon* was made on.

[*Sings the Tune of* Seignior, *and ends with* Ho, ho.

Trick. Prithee leave thy Foppery, that we may have done with him. He asks an unreaſonable price, and we cannot agree. Here, Seignior, take your Trinkets and be gone.

Wood [taking the Box] *A Dio Signiora.*

Lim. Hold, pray ſtay a little, Seignior; a thing is come into my Head o'th' ſudden.

Trick. What wou'd you have, you eternal Sot? the Man's in haſte.

Lim. But why ſhou'd you be in your Frumps, *Pug*, when I deſign only to oblige you? I muſt preſent you with this Box of Eſſences; nothing can be too dear for thee.

Trick. Pray let him go, he underſtands no *Engliſh.*

Lim. Then how cou'd you drive a Bargain with him, *Pug?*

Trick. Why, by Signs, you Coxcomb.

Lim. Very good! Then I'll firſt pull him by the Sleeve, that's a Sign to ſtay. Look you, Mr. Seignior, I wou'd make a Preſent of your Eſſences to this Lady; for I find I cannot ſpeak too plain to you, becauſe you underſtand no *Engliſh.* Be not you refractory now, but take ready Money: that's a Rule.

Wood. *Seignioro, non intendo Ingleſe.*

Lim. This is a very dull Fellow! he ſays, he does not intend *Engliſh.* How much ſhall I offer him, *Pug?*

Trick. If you will preſent me, I have bidden him ten Guineys.

Lim. And, before *George*, you bid him fair. Look you, Mr. Seignior, I will give you all theſe: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Do you ſee, Seignior?

Wood. *Seignior, Si.*

Lim. Lo'you there, *Pug*, he does ſee. Here, will you take me at my word?

Wood. [*Shrugging up.*] *Troppo poco, troppo co.*

Lim. A poco, a poco! why, a Pox o'you too, and you go to that. Stay, now I think on't, I can tickle him up with *French*; he'll underſtand that ſure. *Mounſieur, voulez vous prendre ces dix Guinnees, pour ces Eſſences? mon foy c'eſt aſſez*

Wood. *Chi vala, Amici: ho di Caſa! Taratapa, Taratapa, eus, matou, meau!* —— [*To her.*] I am at the end of my *Italian*, what will become of me?

Trick. [*To him.*] Speak any thing, and make it paſs for *Italian*; but be ſure you take his Money.

Wood. *Seignior, jo non canno takare ten Guinneo, poſſibilmentè; 'tis to my loſſo.*

Lim. That is, *Pug*, he cannot poſſibly take ten Guinea's, 'tis to his loſs: now I underſtand him; this is almoſt *Engliſh.*

Trick. Engliſh! away, you Fop! 'tis a kind of *Lingua Franca*, as I have heard the Merchants call it; a certain compound Language, made up of all Tongues, that paſſes through the *Levant.*

Lim. This *Lingua*, what you call it, is the moſt rareſt Language, I underſtand it as well as if it were *Engliſh*; you ſhall ſee me anſwer him: *Seignioro, ſtay a littlo, and conſider wello, ten Guinnio is monyo, a very conſiderablo ſummo.*

Trick. Come, you ſhall make it twelve, and he ſhall take it for my ſake.

Lim. Then, *Seignioro*, for *Pug ſakio, addo two moro: je vous donne bon adviſe: prenez viſtement: prenez me a mon mot.*

Wood. *Jo loſero molto: ma per gagnare it veſtro coſtumo, datemi hanſello.*

Lim. There is both *hanſello* and *Guinnio*; *tako, tako*; and ſo Good-morrow.

Trick. Good-morrow, *Seignior*, I like your Spirits very well; pray let me have all your Eſſence you can ſpare.

Lim. Come, *Puggio*, and let us retire in *ſecreto*, like Lovers, into our *Chambro*; for I grow *impatiento.*— *Bon Matin, Mounſieur, bon Matin & bon jour.*

[*Exeunt* Limberham, Trickſy.

Wood. Well, get thee gone, Squire *Limberhamo*, for the eaſieſt Fool I ever knew,

next my Naunt of Fairies in the *Alchemiſt*. I have eſcap'd, thanks to my Miſtreſſes *Lingua Franca*: I'll ſteal to my Chamber, ſhift my Periwig and Cloaths; and then, with the help of reſty *Gervaſe*, concert the buſineſs of the next Champaign. My Father ſticks in my Stomach ſtill; but I am reſolv'd to be *Woodall* with him, and *Aldo* with the Women. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Gervaſe.

Wood. HItherto, ſweet *Gervaſe*, we have carry'd matters ſwimmingly: I have danc'd in a Net before my Father, almoſt Check-mated the Keeper, retir'd to my Chamber undiſcover'd, ſhifted my Habit, and am come out an abſolute Monſieur to allure the Ladies. How ſits my *Chedreux?*

Ger. O very finely! with the Locks comb'd down, like a *Meremaids* on a Sign-Poſt. Well, you think now your Father may live in the ſame Houſe with you till Dooms-day, and never find you; or when he has found you, he will be kind enough not to conſider what a Property you have made of him. My Employment is at an end; you have got a better Pimp, thanks to your Filial Reverence.

VWood. Prithee what ſhou'd a Man do with ſuch a Father, but uſe him thus? Beſides, he does Journey-work under me; 'tis his humour to fumble, and my duty to provide for his old Age.

Ger. Take my advice yet; down o' your Marrow-bones, and ask forgiveneſs; Eſpouſe the Wife he has provided for you; lie by the ſide of a wholeſome Woman, and procreate your own Progeny in the fear of Heaven.

VWood. I have no vocation to it, *Gervaſe*: A Man of ſenſe is not made for Marriage; 'tis a Game, which none but dull plodding Fellows can play at well; and 'tis as natural to them, as *Crimp* is to a *Dutch-man.*

Ger. Think on't however, Sir; Debauchery is upon its laſt Legs in *England*: witty Men began the Faſhion; and, now the Fops are got into't, 'tis time to leave it.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. Son *VWoodall*, thou vigorous young Rogue, I congratulate thy good Fortune; thy Man has told me the Adventure of the *Italian* Merchant.

VWood. Well, they are now retir'd together, like *Rinaldo* and *Armida*, to private dalliance; but we ſhall find a time to ſeparate their Loves, and ſtrike in betwixt 'em, Daddy: But I hear there's another Lady in the Houſe, my Landladies fair Daughter; how came you to leave her out of your Catalogue?

Aldo. She's pretty, I confeſs, but moſt damnably honeſt; have a care of her, I warn you, for ſhe's prying and malicious.

VWood. A tang of the Mother; but I love to graff on ſuch a Crab-tree; ſhe may bear good Fruit another Year.

Aldo. No, no, avoid her: I warrant thee, young *Alexander*, I will provide thee more Worlds to conquer.

Ger. [*Aſide.*] My old Maſter wou'd fain paſs for *Philip* of *Macedon*, when he is little better than Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy.*

VWood. If you get this Keeper out of doors, Father, and give me but an opportunity ———

Aldo. Truſt my diligence; I will ſmoak him out, as they do Bees, but I will make him leave his Honey-comb.

Ger. [*Aſide.*] If I had a thouſand Sons, none of the Race of the *Gervaſes* ſhou'd ever be educated by thee, thou vile old Satan.

Aldo. Away, Boy, fix thy Arms, and whet, like the luſty *German* Boys, before a Charge: he ſhall bolt immediately.

VWood. O, fear not the vigorous five and twenty.

Aldo. Hold, a word firſt: Thou ſaid'ſt my Son was ſhortly to come over.

VWood. So he told me.

Aldo. Thou art my Boſom Friend.

Ger. [*Aſide.*] Of an hours acquaintance.

Ald. Be ſure thou doſt not diſcover my Frailties to the young Scoundrel: 'twere enough to make the Boy my Maſter. I muſt keep up the Dignity of old Age with him.

VWood. Keep but your own Counſel, Father; for what ever he knows, muſt come from you. *Ald.*

Ald. The truth on't is, I ſent for him over; partly to have marri'd him, and partly becauſe his villanous Bills came ſo thick upon me, that I grew weary of the Charge.

Ger. He ſpar'd for nothing; he laid it on, Sir, as I have heard.

VVood. Peace, you lying Rogue, believe me, Sir, bating his neceſſary expences of Women, which I know you wou'd not have him want: in all things elſe, he was the beſt manager of your allowance; and, tho' I ſay it,——

Ger. [*Aſide.*] That ſhou'd not ſay it.

VVood. The moſt hopeful young Gentleman in *Paris*.

Ald. Report ſpeaks otherwiſe. And, before *George*, I ſhall read him a Wormwood Lecture, when I ſee him. But hark, I hear the door unlock; the Lovers are coming out: I'll ſtay here, to wheedle him abroad; but you muſt vaniſh.

VVood. Like Night and the Moon, in the Maids Tragedy: I into Miſt; you into Day. [*Ex.* Wood. Gerv.

Enter Limberham *and* Trickſy.

Limb. Nay, but dear ſweet honey *Pug*, forgive me but this once: it may be any Man's Caſe, when his deſires are too vehement.

Trick. Let me alone; I care not.

Limb. But then thou wilt not love me, *Pug*.

Ald. How now Son *Limberham?* there's no quarrel towards, I hope!

Trick. You had beſt tell now, and make your ſelf ridiculous!

Limb. She's in Paſſion: Pray do you moderate this matter, Father *Aldo*.

Trick. Father *Aldo!* I wonder you are not aſham'd to call him ſo! you may be his Father, if the truth were known.

Ald. Before *George*, I ſmell a Rat, Son *Limberham*: I doubt, I doubt here has been ſome great omiſſion in Love Affairs.

Limb. I think all the Stars in Heav'n have conſpired my ruin. I'll look in my Almanack ——As I hope for Mercy 'tis croſs day now.

Trick. Hang your pitiful Excuſes. 'Tis well known what Offers I have had, and what Fortunes I might have made with others, like a Fool as I was, to throw away my Youth and Beauty upon you. I could have had a young handſome Lord, that offer'd me my Coach and Six; beſides many a good Knight and Gentleman, that wou'd have parted with their own Ladies, and have ſetled half they had upon me.

Limb. I, you ſaid ſo.

Trick. I ſaid ſo, Sir! who am I? is not my word as good as yours?

Limb. As mine, Gentlewoman? tho' I ſay it, my Word will go for Thouſands.

Trick. The more ſhame for you, that you have done no more for me: But I am reſolv'd I'll not loſe my time with you; I'll part.

Limb. Do, who cares? Go to *Dog and Bitch-Yard*, and help your Mother to make Footmens Shirts.

Trick. I defie you, Slanderer, I defie you.

Ald. Nay, dear Daughter!

Limb. I defie her too.

Ald. Nay, good Son!

Trick. Let me alone: I'll have him cudgel'd, by my Footman.

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Bleſs us! what's here to do? My Neighbours will think I keep a Neſt of unclean Birds here.

Limb. You had beſt preach now, and make her Houſe be thought a Baudy-Houſe!

Trick. No, no: while you are in't, you'll ſecure it from that Scandal. Hark hither, Mrs. *Saintly*. [*Whiſpers.*

Limb. Do, tell, tell, no matter for that.

Saint. Who wou'd have imagin'd, you had been ſuch a kind of Man, Mr. *Limberham!* O Heav'n, O Heav'n. [*Exit.*

Limb. So, now you have ſpit your Venom, and the Storm's over.

Aldo. [*crying.*] That I ſhou'd ever live to ſee this day!

Trick. To ſhow I can live honeſt, in ſpight of all Mankind, I'll go into a Nunnery, and that's my reſolution.

Limb. Don't hinder her, good Father *Aldo*; I'm ſure ſhe'll come back from *France*, before ſhe gets half way o'er to *Calais*.

Aldo. Nay, but Son *Limberham*, this muſt not be: a word in private. You'll never

never get ſuch another Woman, for Love nor Money. Do but look upon her; ſhe's a Miſtreſs for an Emperor.

Limb. Let her be a Miſtreſs for a *Pope*, like a Whore of *Babylon*, as ſhe is.

Ald. Wou'd I were worthy to be a Young-Man, for her ſake: ſhe ſhou'd eat Pearl, if ſhe wou'd have 'em.

Limb. She can digeſt 'em, and Gold too. Let me tell you Father *Aldo*, ſhe has the Stomach of an Oſtrich.

Aldo. Daughter *Trickſy*, a word with you.

Trick. I'll hear nothing: I am for a Nunnery.

Ald. I never ſaw a Woman, before you, but firſt or laſt ſhe wou'd be brought to Reaſon. Hark you Child, you'll ſcarcely find ſo kind a Keeper: What if he has ſome impediment one way? every body is not a *Hercules*. You ſhall have my Son *VVoodall*, to ſupply his Wants; but as long as he maintains you, be rul'd by him that bears the Purſe.

Limb. *Singing.*

I my own Jaylor was; my only Foe,
VVho did my liberty forego;
I was a Pris'ner, 'cauſe I wou'd be ſo.

Ald. Why, look you now, Son *Limberham*, is this a Song to be ſung at ſuch a time, when I am labouring your Reconcilement? Come, Daughter *Trickſy*, you muſt be rul'd; I'll be the Peace-maker.

Trick. No, I'm juſt going.

Lim. The Devil take me if I call you back.

Trick. And his Dam take me, if I return, except you do.

Ald. So, now you'll part, for a meer Punctilio! Turn to him, Daughter: ſpeak to her, Son. Why ſhou'd you be ſo refractory both, to bring my gray Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave?

Lim. I'll not be forſworn, I ſwore firſt.

Trick. Thou art a forſworn Man however; for thou ſwor'ſt to love me eternally.

Lim. Yes, I was ſuch a Fool, to ſwear ſo.

Ald. And will you have that dreadful Oath lie gnawing on your Conſcience?

Trick. Let him be damn'd; and ſo farewel for ever. [*Going.*

Lim. Pug!

Trick. Did you call, Mr. *Limberham*?

Lim. It may be, I; it may be, No.

Trick. Well, I am going to the Nunnery: but to ſhow I am in Charity, I'll pray for you.

Ald. Pray for him! fie, Daughter, fie; is that an anſwer for a Chriſtian.

Lim. What did *Pug* ſay? will ſhe pray for me? Well, to ſhow I am in Charity, ſhe ſhall not pray for me. Come back, *Pug*. But did I ever think thou cou'd'ſt have been ſo unkind to have parted with me. [*Cries.*

Ald. Look you, Daughter, ſee how Nature works in him!

Lim. I'll ſettle two hundred a Year upon thee, becauſe thou ſaid'ſt thou wou'd'ſt pray for me.

Ald. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you'll ſpoil all, if you under-bid ſo. Come, down with your duſt, Man: what, ſhow a baſe Mind, when a fair Lady's in queſtion!

Lim. Well, if I muſt give three hundred.

Trick. No, 'tis no matter; my Thoughts are on a better place.

Ald. Come, there's no better place than little *London*. You ſha'not part for a Trifle. What, Son *Limberham!* four hundred a Year's a ſquare Sum, and you ſhall give it.

Lim. 'Tis a round Sum indeed; I wiſh a three-corner'd Sum wou'd have ſerv'd her turn. Why ſhou'd you be ſo pervicatious now, *Pug*? Pray take three hundred.——Nay, rather than part, *Pug*, it ſhall be ſo. [*She frowns.*

Ald. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo: come, now buſs, and ſeal the bargain.

Trick. [*kiſſing him.*] You ſee what a good-natur'd Fool I am, Mr. *Limberham*, to come back into a wicked World, for love of you. You'll ſee the Writings drawn, Father?

Ald. I; and pay the Lawyer too. Why, this is as it ſhou'd be! I'll be at the charge of the reconciling Supper —— [*To her aſide.*] Daughter, my Son *Woodall* is waiting for you.—— Come away, Son *Limberham*, to the Temple.

Lim.

Lim. With all my Heart, while ſhe's in a good humour: it wou'd coſt me another hundred, if I ſhou'd ſtay till *Pug* were in wrath again. Adieu, ſweet *Pug*. [*Ex.* Aldo. Limb.

Trick. That he ſhou'd be ſo ſilly to imagine I wou'd go into a Nunnery! 'tis likely; I have much Nuns Fleſh about me. But here comes my Gentleman.

Enter Woodall, *not ſeeing her.*

Wood. Now the Wife's return'd, and the Daughter too, and I have ſeen 'em both, and am more diſtracted than before: I wou'd enjoy all, and have not yet determin'd with which I ſhou'd begin. 'Tis but a kind of Clergy-covetouſneſs in me, to deſire ſo many; if I ſtand gaping after Pluralities, one of 'em is in danger to be made a *Sine cure* —— (*Sees her.*) O, Fortune has determin'd for me. 'Tis juſt here, as it is in the World; the Miſtreſs will be ſerv'd before the Wife.

Trick. How now, Sir, are you rehearſing your *Lingua Franca* by your ſelf, that you walk ſo penſively?

Wood. No faith, Madam, I was thinking of the fair Lady, who at parting beſpoke ſo cunningly of me all my Eſſences.

Trick. But there are other Beauties in the Houſe; and I ſhou'd be impatient of a Rival: for I am apt to be partial to my ſelf, and think I deſerve to be preferr'd before 'em.

Wood. Your Beauty will allow of no competition; And I am ſure my Love cou'd make none.

Trick. Yes, you have ſeen Mrs. *Brainſick*, ſhe's a Beauty.

Wood. You mean, I ſuppoſe, the peaking Creature, the marry'd Woman, with a ſideling Look, as if one Cheek carry'd more byaſs than the other?

Trick. Yes, and with a high Noſe, as viſible as a Land-mark.

Wood. With one Cheek blew, the other red: juſt like the covering of *Lambeth* Palace.

Trick. Nay, but her Legs, if you cou'd ſee 'em——

Wood. She was ſo fooliſh to wear ſhort Petticoats, and ſhow 'em. They are Pillars, groſs enough to ſupport a larger building; of the *Tuſcan* Order, by my troth.

Trick. And her little Head, upon that long Neck, ſhows like a Traitor's Scull upon a Pole. Then, for her Wit.——

Wood. She can have none: there's not room enough for a thought to play in.

Trick. I think indeed I may ſafely truſt you with ſuch Charms; and you have pleas'd me with your deſcription of her.

Wood. I wiſh you wou'd give me leave to pleaſe you better; but you tranſact as gravely with me *as a* Spaniard; *and are loſing Love, as he does* Flanders: *you conſider, and demur, when the Monarch is up in Arms, and at your Gates.*

Trick. But to yield upon the firſt Summons, e're you have laid a formal Siege——

To Morrow may prove a luckier Day to you.

Wood. Believe me, Madam, Lovers are not to truſt to Morrow: Love may die upon our hands, or opportunity be wanting; 'tis beſt ſecuring the preſent hour.

Trick. No, Love's like Fruit; it muſt have time to ripen on the Tree; if it be green gather'd, 'twill but wither afterwards.

Wood. Rather 'tis like Gun-powder; that which fires quickeſt, is commonly the ſtrongeſt.——By this burning Kiſs——

Trick. You Lovers are ſuch froward Children, ever crying for the Breaſt; and, when you have once had it, fall faſt aſleep in the Nurſes Arms.——And with what Face ſhou'd I look upon my Keeper after it?

Wood. With the ſame Face that all Miſtreſſes look upon theirs. Come, come.

Trick. But my Reputation!

Wood. Nay, that's no Argument, if I ſhou'd be ſo baſe to tell; for Women get good Fortunes now-a-days, by loſing their Credit, as a cunning Citizen does by Breaking.

Trick. But I'm ſo ſhame-fac'd! Well, I'll go in, and hide my Bluſhes. [*Exit.*

Wood. I'll be not long after you; for I think I have hidden my Bluſhes where I ſhall never find 'em.

Re-enter Trickſy.

Trick. As I live, Mr. *Limberham*, and Father *Aldo*, are juſt return'd; I ſaw 'em entring. My Settlement will miſcarry, if you are found here: what ſhall we do?

Wood.

Wood. Go you into your Bed-Chamber, and leave me to my Fortune.

Trick. That you ſhou'd be ſo dull! their ſuſpicion will be as ſtrong ſtill; for what ſhou'd you make here?

Wood. The curſe on't is too, I bid my Man tell the Family I was gone abroad; ſo that if I am ſeen you are infallibly diſcover'd. [*Noiſe.*

Trick. Hark, I hear 'em! Here's a Cheſt which I borrow'd of Mrs. *Pleaſance*; get quickly into it, and I will lock you up: there's nothing in't, but Cloaths of *Limberham*'s, and a Box of Writings.

Wood. I ſhall be ſmother'd.

Trick. Make haſte, for Heav'n ſake; they'll quickly be gone, and then——

Wood. That Then, will make a Man venture any thing.

[*He goes in, and ſhe locks the Cheſt.*

Enter Limberham *and* Aldo.

Lim. Doſt thou not wonder, to ſee me come again ſo quickly, *Pug?*

Trick. No, I am prepar'd for any fooliſh freak of yours: I knew you wou'd have a qualm, when you came to Settlement.

Lim. Your Settlement depends moſt abſolutely on that Cheſt.

Trick. Father *Aldo* a word with you, for Heav'n ſake.

Ald. No, no, I'll not whiſper: do not ſtand in your own light, but produce the Keys, Daughter.

Lim. Be not muſty, my pretty St. *Peter*, but produce the Keys; I muſt have the Writings out that concern thy Settlement.

Trick. Now I ſee you are ſo reaſonable, I'll ſhow you I dare truſt your honeſty; the Settlement ſhall be defer'd till another day.

Ald. No deferring, in theſe caſes, Daughter.

Trick. But I have loſt the Keys.

Lim. That's a jeaſt! let me feel in thy Pocket, for I muſt oblige thee.

Trick. You ſhall feel no where: I have felt already, and am ſure they are loſt.

Ald. But feel again, the Lawyer ſtays.

Trick. Well, to ſatisfie you, I will feel.——They are not here.—— Nor here neither. [*She pulls out her Handkerchief, and the Keys drop after it:* Limberham *takes 'em up.*

Lim. Look you now, *Pug!* who's in the right? Well, thou art born to be a lucky *Pug*, in ſpight of thy ſelf.

Trick. [*Aſide.*] O, I am ruin'd! -- One word, I beſeech you, Father *Aldo.*

Aldo. Not a ſyllable: what's the Devil in you, Daughter? Open, Son, open.

Trick. [*Aloud.*] It ſhall not be open'd; I will have my Will, though I loſe my Settlement: Wou'd I were within the Cheſt, I wou'd hold it down to ſpight you: I ſay again, wou'd I were within the Cheſt, I wou'd hold it ſo faſt, you ſhou'd not open it: The beſt on't is, there's good Incle on the top of the in-ſide, if he have the wit to lay hold on't.

Lim. [*Going to open it.*] Before *George*, I think you have the Devil in a String, *Pug*; I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hictius Doctius!* what's here to do? I believe, in my Conſcience, *Pug* can Conjure: Marry, God bleſs us all good Chriſtians.

Aldo. Puſh hard, Son,

Lim. I cannot puſh; I was never good at puſhing: when I puſh, I think the Devil puſhes too. Well, I muſt let it alone, for I am a Fumbler. Here, take the Keys, *Pug.*

Trick. [*Aſide.*] Then all's ſafe again.

Enter Judith *and* Gervaſe.

Jud. Madam, Mrs. *Pleaſance* has ſent for the Cheſt you borrow'd of her: ſhe has preſent occaſion for it; and has deſir'd us to carry it away.

Lim. Well, that's but reaſon: if ſhe muſt have it, ſhe muſt have it.

Trick. Tell her, it ſhall be return'd ſome time to day; at preſent we muſt crave her pardon, becauſe we have ſome Writings in it, which muſt firſt be taken out, when we can open it.

Lim. Nay, that's but reaſon too: then ſhe muſt not have it.

Ger. Let me come to't; I'll break it open, and you may take out your Writings.

Lim. That's true: 'tis but reaſonable it ſhou'd be broken open.

Trick Then I may be bound to make good the loſs.

Lim. 'Tis unreaſonable it ſhou'd be broken open.

Aldo. Before *George*, *Gervaſe* and I will carry it away; and a Smith ſhall be ſent

ſent for to my Daughter *Pleaſance*'s Chamber, to open it without damage.

Lim. Why, who ſays againſt it? Let it be carri'd; I'm all for Reaſon.

Trick. Hold; I ſay it ſhall not ſtir.

Aldo. What? every one muſt have their own: *Fiat Juſtitia aut ruat Mundus.*

Lim. I, *fiat Juſtitia, Pug:* ſhe muſt have her own; for *Juſtitia* is Latin for Juſtice. [Aldo *and* Gervaſe *lift at it.*

Aldo. I think the Devil's in't.

Ger. There's ſomewhat bounces, like him, in't. 'Tis plaguy heavy; but we'll take t'other heave.

Trick. [*Taking hold of the Cheſt.*] Then you ſhall carry me too. Help, murder, murder. [*A confus'd gabling among 'em.*

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I think all Hell's broke looſe among you. What, a Schiſm in my Family! Does this become the Purity of my Houſe? What will the ungodly ſay?

Lim. No matter for the ungodly; this is all among our ſelves: for, look you, the buſineſs is this, Mrs. *Pleaſance* hath ſent for this ſame Buſineſs here, which ſhe lent to *Pug*; now *Pug* has ſome private Buſineſſes within this Buſineſs, which ſhe wou'd take out firſt, and the Buſineſs will not be open'd: and this makes all the Buſineſs.

Saint. Verily, I am rais'd up for a Judge amongſt you; and I ſay ——

Trick. I'll have no Judge: it ſhall not go.

Aldo. Why Son, why Daughter, why Mrs. *Saintly*; are you all mad? Hear me, I am ſober, I am diſcreet; let a Smith be ſent for hither, let him break open the Cheſt; let the things contained be taken out, and the thing containing be reſtor'd.

Lim. Now hear me too, for I am ſober and diſcreet; Father *Aldo* is an Oracle: it ſhall be ſo.

Trick. Well, to ſhow I am reaſonable, I am content, Mr. *Gervaſe* and I will fetch an Inſtrument from the next Smith; in the mean time, let the Cheſt remain where it now ſtands, and let every one depart the Chamber.

Lim. That no violence be offer'd to the Perſon of the Cheſt in *Pug*'s abſence.

Aldo. Then this matter is compos'd.

Trick. [*Aſide.*] Now I ſhall have leiſure to inſtruct his Man, and ſet him free, without diſcovery. Come, Mr. *Gervaſe.* [*Ex. all but* Saintly.

Saint. There is a certain motion put into my Mind, and it is of good; I have Keys here, which a precious Brother, a devout Blackſmith made me; and which will open any Lock of the ſame bore: verily, it can be no ſin to unlock this Cheſt therewith, and take from thence the ſpoils of the ungodly. I will ſatisfie my Conſcience, by giving part thereof to the Hungry, and the Needy; ſome to our Paſtor, that he may prove it lawful; and ſome I will ſanctifie to my own uſe. [*She unlocks the Cheſt, and* Woodall *ſtarts up.*

Wood. Let me imbrace you, my dear Deliverer!
Bleſs us! is it you, Mrs. *Saintly?* [*She Shrieks.*

Saint. [*Shrieking.*] Heav'n, of his Mercy! Stop Thief, ſtop Thief.

Wood. What will become of me now?

Saint. According to thy wickedneſs, ſhall it be done unto thee. Have I diſcover'd thy back-ſlidings, thou unfaithful Man! thy Treachery to me ſhall be rewarded, verily; for I will teſtifie againſt thee.

Wood. Nay, ſince you are ſo revengeful, you ſhall ſuffer your part of the diſgrace; if you teſtifie againſt me for Adultery, I ſhall teſtifie againſt you for Theft: there's an Eighth for your Seventh. [*Noiſe.*

Saint. Verily, they are approaching: return to my Embraces, and it ſhall be forgiven thee.

Wood. Thank you, for your own ſake: Hark! they are coming! cry Thief again, and help to ſave all yet.

Saint. Stop Thief, ſtop Thief.

Wood. Thank you for your own ſake; but I fear 'tis too late.

Enter Trickſy, Limberham.

Trick. [*Entring.*] The Cheſt open, and *Woodall* diſcover'd, I am ruin'd!

Enter Limb. Why all this ſhrieking, Mrs. *Saintly?*

Wood. [*Ruſhing him down.*] Stop Thief, ſtop Thief, ſtop Thief! cry you mercy, Gentleman, if I have hurt you.

Lim. [*Riſing.*] 'Tis a fine time to cry a Man Mercy, when you have beaten his Wind out of his Body.

Saint. As I watched the Cheſt, behold a Viſion ruſhed out of it, on the ſudden; and I lifted up my Voice, and ſhriek'd.

Lim. A Viſion, Landlady; what, have we *Gog* and *Magog* in our Chamber?

Trick. A Thief, I warrant you, who had gotten into the Cheſt.

Wood. Moſt certainly a Thief: for hearing my Landlady cry out, I flew from my Chamber to her help, and met him running down Stairs; and then he turn'd back to the *Balcone*, and lept into the Street.

Lim. I thought indeed that ſomething held down the Cheſt, when I would have open'd it:——But my Writings are there ſtill; that's one comfort!——Oh *Seigniora*, are you here!

Wood. Do you ſpeak to me, Sir?

Saint. This is Mr. *Woodall*, your new Fellow-Lodger.

Limb. Cry you Mercy, Sir; I durſt have ſworn you cou'd have ſpoken *Lingua Franca.*——I thought in my Conſcience, *Pug*, this had been thy *Italian Merchanto.*

Wood. Sir, I ſee you miſtake me for ſome other: I ſhou'd be happy to be better known to you.

Lim. Sir, I beg your pardon with all my *hearto.* Before *George*, I was caught again there! But you are ſo very like a paltry Fellow, who came to ſell *Pug* Eſſences this Morning, that one wou'd ſwear thoſe Eyes, and that Noſe and Mouth, belong'd to that Raſcal.

Wood. You muſt pardon me, Sir, if I don't much reliſh the cloſe of your Complement.

Trick. Their Eyes are nothing like: (you'll have a Quarrel.)

Lim. Not very like, I confeſs.

Trick. Their Noſe and Mouth are quite different.

Lim. As *Pug* ſays, they are quite different indeed: but I durſt have ſworn it had been he; and therefore once again, I demand your *pardono.*

Trick. Come, let us go down; by this time *Gervaſe* has brought the Smith; and then Mrs. *Pleaſance* may have her Cheſt. Pleaſe you, Sir, to bear us Company.

Wood. At your Service, Madam.

Lim. Pray lead the way, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis againſt my Will, Sir: but I muſt leave you in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Saintly *and* Pleaſance.

Pleaſance. NEver fear it, I'll be a Spy upon his Actions: he ſhall neither whiſper nor glote on either of 'em, but I'll ring him ſuch a Peal!

Saint. Above all things, have a care of him your ſelf; for ſurely there is Witchcraft betwixt his Lips: he is a Wolf within the Sheepfold; and therefore I will be earneſt, that you may not fall. [*Exit.*

Pleaſ. Why ſhou'd my Mother be ſo inquiſitive about this Lodger? I half ſuſpect Old *Eve* her ſelf has a mind to be nibling at the Pippin: he makes Love to one of 'em, I am confident; it may be to both; for methinks I ſhou'd have done ſo, if I had been a Man; but the damn'd Petticoats have perverted me to honeſty, and therefore I have a grudge to him, for the Priviledge of his Sex. He ſhuns me too, and that vexes me; for though I wou'd deny him, I ſcorn he ſhou'd not think me worth a civil Queſtion.

Re-enter Woodall, *with* Trickſy, *Mrs.* Brainſick, Judith, *and Muſick.*

Mrs. *Brain.* Come, your works, your works; they ſhall have the approbation of Mrs. *Pleaſance.*

Trick. No more Apologies: give *Judith* the words; ſhe ſings at ſight.

Jud. I'll try my Skill.

A SONG

A SONG from the ITALIAN.

BY a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Damon *cry'd, all pale and dying,*
Kind is Death that ends my pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.
The Moſſy Fountains
Murmure my trouble,
And hollow Mountains
My groans redouble:
Every Nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languiſh;
She only ſcorns me,
Who caus'd my anguiſh.
No Love returning me, but all hope denying;
By a diſmal Cypreſs lying,
Like a Swan, ſo ſung he dying:
Kind is Death that ends my pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.

Pleaſ. By theſe languiſhing Eyes, and thoſe *Simagres* of yours, we are given to underſtand, Sir, you have a Miſtreſs in this Company: Come, make a free diſcovery which of 'em your Poetry is to charm; and put the other out of pain.

Trick. No doubt 'twas meant to Mrs. *Brainſick.*

Mrs. *Brain.* We Wives are deſpicable Creatures: we know it, Madam, when a Miſtreſs is in preſence.

Pleaſ. Why this Ceremony betwixt you? 'Tis a likely proper Fellow, and looks as he cou'd People a new Iſle of *Pines.*

Mrs. *Brain.* 'Twere a work of Charity to convert a fair young Sciſmatick, like you, if 'twere but to gain you to a better Opinion of the Government.

Pleaſ. If I am not miſtaken in you two, he has works of Charity enough upon his hands already; but 'tis a willing Soul, I'll warrant him, eager upon the Quarry, and as ſharp as a Governour of *Covent-Garden.*

Wood. Sure this is not the Phraſe of your Family: I thought to have found a ſanctifi'd Siſter; but I ſuſpect now, Madam, that if your Mother kept a Penſion in your Father's time, there might be ſome Gentleman-Lodger in the Houſe; for I humbly conceive, you are of the half-ſtrain at leaſt.

Pleaſ. For all the rudeneſs of your Language, I am reſolv'd to know upon what Voyage you are bound; your Privateer of Love, you *Argiers* Man, that cruiſe up and down for Prize in the *Streights-Mouth*; which of the Veſſels wou'd you ſnap now?

Trick. We are both under ſafe Convoy, Madam: a Lover and a Husband.

Pleaſ. Nay, for your part, you are notably guarded, I confeſs; but Keepers have their Rooks, as well as Gameſters: But they only venture under 'em, till they pick up a Sum, and then puſh for themſelves.

Wood. [*Aſide.*] A Plague of her Suſpicions; they'll ruine me on that ſide.

Pleaſ. So; let but little *Minx* go proud, and the Dogs in *Covent-Garden* have her in the Wind immediately: all purſue the Scent.

Trick. Not to a Boarding-houſe, I hope!

Pleaſ. If they were wiſe, they would rather go to a Brothel-houſe; for there moſt Miſtreſſes have left behind 'em their Maidenheads, of bleſſed Memory: And thoſe which wou'd not go off in that Market, are carri'd about by Bauds, and ſold at Doors, like ſtale Fleſh in Baskets. Then for your Honeſty, or Juſtneſs, as you call it, to your Keepers, your kept Miſtreſs is originally a Punk; and let the Cat be chang'd into a Lady never ſo formally, ſhe ſtill retains her natural Property of Mouſing.

Mrs. *Brain.* You are very ſharp upon the Miſtreſſes; but I hope you'll ſpare the Wives.

Pleaſ. Yes, as much as your Husbands do, after the firſt Month of Marriage; but you requite their Negligence in Houſhold-Duties, by making them Husbands of the firſt Head, e're the Year be over.

VWood, (*Aſide*) She has me there too.

Pleaſ. And as for you, young Gallant.

VWood. Hold, I beſeech you, a Truce for me.

Pleaſ. In troth I pity you, for you have undertaken a moſt difficult Task, to cozen two Women, who are no Babies in their Art, if you bring it about, you perform as much as he that cheated the very Lottery.

VWood. Ladies, I am ſorry this ſhou'd happen to you for my ſake: She's in a raging Fit, you ſee; 'tis beſt withdrawing, till the Spirit of Propheſie has left her.

Trick. I'll take ſhelter in my Chamber —— whither, I hope, he'll have the Grace to follow me. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Brain.* And, now I think on't, I have ſome Letters to diſpatch.

[*Ex.* Trick. *and Mrs.* Brain. *ſeverally.*

Pleaſ. Now good *John* among the Maids, how mean you to beſtow your time? Away, to your Study I adviſe you, invoke your Muſes, and make *Madrigals* upon Abſence.

VWood. I wou'd go to *China* or *Japan*, to be rid of that impetuous Clack of yours: Farewel, thou Legion of Tongues in one Woman.

Pleaſ. Will you not ſtay, Sir? it may be I have a little buſineſs with you.

VWood. Yes, the ſecond part of the ſame Tune! Strike by your ſelf, ſweet Larm; you're true Bell-mettal, I warant you. [*Exit.*

Pleaſ. This Spightfulneſs of mine will be my ruin: To rail them off, was well enough, but to talk him away too! O Tongue, Tongue! thou wert given for a Curſe to all our Sex!

Enter Judith.

Jud. Madam, your Mother wou'd ſpeak with you.

Pleaſ. I will not come: I'm mad, I think, I come immediately. Well, I'll go in, and vent my Paſſion by railing at them, and him too. [*Exit.*

Jud. You may enter in ſafety, Sir, the Enemy's march'd off.

Re-enter Woodall.

VWood. Nothing but the love I bear thy Miſtreſs cou'd keep me in the Houſe with ſuch a Fury. When will the bright *Nymph* appear?

Jud. Immediately: I hear her coming.

VWood. That I cou'd find her coming, Mrs. *Judith!*

Enter Mrs. Brainſick.

You have made me languiſh in expectation, Madam. Was it nothing, do you think, to be ſo near a Happineſs, with violent deſires, and to be delay'd?

Mrs. *Brain.* Is it nothing, do yo think, for a Woman of Honour, to overcome the Ties of Vertue and Reputation; to do that for you, which I thought I ſhou'd never have ventur'd for the ſake of any Man?

VWood. But my comfort is, that Love has overcome. Your Honour is, in other Words, but your good Repute; and 'tis my part to take care of that: For the Fountain of a Womans Honour is in the Lover, as that of the Subject is in the King.

Mrs. *Brain.* You had concluded well, if you had been my Husband: you know where our Subjection lies.

VWood. But cannot I be yours without a Prieſt? They were cunning People, doubtleſs, who began that Trade; to have a double Hank upon us, for two Worlds: That no Pleaſure here or hereafter ſhou'd be had, without a Bribe to them.

Mrs. *Brain.* Well, I'm reſolv'd, I'll read, againſt the next time I ſee you; for, the truth is, I am not very well prepar'd with Arguments for Marriage; mean while farewel.

Wood. I ſtand corrected; you have reaſon indeed to go, if I can uſe my time no better: We'll withdraw, if you pleaſe, and diſpute the reſt within.

Mrs. *Brain.* Perhaps I meant not ſo.

Wood. I underſtand your meaning at your Eyes. You'll watch, *Judith?*

Mrs. *Brain.* Nay, if that were all, I expect not my Husband till to Morrow: The truth is, he's ſo odly humour'd, that, if I were ill-inclin'd, it wou'd half juſtifie a Woman: He's ſuch a kind of Man.

Wood. Or, if he be not, we'll make him ſuch a kind of Man.

Mrs. *Brain.* So Fantaſtical, ſo Muſical, his Talk all Rapture, and half Nonſence: Like a Clock out of order, ſet him a going, and he ſtrikes eternally. Beſides, he thinks me ſuch a Fool, that I cou'd half reſolve to revenge my ſelf, in juſtification of my Wit.

Wood. Come, come, no half reſolutions among Lovers; I'll hear no more of him, till I have reveng'd you fully. Go out, and watch *Judith.*

[*Exit* Judith.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Brain.* Yet, I cou'd ſay, in my defence, that my Friends married me to him againſt my Will.

Wood. Then let us put your Friends too into the Quarrel: it ſhall go hard, but I'll give you a Revenge for them.

Enter Judith *again, haſtily.*

How now? what's the matter?

Mrs. *Brain.* Can'ſt thou not ſpeak? haſt thou ſeen a Ghoſt?——As I live, ſhe ſigns Horns! that muſt be for my Husband: He's return'd.

[Judith *looks ghaſtly, and ſigns Horns.*

Jud. I wou'd have told you ſo, if I cou'd have ſpoken for fear.

Mrs. *Brain.* Hark, a knocking! what ſhall we do? [*Knocking.*] There's no dallying in this caſe: here you muſt not be found, that's certain; but *Judith* hath a Chamber within mine; haſte quickly thither; I'll ſecure the reſt.

Jud. Follow me, Sir. [*Ex.* Woodall, Judith.

Knocking again. She opens: Enter Brainſick.

Brain. What's the matter, Gentlewoman? am I excluded from my own Fortreſs; and by the way of Barricado? Am I to dance Attendance at the Door, as if I were ſome baſe *Plebeian* Groom? I'll have you know, that when my Foot aſſaults, the Lightning and the Thunder are not ſo terrible as the ſtrokes: Brazen Gates ſhall tremble, and Bolts of Adamant diſmount from off their Hinges, to admit me.

Mrs. *Brain.* Who wou'd have thought that 'none Dear wou'd have come ſo ſoon? I was e'en lying down on my Bed, and dreaming of him: Tum a'me, and buſs, poor Dear, piddee buſs.

Brain. I nauſeate theſe fooliſh Feats of Love.

Mrs. *Brain.* Nay, but why ſhou'd he be ſo fretful now? and knows I doat on him; to leave a poor Dear ſo long without him, and then come home in an angry humour! indeed I'll ky.

Brain. Prithee leave thy fulſome fondneſs; I have ſurfeited on Conjugal Embraces.

Mrs. *Brain.* I thought ſo; ſome light Houſwife has bewitch'd him from me: I was a little Fool, ſo I was, to leave a Dear behind at *Barnet*, when I knew the Women wou'd run mad for him.

Brain. I have a luſcious Air forming, like a *Pallas*, in my Brain-pan; and now thou com'ſt a-croſs my Fancy, to diſturb the rich Idea's, with the yellow Jaundies of thy Jealouſie. [*Noiſe within.*

Hark, what Noiſe is that within, about *Judith*'s Bed?

Mrs. *Brain* I believe, Dear, ſhe's making it. —— Wou'd the Fool wou'd go.

Brain. Hark again!

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Aſide.*] I have a diſmal apprehenſion in my Head, that he's giving my Maid a caſt of his Office in my ſtead. O, how it ſtings me!

[Woodall *ſneezes.*

Brain. I'll enter, and find the reaſon of this Tumult.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*holding him.*] Not for the World: there may be a Thief there; and ſhou'd I put 'none Dear in danger of his Life?—— What ſhall I do? betwixt the Jealouſie of my Love, and fear of this Fool, I am diſtracted: I muſt not venture 'em together, what e'er comes on't. Why, *Judith*, I ſay! Come forth, Damſel.

Wood. [*within.*] The danger's over: I may come out ſafely.

Jud. [*within.*] Are you mad? you ſha'not.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Aſide.*] So, now I'm ruin'd unavoidably.

Brain. Who-e'er thou art, I have pronounc'd thy Doom; the dreadful *Brainſick* bears his brawny Arm in tearing terror; kneeling Queens in vain ſhou'd beg thy being.——Sa, ſa, there.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Aſide.*] Tho' I believe he dares not venture in; yet I muſt not put it to the tryal. Why *Judith*, come out, come out, Huſwife.

Enter Judith *trembling.*

What Villain have you hid within?

Jud. O Lord, Madam, what ſhall I ſay?

Mrs. *Brain.* How ſhou'd I know what you ſhou'd ſay? Mr. *Brainſick* has heard a Man's Voice within; if you know what he makes there, confeſs the truth; I am almoſt dead with fear, and he ſtands ſhaking.

Brain. Terror, I! 'tis Indignation ſhakes me. With this Sabre I'll ſlice him ſmall as Atoms; he ſhall be doom'd by the Judge, and damn'd upon the Gibbet.

Jud.

Jud. [*kneeling.*] My Maſter's ſo outragious, ſweet Madam, do you intercede for me, and I'll tell you all in private. [*Whiſpers.*] If I ſay it is a Thief, he'll call up help; I know not what o'th' ſudden to invent.

Mrs. *Brain.* Let me alone.——And is this all? why wou'd you not confeſs it before, *Judith?* when you know I am an indulgent Miſtreſs. [*Laughs.*

Brain. What has ſhe confeſs'd?

Mrs. *Brain.* A venial Love-Treſpaſs, Dear: 'Tis a Sweet-heart of hers; one that is to marry her; and ſhe was unwilling I ſhou'd know it, ſo ſhe hid him in her Chamber.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. What's the matter tro? what in Martial poſture, Son *Brainſick?*

Jud. Pray, Father *Aldo*, do you beg my pardon of my Maſter: I have committed a Fault; I have hidden a Gentleman in my Chamber, who is to marry me without his Friends conſent, and therefore came in private to me.

Aldo. That thou ſhou'd'ſt think to keep this ſecret! why, I know it as well as he that made thee.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Aſide.*] Heav'n be prais'd for this Knower of all things: Now will he lie three or four rapping Voluntiers, rather than be thought ignorant in any thing.

Brain. Do you know his Friends, Father *Aldo?*

Aldo. Know 'em! I think I do. His Mother was an Arch-Deacon's Daughter; as honeſt a Woman as ever broke Bread: She and I have been Cater-Couſins in our Youth; we have tumbled together between a pair of Sheets, i'faith.

Brain. An honeſt Woman, and yet you two have tumbled together! thoſe are inconſiſtent.

Aldo. No matter for that.

Mrs. *Brain.* He blunders; I muſt help him. I warrant 'twas before Marriage, that you were ſo great.

Aldo. Before *George*, and ſo it was: for ſhe had the prettieſt black Mole upon her left Ancle, it does me good to think on't! His Father was Squire what d'you call him, of what d'you call 'em Shire. What think you, little *Judith*, do I know him now?

Jud. I ſuppoſe you may be miſtaken: my Servant's Father is Knight of *Hamſhire.*

Aldo. I meant of *Hamſhire.* But that I ſhou'd forget he was a Knight, when I got him Knighted at the King's coming in! Two fat Bucks, I am ſure, he ſent me.

Brain. And what's his Name?

Aldo. Nay, for that, you muſt excuſe me; I muſt not diſcloſe little *Judith*'s Secrets.

Mrs. *Brain.* All this while the poor Gentleman is left in pain: we muſt let him out in ſecret; for I believe the young Fellow is ſo baſhful, he would not willingly be ſeen.

Jud. The beſt way will be for Father *Aldo* to lend me the Key of his Door, which opens into my Chamber; and ſo I can convey him out.

Aldo. [*Giving her a Key.*] Do ſo, Daughter. Not a word of my familiarity with his Mother, to prevent blood-ſhed betwixt us: but I have her Name down in my *Almanack*, I warrant her.

Jud. What, kiſs and tell, Father *Aldo*; kiſs and tell! [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Brain.* I'll go and paſs an hour with Mrs. *Trickſy.* [*Exit.*

Enter Limberham.

Brain. What, the luſty Lover *Limberham!*

Enter Woodall *at another door.*

Aldo. O here's a *Mounſieur*, new come over, and a Fellow-lodger; I muſt endear you two to one another.

Brain. Sir, 'tis my extream ambition to be better known to you: you come out of the Country I adore. And how does the dear *Battiſt?* I long for ſome of his new Compoſitions in the laſt *Opera.* *A propo!* I have had the moſt happy Invention this Morning, and a Tune trouling in my Head; I riſe immediately in my Night-Gown and Slippers, down I put the Notes ſlap daſh, made words to 'em like Lightning: and I warrant you have 'em at the Circle in the Evening.

Wood. All were compleat, Sir, if S. *Andre* wou'd make ſteps to 'em.

Brain. Nay, thanks to my Genius, that care's over: you ſhall ſee, you ſhall ſee. But firſt the Air.——[*Sings.*] Is't not very fine? Ha, *Meſſieurs!*

Lim.

Lim. The cloſe of it is the moſt raviſhing I ever heard!

Brain. I dwell not on your Commendations. What ſay you, Sir? [*To Wood.*] Is't not admirable? Do you enter into't?

Wood. Moſt delicate *Cadence!*

Brain. Gad, I think ſo, without vanity. *Battiſt* and I have but one Soul. But the cloſe, the cloſe! [*Sings it thrice over.*] I have words too upon the Air; but I am naturally ſo baſhful!

Wood. Will you oblige me, Sir?

Brain. You might command me, Sir; for I ſing too *en Cavalier:* but——

Lim. But you wou'd be intreated, and ſay, *Nolo, nolo, nolo,* three times, like any Biſhop, when your Mouth waters at the Dioceſs.

Brain. I have no Voice; but, ſince this Gentleman commands me, let the words commend themſelves. [*Sings.*

My Phillis *is Charming.*——

Lim. But why, of all Names, wou'd you chuſe a *Phillis?* There have been ſo many *Phillis*'s in Songs, I thought there had not been another left, for Love or Money.

Brain. If a Man ſhou'd liſten to a Fop! [*Sings.*

My Phillis——

Aldo. Before *George*, I am on t'other ſide: I think, as good no Song, as no *Phillis.*

Brain. Yet again!— *My* Phillis—— [*Sings.*

Lim. Pray, for my ſake, let it be your *Cloris.*

Brain. [*Looking ſcornfully at him.*] My *Phillis*— [*Sings.*

Lim. You had as good call her your *Succuba.*

Brain. Morbleau! will you not give me leave? I am full of *Phillis.* [*Sings.*

My Phillis——

Lim. Nay, I confeſs, *Phillis* is a very pretty Name.

Brain. Diable! Now I will not ſing, to ſpight you. By the World, you are not worthy of it. Well, I have a Gentleman's Fortune, I have Courage, and make no inconſiderable Figure in the World: yet I wou'd quit my pretenſions to all theſe, rather than not be Author of this Sonnet, which your rudeneſs has irrevocably loſt.

Lim. Some fooliſh *French quelque choſe,* I warrant you.

Brain. Quelque choſe! O Ignorance, in ſupream Perfection! he means a *kek ſhoſe.*

Lim. Why, a *kek ſhooes* let it be then! And a *kek ſhooes* for you Song.

Brain. I give to the Devil ſuch a Judge: well, were I to be born again, I wou'd as ſoon be the Elephant as a Wit; he's leſs a Monſter in this Age of Malice. I cou'd burn my Sonnet out of rage.

Lim. You may uſe your pleaſure with your own.

Wood. His Friends wou'd not ſuffer him: *Virgil* was not permitted to burn his *Æneids.*

Brain. Dear Sir, I'll not die ingrateful for your approbation: [*Aſide to Woodall.* You ſee this Fellow? he's an Aſs already; he has a handſome Miſtreſs, and you ſhall make an Oxe of him e're long.

Wood. Say no more, it ſhall be done.

Lim. Hark you, Mr. *Woodall;* this Fool *Brainſick* grows inſupportable; he's a publick Nuſance; but I ſcorn to ſet my wit againſt him: he has a pretty Wife: I ſay no more, but if you do not graff him——

Wood. A word to the wiſe: I ſhall conſider him, for your ſake.

Lim. Pray do, Sir, conſider him much.

Wood. Much is the word.— This fewd makes well for me. [*Aſide.*

Brain. [*to Wood.*] I'll give you the opportunity, and rid you of him— Come away, little *Limberham;* you, and I, and Father *Aldo,* will take a turn together in the Square.

Aldo. We'll follow you immediately.

Lim. Yes, we'll come after you, Bully *Brainſick:* but I hope you will not draw upon us there.

Brain. If you fear that, *Bilbo* ſhall be left behind.

Lim. Nay, nay, leave but your *Madrigal* behind: draw not that upon us, and 'tis no matter for your Sword. [*Exit* Brainſick.

Enter

Enter Trickſy, *and Mrs.* Brainſick, *with a Note for each.*

Wood. [*Aſide.*] Both together! either of 'em apart had been my buſineſs: but I ſhall ne'er play well at this Three-hand Game.

Lim. O, *Pug*, how have you been paſſing your time?

Trick. I have been looking over the laſt Preſent of *Orange*-Gloves you made me; and methinks I do not like the Scent.—— O Lord, Mr. *Woodall*, did you bring thoſe you wear from *Paris?*

Wood. Mine are *Roman*, Madam.

Trick. The ſcent I love, of all the World. Pray let me ſee 'em.

Mrs. *Brain.* Nay, not both, good Mrs. *Trickſy*; for I love that ſcent as well as you.

Wood. [*Pulling 'em off, and giving each one.*] I ſhall find two Dozen more of Womens Gloves among my Trifles, if you pleaſe to accept 'em Ladies.

Trick. Look to't; we ſhall expect 'em.——Now to put in my *Billet doux!*

Mrs. *Brain.* So, now I have the opportunity to thruſt in my Note.

Trick. Here, Sir, take your Glove again; the Perfume's too ſtrong for me.

Mrs. *Brain.* Pray take the other to't; though I ſhou'd have kept it for a Pawn.

[*Mrs.* Brainſick's *Note falls out*, Lim. *takes it up.*

Lim. What have we here? For Mr. *Woodall.*

Both Women. Hold, hold, Mr. *Limberham.* [*They ſnatch it.*

Aldo. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you ſhall read it.

Wood. By your favour, Sir, but he muſt not.

Trick. He'll know my hand, and I am ruin'd!

Mrs. *Brain.* Oh, my misfortune! Mr. *Woodall*, will you ſuffer your Secrets to be diſcover'd?

Wood. It belongs to one of 'em that's certain. -- Mr. *Limberham*, I muſt deſire you to reſtore this Letter; 'tis from my Miſtreſs.

Trick. The Devil's in him; will he confeſs?

Wood. This Paper was ſent me from her this Morning; and I was ſo fond of it, that I left it in my Glove: if one of the Ladies had found it there, I ſhou'd have been laugh'd at moſt unmercifully.

Mrs. *Brain.* That's well come off!

Lim. My Heart was at my Mouth, for fear it had been *Pug*'s ------- [*Aſide.* There 'tis again.--------Hold, hold; pray let me ſee't once more: A Miſtreſs, ſaid you?

Aldo. Yes, a Miſtreſs, Sir. I'll be his Voucher; he has a Miſtreſs, and a fair one too.

Lim. Do you know it, Father *Aldo?*

Aldo. Know it! I know the Match is as good as made already: Old *VVoodall* and I, are all one. You, Son, were ſent for over on purpoſe; the Articles for her Jointure are all concluded, and a Friend of mine drew 'em.

Lim. Nay, if Father *Aldo* knows it, I am ſatisfi'd.

Aldo. But how came you by this Letter, Son *VVoodall?* let me examine you.

VVood. Came by it! (Pox, he has *non-plus'd* me!) How do you ſay I came by it, Father *Aldo?*

Aldo. Why, there's it, now. This Morning I met your Miſtreſſes Father, Mr. you know who------

VVood. Mr. Who, Sir?

Aldo. Nay, you ſhall excuſe me for that; but we are intimate: his Name begins with ſome Vowel or Conſonant, no matter which; well, her Father gave me this very Numerical Letter, ſuperſcrib'd, *For Mr.* Woodall.

Lim. Before *George*, and ſo it is.

Aldo. Carry me this Letter, quoth he, to your Son *VVoodall*; 'tis from my Daughter ſuch a one,, and then whiſper'd me her Name.

VVood. Let me ſee; I'll read it once again.

Lim. What, are you not acquainted with the Contents of it?

VVood. O, your true Lover will read you over a Letter, from his Miſtreſs, a thouſand times.

Trick. I, two thouſand, if he be in the humour.

VVood. Two thouſand! then it muſt be hers. [*Reads to himſelf.*] ---- *Away, to your Chamber immediately, and I'll give my Fool the ſlip*------- (The Fool! that may be either the Keeper, or the Husband; but commonly the Keeper is the greater. Humh! without Subſcription! it muſt be *Trickſy.*) Father *Aldo*, prithee rid me of this Coxcomb.

Aldo.

Aldo. Come, Son *Limberham*, we let our Friend *Brainſick* walk too long alone: ſhall we follow him? We muſt make haſte; for I expect a whole Beavy of Whores, a Chamber full of Temptation this Afternoon: 'tis my Day of Audience.

Lim. Mr. *Woodall*, we leave you here, you remember?

[*Exeunt* Limberham, Aldo.

Wood. Let me alone. Ladies, your Servant; I have a little private buſineſs with a Friend of mine.

Mrs. *Brain.* Meaning me.——Well, Sir, your Servant.

Trick. Your Servant, till we meet again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *Mr.* Woodall's *Chamber.*

Mrs. Brainſick *alone.*

Mrs. *Brain.* My Note has taken as I wiſh'd: he will be here immediately. If I could but reſolve to loſe no time, out of modeſty; but 'tis his part to be violent, for both our Credits. Never ſo little force and ruffling, and a poor weak Woman is excus'd. [*Noiſe.*] Hark, I hear him coming. —— Ah me! the ſteps beat double: he comes not alone: If it ſhou'd be my Husband with him! where ſhall I hide my ſelf? I ſee no other place, but under his Bed: I muſt lie as ſilently, as my fear will ſuffer me. Heav'n ſend me ſafe again to my own Chamber.

[*Creeps under the Bed.*

Enter Woodall *and* Trickſy.

Wood. Well, Fortune at the laſt is favourable, and now you are my Priſoner.

Trick. After a quarter of an hour, I ſuppoſe, I ſhall have my liberty upon eaſie terms. But pray let's parly a little firſt.

Wood. Let it be upon the Bed then. Pleaſe you to ſit?

Trick. No matter where: I am never the nearer to your wicked purpoſe. But you Men are commonly great *Comedians* in Love-matters; therefore you muſt ſwear, in the firſt place——

Wood. Nay, no Conditions: the Fortreſs is reduc'd to extremity; and you muſt yield upon diſcretion, or I Storm.

Trick. Never to love any other Woman.

Wood. I kiſs the Book upon't.

[*Kiſſes her.* *Mrs.* Brain. *pinches him from underneath the Bed.* Oh, are you at your Love-tricks already? If you pinch me thus I ſhall bite your Lip.

Trick. I did not pinch you: but you are apt, I ſee, to take any occaſion of gathering up more cloſe to me. Next, you ſhall not ſo much as look on Mrs. *Brainſick.*

Wood. Have you done? theſe Covenants are ſo tedious!

Trick. Nay, but ſwear then.

Wood. I do promiſe, I do ſwear, I do any thing [*Mrs.* Brain. *runs a Pin into him.* Oh, the Devil! what do you mean to run Pins into me? this is perfect Catterwauling.

Trick. You fancy all this; I would not hurt you for the World. Come, you ſhall ſee how well I love you. [*Kiſſes him.* *Mrs.* Brainſick *pricks her* Oh! I think you have Needles growing in your Bed. [*Both riſe up.*

Wood. I'll ſee what's the matter in't.

Saint. [*Within.*] Mr. *Woodall*, where are you, verily?

Wood. Pox verily her; 'tis my Landlady: here, hide your ſelf behind the Curtains, while I run to the Door to ſtop her entry.

Trick. Neceſſity has no Law; I muſt be patient.

[*She gets into the Bed, and draws the Cloaths over her.*

Enter Saintly.

Saint. In ſadneſs, Gentleman, I can hold no longer: I will not keep your wicked Counſel, how you were lock'd up in the Cheſt; for it lies heavy upon my Conſcience, and out it muſt, and ſhall.

Wood. You may tell, but who'll believe you? where's your witneſs?

Saint. Verily, Heav'n is my witneſs.

Wood. That's your witneſs too that you wou'd have allur'd me to lewdneſs, have ſedu'd a hopeful young Man, as I am; you wou'd have intic'd Youth: mark that, *Beldam.*

Saint. I care not; my ſingle Evidence is enough to Mr. *Limberham*; he will believe me, that thou burn'ſt in unlawful Luſt to his beloved: So thou ſhalt be an out-caſt from my Family.

Wood. Then will I go to the Elders of thy Church, and lay thee open before them, that thou did'ſt Felonioufly unlock that Cheſt, with wicked Intentions of purloining: ſo thou ſhalt be Excommunicated from the Congregation, thou *Jezebel*, and deliver'd over to Satan.

Saint. Verily, our Teacher will not Excommunicate me, for taking the Spoils of the Ungodly, to cloath him; for it is a judg'd Caſe amongſt us, that a marri'd Woman may ſteal from her Husband, to relieve a Brother. But yet thou may'ſt attone this difference betwixt us; verily, thou may'ſt.

Wood. Now thou art tempting me again. Well, if I had not the gift of Continency, what might become of me?

Saint. The means have been offered thee, and thou haſt kicked with the Heel: I will go immediately to the Tabernacle of Mr. *Limberham*, and diſcover thee, O thou Serpent, in thy crooked Paths. [*Going.*

Wood. Hold, good Landlady, not ſo faſt; let me have time to conſider on't; I may mollifie, for Fleſh is frail. An hour or two hence we will confer together upon the Premiſes.

Saint. Oh, on the ſudden, I feel my ſelf exceeding ſick! Oh! oh!

VVood. Get you quickly to your Cloſet, and fall to your *Mirabilis*; this is no place for ſick People. Be gone, be gone.

Saint. Verily, I can go no further.

VVood. But you ſhall, verily: I will thruſt you down, out of pure pity.

Saint. Oh, my Eyes grow dim! my Heart quops, and my back aketh! here I will lay me down, and reſt me.

[*Throws her ſelf ſuddenly down upon the Bed*; Trickſy *ſhrieks, and riſes:* *Mrs.* Brainſick *riſes from under the Bed in a fright.*

VVood. So! here's a fine buſineſs! my whole *Seraglio* up in Arms!

Saint. So, ſo; if Providence had not ſent me hither, what Folly had been this Day committed!

Trick. Oh the Old Woman in the Oven! we both over-heard your Pious Documents: did we not, Mrs. *Brainſick*?

Mrs. *Brain.* Yes, we did over-hear her, and we will both teſtifie againſt her.

VVood. I have nothing to ſay for her. Nay, I told her her own; you can both bear me witneſs. If a ſober Man cannot be quiet in his own Chamber for her——

Trick. For, you know, Sir, when Mrs. *Brainſick* and I over-heard her coming, having been before acquainted with her wicked purpoſe, we both agreed to trap her in it.

Mrs. *Brain.* And now ſhe wou'd 'ſcape her ſelf, by accuſing us! but let us both conclude to caſt an Infamy upon her Houſe, and leave it.

Saint. Sweet Mr. *VVoodall* intercede for me or I ſhall be ruin'd.

VVood. Well, for once, I'll be good-natur'd, and try my Intereſt. Pray, Ladies, for my ſake, let this buſineſs go no farther.

Trick. and Mrs. *Brain.* You may command us.

VVood. For, look you, the offence was properly to my Perſon; and Charity has taught me to forgive my Enemies. I hope, Miſtreſs *Saintly*, this will be a warning to you, to amend your Life: I ſpeak like a Chriſtian, as one that tenders the welfare of your Soul.

Saint. Verily, I will conſider.

VVood. Why, that's well ſaid.—— [*Aſide.*] Gad, and ſo muſt I too; for my People is diſſatisfi'd, and my Government in danger: but this is no place for Meditation. Ladies, I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aldo, Geoffery.

Aldo. Diſpatch, *Geoffery*, diſpatch: the out-lying Punks will be upon us, e're I am in a readineſs to give Audience. Is the Office well provided.

Geoff. The Stores are very low, Sir: ſome *Doily* Petticoats, and *Manto*'s we have; and half a dozen pair of lac'd Shooes, bought from Court at ſecond hand.

Aldo. Before *George*, there's not enough to rig out a Mournival of Whores: they'll think me grown a meer Curmudgeon. Mercy on me, how will this glorious Trade be carri'd on, with ſuch a miſerable Stock!

Geoff. I hear a Coach already ſtopping at the door.

Aldo. Well, ſomewhat in ornament for the Body, ſomewhat in counſel for the

the Mind; one thing muſt help out another, in this bad World: Whoring muſt go on.

Enter Mrs. Overdon, *and her Daughter* Pru.

Mrs. *Over.* Ask bleſſing, *Pru:* he's the beſt Father you ever had.

Aldo. Bleſs thee, and make thee a ſubſtantial thriving Whore. Have your Mother in your Eye, *Pru*; 'tis good to follow good example: How old are you, *Pru?* hold up your Head, Child.

Pru. Going o'my ſixteen, Father *Aldo.*

Aldo. And you have been initiated but theſe two Years: loſs of time, loſs of precious time. Mrs. *Overdon*, how much have you made of *Pru*, ſince ſhe has been Man's meat?

Mrs. *Over.* A very ſmall matter, by my troth; conſidering the Charges I have been at in her Education: poor *Pru* was born under an unlucky Planet; I deſpair of a Coach for her. Her firſt Maidenhead brought me in but little: the weather-beaten old Knight that bought her of me, beat down the price ſo low; I held her at an hundred Guinnies, and he bid ten; and higher than thirty he wou'd not riſe.

Aldo. A pox of his unlucky handſel: he can but fumble, and will not pay neither.

Pru. Hang him; I cou'd never endure him, Father: he's the filthi'ſt old Goat; and then he comes every day to our Houſe, and eats out his thirty Guinnies; and at three Months end he threw me off.

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Aldo. We muſt get her a Husband then in the City; they bite rarely at a ſtale Whore at this end o'th' Town, new furbiſh'd up in a taudry *Manto.*

Mrs. *Over.* No: pray let her try her Fortune a little longer in the World firſt: by my troth, I ſhou'd be loth to be at all this Coſt, in her *French*, and her *Singing*, to have her thrown away upon a Husband.

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Enter Mrs. Pad.

Daughter *Pad*; you are welcome: what, you have perform'd the laſt Chriſtian Office to your Keeper; I ſaw you follow him up the heavy Hill to *Tyburn.* Have you had never a buſineſs ſince his death?

Mrs. *Pad.* No indeed, Father; never ſince Execution-day: the Night before, we lay together moſt lovingly in *Newgate:* and the next Morning he lift up his Eyes, and prepar'd his Soul with a Prayer, while one might tell Twenty; and then mounted the Cart as merrily, as if he had been going for a Purſe.

Aldo. You are a ſorrowful Widow, Daughter *Pad*; but I'll take care of you: *Geoffery*, ſee her rigg'd out immediately for a new Voyage: Look in Figure 9. in the upper Drawer, and give her out the flower'd *Juſtacorps*, with the Petticoat belonging to't.

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Aldo. Let me ſee! let me ſee! Before *George* I have it, and it comes as pat too! Go me to the very Judge that ſate upon him; 'tis an amorous, impotent, old Magiſtrate, and keeps admirably: I ſaw him leer upon you from the Bench: he'll tell you what's ſweeter than Strawberries and Cream, before you part.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Mrs. *Term.* O Father, I think I ſhall go mad.

Aldo. You are of the violenteſt Temper, Daughter *Termagant!* when had you a buſineſs laſt?

Mrs. *Term*, The laſt I had was with young *Caſter*, that Son of a Whore Gameſter: he brought me to Taverns, to draw in young *Cullies*, while he bubbled 'em at Play: and when he had pick'd up a conſiderable Sum, and ſhou'd divide, the Cheating Dog wou'd ſink my ſhare, and ſwear, *Dam him, he won nothing.*

Aldo. Unconſcionable Villain, to cozen you in your own Calling!

Mrs. *Term.* When he loſes upon the ſquare, he comes home *Zoundzing* and *Blooding*; firſt beats me unmercifully, and then ſqueezes me to the laſt Penny: he has us'd me ſo, that Gad forgive me, I cou'd almoſt forſwear my Trade: The Rogue ſtarves me too: he made me keep *Lent* laſt Year till *Whitſontide*, and out-

Wood. Then will I go to the Elders of thy Church, and lay thee open before them, that thou did'ſt Felonioufly unlock that Cheſt, with wicked Intentions of purloining: ſo thou ſhalt be Excommunicated from the Congregation, thou *Jezebel*, and deliver'd over to Satan.

Saint. Verily, our Teacher will not Excommunicate me, for taking the Spoils of the Ungodly, to cloath him; for it is a judg'd Caſe amongſt us, that a marri'd Woman may ſteal from her Husband, to relieve a Brother. But yet thou may'ſt attone this difference betwixt us; verily, thou may'ſt.

Wood. Now thou art tempting me again. Well, if I had not the gift of Continency, what might become of me?

Saint. The means have been offered thee, and thou haſt kicked with the Heel: I will go immediately to the Tabernacle of Mr. *Limberham*, and diſcover thee, O thou Serpent, in thy crooked Paths. [*Going.*

Wood. Hold, good Landlady, not ſo faſt; let me have time to conſider on't; I may mollifie, for Fleſh is frail. An hour or two hence we will confer together upon the Premiſes.

Saint. Oh, on the ſudden, I feel my ſelf exceeding ſick! Oh! oh!

VVood. Get you quickly to your Cloſet, and fall to your *Mirabilis*; this is no place for ſick People. Be gone, be gone.

Saint. Verily, I can go no further.

VVood. But you ſhall, verily: I will thruſt you down, out of pure pity.

Saint. Oh, my Eyes grow dim! my Heart quops, and my back aketh! here I will lay me down, and reſt me.

[*Throws her ſelf ſuddenly down upon the Bed*; Trickſy *ſhrieks, and riſes:* *Mrs.* Brainſick *riſes from under the Bed in a fright.*

VVood. So! here's a fine buſineſs! my whole *Seraglio* up in Arms!

Saint. So, ſo; if Providence had not ſent me hither, what Folly had been this Day committed!

Trick. Oh the Old Woman in the Oven! we both over-heard your Pious Documents: did we not, Mrs. *Brainſick*?

Mrs. *Brain.* Yes, we did over-hear her, and we will both teſtifie againſt her.

VVood. I have nothing to ſay for her. Nay, I told her her own; you can both bear me witneſs. If a ſober Man cannot be quiet in his own Chamber for her——

Trick. For, you know, Sir, when Mrs. *Brainſick* and I over-heard her coming, having been before acquainted with her wicked purpoſe, we both agreed to trap her in it.

Mrs. *Brain.* And now ſhe wou'd 'ſcape her ſelf, by accuſing us! but let us both conclude to caſt an Infamy upon her Houſe, and leave it.

Saint. Sweet Mr. *VVoodall* intercede for me or I ſhall be ruin'd.

VVood. Well, for once, I'll be good-natur'd, and try my Intereſt. Pray, Ladies, for my ſake, let this buſineſs go no farther.

Trick. and Mrs. *Brain.* You may command us.

VVood. For, look you, the offence was properly to my Perſon; and Charity has taught me to forgive my Enemies. I hope, Miſtreſs *Saintly*, this will be a warning to you, to amend your Life: I ſpeak like a Chriſtian, as one that tenders the welfare of your Soul.

Saint. Verily, I will conſider.

VVood. Why, that's well ſaid.—— [*Aſide.*] Gad, and ſo muſt I too; for my People is diſſatisfi'd, and my Government in danger: but this is no place for Meditation. Ladies, I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aldo, Geoffery.

Aldo. Diſpatch, *Geoffery*, diſpatch: the out-lying Punks will be upon us, e're I am in a readineſs to give Audience. Is the Office well provided.

Geoff. The Stores are very low, Sir: ſome *Doily* Petticoats, and *Manto*'s we have; and half a dozen pair of lac'd Shooes, bought from Court at ſecond hand.

Aldo. Before *George*, there's not enough to rig out a Mournival of Whores: they'll think me grown a meer Curmudgeon. Mercy on me, how will this glorious Trade be carri'd on, with ſuch a miſerable Stock!

Geoff. I hear a Coach already ſtopping at the door.

Aldo. Well, ſomewhat in ornament for the Body, ſomewhat in counſel for the

the Mind; one thing muſt help out another, in this bad World: Whoring muſt go on.

Enter Mrs. Overdon, *and her Daughter* Pru.

Mrs. *Over.* Ask bleſſing, *Pru:* he's the beſt Father you ever had.

Aldo. Bleſs thee, and make thee a ſubſtantial thriving Whore. Have your Mother in your Eye, *Pru*; 'tis good to follow good example: How old are you, *Pru?* hold up your Head, Child.

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ſac'd me with Oaths, it was but *Eaſter*. And what mads me moſt, I carry a Baſtard of the Rogues in my Belly: and now he turns me off, and will not own it.

Mrs. *Over*. Lord, how it quops! you are half a Year gone, Madam——

[*Laying her hand on her Belly.*

Mrs. *Term*. I feel the young Raſcal kicking already, like his Father——— Oh, there's an Elbow thruſting out: I think in my Conſcience he's Palming and Topping in my Belly; and practiſing for a livelihood before he comes into the World.

Aldo. *Geoffry*, ſet her down in the Regiſter, that I may provide her a Midwife, and a Dry and Wet Nurſe: when you are up again, as Heav'n ſend you a good hour, we'll pay him off at Law i'faith. You have him under black and white, I hope.

Mrs. *Term*. Yes, I have a Note under his hand for 200 *l*.

Aldo. A Note under's hand! that's a Chip in Porridge; 'tis juſt nothing. Look, *Geoffrey*, to the Figure 12. for old Half-ſhirts for Child-bed Linnen.

Enter Mrs. Hackney.

Mrs. *Hack*. O, Madam *Termagant*, are you here! Juſtice, Father *Aldo*, Juſtice.

Aldo. Why, what's the matter, Daughter *Hackney*?

Hack. She has violated the Law of Nations; for yeſterday ſhe inveigled my own natural *Cully* from me, a marri'd Lord, and made him falſe to my Bed, Father.

Term. Come, you are an illiterate Whore: He's my Lord now; and, though you call him Fool, 'tis well known he's a Critick, Gentlewoman. You never read a Play in all your Life; and I gain'd him by my Wit, and ſo I'll keep him.

Hack. My comfort is, I have had the beſt of him; he can take up no more, till his Father dies: and ſo, much good may do you with my *Cully*, and my Clap into the Bargain.

Aldo. Then there's a Father for your Child, my Lord's Son and Heir by Mr. *Caſter*: but henceforward, to preſerve peace betwixt you, I ordain, that you ſhall ply no more in my Daughter *Hackney*'s Quarters: you ſhall have the City, from *White-Chapel* to *Temple-Bar*; and ſhe ſhall have to *Covent-Garden* downwards: At the Play-houſes, ſhe ſhall ply the Boxes, becauſe ſhe has the better Face; and you ſhall have the Pit, becauſe you can prattle beſt out of a *Vizor-Mask*.

Mrs. *Pad*. Then all Friends, and Confederates: Now let's have Father *Aldo*'s delight, and ſo *Ajourn the Houſe*.

Aldo. Well ſaid, Daughter: lift up your Voices, and ſing like *Nightingales*, you Tory Rory Jades. Courage, I ſay; as long as the merry Pence hold out, you ſhall none of you die in *Shoreditch*.

Enter Woodall.

A hey, Boys, a hey! here he comes that will ſwinge you all! down, you little Jades, and worſhip him; 'tis the *Genius* of Whoring.

Wood. And down went Chairs and Table, and out went every Candle. Ho, brave old Patriarch in the middle of the Church Militant! Whores of all ſorts; Forkers and Ruine-tail'd: now come I gingling in with my Bells, and fly at the whole Covey.

Aldo. A hey, a hey, Boys, the Town's thy own; burn, raviſh, and deſtroy.

Wood. We'll have a Night on't; like *Alexander*, when he burnt *Perſepolis*: *tue*, *tue*, *tue*; *point de quartier*.

[*He runs in amongſt 'em, and they ſcuttle about the Room.*

Enter Saintly, Pleaſance, Judith, *with Broom-ſticks*.

Saint. What, in the midſt of *Sodom!* O thou lewd young Man! My Indignation boils over againſt theſe Harlots; and thus I ſweep 'em from out my Family.

Pleaſ. Down with the *Suburbians*, down with 'em.

Aldo. O, ſpare my Daughters, Mrs. *Saintly*: ſweet Mrs. *Pleaſance*, ſpare my Fleſh and Blood.

Wood. Keep the Door open, and help to ſecure the Retreat, Father: there's no pity to be expected.

[*The Whores run out, follow'd by* Saintly, Pleaſance, *and* Judith.

Aldo. Welladay, welladay! one of my Daughters is big with Baſtard, and ſhe laid at her *Gaſcoins* moſt unmercifully! every ſtripe ſhe had, I felt it: the firſt fruit of Whoredom is irrecoverably loſt!

Wood. Make haſte, and comfort her.

Aldo. I will, I will: and yet I have a vexatious buſineſs which calls me firſt another way: the Rogue, my Son, is certainly come over; he has been ſeen in Town four days ago.

Wood.

Wood. 'Tis impoſſible: I'll not believe it.

Aldo. A Friend of mine met his old Man *Giles*, this very Morning, in queſt of me; and *Giles* aſſur'd him, his Maſter is lodg'd in this very Street.

Wood. In this very Street! how knows he that?

Aldo. He dogg'd him to the corner of it: and then my Son turn'd back, and threaten'd him. But I'll find out *Giles*, and then I'll make ſuch an Example of my Reprobate! [*Exit.* Aldo.

Wood. If *Giles* be diſcover'd, I am undone! Why, *Gervaſe*, where are you, Sirrah! Hey, hey!

Enter Gervaſe.

Run quickly to that betraying Raſcal *Giles*, a Rogue, who wou'd take *Judas* his Bargain out of his hands, and under-ſell him: Command him ſtrictly to mew himſelf up in his Lodgings, till farther Orders: and in caſe he be refractory, let him know I have not forgot to kick and cudgel. That *Memento* wou'd do well for you too, Sirrah.

Ger. Thank your Worſhip, you have always been liberal of your hands to me.

Wood. And you have richly deſerv'd it.

Ger. I will not ſay who has better deſerv'd it, of my old Maſter.

Wood. Away, old *Epictetus*, about your buſineſs, and leave your muſty Morals, or I ſhall——

Ger. Nay, I won't forfeit my own wiſdom ſo far, as to ſuffer for it. Reſt you merry: I'll do my beſt, and Heav'n mend all. [*Exit.*

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I have waited till you were alone, and am come to rebuke you, out of the zeal of my Spirit.

Wood. 'Tis the Spirit of Perſecution: *Diocleſian*, and *Julian* the *Apoſtate*, were but Types of thee. Get thee hence, thou old *Geneva* Teſtament: thou art a part of the Ceremonial Law, and haſt been aboliſh'd theſe twenty Years.

Saint. All this is nothing, Sir; I am privy to your Plots: I'll diſcover 'em to Mr. *Limberham*, and make the Houſe too hot for you.

Wood. What, you can talk in the Language of the World, I ſee!

Saint. I can, I can, Sir; and in the Language of the Fleſh and Devil too, if you provoke me to Deſpair: you muſt and ſhall be mine, this Night,

Wood. The very Ghoſt of Queen *Dido* in the Ballad.

Saint. Delay no longer, or——

VVood. Or! you will not ſwear, I hope?

Saint. *Uds Niggers*, but I will; and that ſo loud, that Mr. *Limberham* ſhall hear me.

Wood. *Uds Niggars*, I confeſs, is a very dreadful Oath: you cou'd lye naturally before, as you are a Fanatick: if you can ſwear ſuch Rappers too, there's hope of you; you may be a Woman of the World in time. Well, you ſhall be ſatisfi'd, to the utmoſt farthing: to Night, and in your own Chamber.

Saint. Or, expect to morrow——

VVood. All ſhall be atton'd e're then. Go, provide the Bottle of *Clary*, the *VVeſtphalia* Ham, and other Fortifications of Nature; we ſhall ſee what may be done: what, an old Woman muſt not be caſt away. [*Chucks her.*

Saint. Then, verily, I am appeas'd.

VVood. Nay, no relapſing into Verily; that's in our Bargain. Look how ſhe weeps for joy! 'Tis a good old Soul, I warrant her.

Saint. You wi' not fail?

VVood. Doſt thou think I have no compaſſion for thy grey Hairs? Away, away; our love may be diſcover'd: we muſt avoid Scandal; 'tis thy own Maxim. [*Ex.* Saintly.

They are all now at *Ombre*; and *Brainſick*'s Maid has promis'd to ſend her Miſtreſs up.

Enter Pleaſance.

That Fury here again!

Pleaſ. [*Aſide.*] I'll conquer my proud Spirit, I'm reſolv'd on't, and ſpeak kindly to him.——What, alone, Sir! If my Company be not troubleſome; or a tender young Creature, as I am, may ſafely truſt her ſelf with a Man of ſuch Proweſs in Love affairs———It wonnot be.

VVood. So! there's one Broad-ſide already: I muſt ſhear off. [*Aſide.*

Pleaſ. What, you have been pricking up and down here upon a cold Scent; but, at laſt, you have hit it off, it ſeems! Now for a fair view at the Wife or Miſtreſs! up the wind, and away with it! Hey, *Jouler!*——I think I am bewitch'd, I cannot hold.

VVood.

VWood. Your Servant, your Servant, Madam: I am in a little haſte at preſent. [*Going.*

Pleaſ. Pray reſolve me firſt, for which of 'em you lie in Ambuſh: for, methinks, you have the Meen of a Spider in her Den: Come, I know the VVeb is ſpread, and whoever comes, Sir *Cranion* ſtands ready to dart out, hale her in, and ſhed his Venom.

VWood. [*Aſide.*] But ſuch a terrible VVaſp, as ſhe, will ſpoil the Snare, if I durſt tell her ſo.

Pleaſ. 'Tis unconſcionably done of me, to debar you the freedom and civilities of the Houſe. Alas, poor Gentleman! to take a Lodging at ſo dear a rate, and not to have the benefit of his Bargain!—— Miſchief on me, what needed I have ſaid that? [*Aſide.*

VWood. The Dialogue will go no farther: Farewel, gentle, quiet Lady.

Pleaſ. Pray ſtay a little; I'll not leave you thus.

VWood. I know it; and therefore mean to leave you firſt.

Pleaſ. O, I find it now; you are going to ſet up your Bills, like a Love-Mountebank, for the ſpeedy cure of diſtreſſed Widows, old Ladies, and languiſhing Maids in the Green-ſickneſs: a Sovereign Remedy.

Wood. That laſt, for Maids, wou'd be thrown away: few of your Age are qualifi'd for the Medicine. What the Devil wou'd you be at, Madam?

Pleaſ. I am in the humour of giving you good Counſel. The Wife can afford you but the leavings of a Fop; and to a witty Man, as you think your ſelf, that's nauſeous: The Miſtreſs has fed upon Fool ſo long, ſhe's Carrion too, and Common into the Bargain. Wou'd you beat a Ground for Game in the Afternoon, when my Lord-Mayor's Pack had been before you in the Morning?

Wood. I had rather ſit five hours at one of his greaſie Feaſts, than hear you talk.

Pleaſ. Your two Miſtreſſes keep both Shop and Ware-houſe; and what they cannot put off in Groſs, to the Keeper and the Husband, they ſell by Retail to the next Chance-cuſtomer. Come, are you edifi'd?

Wood. I'm conſidering how to thank you for your Homily: and to make a ſober Application of it, you may have ſome laudable deſign your ſelf in this Advice.

Pleaſ. Meaning ſome ſecret inclination to that amiable Perſon of yours?

Wood. I confeſs, I am vain enough to hope it: for why ſhou'd you remove the two Diſhes, but to make me fall more hungrily on the third?

Pleaſ. Perhaps, indeed, in the way of *Honour* ——

VWood. Paw, paw! that word *Honour* has almoſt turn'd my Stomach; it carries a villanous interpretation of Matrimony along with it. But, in a civil way, I cou'd be content to deal with you, as the Church does with the Heads of your Fanaticks, offer you a luſty Benefice to ſtop your Mouth; if fifty Guinnies, and a courteſie more worth, will win you.

Pleaſ. Out upon thee! fifty Guinnies! Doſt thou think I'll ſell my ſelf? and at a Play-houſe price too? When ever I go, I go altogether: no cutting from the whole Piece; he who has me, ſhall have the fag end with the reſt, I warrant him. Be ſatisfi'd, thy Sheers ſhall never enter into my Cloth. But, look to thy ſelf, thou impudent *Belſwagger*: I'll be reveng'd; I will. [*Exit.*

VWood. The Maid will give warning, that's my comfort; for ſhe is brib'd on my ſide. I have another kind of Love to this Girl, than to either of the other two; but a Fanatick's Daughter, and the Nooſe of Matrimony, are ſuch intolerable terms! O, here ſhe comes, who will ſell me better cheap?

Enter Mrs. Brainſick.

Mrs. *Bra.* How now, Sir? what impudence is this of yours, to approach my Lodgings?

VWood. You lately honour'd mine: and 'tis the part of a well-bred Man to return your Viſit.

Mrs. *Bra.* If I cou'd have imagin'd how baſe a Fellow you had been, you ſhou'd not then have been troubled with my Company.

VWood. How cou'd I gueſs, that you intended me the Favour, without firſt acquainting me?

Mrs. *Brain.* Cou'd I do it, ungrateful as you are, with more obligation to you, or more hazard to my ſelf, than by putting my Note into your Glove?

VWood. Was it yours then? I believ'd it came from Mrs. *Trickſy.*

Mrs. *Brain.* You wiſh'd it ſo; which made you ſo eaſily believe it. I heard the pleaſant Dialogue betwixt you. *VWood.*

VVood. I am glad you did: for you cou'd not but obſerve, with how much care I avoided all occaſions of railing at you; to which ſhe urg'd me, like a malicious Woman, as ſhe was.

Mrs. *Brain.* By the ſame token, you vow'd and ſwore never to look on Mrs. *Brainſick!*

VVood. But I had my Mental Reſervations in a readineſs. I had vow'd fidelity to you before; and there went my ſecond Oath, i'faith: it vaniſh'd in a twinkling, and never gnaw'd my Conſcience in the leaſt.

Mrs. *Brain.* Well, I ſhall never heartily forgive you.

Jud. [*within.*] Mr. *Brainſick*, Mr. *Brainſick*, what do you mean to make my Lady loſe her Game thus? Pray come back, and take up her Cards again.

Mrs. *Brain.* My Husband, as I live! Well, for all my quarrel to you, ſtep immediately into that little dark Cloſet: 'tis for my private occaſions; there's no Lock, but he wi'not ſtay.

VVood. Thus am I ever tantaliz'd?

Enter Brainſick.

Brain. What, am I become your Drudge? your Slave? the Property of all your pleaſures? Shall I, the Lord and Maſter of your Life, become ſubſervient; and the Noble Name of Husband be diſhonour'd? No, though all the Cards were Kings and Queens, and *Indies* to be gain'd by every Deal ——

Mrs. *Bra.* My dear, I am coming to do my duty. I did but go up a little, (I whiſper'd you for what) and am returning immediately.

Brain. Your Sex is but one univerſal Ordure, a Nuſance, and Incumbrance of that Majeſtick Creature, Man: yet I my ſelf am mortal too, Nature's neceſſities have call'd me up; produce your Utenſil of Urine.

Mrs. *Brain.* 'Tis not in the way, Child: you may go down into the Garden.

Brain. The Voyage is too far: though the way were pav'd with Pearls and Diamonds, every ſtep of mine is precious, as the March of Monarchs.

Mrs. *Brain.* Then my ſteps, which are not ſo precious, ſhall be imploi'd for you: I'll call up *Judith.*

Brain. I will not dance attendance. At the preſent, your Cloſet ſhall be honour'd.

Mrs. *Bra.* O Lord, Dear, 'tis not worthy to receive ſuch a Man as you are.

Brain. Nature preſſes; I am in haſte.

Mrs. *Bra.* He muſt be diſcover'd, and I unavoidably undone! [*Aſide.*

Brainſick *goes to the Door, and* Woodall *meets him: She ſhrieks out.*

Brain. Mounſieur *VVoodall!*

VVood. Sir, be gone, and make no noiſe, or you'll ſpoil all.

Brain. Spoil all, quoth a! what does he mean in the name of Wonder?

VVood. [*Taking him aſide.*] Hark you, Mr. *Brainſick*, is the Devil in you, that you, and your Wife come hither, to diſturb my Intrigue, which you your ſelf ingag'd me in, with Mrs. *Trickſy*, to revenge you on *Limberham?* Why, I had made an appointment with her here; but, hearing ſomebody come up, I retir'd into the Cloſet, till I was ſatisfi'd 'twas not the Keeper.

Brain. But why this Intrigue in my Wife's Chamber?

Wood. Why, you turn my Brains, with talking to me of your Wife's Chamber! do you lie in common? the Wife and Husband, the Keeper and the Miſtreſs?

Mrs. *Bra.* I am afraid they are quarrelling; pray Heav'n I get off.

Brain. Once again, I am the *Sultan* of this place: Mr. *Limberham* is the *Mogul* of the next Manſion.

VVood. Though I am a Stranger in the Houſe, 'tis impoſſible I ſhou'd be ſo much miſtaken: I ſay, this is *Limberham*'s Lodging.

Brain. You wou'd not venture a Wager of Ten Pounds, that you are not miſtaken?

Wood. 'Tis done: I'll lay you.

Brain. Who ſhall be Judge?

Wood. Who better than your Wife? She cannot be partial, becauſe ſhe knows not on which ſide you have laid.

Brain. Content. Come hither, Lady mine: whoſe Lodgings are theſe? who is Lord, and Grand Seignior of 'em?

Mrs. *Bra.* [*Aſide.*] Oh, goes it there? —— Why ſhou'd you ask me ſuch a Queſtion, when every body in the Houſe can tell they are n'one Dears?

Brain. Now are you ſatisfi'd? Children, and Fools, you know the Proverb——

VVood.

VWood. Pox on me; nothing but ſuch a poſitive Coxcomb, as I am, wou'd have laid his Money upon ſuch odds; as if you did not know your own Lodgings better than I, at half a days warning! And that which vexes me more than the loſs of my Money, is the loſs of my Adventure! [*Exit.*

Brain. It ſhall be ſpent: we'll have a Treat with it. This is a Fool of the firſt magnitude.

Mrs. *Bra.* Let n'one Dear alone, to find a Fool out.

Enter Limberham.

Lim. Bully *Brainſick*, *Pug* has ſent me to you on an Embaſſie, to bring you down to Cards again; ſhe's in her Mulligrubs already; ſhe'll never forgive you the laſt *Vol* you won. 'Tis but loſing a little to her, out of complaiſance, as they ſay, to a fair Lady: and what e're ſhe wins, I'll make up to you again in private.

Brain. I wou'd not be that Slave you are, to enjoy the Treaſures of the *Eaſt*: the poſſeſſion of *Peru*, and of *Potozi*, ſhou'd not buy me to the Bargain.

Lim. Will you leave your Perbole's, and come then?

Brain. No; for I have won a Wager, to be ſpent luxuriouſly at *Longs*; with *Pleaſance* of the Party, and *Termagant Trickſy*; and I will paſs, in Perſon to the preparation: Come, Matrimony. [*Exeunt* Brainſick, *Mrs.* Brain.

Enter Saintly, *and* Pleaſance.

Pleaſ. To him; I'll ſecond you: now for miſchief!

Saint. Ariſe, Mr. *Limberham*, ariſe; for Conſpiracies are hatch'd againſt you, and a new *Faux* is preparing to blow up your happineſs.

Lim. What's the matter, Landlady? Prithee ſpeak, good honeſt *Engliſh*, and leave thy Canting.

Saint. Verily, thy Beloved is led aſtray, by the Young Man *Woodall*, that Veſſel of Uncleanneſs: I beheld them communing together; ſhe feigned her ſelf ſick, and retired to her Tent in the Garden-houſe; and I watched her out-going, and behold he follow'd her.

Pleaſ. Do you ſtand unmov'd, and hear all this?

Lim. Before *George*, I am Thunder-ſtruck!

Saint. Take to thee thy reſolution, and avenge thy ſelf.

Lim. But give me leave to conſider firſt: a Man muſt do nothing raſhly.

Pleaſ. I cou'd tear out the Villains Eyes, for diſhonouring you, while you ſtand conſidering, as you call it. Are you a Man, and ſuffer this?

Lim. Yes, I am a Man; but a Man is but a Man, you know: I am recollecting my ſelf, how theſe things can be.

Saint. How they can be! I have heard 'em; I have ſeen 'em.

Limb. Heard 'em and ſeen 'em! It may be ſo; but yet I cannot enter into this ſame buſineſs: I am amaz'd, I muſt confeſs; but the beſt is, I do not believe one word on't.

Saint. Make haſte, and thine own Eyes ſhall teſtifie againſt her.

Lim. Nay, if my own Eyes teſtifie, it may be ſo.——But 'tis impoſſible however; for I am making a Settlement upon her, this very day.

Pleaſ. Look, and ſatisfie your ſelf, e're you make that Settlement on ſo falſe a Creature.

Lim. But yet, if I ſhou'd look; and not find her falſe, then I muſt caſt in another hundred, to make her ſatisfaction.

Pleaſ. Was there ever ſuch a meek, hen-hearted Creature!

Saint. Verily, thou haſt not the Spirit of a Cock-Chicken.

Lim. Before *George*, but I have the Spirit of a Lion, and I will tear her Limb from Limb——if I cou'd believe it.

Pleaſ. Love, Jealouſie, and Diſdain, how they torture me at once! and this inſenſible Creature——were I but in his place—— [*To him.*] Think, that this very Inſtant ſhe's yours no more: now, now ſhe's giving up her ſelf, with ſo much violence of Love, that if Thunder roar'd, ſhe cou'd not hear it.

Limb. I have been whetting all this while: they ſhall be ſo taken in the manner, that *Mars* and *Venus* ſhall be nothing to 'em.

Pleaſ. Make haſte; go on then.

Limb. Yes, I will go on;——and yet my Mind miſgives me plaguily.

Saint. Again backſliding!

Pleaſ. Have you no ſenſe of Honour in you?

Limb.

Limb. Well, Honour is Honour, and I muſt go: but I ſhall never get me ſuch another *Pug* again! O, my Heart! my poor tender Heart! 'tis juſt breaking, with *Pug*'s unkindneſs! [*They drag him out.*

SCENE II.

Woodall *and* Trickſy *diſcover'd in the Garden-Houſe.*

Enter Gervaſe *to them.*

Ger. Make haſte, and ſave your ſelf, Sir; the Enemy's at hand: I have diſcover'd him from the Corner, where you ſet me Sentry.

Wood. Who is't?

Gerv. Who ſhou'd it be, but *Limberham?* Arm'd with a two-hand Fox. O Lord, O Lord!

Trick. Enter quickly into the Still-houſe both of you, and leave me to him: there's a Spring-lock within, to open it when we are gone.

Wood. Well, I have won the Party and Revenge however: a Minute longer, and I had won the Tout. [*They go in: She locks the Door.*

Enter Limberham, *with a great Sword.*

Limb. Diſloyal *Pug.*

Trick. What humour's this? you're drunk it ſeems: go ſleep.

Limb. Thou haſt robb'd me of my repoſe for ever: I am like *Mackbeth*, after the Death of good King *Duncan*; methinks a Voice ſays to me, Sleep no more; *Trickſy* has murder'd Sleep.

Trick. Now I find it: you are willing to ſave your Settlemrnt, and are ſent by ſome of your wiſe Counſellors, to pick a Quarrel with me.

Limb. I have been your Cully above theſe ſeven Years; but, at laſt, my Eyes are open'd to your Witchcraft: and indulgent Heav'n has taken a care of my Preſervation——In ſhort, Madam, I have found you out; and to cut off Preambles, produce your Adulterer.

Trick. If I have any, you know him beſt: you are the only ruine of my Reputation. But if I have diſhonour'd my Family for the love of you, methinks you ſhou'd be the laſt Man to upbraid me with it.

Limb. I am ſure you are of the Family of your abominable great Grandam *Eve*; But produce the Man, or, by my Father's Soul——

Trick. Still I am in the dark.

Limb. Yes, you have been in the dark; I know it: but I ſhall bring you to light immediately.

Trick. You are not jealous.

Limb. No; I am too certain to be jealous: but you have a Man here, that ſhall be nameleſs; let me ſee him.

Trick. O, if that be your buſineſs, you had beſt ſearch: and when you have weari'd your ſelf, and ſpent your idle humour, you may find me above in my Chamber, and come to ask my pardon. [*Going.*

Limb. You may go, Madam; but I ſhall beſeech your Ladiſhip to leave the Key of the Still-houſe door behind you: I have a mind to ſome of the Sweetmeats you have lock'd up there; you underſtand me. Now, for the old Dog-trick! you have loſt the Key, I know already, but I am prepar'd for that; you ſhall know you have no Fool to deal with.

Trick. No; here's the Key: take it, and ſatisfie your fooliſh Curioſity.

Lim. [*Aſide.*] This confidence amazes me! If thoſe two Gipſies have abus'd me, and I ſhou'd not find him there now, this wou'd make an immortal quarrel.

Trick. [*Aſide.*] I have put him to a ſtand.

Lim. Hang't, 'tis no matter; I will be ſatisfi'd: if it comes to a rupture, I know the way to buy my peace. *Pug*, produce the Key.

Trick. [*Takes him about the Neck.*] My Dear, I have it for you: Come, and kiſs me. Why wou'd you be ſo unkind to ſuſpect my Faith now? when I have forſaken all the World for you.——[*Kiſs again.*] But I am not in the mood of quarrelling to Night; I take this Jealouſie the beſt way, as the effect of your Paſſion. Come up, and we'll go to Bed together, and be Friends. [*Kiſs again.*

Lim. [*Aſide.*] *Pug*'s in a pure Humour to Night, and 'twou'd vex a Man to loſe it; but yet I muſt be ſatisfi'd: And therefore, upon mature conſideration, give me the Key.

Trick. You are reſolv'd then?

Lim. Yes, I am reſolv'd; for I have ſworn to my ſelf by *Styx*: and that's an irrevocable Oath.

Trick. Now ſee your Folly: there's the Key. [*Gives it him.*

Lim. Why, that's a loving *Pug*; I will prove thee innocent immediately: and that will put an end to all Controverſies betwixt us.

Trick. Yes, it ſhall put an end to all our Quarrels: farewel for the laſt time, Sir. Look well upon my Face, that you may remember it; for from this time forward, I have ſworn it irrevocably too, that you ſhall never ſee it more.

Lim. Nay, but hold a little, *Pug*. What's the meaning of this new Commotion?

Trick. No more; but ſatisfie your fooliſh Fancy, for you are Maſter: And beſides, I am willing to be juſtifi'd.

Lim. Then you ſhall be juſtifi'd. [*Puts the Key in the door.*

Trick. I know I ſhall: farewel.

Lim. But, are you ſure you ſhall?

Trick. No, no, he's there: you'll find him up in the Chimney, or behind the Door; or, it may be, crouded into ſome little Galley-Pot.

Lim. But you will not leave me, if I ſhou'd look?

Trick. You are not worthy my anſwer: I am gone. [*Going out.*

Lim. Hold, hold, Divine *Pug*, and let me recollect a little.——This is no time for meditation neither: while I deliberate, ſhe may be gone. She muſt be innocent, or ſhe cou'd never be ſo confident, and careleſs.——Sweet *Pug*, forgive me. [*Kneels.*

Trick. I am provok'd too far.

Lim. 'Tis the property of a Goddeſs to forgive. Accept of this Oblation; with this humble kiſs, I here preſent it to thy fair hand: I conclude thee innocent without looking, and depend wholly upon thy Mercy. [*Offers the Key.*

Trick. No, keep it, keep it: the Lodgings are your own.

Lim. If I ſhou'd keep it, I were unworthy of forgiveneſs: I will no longer hold this fatal Inſtrument of our Separation.

Trick. [*Taking it.*] Riſe, Sir: I will endeavour to overcome my Nature, and forgive you; for I am ſo ſcrupulouſly nice in Love, that it grates my very Soul to be ſuſpected: Yet, take my Counſel, and ſatisfie your ſelf.

Lim. I wou'd not be ſatisfi'd, to be poſſeſſor of *Potozi*, as my Brother *Brainſick* ſays. Come, to Bed, dear *Pug*. Now wou'd not I change my condition to be an *Eaſtern* Monarch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Woodall *and* Gervaſe.

Ger. O Lord, Sir, are we alive!

Wood. Alive! why, we were never in any danger: well, ſhe's a rare manager of a Fool!

Ger. Are you diſpos'd yet to receive good Counſel? has Affliction wrought upon you?

Wood. Yes, I muſt ask thy Advice in a moſt important buſineſs: I have promis'd a Charity to Mrs. *Saintly*, and ſhe expects it with a beating Heart a Bed: Now, I have at preſent no running Caſh to throw away, my ready Money is all paid to Mrs. *Trickſy*, and the Bill is drawn upon me for to Night.

Ger. Take advice of your Pillow.

Wood. No, Sirrah, ſince you have not the grace to offer yours, I will for once make uſe of my Authority, and command you to perform the foreſaid Drudgery in my place.

Ger. Zookers, I cannot anſwer it to my Conſcience.

Wood. Nay, and your Conſcience can ſuffer you to ſwear, it ſhall ſuffer you to lie too: I mean in this ſenſe. Come, no denial, you muſt do it; ſhe's rich, and there's a proviſion for your Life.

Ger. I beſeech you, Sir, have pity on my Soul.

Wood. Have you pity of your Body: there's all the Wages you muſt expect.

Ger. Well, Sir, you have perſwaded me: I will arm my Conſcience with a reſolution of making her an honourable amends by Marriage; for to Morrow Morning a Parſon ſhall authorize my Labours, and turn Fornication into Duty. And moreover, I will enjoyn my ſelf, by way of Penance, not to touch her for ſeven Nights after.

Wood. Thou wert predeſtinated for a Husband I ſee, by that natural Inſtinct, as we walk, I will inſtruct thee how to behave thy ſelf, with ſecreſie and ſilence.

Ger.

Ger. I have a Key of the Garden, to let us out the back-way into the Street, and ſo privately to our Lodging.

Wood. 'Tis well: I'll plot the reſt of my Affairs a Bed; for 'tis reſolv'd that *Limberham* ſhall not wear Horns alone: and I am impatient till I add to my Trophy the Spoils of *Brainſick*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Judith.

Jud. WEll, you are a lucky Man! Mrs. *Brainſick* is Fool enough to believe you wholly Innocent; and that the Adventure of the Garden-houſe, laſt Night, was only a Viſion of Mrs. *Saintly*'s.

Wood. I knew, if I cou'd once ſpeak with her, all wou'd be ſet right immediately; for, had I been there, look you,——

Jud. As you were, moſt certainly.

Wood. Limberham muſt have found me out; that *Fe-fa-fum* of a Keeper wou'd have ſmelt the Blood of a Cuckold-maker: they ſay, he was peeping and butting about in every cranny.

Jud. But one. You muſt excuſe my unbelief, though Mrs. *Brainſick* is better ſatisfi'd. She and her Husband, you know, went out this Morning to the *New-Exchange:* there ſhe has given him the ſlip; and pretending to call at her Taylor's, to try her Stays for a new Gown.——

Wood. I underſtand thee. She fetch'd me a ſhort turn, like a Hare before her Muſe, and will immediately run hither to Covert?

Jud. Yes; But becauſe your Chamber will be leaſt ſuſpicious, ſhe appoints to meet you there; that, if her Husband ſhou'd come back, he may think her ſtill abroad, and you may have time——

Wood. To take in the Horn-work. It happens as I wiſh; for Miſtreſs *Trickſy*, and her Keeper, are gone out with Father *Aldo* to compleat her Settlement: my Landlady is ſafe at her Morning-Exerciſe, with my Man *Gervaſe*, and her Daughter not ſtirring: the Houſe is our own, and Iniquity may walk bare-fac'd.

Jud. And, to make all ſure, I am order'd to be from home. When I come back again, I ſhall knock at your Door, with ſpeak Brother, ſpeak; is the deed done? [*Singing.*

Wood. Long ago, long ago; and then we come panting out together. Oh, I am raviſh'd with the imagination on't!

Jud. Well, I muſt retire; Good-morrow to you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Wood. Now do I humbly conceive, that this Miſtreſs in Matrimony, will give me more pleaſure than the former: for your coupled Spaniels, when they are once let looſe, are afterwards the higheſt Rangers.

Enter Mrs. Brainſick *running.*

Mrs. *Brain.* Oh dear Mr. *Woodall*, what ſhall I do?

Wood. Recover Breath, and I'll inſtruct you in the next Chamber.

Mrs. *Brain.* But my Husband follows me at heels.

Wood. Has he ſeen you?

Mrs. *Bra.* I hope not: I thought I had left him ſure enough, at the *Exchange*; but, looking behind me, as I entred into the Houſe, I ſaw him walking a round rate this way.

Wood. Since he has not ſeen you, there's no danger; you need but ſtep into my Chamber, and there we'll lock our ſelves up, and transform him in a twinkling.

Mrs. *Bra.* I had rather have got into my own; but *Judith* is gone out with the Key I doubt.

Wood. Yes, by your appointment. But ſo much the better; for when the Cuckold finds no Company, he will certainly go a ſantring again.

Mrs. *Bra.* Make haſte then.

Wood. Immediately.—— [*Goes to open the Door haſtily, and breaks his Key.* What's the matter here? the Key turns round, and will not open! As I live, we are undone! with too much haſte 'tis broken!

Mrs. *Bra.* Then I am loſt; for I cannot enter into my own.

Wood. This next Room is *Limberham*'s. See! the door's open; and he and his Miſtreſs are both abroad.

Mrs. *Bra.* There's no remedy, I muſt venture in: for his knowing I am come back ſo ſoon, muſt be cauſe of Jealouſie enough, if the Fool ſhou'd find me.

Wood. [*Looking in.*] See there! Mrs. *Trickſy* has left her *Indian* Gown upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your back: he will eaſily miſtake you for her, if he ſhou'd look in upon you.

Mrs. *Bra.* I'll put on my Vizor-Mask however, for more ſecurity. [*Noiſe.* Hark! I hear him. [*Goes in.*

Enter Brainſick.

Brain. What, in a muſty muſing, Monſieur *Woodall!* Let me enter into the Affair.

Wood. You may gueſs it by the Poſt I have taken up.

Brain. O, at the door of the Damſel *Trickſy!* your buſineſs is known by your abode: as the poſture of a Porter before a Gate, denotes to what Family he belongs. [*Looks in.*] 'Tis an Aſſignation I ſee: for yonder ſhe ſtands, with her back toward me, dreſt up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *Eaſt*. Now for the Judges of the Field, to divide the Sun and Wind betwixt the Combatants, and a tearing Trumpeter to ſound the Charge.

Wood. 'Tis a private Quarrel, to be decided without Seconds; and therefore you wou'd do me a favour to withdraw.

Brain. Your *Limberham* is nearer than you imagine: I left him almoſt entring at the Door.

Wood. Plague of all impertinent Cuckolds! they are ever troubleſome to us honeſt Lovers: ſo intruding!

Brain. They are indeed, where their Company is not deſir'd.

Wood. Sure he has ſome tutelar Devil to guard his Brows! juſt when ſhe had bobb'd him, and made an Errand home, to come to me!

Brain. 'Tis unconſcionably done of him. But you ſhall not adjourn your love for this; the *Brainſick* has an aſcendant over him: I am your *Garantee*; he's doom'd a Cuckold, in diſdain of Deſtiny.

Wood. What mean you?

Brain. To ſtand before the Door with my brandiſh'd Blade, and defend the Entrance: he dies upon the point, if he approaches.

Wood. If I durſt truſt it, 'tis Heroick.

Brain. 'Tis the Office of a Friend: I'll do't.

Wood. [*Aſide.*] Shou'd he know hereafter his Wife were here, he wou'd think I had enjoy'd her, though I had not: 'tis beſt venturing for ſomething. He takes pains enough o'conſcience for his Cuckoldom; and, by my troth, has earn'd it fairly.—But, may a Man venture upon your promiſe?

Brain. Bars of Braſs, and Doors of Adamant, cou'd not more ſecure you.

Wood. I know it; but ſtill gentle means are beſt: you may come to force at laſt. Perhaps, you may wheedle him away: 'tis but drawing a Trope or two upon him.

Brain. He ſhall have it; with all the Artillery of Eloquence.

Wood. I, I; your Figure breaks no Bones. With your good leave.— [*Goes in.*

Brain. Thou haſt it, Boy. Turn to him, Madam; to her *Woodall:* and S. *George* for merry *England*. *Tan ta ra ra ra, ra ra! Dub, a dub, dub; Tan ta ra ra ra.*

Enter Limberham.

Lim. How now, Bully *Brainſick!* What, upon the *Tan ta ra*, by your ſelf?

Brain. Clangor, *Taratantara*, Murmur.

Lim. Commend me to honeſt *Lingua Franca.* Why, this is enough to ſtun a Chriſtian, with your *Hebrew*, and your *Greek*, and ſuch like *Latin.*

Brain. Out, Ignorance!

Lim. Then Ignorance, by your leave; for I muſt enter.

Brain. Why in ſuch haſte? the Fortune of *Greece* depends not on't.

Lim. But *Pug*'s Fortune does: that's dearer to me than *Greece*, and ſweeter than *Ambergriſe.*

Brain. You'll not find her here. Come, you are Jealous: you're haunted with a raging Fiend, that robs you of your ſweet repoſe.

Lim. Nay, and you are in your Perbole's again! Look you, 'tis *Pug* is jealous of her Jewels: ſhe has left the Key of her Cabinet behind; and h s deſir'd me to bring it back to her.

Brain. Poor Fool! he little thinks ſhe's here before him! Well, this pretence will never paſs on me; for I dive deeper into your Affairs: you are Jealous. But, rather than my Soul ſhou'd be concern'd for a Sex ſo inſignificant, ——— Ha! the

the Gods! if I thought my proper Wife were now within, and proſtituting all her Treaſures to the lawleſs love of an Adulterer, I wou'd ſtand as intrepid, as firm, and as unmov'd, as the Statue of a *Roman Gladiator.*

Lim. [*In the ſame tone.*] Of a *Roman Gladiator!*——Now are you as mad as a *March* Hare; but I am in haſte to return to *Pug:* yet, by your favour, I will firſt ſecure the Cabinet.

Brain. No, you muſt not.

Lim. Muſt not? what, may not a Man come by you, to look upon his own Goods and Chattels, in his own Chamber?

Brain. No: with this *Sabre* I defie the Deſtinies, and dam up the paſſage with my Perſon; like a rugged Rock, oppos'd againſt the roaring of the boiſterous Billows. Your Jealouſie ſhall have no courſe thro' me, though Potentates and Princes——

Lim. Prithee, what have we to do with Potentates and Princes? Will you leave your Troping, and let me paſs?

Brain. You have your utmoſt anſwer.

Lim. If this Maggot bite a little deeper, we ſhall have you a Citizen of *Bet'lem* yet e're Dog-days. Well, I ſay little; but I'll tell *Pug* on't. [*Exit.*

Brain. She knows it already, by your favour.——[*Knocking.*] Sound a Retreat, you luſty Lovers, or the Enemy will charge you in the Flank, with a freſh Reſerve: March off, march off upon the Spur, e're he can reach you.

Enter Woodall.

Wood. How now, Baron *Tell-clock*, is the paſſage clear?

Brain. Clear as a Level, without Hills or Woods, and void of Ambuſcade.

VWood. But *Limberham* will return immediately, when he finds not his Miſtreſs where he thought he left her.

Brain. Friendſhip, which has done much, will yet do more. [*Shows a Key.* With this *Paſſe par tout*, I will inſtantly conduct her to my own Chamber, that ſhe may out-face the Keeper ſhe has been there; and, when my Wife returns, who is my Slave, I will lay my Conjugal Commands upon her, to affirm, they have been all this time together.

VWood. I ſhall never make you amends for this kindneſs, my dear *Padron:* but wou'd it not be better, if you wou'd take the pains to run after *Limberham*, and ſtop him in his way e're he reach the place where he thinks he left his Miſtreſs; then hold him in diſcourſe as long as poſſibly you can, till you gueſs your Wife may be return'd, that ſo they may appear together?

Brain. I warrant you: *laiſſez faire a Marc Antoine.* [*Exit.*

VWood. Now, Madam, you may venture out in ſafety.

Mrs. *Brain.* [*Entring.*] Pray Heav'n I may. [*Noiſe.*

VWood. Hark! I hear *Judith*'s Voice: it happens well that ſhe's return'd: ſlip into your Chamber immediately, and ſend back the Gown.

Mrs. *Brain.* I will: but are not you a wicked Man, to put me into all this danger? [*Exit.*

VWood. Let what can happen, my comfort is, at leaſt, I have enjoy'd: But this is no place for conſideration. Be jogging, good Mr. *Woodall*, out of this Family, while you are well; and go Plant in ſome other Country, where your Virtues are not ſo famous. [*Going.*

Enter Trickſy, *with a Box of Writings.*

Trick. What, wandring up and down, as if you wanted an Owner? Do you know that I am Lady of the Mannor; and that all Wefts and Strays belong to me?

Wood. I have waited for you above an Hour; but Fryer *Bacon*'s Head has been lately ſpeaking to me, that *Time is paſt.* In a word, your Keeper has been here, and will return immediately; we muſt defer our happineſs till ſome more favourable time.

Trick. I fear him not; he has, this Morning, arm'd me againſt himſelf, by this Settlement: the next time he rebels, he gives me a fair occaſion of leaving him for ever.

Wood. But is this Conſcience in you? not to let him have his Bargain, when he has paid ſo dear for't.

Trick. You do not know him: he muſt perpetually be us'd ill, or he inſults. Beſides, I have gain'd an abſolute Dominion over him: he muſt not ſee, when I bid him wink. If you argue after this, either you love me not, or dare not.

VWood.

Wood. Go in, Madam: I was never dar'd before. I'll but ſcout a little, and follow you immediately.— [Trick. *goes in.*] I find a Miſtreſs is only kept for other Men: and the Keeper is but her Man in a green Livery, bound to ſerve a Warrant for the *Doe*, when e'er ſhe pleaſes, or is in ſeaſon.

Enter Judith, *with the Night-Gown.*

Jud. Still you're a lucky Man! Mr. *Brainſick* has been exceeding honourable: he ran, as if a Legion of Bailiffs had been at his heels, and overtook *Limberham* in the Street. Here, take the Gown; lay it where you found it, and the danger's over.

VVood. Speak ſoftly: Mrs. *Trickſy* is return'd. [*Looks in.*] Oh, ſhe's gone into her Cloſet, to lay up her Writings: I can throw it on the Bed, e're ſhe perceive it has been wanting.—— [*Throws it in.*

Jud. Every Woman wou'd not have done this for you, which I have done.

VVood. I am ſenſible of it, little *Judith:* there's a time to come ſhall pay for all. I hear her a returning: not a word; away. [*Exit* Judith.

Re-enter Trickſy.

Trick. What, is a ſecond Summons needful? my Favours have not been ſo cheap, that they ſhou'd ſtick upon my hands. It ſeems you ſlight your Bill of Fare, becauſe you know it: or fear to be invited to your loſs.

VVood. I was willing to ſecure my happineſs from interruption: A true Soldier never falls upon the Plunder, while the Enemy is in the Field.

Trick. He has been ſo often baffled, that he grows contemptible. Were he here, ſhou'd he ſee you enter into my Cloſet; yet——

Wood. You are like to be put upon the tryal; for I hear his Voice.

Trick. 'Tis ſo: go in and mark the event now: be but as unconcern'd, as you are ſafe, and truſt him to my management.

Wood. I muſt venture it: becauſe to be ſeen here, wou'd have the ſame effect, as to be taken within. Yet I doubt you are too confident. [*He goes in.*

Enter Limberham *and* Brainſick.

Lim. How now, *Pug?* return'd ſo ſoon!

Trick. When I ſaw you came not for me, I was loth to be long without you.

Lim. But which way came you, that I ſaw you not?

Trick. The back way; by the Garden-door.

Lim. How long have you been here?

Trick. Juſt come before you.

Lim. O, then all's well. For, to tell you true, *Pug*, I had a kind of villanous apprehenſion that you had been here longer: but what e'er thou ſay'ſt, is an Oracle, ſweet *Pug*, and I am ſatisfi'd.

Brain. [*Aſide.*] How infinitely ſhe gulls him! and he ſo ſtupid not to find it! [*To her.*] If he be ſtill within, Madam, (you know my meaning?) here's *Bilbo* ready to forbid your Keeper entrance.

Trick. [*Aſide.*] *Woodall* muſt have told him of our appointment.——What think you of walking down, Mr. *Limberham?*

Lim. I'll but viſit the Chamber a little firſt.

Trick. What new Maggot's this? you dare not ſure be jealous!

Lim. No, I proteſt, ſweet *Pug*, I am not: only to ſatisfie my Curioſity; that's but reaſonable, you know.

Trick. Come, what fooliſh curioſity?

Lim. You muſt know, *Pug*, I was going but juſt now, in obedience to your Commands, to enquire of the health and ſafety of your Jewels, and my Brother *Brainſick* moſt barbarouſly forbade me entrance: (nay, I dare accuſe you, when *Pug*'s by to back me;) but now I am reſolv'd I will go ſee 'em, or ſome-body ſhall ſmoak for't.

Brain. But I reſolve you ſhall not. If ſhe pleaſes to command my Perſon, I can comply with the obligation of a *Cavalier.*

Trick. But what reaſon had you to forbid him then, Sir?

Lim. I, what reaſon had you to forbid me then, Sir?

Brain. 'Twas only my *Caprichio*, Madam. (Now muſt I ſeem ignorant of what ſhe knows full well.)

Trick. We'll enquire the cauſe at better leiſure: Come down, Mr. *Limberham.*

Lim. Nay, if it were only his *Caprichio*, I am ſatisfi'd: though, I muſt tell you, I was in a kind of a huff, to hear him, *Tan ta ra, tan ta ra*, a quarter of an hour together; for *Tan ta ra* is but an odd kind of ſound, you know, before a Man's Chamber.

Enter

Enter Pleaſance.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide.*] *Judith* has aſſur'd me he muſt be there; and, I'm reſolv'd, I'll ſatisfie my revenge at any rate upon my Rivals.

Trick. Mrs. *Pleaſance* is come to call us: pray let us go.

Pleaſ. Oh dear Mr. *Limberham*, I have had the dreadful'ſt Dream to Night, and am come to tell it you; I dream'd you left your Miſtreſs Jewels in your Chamber, and the Door open.

Lim. In good time be it ſpoken; and ſo I did, Mrs. *Pleaſance*.

Pleaſ. And that a great ſwinging Thief came in, and whipt 'em out.

Lim. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Trick. This is ridiculous: I'll ſpeak to your Mother, Madam, not to ſuffer you to eat ſuch heavy Suppers.

Lim. Nay, that's very true; for you may remember, ſhe fed very much upon Larks and Pigeons; and they are very heavy meat, as *Pug* ſays.

Trick. The Jewels are all ſafe; I look'd on 'em.

Brain. Will you never ſtand corrected, Mrs. *Pleaſance*?

Pleaſ. Not by you: correct your Matrimony. And methought, of a ſudden, this Thief was turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*; and that, hearing Mr. *Limberham* come, he ſlipt for fear into the Cloſet.

Trick. I look'd all over it; I'm ſure he is not there. Come away, Dear.

Brain. What, I think you are in a Dream too, Brother *Limberham*.

Lim. If her Dream ſhou'd come out now! 'tis good to be ſure however.

Trick. You are ſure: have not I ſaid it? You had beſt make Mr. *Woodall* a Thief, Madam.

Pleaſ. I make him nothing, Madam: but the Thief in my Dream was like Mr. *VVoodall*; and that Thief may have made Mr. *Limberham* ſomething.

Lim. Nay, Mr. *VVoodall* is no Thief, that's certain: but if a Thief ſhou'd be turn'd to Mr. *VVoodall*, that may be ſomething.

Trick. Then I'll fetch out the Jewels: will that ſatisfie you?

Brain. That ſhall ſatisfie him.

Lim. Yes, that ſhall ſatisfie me.

Pleaſ. Then you are a Predeſtinated Fool, and ſomewhat worſe, that ſhall be nameleſs: do you not ſee how groſly ſhe abuſes you? My life on't, there's ſomebody within, and ſhe knows it; otherwiſe ſhe wou'd ſuffer you to bring out the Jewels.

Lim. Nay, I am no Predeſtinated Fool; and therefore, *Pug*, give way.

Trick. I will not ſatisfie your humour.

Lim. Then I will ſatisfie it my ſelf: for my generous Blood is up, and I'll force my entrance.

Brain. Here's *Bilbo* then ſhall bar you: Atoms are not ſo ſmall, as I will ſlice the Slave. Ha! Fate, and Furies!

Lim. I, for all your Fate and Furies, I charge you, in His Majeſty's Name, to keep the Peace: now diſobey Authority if you dare.

Trick. Fear him not, ſweet Mr. *Brainſick*.

Pleaſ. [to *Brain.*] But, if you ſhou'd hinder him, he may trouble you at Law, Sir, and ſay, you robb'd him of his Jewels.

Lim. That's well thought on. I will accuſe him heinouſly; there—— and therefore fear and tremble.

Brain. My Allegiance charms me: I acquieſce.—— [*Aſide.*] Th' occaſion's plauſible to let him paſs. Now let the burniſh'd Beams upon his Brow blaze broad, for the brand he caſt upon the *Brainſick*.

Trick. Dear Mr. *Limberham*, come back, and hear me.

Lim. Yes, I will hear thee, *Pug*.

Pleaſ. Go on; my Life for yours, he's there.

Lim. I am deaf as an Adder; I will not hear thee, nor have no commiſeration. [*Struggles from her, and ruſhes in.*

Trick. Then I know the worſt, and care not.

[Limberham *comes running out with the Jewels, follow'd by* Woodall, *with his Sword drawn.*

Lim. O ſave me, *Pug*, ſave me! [*Gets behind her.*

Wood. A Slave, to come and interrupt me at my Devotions! but I'll——

Lim. Hold, hold, ſince you are ſo devout, for Heav'n ſake, hold.

Brain. Nay, Mounſieur *VVoodall!*

Trick. For my ſake, ſpare him.

Lim.

Lim. Yes, for *Pug*'s ſake ſpare me.

Wood. I did his Chamber the honour, when my own was not open, to retire thither; and he to diſturb me, like a profane Raſcal as he was.

Lim. [*Aſide.*] I believe he had the Devil for his Chaplain, and a Man durſt tell him ſo.

Wood. What's that you mutter?

Lim. Nay, nothing; but that I thought you had not been ſo well given. I was only afraid of *Pug*'s Jewels.

Wood. What, does he take me for a Thief? nay then——

Lim. O, mercy, mercy.

Pleaſ. Hold, Sir; 'twas a fooliſh Dream of mine that ſet him on. I dreamt, a Thief, who had been juſt repriev'd for a former Robbery, was vent'ring his Neck a minute after in Mr. *Limberham*'s Cloſet.

Wood. Are you thereabouts, i'faith! A Pox of *Artemidorus!*

Trick. I have had a Dream too, concerning Mrs. *Brainſick*, and perhaps——

Wood. Mrs. *Trickſy*, a word in private with you, by your Keepers leave.

Lim. Yes, Sir, you may ſpeak your pleaſure to her; and, if you have a mind to go to prayers together, the Cloſet is open.

Wood. [*to Trick.*] You but ſuſpect it at moſt, and cannot prove it: if you value me, you will not ingage me in a quarrel with her Husband.

Trick. Well, in hope you'll love me, I'll obey.

Brain. Now, Damſel *Trickſy*, your Dream, your Dream!

Trick. 'Twas ſomething of a *Flagelet* that a Shepherd play'd upon ſo ſweetly, that three Women follow'd him for his Muſick, and ſtill one of 'em ſnatch'd it from the other.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide.*] I underſtand her; but I find ſhe's brib'd to ſecrecy.

Lim. That *Flagelet* was, by interpretation, but let that paſs; and Mr. *Woodall* there, was the Shepherd that play'd the *Tan ta ra* upon't: but a generous Heart, like mine, will endure the infamy no longer; therefore, *Pug*, I baniſh thee for ever.

Trick. Then farewel.

Lim. Is that all you make of me?

Trick. I hate to be tormented with your jealous Humours, and am glad to be rid of 'em.

Lim. Bear witneſs, good People, of her ingratitude! Nothing vexes me, but that ſhe calls me jealous; when I found him as cloſe as a Butter-fly in her Cloſet.

Trick. No matter for that: I knew not he was there.

Lim. Wou'd I cou'd believe thee.

Wood. You have both our words for't.

Trick. Why ſhou'd you perſwade him againſt his will?

Lim. Since you won't perſwade me, I care not much: here are the Jewels in my poſſeſſion; and I'll fetch out the Settlement immediately.

Wood. [*Showing the Box.*] Look you, Sir, I'll ſpare your pains: four hundred a Year will ſerve to comfort a poor caſt Miſtreſs.

Lim. I thought what wou'd come of your Devils *Pater Noſters!*

Brain. Reſtore it to him for pity, *Woodall.*

Trick. I make him my Truſtee; he ſhall not reſtore it.

Lim. Here are Jewels that coſt me above two thouſand pounds, a Queen might wear 'em; behold this Orient Neck-lace, *Pug!* 'tis pity any Neck ſhou'd touch it after thine, that pretty Neck! but, oh, 'tis the falſeſt Neck that e'er was hang'd in Pearl.

Wood. 'Twou'd become your bounty to give it her at parting.

Lim. Never the ſooner for your asking. But oh, that word *Parting!* can I bear it? if ſhe cou'd find in her Heart but ſo much Grace, as to acknowledge what a Trayt'reſs ſhe has been, I think in my Conſcience I cou'd forgive her.

Trick. I'll not wrong my Innocence ſo much, nor this Gentlemans; but, ſince you have accus'd us falſly, four hundred a Year, betwixt us two, will make us ſome part of reparation.

Wood. I anſwer you not, but with my Leg, Madam.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide.*] This mads me; but I cannot help it.

Lim. What, wilt thou kill me, *Pug*, with thy unkindneſs, when, thou know'ſt I cannot live without thee? It goes to my Heart, that this wicked Fellow——

Wood. How's that, Sir?

Lim. Under the Roſe, good Mr. *Woodall.* But I ſpeak it with all ſubmiſſion,

in

in the bitterneſs of my Spirit, that you, or any Man, ſhou'd have the diſpoſing of my four hundred a Year *gratis*: therefore, dear *Pug*, a word in private, with your permiſſion, good Mr. *Woodall.*

Trick. Alas, I know, by experience, I may ſafely truſt my Perſon with you. [*Ex.* Limb. Trickſy.

Enter Aldo.

Pleaſ. O, Father *Aldo*, we have wanted you! Here has been made the rareſt diſcovery!

Brain. With the moſt Comical Cataſtrophe!

Wood. Happily arriv'd, i'faith, my old Sub-fornicator: I have been taken upon ſuſpicion here with Mrs. *Trickſy.*

Aldo. To be taken, to be ſeen! Before *George*, that's a point next the worſt, Son *VVoodall.*

Wood. Truth is, I wanted thy aſſiſtance, old *Methuſalem*: but, my comfort is, I fell greatly.

Aldo. Well, young *Phaeton*, that's ſomewhat yet, if you made a blaze at your departure.

Enter Giles, *Mrs.* Brainſick, *and* Judith.

Giles. By your leave, Gentlemen. I have follow'd an old Maſter of mine, theſe two long hours, and had a fair courſe at him up the Street: here he enter'd I'm ſure.

Aldo. Whoop Holiday! our truſty and well-beloved *Giles*, moſt welcome! Now, for ſome news of my ungracious Son.

Wood. [*Aſide.*] *Giles* here! O Rogue, Rogue! Now, wou'd I were ſafe ſtow'd, over head and ears, in the Cheſt again.

Aldo. Look you now, Son *VVoodall*, I told you I was not miſtaken; my Raſcal's in Town, with a vengeance to him.

Giles. Why, this is he, Sir; I thought you had known him.

Aldo. Known whom?

Giles. Your Son here, my young Maſter.

Aldo. Do I dote? or art thou drunk, *Giles?*

Giles. Nay, I am ſober enough, I'm ſure; I have been kept faſting almoſt theſe two days.

Aldo. Before *George*, 'tis ſo! I read it in that leering look: What a *Tartar* have I caught!

Brain. VVoodall his Son!

Pleaſ. What, young Father *Aldo!*

Aldo. [*Aſide.*] Now cannot I for ſhame hold up my Head, to think what this young Rogue is privy to!

Mrs. *Brain.* The moſt dumb Interview I ever ſaw!

Brain. What, have you beheld the *Gorgon*'s Head on either ſide?

Aldo. Oh, my ſins! my ſins! and he keeps my Book of Conſcience too! He can diſplay 'em, with a witneſs! Oh, treacherous young Devil!

Wood. [*Aſide.*] Well, the Squib's run to the end of the Line, and now for the Cracker: I muſt bear up.

Aldo. I muſt ſet a face of Authority on the matter, for my credit. —— Pray who am I? do you know me, Sir?

Wood. Yes, I think I ſhou'd partly know, Sir: you may remember ſome private paſſages betwixt us.

Aldo. [*Aſide.*] I thought as much; he has me already! —— But pray, Sir, why this Ceremony amongſt Friends? Put on, put on; and let us hear what News from *France*: have you heard lately from my Son? does he continue ſtill the moſt hopeful and eſteem'd young Gentleman in *Paris*? does he manage his Allowance with the ſame diſcretion? and laſtly, has he ſtill the ſame reſpect and duty for his good old Father?

Wood. Faith, Sir, I have been too long from my Catechiſe, to anſwer ſo many Queſtions; but, ſuppoſe there be no news of your *Quondam*-Son, you may comfort up your Heart for ſuch a loſs; Father *Aldo* has a numerous Progeny about the Town, Heav'n bleſs 'em.

Aldo. 'Tis very well Sir; I find you have been ſearching for your Relations then, in *VVhetſtone*'s Park!

Wood. No, Sir; I made ſome ſcruple of going to the foreſaid place, for fear of meeting my own Father there.

Aldo. Before *George*, I cou'd find in my Heart to diſinherit thee.

Pleaſ. Sure you cannot be ſo unnatural.

Wood. I am ſure I am no Baſtard; witneſs one good quality I have: If any of your Children have a ſtronger Tang of the Father in 'em, I am content to be diſown'd.

Aldo. Well, from this time forward, I pronounce thee —— no Son of mine.

Wood. Then you deſire I ſhou'd proceed, to juſtifie I am lawfully begotten? The Evidence is ready, Sir; and, if you pleaſe, I ſhall relate before this Honourable Aſſembly, thoſe excellent Leſſons of Morality you gave me at our firſt Acquaintance. As, in the firſt place,——

Aldo. Hold, hold; I charge thee hold, on thy obedience. I forgive thee heartily; I have proof enough thou art my Son; but tame thee that can, thou art a mad one.

Pleaſ. Why, this is as it ſhou'd be.

Aldo to him.] Not a word of any paſſages betwixt us, 'tis enough we know each other; hereafter we'll baniſh all Pomp and Ceremony, and live familiarly together: I'll be *Pilades*, and thou mad *Oreſtes*, and we'll divide the Eſtate betwixt us, and have freſh Wenches, and *Ballum Rankum* every Night.

Wood. A match, i'faith: and let the World paſs.

Aldo. But hold a little; I had forgot one point: I hope you are not marri'd, nor ingag'd?

Wood. To nothing but my Pleaſures, I.

Aldo. A mingle of Profit would do well though. Come, here's a Girl; look well upon her; 'tis a metled Toad, I can tell you that: ſhe'll make notable work betwixt two Sheets, in a lawful way.

Wood. What, my old Enemy, Mrs. *Pleaſance!*

M. *Brain.* Marry Mrs. *Saintly*'s Daughter!

Aldo. The truth is, ſhe has paſt for her Daughter, by my appointment; but ſhe has as good Blood running in her Veins, as the beſt of you: her Father, Mr. *Palms*, on his Death-bed, left her to my care and diſpoſal; beſides, a Fortune of twelve hundred a Year; a pretty convenience, by my faith.

Wood. Beyond my hopes, if ſhe conſent.

Aldo. I have taken ſome care of her Education, and plac'd her here with Mrs. *Saintly*, as her Daughter, to avoid her being blown upon by Fops, and younger Brothers. So now, Son, I hope I have match'd your Concealment with my diſcovery! there's hit for hit, e're I croſs the Cudgels.

Pleaſ. You will not take 'em up, Sir?

Wood. I dare not againſt you, Madam: I'm ſure you'll worſt me at all Weapons. All I can ſay is, I do not now begin to love you.

Aldo. Let me ſpeak for thee: Thou ſhalt be us'd, little *Pleaſance*, like a Sovereign Princeſs: thou ſhalt not touch a bit of Butchers Meat in a twelvemonth; and thou ſhalt be treated——

Pleaſ. Not with *Ballum Rankum* every Night, I hope!

Aldo. Well, thou art a Wag; no more of that. Thou ſhalt want neither Man's Meat, nor Woman's Meat, as far as his Proviſion will hold out.

Pleaſ. But I fear he's ſo horribly given to go a Houſe-warming abroad, that the leaſt part of the Proviſion will come to my ſhare at home.

Wood. You'll find me ſo much imployment in my own Family, that I ſhall have little need to look out for Journey-work.

Aldo. Before *George*, he ſhall do thee reaſon e're thou ſleep'ſt.

Pleaſ. No; he ſhall have an Honourable Truce for one Day at leaſt; for 'tis not fair, to put a freſh Enemy upon him.

Mrs. *Bra. to Pleaſ.*] I beſeech you, Madam, diſcover nothing betwixt him and me.

Pleaſ. to her.] I am contented to cancel the old Score; but take heed of bringing me an after-reckoning.

Enter Gervaſe, *leading* Saintly.

Ger. Save you, Gentlemen; and you my *Quondam*-Maſter: you are welcome all, as I may ſay.

Aldo. How now, Sirrah? what's the matter?

Ger. Give good words, while you live, Sir: your *Landlord*, and Mr. *Saintly*, if you pleaſe.

Wood. Oh, I underſtand the buſineſs; he's marri'd to the Widow.

Saint. Verily, the good work is accompliſh'd.

Brain. But, why Mr. *Saintly?*

Ger.

Ger. When a Man is marri'd to his Betters, 'tis but decency to take her Name. A pretty Houſe, a pretty Situation, and prettily Furniſh'd! I have been unlawfully labouring at hard Duty; but a Parſon has ſoder'd up the matter: thank your Worſhip, Mr. *Woodall.*——— How? *Giles* here!

VWood. The buſineſs is out, and I am now *Aldo:* my Father has forgiven me, and we are Friends.

Ger. When will *Giles*, with his honeſty, come to this?

VWood. Nay, do not inſult too much, good Mr. *Saintly:* thou wert but my Deputy; thou know'ſt the Widow intended it to me.

Ger. But I am ſatisfi'd ſhe perform'd it with me, Sir. Well, there is much good will in theſe preciſe old Women; they are the moſt zealous Bed-fellows: Look and ſhe does not bluſh now! you ſee there's Grace in her.

Wood. Mr. *Limberham*, where are you? Come, chear up Man: how go matters on your ſide of the Country? Cry him, *Gervaſe.*

Ger. Mr. *Limberham*, Mr. *Limberham*, make your appearance in the Court, and ſave your Recognizance.

Enter Limberham *and* Trickſy.

VWood. Sir, I ſhou'd now make a Speech to you in my own defence; but the ſhort of all is this: if you can forgive what's paſt, your hand, and I'll endeavour to make up the breach betwixt you and your Miſtreſs: if not, I am ready to give you the ſatisfaction of a Gentleman.

Lim. Sir, I am a peaceable Man, and a good Chriſtian, though I ſay it, and deſire no ſatisfaction from any Man: *Pug* and I are partly agreed upon the point already; and therefore lay thy hand upon thy Heart, *Pug*, and if thou canſt from the bottom of thy Soul defie Mankind, naming no body, I'll forgive thy paſt Enormities; and, to give good Example to all Chriſtian Keepers, will take thee to my wedded Wife: And thy four hundred a Year ſhall be ſetled upon thee, for ſeparate Maintenance.

Trick. Why, now I can conſent with Honour.

Aldo. This is the firſt buſineſs that was ever made up without me.

VWood. Give you Joy, Mr. *Birdegroom.*

Lim. You may ſpare your Breath, Sir, if you pleaſe: I deſire none from you. 'Tis true, I'm ſatisfi'd of her Vertue, in ſpight of Slander; but, to ſilence Calumny, I ſhall civilly deſire you henceforth, not to make a Chappel of Eaſe of *Pug*'s Cloſet.

Pleaſ. [*Aſide.*] I'll take care of falſe Worſhip, I'll warrant him: he ſhall have no more to do with *Bell* and the *Dragon.*

Brain. Come hither, Wedlock, and let me Seal my laſting Love upon thy Lips: *Saintly* has been ſeduc'd, and ſo has *Trickſy:*——— but thou alone art kind and conſtant. Hitherto I have not valu'd modeſty, according to its merit; but hereafter, *Memphis* ſhall not boaſt a Monument more firm, than my Affection.

VWood. A moſt excellent Reformation, and at a moſt ſeaſonable time! The Moral on't is pleaſant, if well conſider'd. Now, let's to Dinner: Mr. *Saintly*, lead the way, as becomes you, in your own Houſe.

[*The reſt going off.*

Pleaſ. Your hand, ſweet Moiety.

VWood. And Heart too, my comfortable Importance.
Miſtreſs, and Wife, by turns, I have poſſeſs'd:
He who enjoys 'em both, in one, is bleſs'd.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *LIMBERHAM.*

I Beg a Boon, that e're you all disband,
Some one would take my Bargain off my hand;
To keep a Punk is but a common evil,
To find her falſe, and Marry, that's the Devil.
VVell, I ne'er acted Part in all my Life,
Bet ſtill I was ſobb'd off with ſome ſuch VVife:
I find the Trick; theſe Poets take no pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
VVe Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades,
You Cheat us baſely with your Common Jades.
Now I am Married, I muſt ſit down by it;
But let me keep my dear bought Spouſe in quiet:
Let none of you damn'd Woodalls *of the Pit,*
Put in for Shares, to mend our breed, in VVit;
VVe know your Baſtards from our Fleſh and Blood,
Not one in ten of yours e're comes to good,
In all the Boys their Fathers Vertues ſhine,
But all the Female Fry turn Pugs *like mine.*
VVhen theſe grow up, Lord! with what Rampant Gadders
Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads with Padders.
This Town two Bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield *Horſe, and VVife of* Covent-Garden.

OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS.

PREFACE.

THough it be dangerous to raiſe too great an expectation, eſpecially in works of this Nature, where we are to pleaſe an unſatiable Audience, yet 'tis reaſonable to prepoſſeſs them in favour of an Author; and therefore both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* inform'd you, that *Oedipus* was the moſt celebrated Piece of all Antiquity. That *Sophocles*, not only the greateſt Wit, but one of the greateſt Men in *Athens*, made it for the Stage, at the Publick Coſt; and that it had the Reputation of being his Maſter-piece, not only amongſt the Seven of his which are ſtill remaining, but of the greater number which are periſh'd. *Ariſtotle* has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry; *Horace* has mention'd it: *Lucullus*, *Julius Cæſar*, and other noble *Romans*, have written on the ſame Subject, tho' their Poems are wholly loſt; but *Seneca*'s is ſtill preſerv'd. In our own Age, *Corneille* has attempted it, and it appears, by his Preface, with great ſucceſs: But a judicious Reader will eaſily obſerve, how much the Copy is inferior to the Original. He tells you himſelf, that he owes a great part of his ſucceſs to the happy Epiſode of *Theſeus* and *Dirce*; which is the ſame thing, as if we ſhould acknowledge, that we are indebted for our good Fortune, to the under-plot of *Adraſtus*, *Euridice*, and *Creon*. The truth is, he miſerably failed in the Character of his Hero: if he deſir'd that *Oedipus* ſhould be pitied, he ſhould have made him a better Man. He forgot that *Sophocles* had taken care to ſhew him in his firſt entrance, a juſt, a merciful, a ſucceſsful, a Religious Prince; and, in ſhort, a Father of his Country: inſtead of theſe he has drawn him ſuſpicious, deſigning, more anxious of keeping the *Theban* Crown, than ſolicitous for the ſafety of his People: Hector'd by *Theſeus*, contemn'd by *Dirce*, and ſcarce maintaining a ſecond part in his own Tragedy. This was an Error in the firſt Concoction; and therefore never to be mended in the ſecond or the third: He introduc'd a greater Hero than *Oedipus* himſelf; for when *Theſeus* was once there, that Companion of *Hercules* muſt yield to none: The Poet was obliged to furniſh him with Buſineſs, to make him an Equipage ſuitable to his Dignity; and by following him too cloſe, to loſe his other King of *Branford* in the Crowd. *Seneca*, on the other ſide, as if there were no ſuch thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous Expreſſions, pointed Sentences, and Philoſophical Notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage: The *French-man* followed a wrong Scent; and the *Roman* was abſolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of *Corneille*, was, that an Epiſode muſt be, but not his way: And *Seneca* ſupply'd us with no new Hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his *Tireſias* raiſing the Ghoſt of *Lajus*, which is here perform'd in view of the Audience; the Rites and Ceremonies ſo far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the *Greeks*; but he himſelf was beholden to *Homer*'s *Tireſias* in the *Odyſſes* for ſome of them; and the reſt have been collected from *Heliodore*'s *Ethiopiques*, and *Lucan*'s *Erictho*. *Sophocles*, indeed, is admirable every where; and therefore we have follow'd as cloſe as poſſibly we cou'd: But the *Athenian* Theatre (whether more perfect than ours, is not now diſputed) had a Perfection differing from ours. You ſee there in every Act a ſingle Scene, (or two at moſt) which manage the buſineſs of the Play; and after that ſucceeds the *Chorus*, which commonly takes up more Time in ſinging, than there has been employ'd in ſpeaking. The principal Perſon appears almoſt conſtantly through the Play; but the inferior Parts ſeldom above once in the whole Tragedy. The Conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to loſe any conſiderable Character which we have once preſented. Cuſtom likewiſe has obtain'd, that we muſt form an Under-Plot of Second Perſons, which muſt be depending on the Firſt; and their By-Walks muſt be like thoſe in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great *Parterre*; or like ſo many ſeveral Lodging-Chambers, which have their Out-lets into the ſame Gallery. Perhaps, after all, if we cou'd think ſo, the ancient Method, as 'tis the eaſieſt, is alſo the moſt natural, and the beſt: For Variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often ſubject to breed Diſtraction; and while we wou'd pleaſe too many ways, for want of Art in the Conduct, we pleaſe in none. But we have given you more already than was neceſſary for a Preface; and for ought we know, may gain no more by our Inſtructions, than that politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight ſo long, that at laſt they are in a Condition to invade them.

PROLOGUE.

WHen Athens *all the* Græcian *State did guide,*
And Greece *gave Laws to all the World beſide,*
Then Sophocles *with* Socrates *did ſit,*
Supreme in Wiſdom one, and one in Wit:
And Wit from Wiſdom differ'd not in thoſe,
But as 'twas ſung in Verſe, or ſaid in Proſe.
Then Oedipus *on Crowned Theatres,*
Drew all admiring Eyes and liſtning Ears;
The pleas'd Spectator ſhouted every Line,
The Nobleſt, Manlieſt, and the Beſt Deſign!
And every Critick of each learned Age,
By this juſt Model has reform'd the Stage.
Now, ſhould it fail, (as Heav'n avert our fear!)
Damn it in Silence, leſt the World ſhould hear.
For were it known this Poem did not pleaſe,
You might ſet up for perfect Salvages:
Your Neighbours would not look on you as Men:
But think the Nation *all turn'd* Picts *agen.*
'Faith, as you manage Matters, 'tis not fit
You ſhould ſuſpect your ſelves of too much Wit.
Drive not the Jeſt too far, but ſpare this Piece:
And, for this once, be not more Wiſe than Greece.
See twice! Do not pell-mell to damning fall,
Like true born Britains, *who ne'er think at all:*
Pray be adviſ'd; and though at Mons *you won,*
On pointed Cannon do not always run.
With ſome reſpect to ancient Wit proceed;
You take the four firſt Councils for your Creed.
But when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone rely,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry.
If notwithſtanding all that we can ſay,
You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play:
And come reſolv'd to Damn, becauſe you pay.
Record it, in memorial of the Fact,
The firſt Play bury'd ſince the Woollen Act.

EPILOGUE.

WHat Sophocles *could undertake alone,*
Our Poets found a Work for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the Piece, (Greece.
With all their force, to draw the ponderous Maſs from
A weight that bent even Seneca's *ſtrong Muſe;*
And which Corneille's *Shoulders did refuſe.*
So hard it is the Athenian *Harp to ſtring!*
So much Two Conſuls yield to one juſt King.
Terror and Pity this whole Poem ſway;
The mightieſt Machines that can mount a Play:
How heavy will thoſe vulgar Souls be found,
Whom Two ſuch Engines cannot move from Ground?
When Greece *and* Rome *have ſmil'd upon this Birth,*
You can but damn for one poor Spot of Earth:
And when your Children find your judgment ſuch,
They'll ſcorn their Sires, and wiſh themſelves born
Each haughty Poet will infer with eaſe, (Dutch;
How much his Wit muſt under-write to pleaſe.
As ſome ſtrong Churle would brandiſhing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you by judging this, your Judgments teach,
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full Two thouſand Years
Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs;
Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles *is ſhown,*
To praiſe his worth they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each others Pow'r aſſure,
Weak Poets, by conjunction are ſecure,
Their Treat is what your Pallats reliſh moſt,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder, and a Ghoſt!
We know not what you can deſire or hope,
To pleaſe you more, but burning of a Pope.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Oedipus	Mr. *Betterton.*
Adraſtus	Mr. *Smith.*
Creon	Mr. *Sanford.*
Tireſias	Mr. *Harris.*
Hæmon	Mr. *Crosby.*
Alcander	Mr. *Williams.*
Diocles	Mr. *Norris.*
Pyracmon	Mr. *Bowman.*
Phorbas	Mr. *Gillo.*
Dymas	
Ægeon	
Ghoſt of Lajus.	Mr. *VVilliams.*

WOMEN.

Jocaſta	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Eurydice	Mrs. *Lee.*
Manto	Mrs. *Evans.*

Prieſts, Citizens, Attendants, *&c.*

SCENE, *THEBES.*

OEDIPUS.

OEDIPUS.

ACT I. SCENE *Thebes.*

The Curtain riſes to a plaintive Tune, repreſenting the preſent Condition of Thebes; *Dead Bodies appear at a diſtance in the Streets; ſome faintly go over the Stage, others drop.*

Enter Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.

Alcander. Methinks we ſtand on Ruines; Nature ſhakes
About us; and the Univerſal Frame
So looſe, that it but wants another puſh
To leap from off its Hinges.

Dioc. No Sun to chear us, but a bloody Globe
That rowls above; a bald and beamleſs Fire;
His Face o'er-grown with Scurf: the Sun's ſick too;
Shortly he'll be an Earth.

Pyr. Therefore the Seaſons
Lie all confus'd; and by the Heavens neglected,
Forget themſelves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his mid-way, and, ſeeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw damps,
With flaggy Wings, fly heavily about,
Scattering their Peſtilential Colds and Rheums
Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murrains follow,
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:
At laſt, the Malady
Grew more domeſtick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Maſter's Feet.

Dioc. And next his Maſter:
For all thoſe Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
Firſt on inferiour Creatures try'd their force;
And laſt they ſeiz'd on Man.

Pyr. And then a thouſand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And every Dart took place; all was ſo ſudden,
That ſcarce a firſt Man fell; one but began
To wonder, and ſtraight fell a wonder too;
A third, who ſtoop'd to raiſe his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan? [*Groan without.*

Dioc. A Troop of Ghoſts took flight together there:
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For ſingle Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
How are we ſure we breath not now our laſt,
And that next Minute,
Our Bodies caſt into ſome common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a People?

Alc. There's a Chain of Cauſes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Neceſſity
That what e'er is, could not but ſo have been;
That's my ſecurity.

To them enter Creon.

Creon. So had it need, when all our Streets lie cover'd
With dead and dying Men,
And Earth expoſes Bodies on the Pavements
More than ſhe hides in Graves!

Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I ſeen
The Nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death.
Dioc. Now, *Oedipus*,
(If he return from War, our other Plague)
Will ſcarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.
Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be ſung before him.
Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children
Of conquer'd *Argians* to renew his *Thebes*.
Creon. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates
With their deteſted Omen.
Dioc. Of his Children.
Creon. Nay, though ſhe be my Siſter, of his Wife.
Alc. Oh that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!
Dioc. We might have had one.
Pyr. Yes, had the People pleas'd.
Creon. Come, y'are my Friends:
The Queen my Siſter, after *Lajus* Death,
Fear'd to lie ſingle; and ſupply'd his place
With a young Succeſſor.
Dioc. He much reſembles
Her former Husband too.
Alc. I always thought ſo.
Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black Locks
He will be a very *Lajus*.
Creon. So he will.
Mean time ſhe ſtands provided of a *Lajus*,
More young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.
Theſe Women are ſuch cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
The ſame reſemblance in a younger Lover,
Lies brooding in their Fancies the ſame Pleaſures,
And urges their remembrance to deſire.
Dioc. Had merit, not her dotage, been conſider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *Oedipus*,
A Stranger!
Creon. That word Stranger, I confeſs
Sounds harſhly in my Ears.
Dioc. We are your Creatures.
The People prone, as in all general Ills,
To ſudden Change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen, a Woman weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princeſs young and beauteous, and unmarried.
Methinks from theſe disjointed Propoſitions
Something might be produc'd.
Creon. The Gods have done
Their part, by ſending this commodious Plague,
But oh the Princeſs! her hard Heart is ſhut,
Ay Adamantine Locks, againſt my Love.
Alc. Your claim to her is ſtrong; you are betroth'd.
Pyr. True! in her Nonage.
Alc. But that lett's remov'd.
Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Agos*, your *Adraſtus*,
When he was Hoſtage here——
Creon. Oh name him not! the bane of all my hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warriour, has the Charms
Of Youth, and ſomewhat of a lucky raſhneſs,
To pleaſe a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward form
And empty noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man.
Alc. But ſince the War broke out about our Frontiers
He's now a Foe to *Thebes!*

Creon. But is not ſo to her; ſee, ſhe appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: you inſinuate
Kind thoughts of me into the multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with Freedom;
And you ſhall ſee 'em toſs their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had ſtung 'em.
Dioc. We'll about it. [*Exeunt* Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.

Enter Eurydice.

Creon. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice!*
A laviſh Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of ſuch kindred-mold to Heaven,
Thou ſeem'ſt more Heaven's than ours.
Eur. Caſt round your Eyes;
Where late the Streets were ſo thick ſown with Men,
Like *Cadmus*'s Brood they juſtled for the Paſſage:
Now look for thoſe erected Heads, and ſee 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick Ways:
When you have thought on this, anſwer this,
If theſe be hours of Courtſhip?
Creon. Yes, they are;
For when the Gods deſtroy ſo faſt, 'tis time
We ſhould renew the Race.
Eur. What, in the midſt of horror!
Creon. Why not then?
There's the more need of Comfort.
Euryd. Impious *Creon!*
Creon. Unjuſt *Eurydice!* can you accuſe me
Of love, which is Heaven's Precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you ſay purſues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?
Euryd. Still th' old Argument.
I bad you caſt your Eyes on other Men,
Now caſt 'em on your ſelf: think what you are.
Creon. A Man.
Euryd. A Man!
Creon. Why doubt you? I'm a Man,
Euryd. 'Tis well you tell me ſo, I ſhould miſtake you;
For any other part o'th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you Man: hence from my ſight,
Thou Poyſon to my Eyes.
Creon. 'Twas you firſt poyſon'd mine; and yet methinks
My Face and Perſon ſhou'd not make you ſport.
Euryd. You force me, by your importunities,
To ſhew you what you are.
Creon. A Prince, who loves you:
And ſince your Pride provokes me, worth your Love,
Ev'n at his higheſt value.
Euryd. Love from thee?
Why love renounc'd thee e're thou ſaw'ſt the light:
Nature her ſelf ſtart back when thou wert born,
And cry'd the Work's not mine———
The Midwife ſtood agaſt; and when ſhe ſaw
Thy Mountain Back, and thy diſtorted Legs,
Thy Face it ſelf,
Half minted with the Royal ſtamp of Man,
And half o'ercome with Beaſt, ſtood doubting long,
Whoſe right in thee were more:
And knew not if to burn thee in the flames,
Were not the holier work.
Creon. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my Body
In ſo perverſe a Mold? yet when ſhe caſt
Her envious Hand upon my ſupple Joints,
Unable to reſiſt, and rumpled 'em
On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge

Her bungled work, ſhe ſtampt my Mind more fair:
And as from Chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods ſtruck fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautifie the Sky, ſo ſhe inform'd
This ill-ſhap'd Body with a daring Soul:
And making leſs than Man, ſhe made me more.
Euryd. No, thou art all one Error; Soul and Body;
The firſt young tryal of ſome unskill'd Pow'r,
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove.*
Thy crooked Mind within, hunch'd out thy back,
And wander'd in thy Limbs: to thy own kind
Make love, if thou canſt find it in the World;
And ſeek not from our Sex to raiſe an Off-ſpring,
Which, mingled with the reſt, would tempt the Gods
To cut off Human Kind.
Creon. No; let 'em leave
The *Argian* Prince for you: that Enemy
Of *Thebes* has made you falſe, and break the Vows
You made to me.
Euryd. They were my Mother's Vows,
Made when I was at Nurſe.
Creon. But hear me, Maid;
This Blot of Nature, this deform'd loath'd *Creon*,
Is Maſter of a Sword, to reach the Blood
Of your young *Minion*, ſpoil the Gods fine work,
And ſtab you in his Heart.
Euryd. This when thou doeſt,
Then may'ſt thou ſtill be curſt with loving me:
And, as thou art, be ſtill unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghoſt———No, let his Ghoſt have reſt;
But let the greateſt, fierceſt, fouleſt Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himſelf. [*Exit* Eurydice.
Creon. 'Tis true, I am
What ſhe has told me, an offence to ſight:
My Body opens inward to my Soul,
And lets in Day to make my Vices ſeen,
By all diſcerning Eyes, but the blind vulgar.
I muſt haſte e're *Oedipus* return,
To ſnatch the Crown and her; for I ſtill love;
But love with Malice; as an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds, ſo will I ſeize and ſtanch
The hunger of my Love on this proud Beauty,
And leave the ſcraps for Slaves.
Enter Tireſias, *leaning on a Staff, and led by his Daughter* Manto.
VVhat makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad?
VVou'd his *Apollo* had him, he's too holy
For Earth and me; I'll ſhun his walk, and ſeek
My popular Friends. [*Exit* Creon.
Tireſias. A little farther, yet a little farther;
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old Man,
Conduct my weary ſteps; and thou who ſeeſt
For me and for thy ſelf, beware thou tread not
VVith impious ſteps upon dead Corps;———Now ſtay,
Methinks I draw more open, vital Air,
VVhere are we?
Manto. Under covert of a VVall:
The moſt frequented once, and noiſie part
Of *Thebes*, now midnight ſilence reigns even here;
And Graſs untrodden ſprings beneath our Feet.
Tir. If there be nigh this place a Sunny Bank,
There let me reſt a while: a Sunny Bank!
Alas how can it be, where no Sun ſhines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and ſcarce holds up his drowſie head

To glimmer through the Damps.
[*A Noiſe within, Follow, follow, follow, A* Creon, *A* Creon, *A* Creon.
Hark! a tumultuous noiſe, and *Creon*'s Name
Thrice ecchoed.
Man. Fly, the Tempeſt drives this way.
Tir. VVhither can Age and Blindneſs take their flight?
If I could fly, what cou'd I ſuffer worſe,
Secure of great Ill! [*Noiſe again*, Creon, Creon, Creon.
Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon, *follow'd by the Crowd.*
Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but muſt refuſe
The Honours you intend me, they're too great;
And I am too unworthy; think agen,
And make a better Choice.
1. *Cit.* Think twice! I ne'er thought twice in all my Life:
That's double work.
2. *Cit.* My firſt word is always my ſecond; and therefore I'll have
No ſecond word; and therefore once again I ſay, A *Creon.*
All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon.*
Creon. Yet hear me, Fellow Citizens.
Dioc. Fellow Citizens! there was a word of kindneſs.
Alc. VVhen did *Oedipus* ſalute you by that familiar Name?
1. *Cit.* Never, never; He was too proud.
Creon. Indeed he could not, for he was a Stranger:
But under him our *Thebes* is half deſtroyed.
Forbid it Heav'n, the reſidue ſhould periſh
Under a *Theban* born.
'Tis true, the Gods might ſend this Plague among you,
Becauſe a Stranger rul'd. But what of that?
Can I redreſs it now?
3. *Cit.* Yes, you or none.
'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us
Becauſe he Reigns.
Creon. Oedipus may return: You may be ruin'd.
1. *Cit.* Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.
2. *Cit.* Half of us that are here preſent, were living Men but
Yeſterday; and we that are abſent, do but drop and drop,
And no Man knows whether he be dead or living. And
Therefore, while we are ſound and well, let us ſatisfie our
Conſciences, and make a new King.
3. *Cit.* Ha, if we were but worthy to ſee another Coronation!
And then, if we muſt die, we'll go merrily together.
All. To the Queſtion, to the Queſtion.
Dioc. Are you content *Creon* ſhall be your King?
All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon.*
Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans:* And thou *Creon*, hear me.
1. *Cit.* Who's that would be heard? We'll hear no Man:
We can ſcarce hear one another.
Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.
2. *Cit.* Oh, 'tis *Apollo*'s Prieſt; we muſt hear him: 'Tis the old blind
Prophet, that ſees all things.
3. *Cit.* He comes from the Gods too; and they are our Betters:
And therefore in good Manners we muſt hear him. Speak, Prophet.
2. *Cit.* For coming from the Gods, that's no great matter;
They can all ſay that: But he's a great Sholar, he can make
Almanacks and he were put to't; and therefore I ſay, hear him.
Tir. When angry Heav'n ſcatters its Plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans?* Are the Gods
Unjuſt in puniſhing? Are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?
1. *Cit.* Yes, yes; No doubt, there are ſome Sins ſtirring,
That are the Cauſe of all.
3. *Cit.* Yes, There are Sins, or we ſhould have no Taxes.
2. *Cit.* For my part, I can ſpeak it with a ſafe Conſcience,
I ne'er ſin'd in all my Life.

1. *Cit.* Nor I.
3. *Cit.* Nor I.
2. *Cit.* Then we are all juſtified: The Sin lies not at our Doors.
Tir. All juſtified alike, and yet all guilty.
Were every Man's Falſe-dealing brought to light;
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Weights and Meaſures, th'other Man's Extortions,
With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n,
You had not ſin'd?
2. *Cit.* Nay, if theſe be Sins the Caſe is alter'd: For my part, I never
Thought any thing but Murder had been a Sin.
Tir. And yet, as if all theſe were leſs than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em. Impious *Thebans!*
Have you not ſworn before the Gods, to ſerve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King,
By publick Voice elected? Anſwer me,
If this be true.
2. *Cit.* This is true: But it's a hard World, Neighbours,
If a Man's Oath muſt be his Maſter.
Creon. Speak *Diocles:* All goes wrong.
Dioc. How! are you Traytors, Country-men of *Thebes?*
This holy Sir, who preſſes you with Oaths,
Forgets your firſt. Were you not ſworn before
To *Lajus*, and his Blood?
All. We were, we were.
Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Succeſſor,
Your firſt Oath ſtill muſt bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon:*
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd,
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*,
A Stranger to his Blood.
All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus.*
1. *Cit.* He puts the Prophet in a Mouſe-hole.
2. *Cit.* I knew it would be ſo: The laſt Man ever ſpeaks the beſt Reaſon.
Tir. Can Benefits thus die? Ungrateful *Thebans!*
Remember yet, when, after *Lajus*'s Death,
The Monſter *Sphynx* laid your rich Country waſte,
Your Vineyards ſpoil'd, your labouring Oxen ſlew;
Your ſelves, for fear, mew'd up within your Walks;
She, taller than your Gates, o'er-look'd your Town;
But when ſhe rais'd her Bulk to ſail above you,
She drove the Air around her, like a Whirl-wind,
And ſhaded all beneath; till ſtooping down,
She clap'd her Leathern Wing againſt your Tow'rs,
And thruſt out her long Neck, ev'n to your Doors.
Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.
Tir. You durſt not meet in Temple,
T'invoke the Gods for Aid; the proudeſt he
Who leads you now, then crow'd like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* ſhook for fear,
The Blood of *Lajus* curdled in his Veins;
Till *Oedipus* arriv'd,
Call'd by his own high Courage, and the Gods;
Himſelf to you a God: Ye offer'd him
Your Queen and Crown; (but what was then your Crown!)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his Succeſs.
Speak then; who is your lawful King?
All. 'Tis *Oedipus.*
Tir. 'Tis *Oedipus*, your King more lawful
That yet you dream; for ſomething ſtill there lies
In Heaven's dark Volume, which I read thro' Miſts:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful Birth
Of wondrous Fate; and now, juſt now diſcloſing.
I ſee, I ſee how terrible it dawns!
And my Soul ſickens with it.

1. *Cit.* How the God ſhakes him!
Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conqueſt! Triumph!
But, Oh! Guiltleſs and Guilty. Murder! Parricide!
Inceſt! Diſcovery! Puniſhment——'tis ended,
And all your Sufferings o'er.
A Trumpet within; *Enter* Hemon.
Hæm. Rouze up, ye *Thebans*; tune your *Io Pæas.*
Your King returns; the *Argians* are o'recome;
Their Warlike Prince in ſingle Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like *Oedipus.*
All. Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus.
Creon. Furies confound his Fortune!—— [*Aſide.*
Haſte, all haſte, [*To them.*
And meet with Bleſſings, our victorious King;
Decree Proceſſions; bid new Holy-days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raiſe a brazen Collumn, thus inſcrib'd,
To *Oedipus*, now twice a Conqueror; Deliverer of his *Thebes.*
Truſt me, I weep for Joy to ſee this Day.
Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows how thou weep'ſt:—— Go Country-men,
And as you us'd to ſupplicate your Gods,——
So meet your King, with Bays, and Olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
And end of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you. [*Exit* Tireſias, *the People following.*
Enter Oedipus *in Triumph:* Adraſtus *Priſoner*; Dymas, *Train.*
Creon. All hail, great *Oedipus*;
Thou mighty Conqueror, hail; welcome to *Thebes*,
To thy own *Thebes*, to all that's left of *Thebes:*
For half thy Citizens are ſwept away,
And wanting to thy Triumphs;
And we, the happy Remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and die.
Oedipus. Thus Pleaſure never comes ſincere to Man;
But lent by Heaven, upon hard Uſury;
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E're it can reach our Lips, 'tis daſh'd with Gall
By ſome left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!
O Conqueſt gain'd abroad, and loſt at home!
O *Argos*, now rejoyce, for *Thebes* lies low;
Thy ſlaughter'd Sons now Smile, and think they won,
When they can count more *Theban* Ghoſts than theirs.
Adraſt. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*; you temper'd ſo
Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy ſeem'd
The Manlier Vertue, and much more prevail'd.
While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*
Can never want for Subjects: Every Nation
Will crowd to ſerve, where *Oedipus* commands.
Creon to Hæm.] How mean it ſhews, to fawn upon the Victor!
Hæm. Had you beheld him fight, you had ſaid otherwiſe:
Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy
Superiour Virtue.
Oed. This, indeed, is Conqueſt,
To gain a Friend like you. Why were we Foes?
Adraſt. 'Cauſe we were Kings, and each diſdain'd an Equal.
I fought to have it in my power to do
What thou haſt done; and ſo to uſe my Conqueſt,
To ſhew thee, Honour was my only Motive.
Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,
And *Thebes* thus waſte, I would not take the Gift,
Which, like a Toy, drop'd from the Hands of Fortune,
Lay for the next Chance-comer.
Oed. [*Embracing.*] No more Captive,
But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleaſant,

And ſafer, truſt me, thus to meet thy Love,
Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our Warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from ſoft uſe.
Adraſt. My Conqueror.
Oed. My Friend! That other Name keeps Enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee, were a Crime
To Love, and to *Eurydice*; go free:
Such Welcome as a ruin'd Town can give,
Expect from me; the reſt let her ſupply.
Adraſt. I go without a Bluſh, though conquer'd twice;
By you, and by my Princeſs. [*Exit* Adraſtus.
Creon. aſide. Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,
And her, and even by him, the Slave of both.
Gods, I am beholding to you for making me your Image:
Would I could make you mine. [*Exit* Creon.

Enter the People with Branches in their Hands, holding them up, and kneeling: Two Prieſts before them.

Oed. Alas, my People!
VVhat means this ſpeechleſs Sorrow, down-caſt Eyes,
And lifted Hands? If there be one among you,
VVhom Grief has left a Tongue, ſpeak for the reſt.
1. *Pr.* O Father of thy Country!
To thee theſe Knees are bent, theſe Eyes are lifted,
As to a viſible Divinity.
A Prince, on whom Heav'n ſafely might repoſe
The buſineſs of Mankind: For Providence
Might on thy Boſom ſleep ſecure,
And leave her Task to thee.
But where's the Glory of thy former Acts?
Ev'n that's deſtroy'd when none ſhall live to ſpeak it.
Millions of Subjects ſhalt thou have, but mute.
A People of the Dead; a crowded Deſart:
A Midnight-ſilence at the Noon of Day.
Oed. Oh! Were our Gods as ready with their Pity,
As I with mine, this Preſence ſhould be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my ſad Eyes
Not ſearch in vain for Friends, whoſe promis'd ſight
Flatter'd my Toils of War.
1. *Pr.* Twice our Deliverer!
Oed. Nor are now your Vows
Adreſs'd to one who ſleeps:
When this unwelcome News firſt reach'd my Ears,
Dymas was ſent to *Delphos*, to enquire
The Cauſe and Cure of this contagious Ill;
And is this Day return'd: But ſince his Meſſage
Concerns the Publick, I refus'd to hear it,
But in this general Preſence: Let him ſpeak.
Dymas. A dreadful Anſwer from the hallow'd Urn,
And ſacred *Tripous* did the Prieſteſs give,
In theſe myſterious words,
The Oracle. *Shed in a curſed Hour, by curſed Hand,*
Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land.
When Lajus*'s Death is expiated well,*
Your Plague ſhall ceaſe: The reſt let Lajus *tell.*
Oed. Dreadful indeed! Blood, and a King's Blood too!
And ſuch a King; and by his Subjects ſhed!
(Elſe, by this Curſe on *Thebes!*) No wonder then
If Monſters, Wars, and Plagues revenge ſuch Crimes.
If Heav'n be juſt, its whole Artillery,
All muſt be empty'd on us: Not one Bolt
Shall err from *Thebes*; but more be call'd for, more!
New-molded Thunder, of a larger Size,
Driv'n by whole *Jove*. What! touch anointed Pow'r!
Then Gods beware; *Jove* would himſelf be next,

Cou'd

Cou'd you but reach him too.
2. Pr. We mourn the ſad Remembrance.
Oed. Well you may.
Worſe than a Plague infects you: Y' are devoted
To Mother Earth, and to th' Infernal Pow'rs:
Hell has a Right in you: I thank you Gods,
That I'm no *Theban* born: How my Blood curdles!
As if this Curſe touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer
Than all this Preſence!——Yes, 'tis a King's Blood;
And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper Bonds
To expiate this Blood: but where, from whom,
Or how muſt I atone it? Tell me, *Thebans*,
How *Lajus* fell; for a confus'd Report
Paſs'd through my Ears, when firſt I took the Crown;
But, full of hurry, like a Morning-Dream,
It vaniſh'd in the buſineſs of the Day.
1. Pr. He went in private forth, but thinly follow'd;
And ne'er return'd to *Thebes*.
Oed. Nor any from him? Came there no Attendant?
None to bring News?
2. Pr. But one; and he ſo wounded,
He ſcarce drew Breath to ſpeak ſome few faint words.
Oed. What were they? Something may be learn'd from thence.
1. Pr. He ſaid, a Band of Robbers watch'd their paſſage,
Who took advantage of a narrow VVay,
To murder *Lajus* and the reſt; himſelf
Left too for dead.
Oed. Made you no more enquiry,
But took this bare Relation?
2. Pr. 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monſter *Sphynx* began to rage;
And preſent Cares ſoon buried the remote:
So was it huſh'd, and never ſince reviv'd.
Oed. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Juſt then the *Sphynx* began to rage among you;
The Gods took hold ev'n of th' offending Minute,
And dated thence your VVoes: Thence will I trace 'em.
1. Pr. 'Tis juſt thou ſhould'ſt.
Oed. Hear then this dread Imprecation, hear it:
'Tis laid on all, not any one exempt:
Bear witneſs, Heav'n; avenge it on the Perjur'd.
If any *Theban* born, if any Stranger
Reveal this Murder, or produce its Author;
Ten Antique Talents be his juſt Reward:
But if for Fear, for Favour, or for Hire,
The Murder he conceal, the Curſe of *Thebes*
Fall heavy on his Head: Unite our Plagues,
Ye Gods, and place 'em there: From Fire and VVater
Converſe, and all things common, be he baniſh'd.
But for the Murderers ſelf, unſound by Man,
Find him, ye Powers Celeſtial and Infernal;
And the ſame Fate, or worſe than *Lajus* met,
Let be his Lot: His Children be accurs'd;
His VVife and Kindred, all of his be curs'd.
Both Pr. Confirm it, Heav'n.

Enter Jocaſta; *Attended by Women.*

Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n ſucceed your VViſhes;
And bring th' Effect of theſe your pious Pray'rs
On you, and me, and all.
Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!
Oed. O fatal Sound! Unfortunate *Jocaſta!*
What haſt thou ſaid! An ill Hour haſt thou choſen
For theſe fore-boding words: VVhy, we were curſing.
Joc. Then may that Curſe fall only where you laid it.

Oed.

Oed. Speak no more.
For all thou ſay'ſt is ominous: VVe are curſing;
And that dire Imprecation haſt thou faſten'd
On *Thebes*, and thee, and me, and all of us.
Joc. Are then my Bleſſings turn'd into a Curſe?
O unkind *Oedipus!* My former Lord
Thought me his Bleſſing: Be thou like my *Lajus*.
Oed. VVhat, yet again! The third time haſt thou curs'd me?
This Imprecation was for *Lajus*'s Death;
And thou haſt wiſh'd me like him.
Joc. Horror ſeizes me!
Oed. VVhy doſt thou gaze upon me? Prithee, Love,
Take off thy Eye; it burdens me too much.
Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus*:
His Speech, his Garb, his Action; nay, his Frown;
(For I have ſeen it;) but ne'er bent on me.
Oed. Are we ſo like?
Joc. In all things but his Love.
Oed. I love thee more: So well I love, words cannot ſpeak how well;
No pious Son e'er lov'd his Mother more,
Than I my dear *Jocaſta*.
Joc. I love you too
The ſelf-ſame way: And when you chid, methought
A Mother's Love ſtart up in your Defence,
And bad me not be angry: Be not you:
For I love *Lajus* ſtill as Wives ſhould love;
But you more tenderly, as part of me:
And when I have you in my Arms, methinks
I lull my Child aſleep.
Oed. Then we are bleſs'd:
And all theſe Curſes ſweep along the Skies,
Like empty Clouds, but drop not on our Heads.
Joc. I have not joy'd an Hour ſince you departed,
For publick Miſeries, and for private Fears:
But this bleſs'd Meeting has o'er-paid 'em all.
Good Fortune that comes ſeldom, comes more welcome!
All I can wiſh for now, is your Conſent
To make my Brother happy.
Oed. How, *Jocaſta?*
Joc. By Marriage with his Neece *Eurydice*.
Oed. Uncle and Neece! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Inceſt; 'tis Offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adraſtus*,
No Choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They ſhou'd not marry. Speak no more of it;
The Thought diſturbs me.
Joc. Heav'n can never bleſs
A Vow ſo broken, which I made to *Creon*:
Remember he's my Brother.
Oed. That's the Bar:
And ſhe thy Daughter: Nature would abhor
To be forc'd back again upon her ſelf,
And, like a Whirl-pool, ſwallow her own Streams.
Joc. Be not diſpleas'd; I'll move the Suit no more.
Oed. No, do not; for, I know not why, it ſhakes me
When I but think on Inceſt: Move we forward
To thank the Gods for my Succeſs, and pray
To waſh the Guilt of Royal Blood away. [*Exeunt Omnes*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-Chamber being ſuppos'd behind.

The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.

Enter Hæmon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Hæm. SUre 'tis the End of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The gaſtly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you theſe Peals of Thunder, but the Yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? by *Jove*, they ſeem to me
The World's laſt Groans; and thoſe vaſt Sheets of Flame
Are its laſt Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes;
The ſhooting Stars end all in purple Jellies;
And Chaos is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not not a *Theban* ſleeps,
But ſuch as ne'er muſt wake. All crowd about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightning's Glare, deſcry'd a-far,
Atones the angry Pow'rs.

Hæm. Ha! *Pyracmon* look;
Behold *Alcander*, from yon' Weſt of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman:
A Scepter bright with Gems in each Right-hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazling Purple made,
Diſtinctly yonder in that point they ſtand,
Juſt Weſt; a bloody Red ſtains all the place:
And ſee, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Cluſters of golden Stars hang o'er their Heads,
And ſeem ſo crouded, that they burſt upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful influence,
In leaking fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets ſtick,
Like flaming Porcupines, to their Left Sides,
As they would ſhoot their Quills into their Hearts.

Hæm. But ſee! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night ſhew ought like this? [*Thunders again.*

The Scene draws and diſcovers the Prodigies.

Enter Oedipus, Jocaſta, Eurydice, Adraſtus, *all coming forward with Amazement.*

Oed. Anſwer, you Pow'rs Divine; ſpare all this noiſe,
This rack of Heav'n; and ſpeak your fatal Pleaſure,
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monſtrous Night,
Burſt forth ſuch Miriads of abortive Stars?
Ha! my *Jocaſta*, look! the Silver Moon!
A ſetling Crimſon ſtains her beauteous Face!
She's all o'er Blood! and look! behold again,
What mean the myſtick Heav'ns ſhe journies on?
A vaſt Eclipſe darkens the labouring Planet:
Sound there, ſound all our Inſtruments of War;
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Braſs and Iron,
And beat a thouſand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you ſee the Prodigies continue;
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are humorous.

Oed. Forbear, raſh Man——Once more I ask your Pleaſure!
If that the Glow-worm light of humane Reaſon
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this ſtorm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks ſplit, and why rouls the Sea?
Why theſe Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why yon Gigantick Forms, Etherial Monſters?

Alas! Is all this but to fright the Dwarfs
Which your own Hands have made, then be it ſo.
Or if the Fates reſolve ſome Expiation
For murder'd *Lajus*; Hear me, hear me, Gods!
Hear me thus proſtrate: ſpare this groaning Land,
Save innocent *Thebes*, ſtop the Tyrant Death;
Do this, and lo I ſtand up an Oblation
To meet your ſwifteſt and ſevereſt Anger,
Shoot all at once, and ſtrike me to the Center.

The Cloud draws that veil'd the Heads of the Figures in the Sky, and ſhews 'em Crown'd, with the Names of Oedipus *and* Jocaſta *written above in great Characters of Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler Senſes
Are vaniſh'd with that Cloud that fleets away:
Or, juſt above thoſe two Majeſtick Heads,
I ſee, I read diſtinctly in large Gold,
Oedipus and *Jocaſta*

Alc. I read the ſame.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not Man to wade
Too far in the vaſt deep of Deſtiny [*Thunder; and the Prodigies vaniſh.*

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
Had ſome new Monſters made! will you not turn,
And bleſs your People, who devour each word
You breathe?

Oed. It ſhall be ſo.
Yes, I will die, O *Thebes*, to ſave thee!
Draw from my Heart my Blood with more content
Than e'er I wore thy Crown. Yet, O *Jocaſta!*
By all the indearments of miraculous love,
By all our Languiſhings, our Fears in Pleaſure,
Which oft have made us wonder; here I ſwear
On thy fair Hand, upon thy Breaſt I ſwear
I cannot call to mind from budding Childhood
To blooming Youth, a Crime by me committed,
For which the awful Gods ſhould doom my Death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd *Lajus*, frees the Land:
Were you, which is impoſſible, the Man,
Perhaps my Ponyard firſt ſhould drink your Blood;
But you are innocent as your *Jocaſta*,
From Crimes like thoſe. This made me violent
To ſave your Life, which you unjuſt would loſe:
Nor can you comprehend with deepeſt thought,
The horrid Agony you caſt me in,
When you reſolv'd to die.

Oed. Is't poſſible?

Joc. Alas! why ſtart you ſo? her ſtiff'ning Grief,
Who ſaw her Children ſlaughter'd all at once,
VVas dull to mine: Methinks I ſhould have made
My boſom bare againſt the armed God,
To ſave my *Oedipus*.

Oed. I pray, no more.

Joc. You have ſilenc'd me, my Lord.

Oed. Pardon me, dear *Jocaſta*;
Pardon a Heart that ſinks with Sufferings,
And can but vent it ſelf in Sobs and Murmurs:
Yet to reſtore my Peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you Gods, you ſhall have ample Vengeance
On *Lajus*'s Murderer. O, the Traytor's Name!
I'll know't, I will: Art ſhall be conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravell'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir ——

Oed. Rage will have way, and 'tis but juſt; I'll fetch him,

Tho'

Tho' lodg'd in Air upon a Dragon's Wing,
Tho' Rocks ſhould hide him : Nay he ſhould be dragg'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghoſt ſhall be by ſage *Tireſias* Pow'r,
(*Tireſias*, that rules all beneath the Moon)
Confin'd to fleſh, to ſuffer Death once more ;
And then be plung'd in his firſt fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,
Tireſias attends your Pleaſure.
Oed. Haſte and bring him in.
O, my *Jocaſta*, *Eurydice*, *Adraſtus*,
Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the end
Of Plagues, of Madneſs, Murders, Prodigies,
Draws on : This Battel of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his Wiſdom be reduc'd to Peace.

Enter Tireſias, *leaning on a Staff, led by his Daughter* Manto, *follow'd by other* Thebans.

O thou, whoſe moſt aſpiring Mind
Know'ſt all the Buſineſs of the Courts above,
Open'ſt the Cloſets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himſelf and Fate at Council ;
O Prophet anſwer me, declare aloud
The Traytor who conſpir'd the Death of *Lajus*.
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague that blaſts unhappy *Thebes*.
Tir. We muſt no more than Fate commiſſions us
To tell ; yet ſomething, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake : I feel him now,
Like a ſtrong Spirit charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps and moves the Wood without a Wind :
The rouz'd God, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, ſtarts and dilates himſelf :
He ſtruggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burſt,
My rivel'd Skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire ;
I ſhall be young again : *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou haſt a Voice that might have ſav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to liſten to thy Aires :
O charm this God, this Fury in my Boſom,
Lull him with tuneful Notes, and artful Strings,
With pow'rful ſtrains ; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild.

SONG to *APOLLO*.

PHœbus, *God belov'd by Men* ;
At thy dawn, every Beaſt is rouz'd in his Den ;
At thy ſetting, all the Birds of thy Abſence complain;
And we die, all die till the Morning comes again,
Phœbus, *God belov'd by Men*,
Idol of the Eaſtern Kings,
Awful as the God who flings
His Thunder round, And the Lightning wings ;
God of Songs, and Orphean *Strings*,
Who to this mortal Boſom brings,
All harmonious heavenly Things ;
Thy drowſie Prophet to revive,
Ten thouſand thouſand Forms before him drive ;
With Chariots and Horſes all o' fire awake him,
Convulſions, and Furies, and Propheſies ſhake him,
Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with the Load,
Tho' he burſt with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The Wretch who ſhed the Blood of old *Labdacides*,
Lives, and is great:
But cruel Greatneſs ne'er was long:
The firſt of *Lajus*'s Blood his Life did ſeize,
And urg'd his Fate,
VVhich elſe had laſting been and ſtrong.
The VVretch who *Lajus* kill'd, muſt bleed, or fly;
Or *Thebes*, conſum'd with Plagues, in Ruins lie.
Oed. The firſt of *Lajus*'s Blood! pronounce the Perſon;
May the God roar from thy Prophetick Mouth,
That even the Dead may ſtart up to behold:
Name him, I ſay, that moſt accurſed VVretch,
For by the Stars he dies:
Speak, I command thee;
By *Phœbus* ſpeak! for ſudden Death's his Doom:
Here ſhall he fall, bleed on this very Spot:
His Name, I charge thee once more ſpeak.
Tir. 'Tis loſt,
Like what we think can never ſhun remembrance;
Yet of a ſudden's gone beyond the Clouds.
Oed. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where-e'er it be.
Creon. Let me intreat you, ſacred Sir, be calm,
And *Creon* ſhall point out the great Offender.
'Tis true, reſpect of Nature might enjoin
My ſilence at another time; but oh,
Much more the pow'r of my eternal Love!
That, that ſhould ſtrike me dumb: yet *Thebes*, my Country ——
I'll break through all, to ſuccour thee, poor City.
O, I muſt ſpeak.
Oed. Speak then, if ought thou knoweſt:
As much thou ſeem'd to know, delay no longer.
Cre. O Beauty! O Illuſtrious Royal Maid!
To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with ſuch modeſt, chaſte, and pure Affection,
The coldeſt Nymph might read them without bluſhing;
Art thou the Murdreſs then of wretched *Lajus*?
And I, muſt I accuſe thee, O my Tears!
VVhy will you fall in ſo abhor'd a Cauſe?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous Hand deſtroy'd
Thy Father (O monſtrous Act!) both Gods
And Men at once take notice.
Oed, *Eurydice*!
Euryd. Traitor, go on; I ſcorn thy little Malice,
And knowing more my perfect Innocence
Than Gods and Men, then how much more than thee,
VVho art their oppoſite, and form'd a Lyar,
I thus diſdain thee! Thou once didſt talk of Love:
Becauſe I hate thy Love,
Thou doſt accuſe me.
Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain
And Traytor, double damn'd, who durſt blaſpheme
The ſpotleſs Virtue of the brighteſt Beauty;
Thou dy'ſt: Nor ſhall the ſacred Majeſty, [*Draws and wounds him.*
That guards this place, preſerve thee from my Rage,
Oed. Diſarm 'em both. Prince, I ſhall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, ſeize him.
Adr. Sir,
I muſt acknowledge in another Cauſe
Repentance might abaſh me; but I glory
In this, and ſmile to ſee the Traytor's Blood.
Oed. Creon, you ſhall be ſatisfied at full.
Cre. My Hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wiſe *Tereſias*, if my Accuſation
Be not moſt true. The firſt of *Lajus*'s Blood

Gave him his Death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then ſhe is faultleſs, and I ask her Pardon.
And may this Blood ne'er ceaſe to drop, O *Thebes*,
If pity of thy Sufferings did not move me
To ſhew the Cure which Heav'n it ſelf preſcrib'd.
Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will die to ſave your lives,
More willingly than you can wiſh my Fate;
But let this good, this wiſe, this holy Man
Pronounce my Sentence: For to fall by him,
By the vile Breath of that prodigious Villain,
VVould ſink my Soul, tho' I ſhould die a Martyr.
Adr. Unhand me Slaves. O mightieſt of Kings,
See at your Feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would ſave your *Thebes*, but take my life:
For, ſhould ſhe periſh, Heav'n would heap Plagues on Plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurl kindled Bolts
Upon your guilty Heads.
Cre. You turn to Gallantry, what is but Juſtice.
Proof will be eaſie made. *Adraſtus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhappy King
Of life; becauſe he flatly had deny'd
To make ſo poor a Prince his Son-in-Law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both ſhould periſh.
1. *Theb.* Both, let both die.
All Theb. Both, both; let 'em die.
Oed. Hence, you wild Herd! For your Ring-leader here,
He ſhall be made an Example. *Hæmon* take him.
1 *Theb.* Mercy, O Mercy.
Oed. Mutiny in my Preſence:
Hence, let me ſee that buſie Face no more.
Tir. Thebans, what Madneſs makes you drunk with Rage?
Enough of guilty Death's already acted:
Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,
With Prince *Adraſtus*; which the God reproves
By inward Checks, and leaves their Fate in doubt.
Oed. Therefore inſtruct us what remains to do,
Or ſuffer; for I feel a ſleep like Death
Upon me, and I ſigh to be at reſt.
Tir. Since that the Pow'rs Divine refuſe to clear
The myſtick Deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
There I can force th' Infernal Gods to ſhew
Their horrid Forms;
Each trembling Ghoſt ſhall riſe;
And leave their griſly King without a Waiter:
For Prince *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice*
My Life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane;
Till the dark Myſteries of Hell are done.
Follow me Princeſs: *Thebans*, all to reſt.
O, *Oedipus*, to morrow——but no more,
If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
Indulge thy Brain this Night with ſofter Slumbers:
To morrow, O, to morrow!——ſleep, my Son:
And in Prophetick Dreams thy Fate be ſhown. [*Ex.* Tireſ. Adraſt. Eurid.
Manto, Thebans. *Manent.* Oed. Jocaſt. Creon, Pyrac. Hæm. Alcan.
Oed. To bed, my fair, my dear, my beſt *Jocaſta*.
After the Toils of War, 'tis wondrous ſtrange
Our Loves ſhould thus be daſh'd. One Moment's thought,
And I'll approach the Arms of my belov'd.
Joc. Conſume whole Years in Care, ſo now and then
I may have leave to feed my famiſh'd Eyes
With one ſhort paſſing Glance, and ſigh my Vows:
This, and no more, my Lord, is all the Paſſion
Of languiſhing *Jocaſta*.

Oed. Thou ſofteſt, ſweeteſt of the World! good Night.
Nay, ſhe is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love!
I never offer'd to obey thy Law,
But an unuſual chillneſs came upon me;
An unknown hand ſtill check'd my forward Joy,
Daſh'd me with Bluſhes, tho' no light was near;
That ev'n the act became a violation.
Pyr. He's ſtrangely thoughtful.
Oed. Hark! who was that? Ha! *Creon*, didſt thou call me?
Creon. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.
Oed. That's ſtrange! methought I heard a doleful Voice
Cry'd *Oedipus.*——— The Prophet bad me ſleep;
He talkt of Dreams and Viſions, and to Morrow!
I'll muſe no more on't, come what will or can,
My Thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;
And with thoſe thoughts I'll reſt: *Creon*, good Night. [*Ex. with* Hæm.
Creon. Sleep ſeal your Eyes, Sir, eternally ſleep.
But if he muſt ſleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
And Hags of Fancy wing him through the Air:
From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and Death be ſet before him.
Alc. Your Curſes have already ta'en effect;
For he looks very ſad.
Creon. May, he be rooted, where he ſtands for ever:
His Eye-balls never move, brows be unbent,
His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wiſh him, Hell.
Pyr. No more: you tear your ſelf, but vex not him.
Methinks 'twere brave this Night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tireſias* conjures up the Fiends,
And paſs the time with nice *Eurydice.*
Alc. Try Promiſes, and Threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke looſe, why ſhould not you be mad?
Raviſh, and leave her dead with her *Adraſtus.*
Creon. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly
For ſuch another Thought. Luſt, and Revenge!
To ſtab at once the only Man I hate,
And to enjoy the Woman whom I love!
I ask no more of my auſpicious Stars,
The reſt as Fortune pleaſe; ſo but this Night
She play me fair, why let her turn for ever.

Enter Hæmon.

Hæmon. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to reſt;
Yet, e'er he ſlept, commanded me to clear
The Anti-chambers: none muſt dare be near him.
Creon. Hæmon, you do your Duty;——— [*Thunder.*
And we obey.——The Night grows yet more dreadful!
'Tis juſt that all retire to their Devotions;
The God's are angry: but to Morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lye, will make all clear. [*As they go off.*

Oedipus *Enters, walking aſleep in his Shirt, with a Dagger in his right Hand, and a Taper in his left.*

Oed. O, my *Jocaſta!* 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground;
For this he bears the Storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever!———Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholly Light, that ſeems
The gloom of glowing Embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and ſee ſhe's here again!
Jocaſta? Ha! what, fall'n aſleep ſo ſoon?
How fares my Love? this Taper will inform me.

Ha!

Ha! Lightning blaſt me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus* Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my Inceſtuous Heart,
By all the Gods! my Mother *Mirope!*
My Sword, a Dagger; Ha! who waits there? Slaves,
My Sword: what, *Hæmon*, dar'ſt thou, Villain, ſtop me?
With thy own Ponyard periſh. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a Change of Death? By all my Honours,
New Murder; thou haſt ſlain old *Polybus:*
Inceſt and Parricide, thy Father's Murderer!
Out thou Infernal Flame: Now all is dark,
All blind and diſmal: Moſt triumphant Miſchief!
And now, while thus I ſtalk about the Room,
I challenge Fate to find another Wretch
Like *Oedipus.* *Thunder*, &c.

Enter Jocaſta, *attended with Lights, in a Night-Gown.*

Oed. Night, Horror, Death, Confuſion, Hell and Furies!
VVhere am I? O *Jocaſta*, let me hold thee,
Thus to my Boſom, Ages; let me graſp thee:
All that the hardeſt temper'd weather'd Fleſh,
VVith fierceſt Humane Spirit inſpir'd can dare
Or do, I dare: But, O you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite degrees too much for Man.
Methinks my deafen'd Ears
Are burſt; my Eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By ſome tempeſtuous Hand, ſhoot flaſhing Fire.
That Sleep ſhould do this!

Joc. Then my Fears were true.
Methought I heard a Voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the VVinds
Fight with the VVaves; now in a ſtill ſmall tone
Your dying Accents fell, as racking Ships,
After the dreadful Yell, ſink murmuring down,
And bubble up a Noiſe.

Oed. Truſt me, thou faireſt, beſt of all thy Kind,
None e'er in Dreams was tortur'd ſo before;
Yet what moſt ſhocks the niceneſs of my Temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
And my own Death, is, that this horrid Sleep
Daſh'd my ſick Fancy with an act of Inceſt:
I dreamt, *Jocaſta*, that thou wert my Mother;
Which, though impoſſible, ſo damps my Spirits,
That I cou'd do a Miſchief on my ſelf,
Leſt I ſhould ſleep, and dream the like again.

Joc. O *Oedipus*, too well I underſtand you!
I know the Wrath of Heav'n, the Care of *Thebes*,
The Cries of its Inhabitants, VVar's toils,
And thouſand other Labours of the State,
Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you
For ever from *Jocaſta.*

Oed. Life of my Life, and treaſure of my Soul!
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. Oh! You think me vile,
And of an inclination ſo ignoble,
That I muſt hide me from your Eyes for ever.
Be witneſs, Gods; and ſtrike *Jocaſta* dead,
If an immodeſt Thought, or low Deſire
Inflam'd my Breaſt, ſince firſt our Loves were lighted. [*Kneeling.*

Oed. Oh, riſe; and add not, by thy cruel Kindneſs,
A Grief more ſenſible than all my Torments.
Thou think'ſt my Dreams are forg'd: but, By thy ſelf,
The greateſt Oath, I ſwear, they are moſt true.
But be they what they will, I here diſmiſs 'em:
Be gone, *Chimera's*, to your Mother Clouds:

Is there a Fault in us? Have we not ſearch'd
The Womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beaſts, and tir'd the Prophets Art?
Yet what avails? He, and the Gods together,
Seem, like Phyſicians, at a loſs to help us:
Therefore, like Wretches that have linger'd long,
We'll ſnatch the ſtrongeſt Cordial of our Love.
To Bed, my Fair.
Ghoſt within. Oedipus!
Oed. Ha! Who calls?
Didſt thou not hear a Voice?
Joc. Alas! I did.
Ghoſt. Jocaſta!
Joc. O my Love, my Lord, ſupport me!
Oed. Call louder, till you burſt your Airy Forms:
Reſt on my Hand. Thus arm'd with Innocence,
I'll face theſe babling *Dæmons* of the Air:
In ſpight of Ghoſts, I'll on.
Though round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
I'll break 'em, with *Jocaſta* in my Arms:
Claſp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom;
And act my Joys, though Thunder ſhake the Room. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Dark Grove.

Enter Creon.

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than to be unhappy.
Dio. What mean you by theſe words?
Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon.*
A thinking Soul is Puniſhment enough:
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every Thought draws Blood.
Dioc. You are not wretched.
Creon. I am: My Soul's ill married to my Body.
I wou'd be young, be handſom, be belov'd:
Cou'd I but breath my ſelf into *Adraſtus*———
Dio. You rave: Call home your Thoughts.
Creon. I prithee, let my Soul take Air a while:
Were ſhe in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monſter, gain'd a Battel,
And had my Rival Pris'ner: Brave, brave Actions!
Why have not I done theſe?
Dio. Your Fortune hinder'd.
Creon. There's it: I have a Soul to do 'em all;
But Fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young, handſom Fools: Body and Brawn
Do all her Work. *Hercules* was a Fool,
And ſtreight grew famous; a mad boiſterous Fool;
Nay worſe, a Woman's Fool.
Fool is the Stuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.
Dio. A Serpent ne'er becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.
Creon. Goes it there!
I underſtand thee; I muſt kill *Adraſtus.*
Dio. Or not enjoy your Miſtreſs:
Eurydice and he are Pris'ners here,
But will not long be ſo; this Tell-tale Ghoſt,
Perhaps, will clear 'em both.
Creon. Well, 'tis reſolv'd.
Dio. The Princeſs walks this way;

You

You muſt not meet her,
Till this be done.
Creon. I muſt.
Dio. She hates your Sight:
And more ſince you accus'd her.
Cre. Urge it not.
I cannot ſtay to tell thee my Deſign;
For ſhe's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your Thoughts employ'd?
Eur. On Death, and thee.
Cre. Then were they not well ſorted: Life and me
Had been the better Match.
Eur. No; I was thinking
On two the moſt deteſted things in Nature;
And they are Death and thee.
Cre. The Thought of Death, to one near Death, is dreadful:
Oh, 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
Or if to be, to wander after Death;
To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day;
And when the Darkneſs comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves; and in the ſilent Vault,
Where lies your own pale Shrowd, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps,
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghoſt
Into your lifeleſs Lips:
Then, like a lone, benighted Traveller,
Shut out from Lodging, ſhall your Groans be anſwer'd
By whiſtling Winds, whoſe every Blaſt will ſhake
Your tender Form to Atoms.
Eur. Muſt I be this thin Being? and thus wander?
No Quiet after Death!
Cre. None: You muſt leave
This beauteous Body; all this Youth and Freſhneſs
Muſt be no more the Object of Deſire,
But a cold lump of Clay;
Which then your diſcontented Ghoſt will leave,
And loath its former Lodging.
This is the beſt of what comes after Death,
Ev'n to the beſt.
Eur. What then ſhall be thy Lot?
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur;
Viciſſitudes of Fires, and then of Froſts;
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy Ears at every Laſh.
This for *Eurydice*, theſe for her *Adraſtus*.
Cre. For her *Adraſtus!*
Eur. Yes: for her *Adraſtus!*
For Death ſhall ne'er divide us. Death! What's Death?
Dio. You ſeem'd to fear it.
Eur. But I more fear *Creon?*
To take that hunch-back'd Monſter in my Arms;
Th' Excreſcence of a Man.
Dio. to Cre.] See what you've gain'd.
Eur. Death only can be dreadful to the bad:
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear, dreſs'd
To fright'n Children: Pull but off his Maſque,
And he'll appear a Friend.
Cre. You talk too ſlightly
Of Death and Hell. Let me inform you better.
Eur. You beſt can tell the News of your own Country.
Dio. Nay, now you are too ſharp.
Eur. Can I be ſo to one who has accus'd me
Of Murder, and of Parricide?

Cre. You provok'd me.
And yet I only did thus far accuſe you,
As next of Blood to *Lajus:* Be adviſ'd,
And you may live.
Eur. The Means?
Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.
The Fool *Adraſtus* has acus'd himſelf.
Eur. He has indeed, to take the Guilt from me.
Cre. He ſays he loves you; if he does, 'tis well:
He ne'er cou'd prove it in a better time.
Eur. Then Death muſt be his Recompence for Love:
Cre. 'Tis a Fool's juſt Reward;
The Wiſe can make a better uſe of Life:
But 'tis the Young Man's Pleaſure, his Ambition:
I grudge him not that Favour.
Eur. VVhen he's dead,
VVhere ſhall I find his Equal?
Cre. Every where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The Court ſwarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things; in Camps they are ſo common,
Crows feed on nothing elſe: Plenty of Fools;
A Glut of 'em in *Thebes.*
And Fortune ſtill takes care they ſhou'd be ſeen:
She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmoſt Spoke
Of all her VVheel. Fools are the daily work
Of Nature; her Vocation: If ſhe form
A Man, ſhe loſes by't; 'tis too expenſive;
'Twou'd make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy.
Eur. That is, a *Creon.* O thou black Detractor,
VVho ſpitt'ſt thy Venom againſt Gods and Man!
Thou Enemy of Eyes!
Thou who lov'ſt nothing, but what nothing loves;
And that's thy ſelf! who haſt conſpired againſt
My Life and Fame, to make me loath'd by all,
And only fit for thee.
But for *Adraſtus*'s Death, good Gods! his Death!
VVhat Curſe ſhall I invent?
Dio. No more; he's here.
Eur. He ſhall be ever here.
He wou'd give his Life, give up his Fame——
Enter Adraſtus.
If all the Excellence of VVomankind
VVere mine; —— No, 'tis too little all for him.
VVere I made up of endleſs endleſs Joys——
Araſt. And ſo thou art.
The Man who loves like me,
VVou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worſt of Ills,
VVere cheaply purchas'd, were thy Love the Prize:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left but Honour;
'Tis the laſt thing a Prince ſhou'd throw away;
But when the Storm grows loud, and threatens Love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And laſt it muſt be kept.
Cre. to Dio.] VVork him, be ſure,
To Rage; he's paſſionate:
Make him th' Agreſſor.
Dio. O falſe Love! falſe Honour!
Cre. Diſſembled both, and falſe!
Adraſt. Dar'ſt thou ſay thus to me?
Cre. To you! VVhy, what are you, that I ſhould fear you?
I am not *Lajus:* Hear me, Prince of *Argos;*
You give what's nothing, when you give your Honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis loſt in Battel. For your Love,

Vows made in Wine are not ſo falſe as that:
You kill'd her Father; you confeſt you did:
A mighty Argument to prove your Paſſion to the Daughter!
Adraſt. aſide. God's! muſt I bear this Brand, and not retort
The Lie to his foul Throat?
Dio. Baſely you kill'd him.
Adraſt. aſide. Oh, I burn inward; my Blood's all o' fire!
Alcides, when the poyſon'd Shirt ſat cloſeſt,
Had but an Ague-fit to this my Fever.
Yet, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll ſuffer,
To free my Love———Well then, I kill'd him baſely.
Cre. Fairly, I'm ſure you could not.
Dio. Nor alone.
Cre. You had your Fellow-Thieves about you, Prince;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.
Adraſt. aſide. Down, ſwelling Heart!
'Tis for thy Princeſs all——O my *Eurydice!*—— [*To her.*
Euryd. to him. Reproach not thus the Weakneſs of my Sex;
As if I could not bear a ſhameful Death,
Rather than ſee you burden'd with a Crime,
Of which I know you free.
Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o'er Nature.
Dare you defend your Father's Murderer?
Eur. You know he kill'd him not.
Cre. Let him ſay ſo.
Dio. See, he ſtands mute.
Cre. O pow'r of Conſcience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it ſtings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, not to clear himſelf
From the moſt baſe, deteſted, horrid Act
That e'er cou'd ſtain a Villain, not a Prince.
Adraſt. Ha! Villain!
Dio. Eccho to him, Groves: Cry Villain.
Adraſt. Let me conſider: Did I murder *Lajus*
Thus like a Villain?
Cre. Beſt revoke your Words,
And ſay, you kill'd him not.
Adraſt. not like a Villain: Prithee change me that
For any other Lie.
Dio. No, Villain, Villain.
Cre. You kill'd him not! Proclaim your Innocence:
Accuſe the Princeſs: So I knew 'twould be.
Adraſt. I thank thee; thou inſtruct'ſt me:
No matter how I kill'd him.
Cre. aſide. Cool'd again.
Eur. Thou who uſurp'ſt the ſacred Name of Conſcience,
Did not thy own declare him innocent?
To me declare him ſo? The King ſhall know it.
Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forſwear it.
Eur. What's now thy Conſcience?
Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my ſupple Glove;
My Upper-Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think beſt: 'Tis my obedient Conſcience.
Adraſt. Infamous Wretch!
Cre. My Conſcience ſhall not do me the ill Office
To ſave a Rival's Life: When thou art dead,
(As dead thou ſhalt be, or be yet more baſe
Than thou thinkſt me,
By forfeiting her Life, to ſave thy own.——)
Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
She ſhall be mine; (ſhe is, if Vows were binding:)
Mark me; the Fruit of all thy Faith and Paſſion,
Ev'n of thy fooliſh Death, ſhall all be mine.

Adraſt. Thine ſay'ſt thou, Monſter?
Shall my Love be thine?
Oh, I can bear no more!
Thy cunning Engines have with Labour rais'd
My heavy Anger, like a mighty Weight,
To fall, and puſh thee dead.
See here thy Nuptials: ſee thou raſh *Ixion*, [*Draws.*
Thy promis'd *Juno* vaniſh'd in a Cloud;
And in her room avenging Thunder rolls,
To blaſt thee thus——Come both.——
Cre. 'Tis what I wiſh'd: [*Both draw.*
Now ſee whoſe Arm can launch the ſurer Bolt,
And who's the better *Jove.*——
Eur. Help; Murder; help! [*Fight.*
Enter Hæmon *and Guards, run betwixt them, and beat down their Swords.*
Hæm. Hold, hold your impious Hands: I tkink the Furies,
To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inſpir'd you:
Now, by my Soul, the holieſt Earth of *Thebes*
You have prophan'd with War. Nor Tree, nor Plant
Grows here, but what is fed with Magick juice;
All full of humane Souls, that cleave their Barks,
To dance at Midnight, by the Moon's pale Beams:
At leaſt two hundred Years theſe reverend Shades
Have known no Blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,
Shed by the Prieſt's own Hand, to *Proſerpine.*
Adraſt. Forgive a Stranger's Ignorance: I knew not
The Honours of the Place.
Hæm. Thou, *Creon*, didſt.
Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,
Durſt violate the Religion of theſe Groves,
To touch one ſingle Hair; but muſt, unarm'd,
Parle, as in Truce, or ſurlily avoid
What moſt he long'd to kill.
Cre. I drew not firſt;
But in my own defence.
Adraſt. I was provok'd
Beyond Man's Patience: All Reproach cou'd urge,
Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.
Hæm. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I, muſt judge this Act.
Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire:
Tireſias and the Brotherhood of Prieſts,
Approach the place: None at theſe Rites aſſiſt,
But you th' accus'd; who by the Mouth of *Lajus*
Muſt be abſolv'd, or doom'd.
Adraſt. I bear my Fortune.
Eur. And I provoke my Trial.
Hæm. 'Tis at hand:
For, ſee, the Prophet comes, with Vervan crown'd;
The Prieſts with Yeugh; a venerable Band:
We leave you to the Gods. [*Exit.* Hæmon, *with* Creon *aad* Diocles.
Enter Tireſias, *led by* Manto: *The Prieſts follow, all cloathed in long black Habits.*
Tir. Approach, ye Lovers:
Ill-fated Pair! whom ſeeing not, I know:
This Day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were joyn'd;
When, lo, an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with Death. I fear, I fear.
Eur. Is there no God ſo much a Friend to Love,
Who can controul the Malice of our Fate?
Are they all deaf? Or have the Giants Heav'n?
Tir. The Gods are juſt.————
But how can Finite meaſure Infinite?
Reaſon! alas, it does not know it ſelf!
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this ſhort-lin'd Plummet,

Fathom

Fathom the vaſt Abyſs of Heav'nly Juſtice.
Whatever is, is in its Cauſes juſt,
Since all things are by Fate. But purblind Man
Sees but a part o' th' Chain, the neareſt Links;
His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poizes all above.
Eur. Then we muſt die!
Tir. The Danger's imminent this Day.
Adraſt. Why then there's one Day leſs for Humane Ills;
And who would moan himſelf for ſuffering that,
Which in a Day muſt paſs? Something or nothing——
I ſhall be what I was again, before
I was *Adraſtus.*——
Penurious Heav'n! Canſt thou not add a Night
To our one Day? Give me a Night with her,
And I'll give all the reſt.
Tir. She broke her Vow,
Firſt made to *Creon.* But the Time calls on;
And *Lajus*'s Death muſt now be made more plain.
How loth am I to have recourſe to Rites
So full of Horror, that I once rejoyce
I want the uſe of Sight!——
1. *Pr.* The Ceremonies ſtay.
Tir. Chuſe the darkeſt part o'th' Grove,
Such as Ghoſts at Noon-day love.
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the Bones of *Lajus* lie:
Altars rais'd, of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Anſwer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the Pit:
Draw the barren Heifer back;
Barren let her be, and black.
Cut the curled Hair that grows
Full betwixt her Horns and Brows:
And turn your Faces from the Sun.
Anſwer me, if this be done?
All Pr. 'Tis done.
Tir. Pour in Blood, and Blood like Wine,
To Mother Earth, and *Proſerpine:*
Mingle Milk into the Stream;
Feaſt the Ghoſts that love the Steam:
Snatch a Brand from Funeral pile;
Toſs it in to make 'em boil:
And turn your faces from the Sun;
Anſwer me, if all be done?
All Pr. All is done.
[*Peal of Thunder; and flaſhes of Lightning; then groaning below the Stage.*
Manto. O what Laments are thoſe?
Tir. The Groans of Ghoſts, that cleave the Earth with pain:
And heave it up: they pant and ſtick half way. [*The Stage wholly darkned.*
Manto. And now a ſudden darkneſs covers all
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the face of Heaven.
Tir. Am I but half obey'd: Infernal Gods,
Muſt you have Muſick too? then tune your Voices,
And let 'em have ſuch ſounds as Hell ne'er heard,
Since *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades.

Muſick

Muſick firſt. Then Sing. {*This to be ſet through.*

1. *Hear, ye ſullen Pow'rs below;*
Hear, ye taskers of the dead.
2. *You that boiling Cauldrons blow,*
You that ſcum the molten Lead.
3. *You that pinch with red-hot Tongs;*
1. *You that drive the trembling Hoſts*
Of poor, poor Ghoſts,
With your ſharpen'd Prongs;
2. *You that thruſt 'em off the brim;*
3. *You that plunge 'em when they ſwim:*
1. *Till they drown;*
Till they go
On a row,
Down, down, down,
Ten thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Fathoms low.
Chorus. *Till they drown,* &c.
1. *Muſick for a while*
Shall your Cares beguile:
Wondring how your Pains were eas'd.
2. *And diſdaining to be pleas'd;*
3. *Till* Alecto *free the dead*
From their eternal bands;
Till the Snakes drop from her head,
And whip from out her hands.
1. *Come away,*
Do not ſtay,
But obey
While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghoſts have holy-day.
Chorus, *Come away,* &c.

[A flaſh of Lightning: the Stage is made bright; and the Ghoſts are ſeen paſſing betwixt the Trees.

1. *Lajus!* 2. *Lajus!* 3. *Lajus!*
1. *Hear!* 2. *Hear!* 3. *Hear!*
Tir. *Hear and appear:*
By the Fates that ſpun thy thread;
Cho. *Which are three.*
Tir. *By the Furies fierce, and dread;*
Cho. *Which are three.*
Tir. *By the Judges of the dead;*
Cho. *Which are three.*
Three times three.
Tir. *By Hell's blue flame;*
By the Stygian *Lake;*
And by Demogorgon's *Name,*
At which Ghoſts quake,
Hear and appear.

[*The Ghoſt of* Lajus *riſes arm'd in his Chariot, as he was ſlain. And behind his Chariot ſit the three who were murder'd with him.*

Ghoſt of Lajus. Why haſt thou drawn me from my Pains below,
To ſuffer worſe above: to ſee the Day,
And *Thebes* more hated? Hell is Heav'n to *Thebes.*
For pity ſend me back, where I may hide,
In willing Night, this ignominious Head:
In Hell I ſhun the publick Scorn; and then
They hunt me for their Sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd Side,
And chatter at my Wounds.
Tir. I pity thee:
Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy Death accurſt,

And

And I'll unbind the Charm.
Ghoſt. O ſpare my ſhame.
Tir. Are theſe two Innocent?
Ghoſt. Of my Death they are.
But he who holds my Crown, Oh, muſt I ſpeak!
Was doom'd to do what Nature moſt abhors.
The Gods foreſaw it; and forbad his Being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their Laws,
And cloath'd with Fleſh his pre-exiſting Soul,
Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Deſtiny,
Took pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Maſs
With Temperance, Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every Kingly Vertue; but in vain.
For Fate, that ſent him hood-wink'd to the World,
Perform'd its Work by his miſtaking hands.
Asks thou who muder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*,
Who ſtains my Bed with Inceſt? *Oedipus:*
For whom then are you curſt, but *Oedipus!*
He comes; the Parricide: I cannot bear him:
My Wounds ake at him: Oh his Murd'rous Breath
Venoms my aiery Subſtance! hence with him,
Baniſh him; ſweep him out; the Plague he bears
Will blaſt your Fields, and mark his way with ruine.
From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driven;
Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heaven. [*Ghoſt deſcends.*

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hæmon, &c.

Oed. What's this! Methought ſome peſtilential blaſt
Strook me juſt entring; and ſome unſeen hand
Struggled to puſh me backward? tell me why
My Hair ſtands briſtling up, why my Fleſh trembles!
You ſtare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And ſome lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.
Tir. What Omen ſaw'ſt thou entring?
Oed. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his back;
Till weary with the weight, he ſhook him off,
And peck'd out both his Eyes.
Adr. Oh, *Oedipus!*
Eur. Oh, wretched *Oedipus!*
Tir. O, fatal King!
Oed. What mean this Exclamations of my Name?
I thank the Gods, no ſecret thoughts reproach me:
No; I dare challenge Heaven to turn me outward,
And ſhake my Soul quite empty in your ſight.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
Theſe fix'd regards, and ſilent threats of Eyes:
A generous fierceneſs dwells with innocence,
And conſcious Vertue is allow'd ſome pride.
Tir. Thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt.
Oed. What mutters he! tell me, *Eurydice:*
Thou ſhak'ſt; thy Soul's a Woman. Speak, *Adraſtus*,
And boldly, as thou met'ſt my Arms in fight;
Dar'ſt thou not ſpeak, why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tireſias, thee I ſummon by the Prieſt-hood,
Tell me what news from Hell; where *Lajus* points,
And who's the guilty head?
Tir. Let me not anſwer.
Oed. Be dumb then, and betray thy native Soil
To farther Plagues.
Tir. I dare not name him to thee.
Oed. Dar'ſt thou converſe with Hell, and canſt thou fear
An humane Name?
Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known
Wou'd make thee more unhappy: 'twill be found

Tho'

Tho' I am ſilent.
Oed. Old and Obſtinate! Then thou thy ſelf
Art Author or Accomplice of this Murther,
And ſhun'ſt the Juſtice, which by publick ban
Thou haſt incurr'd.
Tir. O, if the guilt were mine
It were not half ſo great: know, wretched Man,
Thou only, thou art guilty; thy own Curſe
Falls heavy on thy ſelf.
Oed. Speak this again:
But ſpeak it to the Winds when they are loudeſt:
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as ſoon,
And ſooner will believe.
Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,
For bluſhing thou haſt ſeen it: hear me Earth,
Whoſe hollow Womb could not contain this Murder,
But ſent it back to light: and thou Hell, hear me,
Whoſe own black Seal has 'firm'd this horrid truth,
Oedipus murther'd *Lajus*.
Oed. Rot the Tongue,
And blaſted be the Mouth that ſpoke that Lye.
Thou blind of Sight, but thou more blind of Soul.
Tir. Thy Parents thought not ſo.
Oed. Who were my Parents?
Tir. Thou ſhalt know too ſoon.
Oed. Why ſeek I truth from thee?
The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
The Tradeſmens Oaths, and mourning of an Heir,
Are Truths to what Prieſts tell.
O why has Prieſthood priviledge to lye,
And yet to be believ'd!——thy Age protects thee.——
Tir. Thou canſt not kill me; 'tis not in thy Fate,
As 'twas to kill thy Father; wed thy Mother;
And beget Sons, thy Brothers,
Oed. Riddles, Riddles!
Tir. Thou art thy ſelf a Riddle; a perplext
Obſcure *Enigma*, which when thou unty'ſt,
Thou ſhalt be found and loſt.
Oed. Impoſſible!
Adraſtus, ſpeak and as thou art a King,
Whoſe Royal word is ſacred, clear my Fame.
Adr. Wou'd I cou'd!
Oed. Ha, wilt thou not: can that Plebeian Vice
Of Lying mount to Kings! can they be tainted!
Then truth is loſt on Earth.
Creon. The Cheat's too groſs:
Adraſtus is his Oracle, and he,
The pious Jugler, but *Adraſtus* Organ.
Oed. 'Tis plain the Prieſt's ſuborn'd to free the Pris'ner.
Creon. And turn the guilt on you.
Oed. O, honeſt *Creon*, how haſt thou been bely'd?
Eur. Hear me.
Creon She's brib'd to ſave her Lover's Life.
Adr. If *Oedipus* thou think'ſt——
Creon. Hear him not ſpeak.
Adr. Then hear theſe holy Men.
Creon. Prieſts, Prieſts, all brib'd, all Prieſts.
Oed. Adraſtus I have found thee.
The malice of a vanquiſh'd Man has ſeiz'd thee.
Adr. If Envy and not Truth——
Oed. I'll hear no more: away with him.
[Hæmon *takes him off by force*; Creon *and* Eurydice *follow.*
To Tir. Why ſtand'ſt thou here, Impoſtor!
So old, and yet ſo wicked.——lye for gain;

And

And gain ſo ſhort as Age can promiſe thee!
Tir. So ſhort a time as I have yet to live
Exceeds thy pointed hour: remember *Lajus*:
No more; if e'er we meet again, 'twill be
In mutual darkneſs; we ſhall feel before us
To reach each others hand; Remember *Lajus*. [*Ex.* Tireſias: *Prieſts follow.*

Oedipus Solus.

Remember *Lajus!* that's the burthen ſtill:
Murther and Inceſt! but to hear 'em nam'd
My Soul ſtarts in me: the good Sentinel
Stands to her weapons; takes the firſt alarm
To guard me from ſuch Crimes ——Did I kill *Lajus*?
Then I walk'd ſleeping in ſome frightful Dream,
My Soul then ſtole my Body out by Night;
And brought me back to Bed e're Morning wake.
It cannot be ev'n this remoteſt way,
But ſome dark hint would juſtle forward now;
And goad my Memory.——Oh my *Jocaſta!*

Enter Jocaſta.

Joc. Why are you thus diſturb'd?
Oed. Why would'ſt thou think it?
No leſs than Murder?
Joc. Murder? what of Murder?
Oed. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
And Inceſt; bear not theſe a frightful ſound?
Joc. Alas!
Oed. How poor a pity is, alas,
For two ſuch Crimes!——was *Lajus* us'd to lye?
Joc. Oh no: the moſt ſincere, plain, honeſt Man,
One who abhorr'd a lye.
Oed. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me——but why accuſe I him?
I did not hear him ſpeak it: they accuſe me;
The Prieſt, *Adraſtus*, and *Eurydice*,
Of murdering *Lajus*—— Tell me, while I think on't,
Has old *Tireſias* practis'd long this Trade?
Joc. What Trade?
Oed. Why this foretelling Trade.
Joc. For many Years.
Oed. Has he before this day accus'd me?
Joc. Never.
Oed. Have you e're this inquir'd, who did this Murder?
Joc. Often; but ſtill in vain.
Oed. I am ſatisfy'd.
Then 'tis an infant lye; but one day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Prieſt;
The blood of *Lajus* was to murder *Lajus*:
I'm not of *Lajus*'s blood.
Joc. Ev'n Oracles
Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Lajus had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now!
Oed. And what foretold it?
Joc. That he ſhou'd have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: true indeed,
A Son was born; but to prevent that Crime,
The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
Bor'd through his untir'd Feet, and bound with Cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himſelf liv'd many, many Years,
And found a different fate; by Robbers murder'd,
Where three ways meet: yet theſe are Oracles;
And this the Faith we owe 'em.
Oed. Say'ſt thou, Woman?

By Heav'n thou haſt waken'd ſomewhat in me,
That ſhakes my very Soul!
Joc. What, new diſturbance!
Oed. Methought thou ſaid'ſt,——(or do I dream thou ſaid'ſt it!)
This Murder was on *Lajus*'s Perſon done,
Where three ways meet!
Joc. So common fame reports,
Oed. Wou'd it had ly'd.
Joc. Why, good my Lord?
Oed. No queſtions:
'Tis buſie time with me; diſpatch mine firſt;
Say where, where was it done?
Joc. Mean you the Murder?
Oed. Cou'd'ſt thou not anſwer without naming Murder?
Joc. They ſay in *Phocide*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia* and from *Delphos*.
Oed. So!—— How long! when happen'd this?
Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.
Oed. What will the Gods do with me!
Joc. What means that thought?
Oed. Something: but 'tis not your turn to ask:
How old was *Lajus*, what his Shape, his Stature,
His Action and his Mien? quick, quick, your anſwer——
Joc. Big made he was, and tall: his Port was fierce,
Erect his Countenance: Manly Majeſty
Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
Commanding all he viewed: his Hair juſt grizled,
As in a green old Age: bate but his Years,
You are his Picture?
Oed. aſide. Pray Heav'n he drew me not! am I his Picture?
Joc. So I have often told you.
Oed. True, you have;
Add that to the reſt: how was the King
Attended when he travell'd?
Joc. By four Servants:
He went out privately.
Oed. VVell counted ſtill:
One 'ſcap'd I hear; what ſince became of him?
Joc. VVhen he beheld you firſt, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling, beg'd I wou'd diſmiſs him:
He had my leave; and now he lives retir'd.
Oed. This Man muſt be produc'd; he muſt, *Jocaſta*.
Joc. He ſhall——yet have I leave to ask you why?
Oed. Yes, you ſhall know: for where ſhould I repoſe
The anguiſh of my Soul, but in your Breaſt!
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my Birth;
My Parents *Polybus* and *Merope*,
Two Royal Names; their only Child am I.
It happen'd once; 'twas at a Bridal Feaſt,
One warm with VVine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the King's Son; I ſtung with this reproach,
Strook him: my Father heard of it: the Man
VVas made ask pardon; and the buſineſs huſht.
Joc. 'Twas ſomewhat odd,
Oed. And ſtrangely it perplext me.
I ſtole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd
The God, to tell my certain Parentage.
He bade me ſeek no farther: 'twas my Fate
To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me.
Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!
Oed. But yet they frighted me;
I lookt on *Corinth* as a place accurſt,
Reſolv'd my Deſtiny ſhould wait in vain;
And never catch me there.

Joc.

Joc. Too nice a fear.
Oed. Suſpend your thoughts and flatter not too ſoon.
Juſt in the place you nam'd, where three ways meet,
And near that time, five Perſons I encounter'd;
One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)
Whom you deſcribe for *Lajus*: inſolent
And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on Spoil.
I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by force repell'd
The force they us'd: in ſhort, four Men I ſlew:
The fifth upon his Knees demanding Life,
My Mercy gave it——bring me comfort now,
If I ſlew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!
From *Thebes* and you my curſe has baniſh'd me:
From *Corinth* Fate.
Joc. Perplex not thus your mind;
My Husband fell by multitudes oppreſt,
So *Phorbas* ſaid: this Band you chanc'd to meet;
And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.
Oed. There's all my hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
And I ſhall live again!——
To you good Gods, I make my laſt appeal;
Or clear my Virtues, or my Crime reveal:
If wandring in the maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the Paths I ſought to ſhun,
Impute my Errors to your own Decree;
My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. [*Ex. Ambo.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pyracmon, Creon.

Pyr. SOme buſineſs of import that Triumph wear,
You ſeem to go with; nor is it hard to gueſs
When you are pleas'd by a malicious joy:
Whoſe red and fiery Beams caſt through your Viſage
A glowing pleaſure. Sure you ſmile revenge,
And I cou'd gladly hear.
Creon. Would'ſt thou believe
This giddy hair-brain'd King, whom old *Tireſias*
Has Thunder-ſtrook, with heavy accuſation,
Tho' conſcious of no inward Guilt, yet fears;
He fears *Jocaſta*, fears himſelf, his ſhadow;
He fears the multitude; and, which is worth
An Age of laughter, out of all Mankind,
He chuſes me to be his Orator:
Swears that *Adraſtus* and the lean-look'd Prophet,
Are joint Conſpirators; and wiſht me to
Appeaſe the raving *Thebans*; which I ſwore
To do.
Pyr. A dangerous undertaking;
Directly oppoſite to your own intereſt.
Creon. No, dull *Pyracmon*; when I left his Preſence,
With all the Wings with which revenge could imp
My flight, I gain'd the midſt o'th' City;
There, ſtanding on a Pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and ſickly Multitude,
With interrupting Sobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,
O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
This barbarous Stranger, this Uſurper, Monſter,
Is by the Oracle, the wiſe *Tireſias*,
Proclaim'd the Murderer of the Royal *Lajus*:
Jocaſta too, no longer now my Siſter,
Is found Comptroller in the horrid Deed.
Here I renounce all tye of Blood and Nature,

For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes!*
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thouſand antick Mouths
Gabled Revenge, Revenge was all the cry.
Pyr. This cannot fail: I ſee you on the Throne;
And *Oedipus* caſt out.
Creon. Then ſtraight came on
Alcander, with a wild and bellowing Crowd,
VVhom when he had wrought; I whiſper'd him to joyn,
And head the Forces while the heat was in 'em:
So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
The King, and greet him with another Story.
But ſee, he enters.

Enter Oedipus, Jocaſta, *attended.*

Oed. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concern'd what we have diſcover'd?
Joc. He ſtarted when I told him your Intent,
Replying, what he knew of that affair
VVould give no ſatisfaction to the King;
Then, falling on his Knees, begg'd as for Life,
To be diſmiſs'd from Court; he trembled too,
As if concluſive Death had ſeiz'd upon him,
And ſtammer'd in his abrupt Prayer ſo wildly,
That, had he been the Murderer of *Lajus*,
Guilt and diſtraction could not have ſhook him more.
Oed. By your deſcription, ſure as Plagues and Death
Lay waſte our *Thebes*, ſome Deed that ſhuns the light
Begot thoſe fears: If thou reſpect'ſt my peace,
Secure him, dear *Jocaſta*; for my Genius
Shrinks at his Name.
Joc. Rather let him go:
So my poor boding Heart would have it be,
Without a reaſon.
Oed. Hark, the *Thebans* come!
Therefore retire: and, once more, if thou lov'ſt me,
Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.
Joc. You ſhall, while I
Have life, be ſtill obey'd:
In vain you ſooth me with your ſoft endearments,
And ſet the faireſt countenance to view,
Your gloomy Eyes, my Lord, betray a deadneſs
And inward languiſhing: that Oracle
Eats, like a ſubtile Worm, its venom'd way,
Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core,
Howe'er the beauteous out-ſide ſhews ſo lovely.
Oed. O, thou wilt kill me with thy love's exceſs!
All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come. [*Ex.* Jocaſta.
Ghoſt. Oedipus!
Oed. Ha! again that ſcream of woe!
Thrice have I heard, thrice ſince the Morning dawn'd
It hollow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
Call'd from ſome vaulted Manſion, *Oedipus!*
Or is it but the work of Melancholly?
When tht Sun ſets, ſhadows, that ſhew'd at Noon
But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible;
So, when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
Our apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, Ravens, Crickets ſeem the watch of death,
Nature's worſt Vermine ſcare her God-like Sons.
Ecchoes the very leavings of a Voice,
Grow babling Ghoſts, and call us to our Graves:
Each Mole-hill thought ſwells to a huge *Olympus*,
While we fantaſtick Dreamers heave and puff,

And ſweat with an Imagination's weight;
As if, like *Atlas*, with theſe mortal Shoulders
We could ſuſtain the burden of the World. [Creon *comes forward.*
Cre. O ſacred Sir, My Royal Lord——
Oed. What now?
Thou ſeem'ſt affrighted at ſome dreadful Action,
Thy Breath comes ſhort, thy darted Eyes are fixt
On me for aid, as if thou wert purſu'd:
I ſent thee to the *Thebans*, ſpeak thy wonder;
Fear not this Palace is a Sanctuary,
The King himſelf's thy Guard.
Cre. For me, alas,
My Life's not worth a thought, when weigh'd with yours!
But fly, my Lord, fly as your Life is ſacred,
Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
Who therefore, on his Knees, thus proſtrate begs
You would remove from *Thebes* that vows your ruine.
When I but offer'd at your Innocence,
They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with Death,
And drove me through the Streets with Imprecations
Againſt your Sacred Perſon, and thoſe Traytors
Which juſtify'd your Guilt: which curs'd *Tireſias*
Told, as from Heav'n, was cauſe of their deſtruction.
Oed. Riſe, worthy *Creon*, haſte and take our Guard,
Rank 'em in equal part upon the Square,
Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes, [*Shout.*
I hear 'em roar: begone and break down all:
The dams that would oppoſe their furious paſſage. [*Ex.* Cre. *with Guards.*
Enter Adraſtus, *his Sword drawn.*
Adr. Your City
Is all in Arms, all bent to your deſtruction:
I heard but now, where I was cloſe confin'd,
A thundring ſhout, which made my Jaylors vaniſh,
Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the cruel King?
Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, thoſe awful Pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which theſe Ears have heard,
And theſe Eyes ſeen, I muſt believe you guiltleſs;
For, ſince I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
I have obſerv'd in all his Acts ſuch truth
And God-like clearneſs; that to the laſt guſh
Of Blood and Spirits, I'll defend his Life,
And here have ſworn to periſh by his ſide.
Oed. Be witneſs, Gods, how near this touches me, [*Embracing him.*
O what recompence can Glory make?
Adr. Defend your innocence, ſpeak like your ſelf,
And awe the Rebels with your dauntleſs virtue.
But hark! the Storm comes nearer.
Oed. Let it come.
The force of Majeſty is never known
But in a general Wrack: Then, then is ſeen
The difference 'twixt a Threſhold and a Throne.
Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tireſias, Thebans.
Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
There ſtands your Plague, the ruine, deſolation
Of this unhappy——ſpeak; ſhall I kill him?
Or ſhall he be caſt out to Baniſhment?
All Theb. To Baniſhment, away with him.
Oed. Hence, you Barbarians, to your ſlaviſh diſtance,
Fix to the Earth your ſordid looks; for he
Who ſtirs, dares more than Mad-men, Fiends, or Furies:
Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
May brave the Majeſty of thund'ring *Jove*.
Did I for this relieve you when beſieg'd

By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
VVhen lean-jaw'd famine made more havock of you
Than does the Plague? But I rejoice I know you,
Know the baſe ſtuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
The Gods be prais'd, I need not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler of my own;
Nor ſhall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To rule ſuch Brutes, ſo barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I ſee a ſad Repentance,
A general Conſternation ſpread among 'em.

Oed. My Reign is at an end; yet e'er I finiſh——
I'll do a Juſtice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch who in the midſt of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act as on his own Throne encompaſt round
VVith Nations for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore ſhall loſe your Head: [*Seizes him.*
Here, *Hæmon*, take him; but for this, and this,
Let Cords diſpatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

Tir. O Sacred Prince, pardon diſtracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if ſhe acts by Heav'ns award;
If that the Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May ſpeak, O do not too ſeverely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at leaſt complain:
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If innocent, then let *Tireſias* die.

Oed. I take thee at thy word. Run, haſte, and ſave *Alcander*,
I ſwear the Prophet or the King ſhall die.
Be witneſs, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath.
And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I ſubmit. [*Trumpets ſound.*

Oed. What mean thoſe Trumpets?

Hæm. From your native Country.

Enter Hæmon *with* Alcander.

Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father:
He comes as an Ambaſſador from *Corinth*,
And ſues for Audience.

Oed. Haſte, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
T'embrace him.

Hæm. The Queen, my Lord, at preſent holds him
In private Conference; but Behold her here.

Enter Jocaſta, Euridice, *&c.*

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happieſt of Kings;
Henceforth be bleſt, bleſt as thou canſt deſire,
Sleep without fears the blackeſt Nights away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou ſhalt ſleep
Secure, thy Slumbers ſhall be ſoft and gentle
As Infants Dreams.

Oed. What does the Soul of all my Joys intend?
And whither would this Rapture!

Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down thoſe lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence reſounded thoſe falſe Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of reſt: If we muſt pray,
Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice,
And not a Grey-beard forging Prieſt come near,
To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
And with his dotage mad the gaping VVorld.
But ſee, the Oracle that I will truſt,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.

Enter

Enter Ægeon. *Kneels.*

Oed. O, to my Arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*;
Ten thouſand welcomes. O, my Foſter-father,
VVelcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd!
VVelcome to me,
As to a ſinking Mariner,
The lucky Plank that bears him to the ſhore!
But ſpeak, O tell me what ſo mighty Joy
Is this thou bring'ſt, which ſo tranſports *Jocaſta*?

Joc. Peace, peace *Ægeon*; let *Jocaſta* tell him!
O that I could for ever charm, as now,
My deareſt *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.

Oed. Ha! can it be? *Ægeon* anſwer me,
And ſpeak in ſhort, what my *Jocaſta*'s tranſport
May over-do.

Æge. Since in few VVords, my Royal Lord, you ask
To know the Truth; King *Polybus* is dead.

Oed. O all you Pow'rs, is't poſſible? what, dead!
But that the Tempeſt of my Joy may riſe
By juſt degrees, and hit at laſt the Stars:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Ha! by Sword, by Fire,
Or VVater? by Aſſaſſinates, or Poyſon? ſpeak:
Or did he languiſh under ſome Diſeaſe?

Æge. Of no Diſtemper, of no blaſt he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-fruit that melow'd long:
Ev'n wondred at becauſe he dropt no ſooner.
Fate ſeem'd to wind him up for fourſcore Years;
Yet freſhly ran he on ten VVinters more:
Till, like a Clock worn out with eating time,
The VVheels of weary Life at laſt ſtood ſtill.

Oed. O, let me preſs thee in my youthful Arms,
And ſmother thy old Age in my Embraces.
Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocaſta*, yes *Adraſtus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires ſhall he kindled in the midſt of *Thebes*:
Kth midſt of Tumults, VVars, and Peſtilence,
I will rejoice for *Polybus* his Death.
Know, be it known to the limits of the VVorld;
Yet farther let it paſs yon dazling Roof,
The Manſion of the Gods, and ſtrike 'em deaf,
VVith everlaſting Peals of thundring Joy.

Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this VVorld?

Oed. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old VVizard Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghoſts, your Altars now,
Your Birds of Knowledge, that in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity; and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Parricide?
Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attackt him?
Avant, begon, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I ſhould weep;
But as I am, I've reaſon to rejoice:
And will, tho' his cold Shade ſhould riſe and blaſt me.
O, for this Death, let Waters break their Bounds,
Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with ſplitting *Io's* ring:
Io, *Jocaſta*, *Io pæan* ſing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude an happy end?
But all Fate's Turns are ſwift and unexpected.

Æge. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
She had no Soul ſince you forſook the Land,
Waves all the neighbouring Princes that adore her.

Oed. Waves all the Princes! poor Heart! for what? O ſpeak.

Æge. She, tho' in full-blown Flow'r of glorious Beauty,

Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age:
And for your ſake has ſworn to die unmarry'd.
Oed. How! for my ſake die, and not marry, O,
My fit returns.
Æge. This Diamond with a thouſand Kiſſes bleſt,
With thouſand Sighs and Wiſhes for your Safety.
She charg'd me give you, with the general Homage
Of our *Corinthian* Lords.
Oed. There's Magick in it, take it from my ſight;
There's not a Beam it darts, but carries Hell,
Hot flaſhing Luſt, and Necromantick Inceſt:
Take it from the ſick Eyes, Oh hide it from me.
No, my *Jocaſta*, tho' *Thebes* caſt me out,
While *Merope*'s alive, I'll ne'r return!
O, rather let me walk round the wide World
A Beggar, than except a Diadem
On ſuch abhorr'd Conditions.
Joc. You make, my Lord, your own Unhappineſs,
By theſe extravagant and needleſs, Fears.
Oed. Needleſs! O, all you Gods! by Heav'n I'd rather
Embrue my Arms up to my very Shoulders
In the dear Entrails of the beſt of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damned Inceſt: Therefore no more of her.
Æge. And why, O Sacred Sir, if Subjects may
Preſume to look into their Monarch's Breaſt,
Why ſhould the chaſte and ſpotleſs *Merope*
Infuſe ſuch Thoughts as I muſt bluſh to name?
Oed. Becauſe the God of *Delphos* did forewarn me?
With thundring Oracles.
Æge. May I entreat to know 'em?
Oed. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the ſad remembrance
Quite blaſts my Soul: ſee then the ſwelling Prieſt!
Methinks I have his Image now in view;
He mounts the *Tripos* in a Minute's ſpace,
His clouded Head knocks at the Temple Roof,
While from his Mouth
Theſe diſmal Words are heard:
" Fly, Wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Father's Blood to ſpill,
" And with prepoſtrous Births thy Mother's Womb to fill.
Æge. Is this the Cauſe
Why you refuſe the Diadem of *Corinth*?
Oed. The Cauſe! why is it not a monſtrous one?
Æge. Great Sir, you may return; and tho' you ſhould
Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)
The Act would prove no Inceſt.
Oed. How, *Ægeon*?
Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not Inceſtuous!
Thou rav'ſt, and ſo do I, and theſe all catcht
My Madneſs; look, they're dead with deep Diſtraction:
Not Inceſt! what, not Inceſt with my Mother?
Æge. My Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother.
Oed. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merope*
My Mother!
Æge. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.
Oed. Then all my Days and Nights muſt now be ſpent
In curious ſearch, to find out thoſe dark Parents
Who gave me to the World; ſpeak then, *Ægeon*,
By all the Gods Cœleſtial and Infernal,
By all the Ties of Nature, Blood and Friendſhip,
Conceal not from this rack'd deſpairing King
A Point or ſmalleſt Grain of what thou know'ſt:
Speak then, O anſwer to my Doubts directly.
If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,

VVhy

VVhy was I call'd his Son?
Æge. He, from my Arms,
Receiv'd you as the faireſt gift of Nature.
Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches
That Empire could beſtow in coſtly Mantles
Upon its Infant Heir.
Oed. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth*'s Crown,
Becauſe *Ægeon*'s hand preſented me?
Æge. By my advice,
Being paſt all hope of Children,
He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.
Oed. Perhaps I then am yours; inſtruct me, Sir:
If it be ſo, I'll kneel and weep before you,
VVith all the obedience of a penitent Child,
Imploring pardon.
Kill me if you pleaſe,
I will not writhe my Body at the wound:
But ſink upon your Feet with a laſt ſigh,
And ask forgiveneſs with my dying Hands.
Æge. O riſe, and call not to this aged Cheek
The little Blood which ſhould keep warm my Heart;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be bleſt
VVith ſuch a God-like Off-ſpring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount *Cithæron.*
Oed. O ſpeak, go on, the Air grows ſenſible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms ſo rack'd of late,
Seem to ſtand ſtill, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Cithæron! ſpeak, the Valley of *Cithæron!*
Æge. Oft-times before I thither did reſort,
Charm'd with the Converſation of a Man
Who led a rural Life, and had command
O'er all the Shepherds, who about thoſe Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks: in this Man's Arms
I ſaw you ſmiling at a fatal Dagger
Whoſe point he often offer'd at your Throat;
But then you ſmil'd, and then you drew it back;
Then lifted it again, you ſmil'd again:
Till he at laſt in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy Death;
Then I ruſh'd in, and, after ſome diſcourſe,
To me he did bequeath your innocent Life;
And I, the welcome care to *Polybus.*
Oed. To whom belongs the Maſter of the Shepherds;
Æge. His Name I knew not, or have I forgot,
That he was of the Family of *Lajus*,
I will remember.
Oed. And is your Friend alive? for if he be
I'll buy his Preſence, tho' it coſt my Crown.
Æge. Your menial Attendants beſt can tell
Whether he lives, or not; and who has now
His Place.
Joc. Winds bear me to ſome barren Iſland,
Where print of humane Feet was never ſeen,
Over-grown with Weeds of ſuch a monſtrous height,
Their baleful tops are waſh'd with bellying Clouds,
Beneath whoſe venomous Shade I may have vent
For horror, that would blaſt the barbarous World.
Oed. If there be any here that knows the Perſon
Whom he deſcrib'd, I charge him on his Life
To ſpeak; concealment ſhall be ſudden Death:
But he who brings him forth, ſhall have reward
Beyond Ambitions luſt.
Tir. His Name is *Phorbas:*

Jocaſta knows him well; but if I may
Adviſe, reſt where you are, and ſeek no farther.
Oed. Then all goes well, ſince *Phorbas* is ſecur'd
By my *Jocaſta*. Haſte, and bring him forth:
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Ha! what means
Theſe Tears and Groans, and Struglings? ſpeak, my Fair,
What are thy Troubles?
Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me conjure you, take the Prophets Counſel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.
Oed. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my Birth, tho' Death
Attends the ſearch: I have already paſt
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater labour than to venture o'er.
Therefore produce him.
Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
My Love, my all, my only utmoſt hope,
I beg you baniſh *Phorbas:* O, the Gods,
I kneel, that you may grant this firſt requeſt.
Deny me all things elſe; but for my ſake,
And as you prize your own eternal quiet,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your Preſence.
Oed. You muſt be rais'd, and *Phorbas* ſhall appear,
Tho' his dead Eyes were *Baſilisks:* Guards, haſte,
Search the Queen's Lodgings; find and force him hither. [*Exeunt Guards.*
Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet ſend,
And ſtop their entrance, e're it be too late:
Unleſs you wiſh to ſee *Jocaſta* rent
With Furies, ſlain out-right with meer diſtraction,
Keep from your Eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas.*
Forbear this ſearch, I'll think you more than mortal:
Will you yet hear me?
Oed. Tempeſts will be heard,
And Waves will daſh, tho' Rocks their Baſis keep——
But ſee they enter. If thou truly lov'ſt me,
Either forbear this Subject, or retire.
Enter Hæmon, *Guards*, *with* Phorbas.
Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A Story, that ſhall turn thee into Stone,
Could there be hewn a monſtrous Gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the Center, by ſome God,
Through which the Groans of Ghoſts might ſtrike thy Ears,
They would not wound thee, as this Story will.
Hark, hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,
Jocaſta: yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where firſt the Myſteries of our Loves were acted,
And double dye it with Imperial Crimſon;
Tear off this curling Hair,
Be gorg'd with Fire, ſtab every vital part,
And when at laſt I'm ſlain, to crown the Horror,
My poor tormented Ghoſt ſhall cleave the Ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound.
Oed. She's gone; and as ſhe went, methought her Eyes
Grew larger, while a thouſand Frantick Spirits
Seething, like riſing Bubbles, on the brim,
Peep'd from the watry brink, and glow'd upon me.
I'll ſeek no more; but huſh my Genius up
That throws me on my Fate.——Impoſſible!
O wretched Man, whoſe too too buſie Thoughts
Ride ſwifter than the galloping Heav'ns round,
With an eternal hurry of the Soul:
Nay, there's a time when ev'n the rowling Year

Seems

Seems to ſtand ſtill, dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a breath diſturbs the drowzy Waves:
But Man, the very Monſter of the World,
Is ne'er at reſt, the Soul for ever wakes,
Come then, ſince Deſtiny thus drives us on,
Let's know the bottom. *Hæmon*, you I ſent:
Where is that *Phorbas*?
Hæm. Here, my Royal Lord.
Oed. Speak firſt, *Ægeon*, ſay, is this the Man?
Æge. My Lord it is: tho' time has plough'd that Face,
With many furrows ſince I ſaw it firſt;
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground, quite to forget it.
Oed. Peace; ſtand back a while.
Come hither, Friend, I hear thy Name is *Phorbas*.
Why doſt thou turn thy Face? I charge thee anſwer
To what I ſhall enquire: VVert thou not once
The Servant of King *Lajus* here in *Thebes*?
Phorb. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
Born and bred up in Court, no Foreign Slave.
Oed. VVhat Office hadſt thou? what was thy Employment?
Phor. He made me Lord of all his Rural Pleaſures;
For much he lov'd 'em: oft I entertain'd
VVith ſporting *Swains*, o'er whom I had command.
Oed. VVhere was thy Reſidence? to what part o'th' Country
Did'ſt thou moſt frequently reſort?
Phor. To Mount *Cithæron* and the pleaſant Vallies,
VVhich all about lie ſhadowing its large feet.
Oed. Come forth *Ægeon*. Ha! why ſtarts thou, *Phorbas*?
Forward, I ſay, and Face to Face confront him,
Look wiſtly on him, through him if thou canſt,
And tell me, on thy Life, ſay, doſt thou know him;
Did'ſt thou e'er ſee him? converſe with him;
Near Mount *Cithæron*?
Phor. VVho, my Lord, this Man?
Oed. This Man, this old, this venerable Man:
Speak, didſt thou ever meet him there?
Phor. VVhere, Sacred Sir?
Oed. Near Mount *Cithæron*; anſwer to the purpoſe:
'Tis a King ſpeaks; and Royal Minutes are
Of much more worth than thouſand Vulgar Years:
Did'ſt thou e'er ſee this Man near *Cithæron*?
Phor. Moſt ſure, my Lord, I have ſeen Lines like thoſe
His Viſage bears; but know not where nor when.
Æge. Is't poſſible you ſhould forget your ancient Friend?
There are perhaps
Particulars which may excite your dead remembrance.
Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale:
The Swadling-bands were Purple, wrought with Gold,
Have you forgot too how you wept and begg'd
That I ſhould breed him up, and ask no more?
Phor. VVhat-e'er I begg'd; thou, like a Dotard, ſpeak'ſt
More than is requiſite: and what of this?
VVhy is it mention'd now? and why, O why
Doſt thou betray the Secrets of thy Friend?
Æge. Be not too raſh. That Infant grew at laſt
A King: and here the happy Monarch ſtands.
Phor. Ha! VVhither would'ſt thou? O what haſt thou utter'd!
For what thou haſt ſaid, Death ſtrike thee dumb for ever.
Oed. Forbear to curſe the Innocent; and be
Accurſt thy ſelf, thou ſhifting Traytor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.
Phor. O Heavens! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?
Oed. VVhy ſpeak you not according to my Charge?

Bring forth the Rack: ſince Mildneſs cannot win you,
Torments ſhall force.
Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir;
You will not Rack an innocent old Man.
Oed. Speak then.
Phor. Alas, what would you have me ſay?
Oed. Did this old Man take from your Arms an Infant?
Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wiſh to all the Gods,
Phorbas had periſh'd in that very moment.
Oed. Moment! Thou ſhalt be Hours, Days, Years a dying.
Here, bind his Hands; he dallies with my Fury:
But I ſhall find a way——
Phor. My Lord, I ſaid
I gave the Infant to him.
Oed. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?
Phor. He was not mine; but given me by another.
Oed. Whence! and from whom? what City? of what Houſe?
Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the Ground,
Would I could ſink beneath it: by the Gods,
I do conjure you to enquire no more.
Oed. Furies and Hell! *Hæmon*, bring forth the Rack;
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and ſulphurous Flames:
He ſhall be bound, and gaſh'd, his Skin flea'd off,
And burnt alive.
Phor. O ſpare my Age.
Oed. Riſe then, and ſpeak.
Phor. Dread Sir, I will.
Oed. Who gave that Infant to thee?
Phor. One of King *Lajus*'s Family.
Oed. O, you immortal Gods! but ſay, who was't?
Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?
A Servant; or one of the Royal Blood?
Phor. O wretched State! I dye, unleſs I ſpeak;
And, if I ſpeak, moſt certain Death attends me!
Oed. Thou ſhalt not dye. Speak then, who was it, ſpeak,
While I have ſenſe to underſtand the horror;
For I grow cold.
Phor. The Queen *Jocaſta* told me
It was her Son by *Lajus*.
Oed. O you Gods! But did ſhe give it thee?
Phor. My Lord, ſhe did.
Oed. Wherefore, for what? —— O break not yet my Heart,
Tho' my Eyes burſt, no matter: wilt thou tell me,
Or muſt I ask for ever? for what end?
Why gave ſhe thee her Child?
Phor. To murder it.
Oed. O more than ſavage! murder her own Bowels!
Without a cauſe!
Phor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold that moſt unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.
Oed. But, one thing more,
Jocaſta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was ſlain? Speak, I conjure thee,
For I ſhall never ask thee ought again,
What was the number of the Aſſaſſinates?
Phor. The dreadful deed was acted but by one;
And ſure that one had much of your reſemblance.
Oed. 'Tis well! I thank you Gods! 'tis wondrous well!
Daggers and Poyſon; O there is no need
For my diſpatch; and you, you mercileſs Pow'rs,
Hoard up your Thunder-ſtones; keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little note. [*Falls.*
Adr. Help, *Hæmon*, help, and bow him gently forward;
Chafe, chafe his Temples: how the mighty Spirits,

Half

Half ſtrangl'd with the damp his Sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for vent: but ſee, he breaths again,
And vigorous Nature breaks through all oppoſition.
How fares my Royal Friend?

Oed. The worſe for you.
O barbarous Men, and oh the hated Light!
Why did you force me back to curſe the Day;
To curſe my Friends; to blaſt with this dark Breath
The yet untainted Earth, and circling Air?
To raiſe new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,
VVhy did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a Hand that graſps this Hell
But ſhould run up, like Flax, all blazing Fire.
Stand from this Spot, I wiſh you as my Friends,
And come not near me, leſt the gaping Earth
Swallow you too ——Lo, I am gone already.

Draws, and claps his Sword to his Breaſt, which Adraſtus *ſtrikes away with his Foot.*

Adr. You ſhall no more be truſted with your Life:
Creon, *Alcander*, *Hæmon*, help to hold him.

Oed. Cruel *Adraſtus!* wilt thou, *Hæmon* too?
Are theſe the obligations of my Friends,
O worſe than worſt of my moſt barbarous Foes!
Dear, dear *Adraſtus*, look with half an Eye
On my unheard of VVoes, and judge thy ſelf,
If it be fit that ſuch a VVretch ſhould live!
O, by theſe melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
VVith all the low ſubmiſſions of a Slave,
I do conjure thee give my Horrors way;
Talk not of Life, for that will make me rave:
As well thou may'ſt adviſe a tortur'd wretch,
All mangled o'er, from Head to Foot, with wounds,
And his Bones broke, to wait a better Day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impoſſible;
And I with Juſtice ſhould be thought your Foe,
To leave you in this Tempeſt of your Soul.
Tho' baniſh'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may Reign.
Th' Infernal Pow'rs themſelves exact no more:
Calm then your Rage, and once more ſeek the Gods.

Oed. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
Hence from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother!
VVhat, violate with Beſtial Appetite,
The ſacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn,
This is not to be born; hence; off, I ſay!
For they who lett my Vengeance, make themſelves
Accomplices in my moſt horrid Guilt.

Adr. Let it be ſo; we'll fence Heav'ns fury from you,
And ſuffer altogether: This perhaps,
VVhen ruin comes, may help to break your fall.

Oed. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* ſeen
The Stage ariſe, and the big Clouds deſcend;
So now in very deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof
Meet, like the hands of *Jove*, and cruſh Mankind:
For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
Celeſtial, nay, Terreſtrial and Infernal,
Conſpire the Rack of out-caſt *Oedipus*,
Fall darkneſs then, and everlaſting Night
Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,
The ſilver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for an univerſal rout of Nature
Through all the inmoſt Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a glimpſe, one Starry ſpark,
But Gods meet Gods, and juſtle in the dark.

That jars may riſe, and wrath Divine be hurl'd,
VVhich may to Atoms ſhake the ſolid World. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Creon; Alcander, Pyracmon.

Cre. THEBES is at length my own; and all my wiſhes,
Which ſure were great as Royalty e'er form'd,
Fortune and my auſpicious Stars have Crown'd.
O Diadem, thou Center of Ambition,
Where all its different Lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning-glaſs of Glory!
Pyr. Might I be Counſellor, I wou'd intreat you
To cool a little, Sir;
Find out *Eurydice*;
And, with the reſolution of a Man
Mark'd out for Greatneſs, give the fatal choice
Of Death or Marriage.
Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*,
As one who, tho' unfortunate, 's belov'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you muſt mark him dead:
Since nothing but his Death, not Baniſhment,
Can give aſſurance to your doubtful Reign.
Cre. Well have you done to ſnatch me from the Storm
Of racking Tranſport, where the little Streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under Paſſions,
As Waters are by ſucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vaſt Gulph of Empire:
Therefore *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice ſhall die, or be my Bride.
Alcander, ſummon to their Maſter's aid
My Menial Servants, and all thoſe whom change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's Favour,
Can win to take our part: Away. VVhat now? [*Ex.* Alcander.

Enter Hæmon.

VVhen *Hæmon* weeps, without the help of Ghoſts,
I may foretell there is a fatal Cauſe.
Hæm. Is't poſſible you ſhould be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the deſperate King:
Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Cloſet, where I ſaw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed:
All left him there, at his deſire, alone:
But ſure no ill, unleſs he dy'd with Grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.
Hæm. I did; and, having lock'd the door, I ſtood,
And through a chink I found, not only heard,
But ſaw him, when he thought no Eye beheld him:
At firſt, deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,
Murmurs and Groans, that ſhook the outward Rooms,
And art thou ſtill alive, O wretch! he cry'd?
Then groan'd again, as if his ſorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the ſtrings of Life, and burſt away.
Cre. I weep to hear; how then ſhould I have griev'd
Had I beheld this wondrous heap of Sorrow!
But, to the fatal period.
Hæm. Thrice he ſtruck,
VVith all his force, his hollow groaning Breaſt,
And thus, with out-cries, to himſelf complain'd.
But thou canſt weep then, and thou think'ſt 'tis well,
Theſe bubbles of the ſhalloweſt emptieſt Sorrow,

Which

Which Children vent for toys, and Women rain
For any trifle their fond Hearts are ſet on;
Yet theſe thou think'ſt are ample ſatisfaction
For bloodieſt Murder, and for burning Luſt:
No, Parricide, if thou muſt weep, weep Blood;
Weep Eyes, inſtead of Tears: O, by the Gods,
'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my woes.
Which ſaid, he ſmil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the floor; thence gazing at the Skies,
His Eye-balls fiery Red, and glowing Vengeance,
Gods, I accuſe you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glaſſes,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perſpectives,
I find your dazling Beings: Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your laſt, your fatal farewel-view.
When with a Groan that ſeem'd the call of Death,
With horrid force lifting his impious Hands,
He ſnatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of Sight, and daſh'd 'em on the Ground.
Cre. A Maſter-piece of horror; new and dreadful!
Hæm. I ran to ſuccour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant Strings away.
What then remains, but that I find *Tireſias*,
Who, with his Wiſdom, may allay thoſe Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul? [*Exit.*
Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care; moſt honeſt, faithful, fooliſh *Hæmon?*
But ſee, *Alcander* enters, well attended.
Enter Alcander, *attended.*
I ſee thou haſt been diligent.
Alc. Nothing theſe
For number to the Crowds that ſoon will follow;
Be reſolute,
And call your utmoſt Fury to revenge.
Cre. Ha! thou haſt given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
Theſe Eyes be clos'd, till they behold *Adraſtus*
Stretch'd at the Feet of falſe *Eurydice.*
Enter Adraſtus, Eurydice, *attended.*
Adr. Alas *Eurydice*, what fond raſh Man,
What inconſiderate and ambitious Fool,
That ſhall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus.*
Will dare, with his frail hand, to graſp a Scepter?
Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown ſeems dreadful, and I wiſh
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might paſs
Our ſofter Hours in humble Cells away:
Not but that I love you to that infinite height,
I could (O wondrous proof of fierceſt Love)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.
Adr. Take then this moſt lov'd innocence away;
Fly from tumultuous *Thebes*,
From Blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treaſon, from that Fury *Creon*;
Vouchſafe that I, o'er-joy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your Feet preſent the Crown of *Argos.*
Creon *and Attendants come up to him.*
Cre. I have o'er-heard thy black deſign, *Adraſtus:*
And therefore, as a Traytor to this State,
Death ought to be thy Lot: let it ſuffice
That *Thebes* ſurveys thee as a Prince; abuſe not
Her proffer'd Mercy, but retire betimes,
Leſt ſhe repent and haſten on thy Doom.
Adr. Think not, moſt abject,

Moſt

Moſt abhorr'd of Men,
Adraſtus will vouchſafe to anſwer thee;
Thebans, to you I juſtifie my Love:
I have addreſs'd my Prayers to this fair Princeſs:
But, if I ever meant a violence,
Or thought to Raviſh, as that Traytor did,
What humbleſt Adorations could not win;
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul diſhonour,
And let Men curſe me by the name of *Creon*.
Eur. Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the Wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your Lives,
To take the part of that Rebellious Traytor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocaſta*'s order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlaſting Love,
I here reſign to Prince *Adraſtus* Arms
All that the World can make me Miſtreſs of.
Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
Draw all; and when I give the word, fall on.
Traytor, reſign the Princeſs, or this moment
Expect, with all thoſe moſt unfortunate Wretches,
Upon this ſpot ſtraight to be hewn in pieces.
Adr. No, Villain, no;
With twice thoſe odds of Men,
I doubt not in this Cauſe
To vanquiſh thee.
Captain, remember to your Care I give
My Love; Ten thouſand thouſand times more dear
Than Life, or Liberty.
Cre. Fall on, *Alcander*,
Pyracmon, you and I muſt wheel about
For nobler Game, the Princeſs.
Adr. Ah, Traytor, doſt thou ſhun me?
Follow, follow,
My brave Companions; ſee, the Cowards fly,
[*Exit fighting: Creon's Party beaten off by* Adraſtus.

Enter Oedipus.

Oed. O, 'tis too little this: thy loſs of Sight,
What has it done? I ſhall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, There goes the Monſter:
Nor have I hid my horrors from my ſelf;
For tho' corporeal Light be loſt for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, through glaring Opticks,
Preſents in larger ſize her black Idea's,
Doubling the bloody proſpect of my Crimes:
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
With Wife, and Mother, Tortures, Hell, and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful Off-ſpring's brought to light!
In horrid form they rank themſelves before me;
What ſhall I call this Medly of Creation?
Here one, with all the obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocaſta*'s look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father, there a ſturdy Boy,
Reſembling *Lajus* juſt as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold Hand graſping mine,
Cries out, How fares my Brother *Oedipus*?
What, Sons and Brothers! Siſters and Daughters too?
Fly all, begone, fly from my wirling Brain;
Hence, Inceſt, Murder; hence, you ghaſtly Figures!
O Gods! Gods, anſwer; is there any mean?
Let me go mad, or dye.

Enter Jocaſta.

Joc. Where, where is this moſt wretched of Mankind,

This

This ſtately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
VVhoſe Story told, whoſe very Name but mention'd,
VVould cool the rage of Fevers, and unlock
The hand of Luſt from the pale Virgin's Hair,
And throw the Raviſher before her Feet?

Oed. By all my Fears, I think *Jocaſta*'s Voice!
Hence; fly; begon: O thou far worſe than worſt
Of damning Charmers! O abhorr'd loath'd Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the Eaſt, Weſt, North, or South of Heav'n;
But think not thou ſhalt ever enter there:
The Golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainſt thee, and me; and the Celeſtial Guards,
Still as we riſe, will daſh our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of Woe!

Oed. Art thou not gone then? Ha!
How dar'ſt thou ſtand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'ſt thou in the Grave to reap new pleaſures?

Joc. Talk on: till thou mak'ſt mad my rowling Brain;
Groan ſtill more Death; and may thoſe diſmal Sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears:
Methinks at ſuch a meeting, Heav'n ſtands ſtill;
The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows: this Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: the buſie Emmets ceaſe;
Yet hear me on———

Oed. Speak then, and blaſt my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I reſolve a Ruine
To match my Crimes; by all my Miſeries,
'Tis horror, worſe than thouſand thouſand Deaths,
To ſend me hence without a kind farewel.

Oed. Gods, how ſhe ſhakes me! ſtay thee, O *Jocaſta!*
Speak ſomething e're thou goeſt for ever from me.

Joc. 'Tis VVoman's weakneſs that I would be pity'd;
Pardon me then, O greateſt, tho' moſt wretched
Of all thy Kind: my Soul is on the brink,
And ſees the boiling Furnace juſt beneath:
Do not thou puſh me off, and I will go
VVith ſuch a willingneſs, as if that Heav'n
VVith all its Glories glow'd for my Reception.

Oed. O, in my Heart I feel the pangs of Nature;
It works with kindneſs o'er: Give, give me way;
I feel a melting here, a tenderneſs,
Too mighty for the anger of the Gods:
Direct me to thy Knees, yet oh forbear:
Leſt the dead Embers ſhould revive,
Stand off——and at juſt diſtance
Let me groan my Horrors——here
On the Earth, here below my utmoſt Gale;
Here ſob my Sorrows, till I burſt with ſighing:
Here gaſp and languiſh out my wounded Soul.

Joc. In ſpight of all thoſe Crimes, the cruel Gods
Can charge me with, I know my Innocence;
Know yours: 'tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,
For you are ſtill my Husband.

Oed. Swear I am,
And I'll believe thee, ſteal into thy Arms,
Renew endearments, think 'em no pollutions,
But chaſte as Spirits joys: gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night upon thee,
And fold thee ſoftly in my Arms to ſlumbers.

[*The Ghoſt of* Lajus *aſcends by degrees, pointing at* Jocaſta.

Joc. Begone, my Lord! alas, what are we doing?
Fly from my Arms! VVhirl-winds, Seas, Continents,

And Worlds, divide us! O thrice happy thou,
Who haſt no uſe of Eyes; for here's a ſight
Would turn the melting Face of Mercy's ſelf
To a wild Fury.
Oed. Ha! what ſeeſt thou there?
Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!
Oed. Thou rav'ſt; thy Husband's here.
Joc. There, there he mounts,
In circling fire, amongſt the bluſhing Clouds!
And ſee, he waves *Jocaſta* from the World!
Ghoſt. Jocaſta! Oedipus! [*Vaniſh with Thunder.*
Oed. What would'ſt thou have?
Thou know'ſt I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In darkneſs here, and kept from means of Death.
I've heard a Spirits force is wonderful;
At whoſe approach, when ſtarting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does ſhake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Towers are thundred down:
And Walls of Braſs, and Gates of Adamant,
Are paſſable as Air, and fleet like Winds.
Joc. VVas that a Raven's Croak, or my Son's Voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave and hide me:
Earth open or I'll tear thy Bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the deed of Inceſt.
Oed. Strike then, Imperial Ghoſt; daſh all at once
This Houſe of Clay into a thouſand pieces:
That my poor lingring Soul may take her flight
To your immortal Dwellings.
Joc. Haſte thee then,
Or I ſhall be before thee: See, thou canſt not ſee;
Then I will tell thee that my wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a port Divine
Glide all along the gaudy Milky Soil,
To find my *Lajus* out: ask every God
In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Lajus*,
My Murder'd *Lajus!*
Oed. Ha! how's this, *Jocaſta?*
Nay, if thy Brain be ſick, then thou art happy.
Joc. Ha! will you not? ſhall I not find him out?
VVill you not ſhow him? Are my Tears deſpis'd?
VVhy, then I'll thunder, yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my Cries: yes, cruel Gods,
Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my Heart,
I'll ſnatch Celeſtial Flames, fire all your Dwellings,
Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your Doors
Of Cryſtal fly from off their Diamond Hinges;
Drive you all out from your Ambroſial Hives, ——
To ſwarm like Bees about the field of Heav'n;
This will I do unleſs you ſhew me *Lajus*,
My dear, my Murder'd Lord. O *Lajus! Lajus! Lajus!* [*Ex.* Jocaſta.
Oed. Excellent Grief! why, this is as it ſhould be!
No Mourning can be ſuitable to Crimes
Like ours, but what Death makes, or Madneſs forms.
I cou'd have wiſh'd, methought, for Sight again,
To mark the gallantry of her Diſtraction:
Her blazing Eyes darting the wandring Stars,
T'have ſeen her mouth the Heav'ns and mate the Gods,
VVhile with her thundring Voice ſhe menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with ſmarting Sorrow;
But what's all this to thee? thou Coward yet
Art living, canſt not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho' thouſand ways lead to his thouſand doors,

Which Day and Night are ſtill unbarr'd for all.
[*Claſhing of Swords : Drums and Trumpets without.*
Hark! 'tis the noiſe of claſhing Swords! the ſound
Comes near: O, that a Battel would come o'er me?
If I but graſp a Sword: or wreſt a Dagger,
I'll make a ruine with the firſt that falls.

Enter Hæmon, *with Guards.*

Hæm. Seize him, and bear him to the Weſtern Tow'r.
Pardon me, Sacred Sir; I am inform'd
That *Creon* has deſigns upon your Life:
Forgive me then, if, to preſerve you from him,
I order your Confinement.
Oed. Slaves unhand me.
I think thou haſt a Sword: 'twas the wrong ſide.
Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;
He that could tear his Eyes out, ſure can find
Some deſperate way to ſtifle this curſt Breath;
Or if I ſtarve! but that's a lingring Fate;
Or if I leave my Brains upon the Wall!
The airy Soul can eaſily o'er-ſhoot
Thoſe bounds with which thou ſtriv'ſt to pale her in:
Yes, I will periſh in deſpight of thee;
And, by the rage that ſtirs me, if I meet thee
In the other World, I'll curſe thee for this uſage. [*Exit.*
Hæm. Tireſias, after him; and with your Counſel
Adviſe him humbly; charm, if poſſible,
Theſe Feuds within: while I without extinguiſh,
Or periſh in th' Attempt, the furious *Creon*;
That Brand which ſets our City in a flame.
Tir. Heav'n proſper your intent, and give a period
To all your Plagues: what old *Tireſias* can
Shall ſtraight be done. Lead *Manto* to the Tow'r. [*Ex.* Tir. Manto.
Hæm. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray, [*Trumpets again.*
Or fall together in the bloody Broil. [*Ex.*

Enter Creon *with* Eurydice, Pyracmon, *and his Party, giving ground to* Adraſtus.

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adraſtus* Prince of *Argos*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Priſoner.
Adr. What would'ſt thou, Hell-hound?
Cre. See this brandiſh'd Dagger:
Forgo th' advantage which thy Arms have won,
Or, by the Blood which trembles through the Heart
Of her whom more than Life I know thou lov'ſt,
I'll bury to the haft, in her fair Breaſt,
This Inſtrument of my Revenge.
Adr. Stay thee, damn'd wretch; hold, ſtop thy bloody hand.
Cre. Give order then, that on this inſtant now,
This moment, all thy Soldiers ſtraight disband.
Adr. Away my Friends, ſince Fate has ſo allotted;
Begone, and leave me to the Villain's Mercy.
Eur. Ah, my *Adraſtus!* call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back! O cruel barbarous Men!
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After ſo bravely having fought his Cauſe,
To periſh by the hand of this baſe Villain?
Why rather ruſh you not at once together
All to his ruine? drag him through the Streets
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my Death affright you.
Cre. Die firſt thy ſelf then.

Adr. O, I charge thee, hold.
Hence, from my Preſence all: he's not my Friend
That diſobeys: See, art thou now appeas'd? [*Ex. Attendants.*
Or is there ought elſe yet remains to do
That can attone to thee? ſlake thy thirſt of Blood
With mine: but ſave, O ſave that innocent wretch.
Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy ſelf my Priſoner.
Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of hope to ſave
Thy precious Life, my dear *Adraſtus*,
Whate'r thou doſt, deliver not thy Sword;
With that thou may'ſt get off, tho' odds oppoſe thee:
For me, O, fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid love will ſpare me. Keep thy Sword;
Leſt I be raviſh'd after thou art ſlain.
Adr. Inſtruct me, Gods! What ſhall *Adraſtus* do?
Cre. Do what thou wilt, when ſhe is dead: my Soldiers
With numbers will o'er-pow'r thee. Is't thy wiſh
Eurydice ſhould fall before thee?
Adr. Traitor, no:
Better, that thou and I, and all Mankind
Should be no more.
Cre. Then caſt thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my Mercy, or I ſtrike.
Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a moments pauſe.
My Father, when he bleſt me, gave me this;
My Son, ſaid he, let this be thy laſt refuge;
If thou forgot'ſt it, Miſery attends thee:
Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all
The hazards of my Life I never loſt.
'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only Truſt;
Tho' my Heart tells me that the Gift is fatal.
Cre. Fatal! Yes, fooliſh Love-ſick Prince, it ſhall:
Thy Arrogance, thy Scorn,
My wounds remembrance,
Turn all at once the fatal point upon thee.
Pyracmon to the Palace, diſpatch
The King: hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal,
And will oppoſe me: Come, Sir, are you ready?
Adr. Yes, Villain, for whatever thou canſt dare.
Eur. Hold *Creon*, or through me, through me you wound.
Adr. Off, Madam, or we periſh both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my Ponyard's in my hand:
Therefore away.
Eur. I'll guard your Life with mine.
Cre. Die both then; there is now no time for dallying [*Kills* Eurydice.
Eur. Ah, Prince, farewel! farewel, my dear *Adraſtus*. [*Dies.*
Adr. Unheard of Monſter! eldeſt born of Hell!
Down, to thy primitive Flames. [*Stabs* Creon.
Cre. Help, Soldiers, help:
Revenge me.
Adr, More; yet more: a thouſand wounds!
I'll ſtamp thee ſtill, thus, to the gaping Furies.
[Adraſtus *falls, kill'd by the Soldiers.*

Enter Hæmon, *Guards, with* Alcander, *and* Pyracmon *bound: the Aſſaſſins are driven off.*

O *Hæmon*, I am ſlain; nor need I name
The inhumane Author of all Villanies;
There he lies gaſping.
Cre. If I muſt plunge in Flames,
Burn firſt my Arm; baſe Inſtrument, unfit
To act the dictates of my daring Mind:
Burn, burn for ever, O weak ſubſtitute

Of

Of that, the God, Ambition. [*Dies.*
Adr. She's gone; O deadly Marks-man, in the Heart!
Yet in the pangs of Death ſhe graſps my Hand:
Her Lips too tremble, as if ſhe would ſpeak
Her laſt farewel. O, *Oedipus*, thy fall
Is great; and nobly now thou goeſt attended!
They talk of Heroes, and Celeſtial Beauties,
And wondrous pleaſures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more. [*Dies.*

Enter a Captain to Hæmon: *with* Tireſias *and* Manto.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocaſta*, ſwift and wild,
As a robb'd Tygreſs bounding o'er the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze Mankind;
In twiſted Gold I ſaw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal; and her little Sons
Stabb'd through the Breaſts upon the bloody Pillows.
Hæm. Relentleſs Heav'ns! is then the Fate of *Lajus*
Never to be Aton'd? How ſacred ought
Kings Lives be held, when but the Death of one
Demands an Empire's Blood for Expiation?
But ſee! the furious mad *Jocaſta*'s here.

Scene draws, and diſcovers Jocaſta *held by her Women, and ſtabb'd in many places of her Boſom, her Hair diſhevl'd, her Children ſlain upon the Bed.*

Was ever ſuch a ſight of ſo much horror,
And pity, brought to view!
Joc. Ah, cruel Women!
Will you not let me take my laſt farewel
Of thoſe dear Babes? O let me run and ſeal
My melting Soul upon their bubling Wounds!
I'll print upon their Coral Mouths ſuch kiſſes,
As ſhall recall their wandring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
Help, *Hæmon*, help:
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocaſta* dies.

Enter Oedipus *above.*

Oed. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods,
'Tis quite unbarr'd: ſure by the diſtant noiſe,
The height will fit my fatal purpoſe well.
Joc. What hoa, my *Oedipus*; ſee where he ſtands!
His groping Ghoſt is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount my Soul;
I'll wrap thy ſhivering Spirit in Lambent Flames! and ſo we'll ſail:
But ſee! we're landed on the happy Coaſt;
And all the Golden Strands are cover'd o'er
With glorious Gods, that come to try our Cauſe:
Jove, *Jove*, whoſe Majeſty now ſinks me down,
He who himſelf burns in unlawful Fires,
Shall judge, and ſhall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
'Tis fixt by Fate, upon Record Divine:
And *Oedipus* ſhall be now ever mine. [*Dies.*
Oed. Speak, *Hæmon*; what has Fate been doing there?
What dreadful Deed has mad *Jocaſta* done?
Hæm. The Queen her ſelf, and all your wretched Off-ſpring,
Are by her Fury ſlain.
Oed. By all my woes,
She has out-done me in Revenge and Murder,
And I ſhould envy her the ſad applauſe:
But, Oh! my Children! Oh, what have they done?
This was not like the Mercy of the Heav'ns,

To

To ſet her Madneſs on ſuch Cruelty:
This ſtirs me more than all my Sufferings,
And with my laſt Breath I muſt call you Tyrants.
Hæm. What mean you, Sir?
Oed. Jocaſta! lo, I come.
O, *Lajus*, *Labdacus*, and all you Spirits
Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore;
Extend your Arms t'embrace me; for I come;
May all the Gods too from their Battlements
Behold and wonder at a Mortal's daring;
And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful Death,
Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder:
Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I flye,
And thus go downwards, to the darker Sky.
[*Thunder. He flings himſelf from the Window.*
The Thebans *gather about his Body.*
Hæm. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!
O curs'd effect of the moſt deep Deſpair!
Tir. Ceaſe your Complaints, and bear his Body hence:
The dreadful ſight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
Whom Heav'n decrees to raiſe with Peace and Glory:
Yet by theſe terrible Examples warn'd,
The ſacred Fury that allarms the VVorld.
Let none, tho' ne'er ſo Virtuous, Great and High,
Be judg'd entirely bleſt before they die.

Troilus.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA:

OR,

Truth found too late.

To the Right Honourable

Robert E. of Sunderland,

Principal Secretary of State, One of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, *&c.*

MY LORD,

SInce I cannot promise you much of Poetry in my Play, 'tis but reasonable, that I shou'd secure you from any part of it in my Dedication. And indeed I cannot better distinguish the exactness of your Taste from that of other Men, than by the plainness and sincerity of my Address. I must keep my Hyperboles in reserve for Men of other Understandings: An hungry Appetite after Praise: and a strong digestion of it, will bear the grosness of that Diet: But one of so critical a Judgment as your Lordship, who can set the bounds of just and proper in every Subject, would give me small encouragement for so bold an undertaking. I more than suspect, my Lord, that you wou'd not do common Justice to your self; and therefore, were I to give that Character of you, which I think you truly merit, I wou'd make my appeal from your Lordship to the Reader, and wou'd justify my self from Flattery by the publick Voice, whatever Protestation you might enter to the contrary. But I find I am to take other measures with your Lordship; I am to stand upon my Guard with you, and to approach you as warily as *Horace* did *Augustus*.

Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

An ill-tim'd, or an extravagant Commendation, wou'd not pass upon you: but you wou'd keep off such a Dedicator at Arms end; and send him back with his *Encomiums*, to this Lord, or that Lady, who stood in need of such trifling Merchandise. You see, my Lord, what an awe you have upon me, when I dare not offer you that Incense, which wou'd be acceptable to other Patrons: but am forc'd to curb my self, from ascribing to you those Honours, which even an Enemy cou'd not deny you. Yet I must confess I never practis'd that virtue of Moderation (which is properly your Character) with so much reluctancy as now. For it hinders me from being true to my own knowledge, in not witnessing your worth; and deprives me of the only means which I had left to shew the World that true Honour and unintersted respect which I have always payed you. I would say somewhat, if it were possible, which might distinguish that Veneration I have for you, from the Flatteries of those who adore your Fortune. But the eminence of your Condition, in this particular, is my unhappiness: for it renders whatever I would say suspected. Professions of Service, Submissions and Attendance, are the practice of all Men to the Great: and commonly they who have the least Sincerity, perform them best; as they who are least ingag'd in Love, have their Tongues the freest to counterfeit a Passion: for my own part, I never cou'd shake off the rustique Bashfulness which hangs upon my Nature; but valuing my self at as little as I am worth, have been afraid to render even the common Duties of Respect to those who are in Power. The Ceremonious Visits which are generally paid on such Occasions, are not my Talent. They may be real even in Courtiers; but they appear with such a face of Interest, that a modest Man wou'd think himself in danger of having his Sincerity mistaken for his Design. My Congratulations keep their distance, and pass no farther than my Heart. There it is, that I have all the Joy imaginable, when I see true Worth rewarded; and Virtue uppermost in the World.

If

If therefore there were one to whom I had the honour to be known; and to know him ſo perfectly, that I could ſay without Flattery, he had all the depth of Underſtanding that was requiſite in any able Stateſman, and all that Honeſty which commonly is wanting; that he was Brave withont Vanity, and Knowing without Poſitiveneſs: that he was Loyal to his Prince, and a Lover of his Countty; that his Principles were full of Moderation, and all his Counſels ſuch as tended to heal, and not to widen the Breaches of the Nation: that in all his Converſation there appear'd a native Candour, and a deſire of doing good in all his Actions; if ſuch an one whom I have deſcrib'd, were at the Helm, if he had riſen by his Merits, and were choſen out in the neceſſity and preſſure of Affairs, to remedy our Confuſions by the ſeaſonableneſs of his Advice, and to put a ſtop to our ruine, when we were juſt rowling downward to the Precipice, I ſhou'd then congratulate the Age in which I liv'd, for the common ſafety; I ſhould not deſpair of the Republick, though *Hannibal* were at the Gates; I ſhould ſend up my Vows for the ſucceſs of ſuch an Action, as *Virgil* did on the like occaſion for his Patron, when he was raiſing up his Country from the deſolations of a Civil War.

Hunc ſaltem everſo juvenem ſuccurrere ſeclo,
Ne ſuperi prohibete.

I know not whether I am running, in this extaſy which is now upon me: I am almoſt ready to reaſſume the ancient Rights of Poetry; to point out, and Prophecy the Man, who was born for no leſs an Undertaking; and whom Poſterity ſhall bleſs for its accompliſhment. Methinks I am already taking fire from ſuch a Character, and making room for him, under a borrow'd Name, amongſt the Heroes of an *Epique* Poem. Neither could mine, or ſome more happy Genius, want encouragement under ſuch a Patron.

Pollio amat noſtram, quamvis ſit ruſtica Muſam.

But theſe are Conſiderations afar off, my Lord: the former part of the Prophecy muſt be firſt accompliſh'd: the quiet of the Nation muſt be ſecur'd; and a mutual truſt, betwixt Prince and People be renew'd: and then this great and good Man will have leiſure for the ornaments of Peace: and make our Language as much indebted to his Care, as the French is to the Memory of the famous *Richelieu*. You know, my Lord, how low he laid the Foundations of ſo great a Work: That he began it with a *Grammar* and a *Dictionary*; without which all thoſe Remarks and Obſervations, which have ſince been made, had been perform'd to as little purpoſe as it wou'd be to conſider the Furniture of the Rooms before the Contrivance of the Houſe. Propriety muſt firſt be ſtated, e're any meaſures of Elegance can be taken. Neither is one *Vaugelas* ſufficient for ſuch a Work. 'Twas the employment of the whole Academy for many Years, for the perfect knowledge of a Tongue was never attain'd by any ſingle Perſon. The Court, the College, and the Town muſt be joyn'd in it. And as our Engliſh is a Compoſition of the dead and living Tongues, there is requir'd a perfect Knowledge, not only of the Greek and Latin, but of the Old German, the French and the Italian: and to help all theſe, a Converſation with thoſe Authors of our own, who have written with the feweſt Faults in Proſe and Verſe. But how barbarouſly we yet write and ſpeak, your Lordſhip knows, and I am ſufficiently ſenſible in my own Engliſh. For I am often put to a ſtand, in conſidering whether what I write be the Idiom of the Tongue, or falſe Grammar, and nonſence couch'd beneath that ſpecious Name of *Angliciſme*. And have no other way to clear my Doubts, but by tranſlating my Engliſh into Latine, and thereby trying what ſenſe the words will bear in a more ſtable Language. I am deſirous, if it were poſſible, that we might all write with the ſame certainty of Words, and purity of Phraſe, to which the *Italians* firſt arriv'd, and after them the *French*: At leaſt, that we might advance ſo far, as our Tongue is capable of ſuch a Standard. It wou'd mortify an *Engliſh* Man to conſider, that from the time of *Boccace* and of *Petrarche*, the *Italian* has varied very little: And that the *Engliſh* of *Chaucer*, their Contemporary, is not to be underſtood without the help of an old *Dictionary*. But their *Goth* and *Vandal* had the fortune to be graffed on a *Roman* Stock: Ours has the diſadvantage to be founded on the *Dutch*. We are full of Monoſyllables, and thoſe clog'd with Conſonants, and our pronunciation is effeminate. All which are Enemies to a ſounding Language: 'Tis true, that to ſupply our Poverty, we have trafficked with our Neighbour Nations; by which means we abound as much in Words, as *Amſterdam* does in Religions; but to order them, and make them uſeful after their admiſſion, is the difficulty. A greater progreſs has been made in this, ſince His Majeſty's Return, then perhaps ſince the Conqueſt to this time. But the better part of the Work remains unfiniſh'd: And that which has been done already, ſince it has only been in the practiſe of ſome few Writers, muſt be digeſted into Rules and Method; before it can be profitable to the General. Will your Lordſhip give me leave to ſpeak out at laſt? and to acquaint the World, that from your Encouragement and Patronage, we may one day expect to ſpeak and write a Language, worthy of the Engliſh Wit, and which Foreigners may not diſdain to learn. Your Birth, your Education, your natural Endowments, the former Employments which you have had abroad, and that which to the joy of good Men, you now exerciſe at home, ſeem all to conſpire to this Deſign:

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the Genius of the Nation ſeems to call you out as it were by Name, to poliſh and adorn your native Language, and to take from it the reproach of its Barbarity. 'Tis upon this encouragement, that I have adventur'd on the following Critique, which I humbly preſent you, together with the Play: In which, though I have not had the leiſure, nor indeed the encouragement to proceed to the Principal Subject of it, which is the Words and Thoughts that are ſutable to Tragedy; yet the whole Diſcourſe has a tendency that way, and is preliminary to it. In what I have already done, I doubt not but I have contradicted ſome of my former Opinions, in my looſe Eſſays of the like Nature: but of this, I dare affirm, that it is the fruit of my riper Age and Experience, and that Self-love, or Envy have no part in it. The application to Engliſh Authors is my own, and therein perhaps I may have err'd unknowingly: But the foundation of the Rules is Reaſon, and the authority of thoſe living Critiques who have had the honour to be known to you abroad, as well as of the Ancients, who are not leſs of your Acquaintance: Whatſoever it be, I ſubmit it to your Lordſhip's Judgment, from which I never will appeal, unleſs it be to your good Nature, and your Candour. If you can allow an hour of leiſure to the peruſal of it, I ſhall be fortunate that I cou'd ſo long entertain you; if not, I ſhall at leaſt have the ſatisfaction to know, that your time was more uſefully employ'd upon the Publick. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

John Dryden.

The Preface to the PLAY.

THE Poet *Æſchylus* was held in the ſame veneration by the *Athenians* of after Ages as *Shakeſpear* is by us; and *Longinus* has judg'd, in favour of him, that he had a noble boldneſs of expreſſion, and that his imaginations were lofty and Heroick: But on the other ſide *Quintilian* affirms, that he was daring to extravagance. 'Tis certain, that he affected pompous words, and that his ſenſe too often was obſcur'd by Figures: Notwithſtanding theſe imperfections, the value of his Writings after his Deceaſe was ſuch, that his Countrymen ordain'd an equal reward to thoſe Poets who could alter his Plays to be Acted on the Theater, with thoſe whoſe productions were wholly new, and of their own. The caſe is not the ſame in *England*, though the difficulties of altering are greater, and our Reverence for *Shakeſpear* much more juſt, than that of the *Grecians* for *Æſchylus*. In the Age of that Poet, the *Greek* Tongue was arriv'd to its full perfection; they had then amongſt them an exact Standard of Writing, and of Speaking: The *Engliſh* Language is not capable of ſuch a certainty; and we are at preſent ſo far from it, that we are wanting in the very Foundation of it, a perfect Grammar. Yet it muſt be allow'd to the preſent Age, that the Tongue in general is ſo much refin'd ſince *Shakeſpear's* time, that many of his words, and more of his Phraſes, are ſcarce intelligible. And of thoſe which we underſtand ſome are ungrammatical, others courſe; and his whole ſtile is ſo peſter'd with Figurative Expreſſions, that it is as affected as it is obſcure. 'Tis true, that in his later Plays he had worn off ſomewhat of the ruſt; but the Tragedy which I have undertaken to correct, was, in all probability, one of his firſt endeavours on the Stage.

The Original ſtory was written by one *Lollius* a *Lombard*, in Latin Verſe, and Tranſlated by *Chaucer* into *Engliſh*: Intended I ſuppoſe a Satyr on the Inconſtancy of Women: I find nothing of it among the Ancients, not ſo much as the name once *Creſſida* mention'd. *Shakeſpear*, (as I hinted) in the Apprenticeſhip of his Writing, model'd it into that Play, which is now called by the name of *Troilus* and *Creſſida*; but ſo lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into Acts: Which fault I aſcribe to the Actors, who Printed it after *Shakeſpear's* death; and that too, ſo careleſly, that a more uncorrect Copy I never ſaw. For the Play it ſelf, the Author ſeems to have begun it with ſome fire; the Characters of *Pandarus* and *Therſites*, are promiſing enough; but as if he grew weary of his Task, after an Entrance or two, he let's them fall: And the latter part of the Tragedy is nothing but a confuſion of Drums and Trumpets, Excurſions and Alarms. The chief Perſons, who give name to the Tragedy, are left alive: *Creſſida* is falſe, and is not puniſh'd. Yet after all, becauſe the Play was *Shakeſpear's*, and that there appear'd in ſome places of it, the admi-

able Genius of the Author; I undertook to remove that heap of Rubbiſh, under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly bury'd. Accordingly, I new model'd the Plot; threw out many unneceſſary Perſons; improv'd thoſe Characters which were begun, and left unfiniſh'd: As *Hector*, *Troilus*, *Pandarus* and *Therſites*; and added that of *Andromache*. After this, I made with no ſmall trouble, an Order and Connection of all the Scenes; removing them from the places where they were inartificially ſet: And though it was impoſſible to keep 'em all unbroken, becauſe the Scene muſt be ſometimes in the City, and ſometimes in the Camp, yet I have ſo order'd them that there is a coherence of 'em with one another, and a dependence on the main deſign: No leaping from *Troy* to the *Grecian* Tents, and thence back again in the ſame Act; but a due proportion of time allow'd for every Motion. I need not ſay that I have refin'd his Language, which before was obſolete; but I am willing to acknowledge, that as I have often drawn his Engliſh nearer to our times, ſo I have ſometimes conform'd my own to his: And conſequently, the Language is not altogether ſo pure, as it is ſignificant. The Scenes of *Pandarus* and *Creſſida*, of *Troilus* and *Pandarus*, of *Andromache* with *Hector* and the *Trojans*, in the ſecond Act, are wholly *New*: Together with that of *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* with *Therſites*; and that of *Therſites* with *Ajax* and *Achilles*. I will not weary my Reader with the Scenes which are added of *Pandarus* and the Lovers, in the Third; and thoſe of *Therſites*, which are wholly alter'd: But I cannot omit the laſt Scene in it, which is almoſt half the Act, betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. The occaſion of raiſing it was hinted to me by Mr. *Betterton*: The contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an injury, by ſaying that it is an imitation of the Scene betwixt *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, do me an honour, by ſuppoſing I could imitate the incomparable *Shakeſpear*: But let me add, that if *Shakeſpears* Scene, or that faulty Copy of it in *Amintor* and *Melantius* had never been, yet *Euripides* had furniſh'd me with an excellent example in his *Iphigenia*, between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: And from thence indeed, the laſt turn of it is borrow'd. The occaſion of which *Shakeſpear*, *Euripides*, and *Fletcher*, have all taken, is the ſame; grounded upon Friendſhip: And the quarrel of two virtuous Men, rais'd by natural degrees, to the extremity of paſſion, is conducted in all three, to the declination of the ſame paſſion; and concludes with a warm renewing of their Friendſhip. But the particular ground-work which *Shakeſpear* has taken, is incomparably the beſt: Becauſe he has not only choſen two the greateſt Heroes of their Age; but has likewiſe intereſted the Liberty of *Rome*, and their own Honors, who were the Redeemers of it, in this debate. And if he has made *Brutus*, who was naturally a patient Man, to fly into exceſs at firſt; let it be remembred in his defence, that juſt before, he has received the news of *Portia's* death: Whom the Poet on purpoſe neglecting a little Chronology, ſuppoſes to have dy'd before *Brutus*, only to give him an occaſion of being more eaſily exaſperated. Add to this, that the Injury he had receiv'd from *Caſſius*, had long been brooding in his mind; and that a melancholy Man, upon conſideration of an affront, eſpecially from a Friend, would be more eager in his paſſion, than he who had given it, though naturally more cholerick. *Euripedes* whom I have follow'd, has rais'd the quarrel betwixt two Brothers who were Friends. The foundation of the Scene was this, The *Grecians* were wind-bound at the Port of *Aulis*, and the Oracle had ſaid, that they could not Sail, unleſs *Agamemnon* deliver'd up his Daughter to be Sacrific'd: He refuſes; his Brother *Menelaus* urges the publick ſafety, the Father defends himſelf, by Arguments of Natural Affection, and hereupon they quarrel. *Agamemnon* is at laſt convinc'd, and promiſes to deliver up *Iphigenia*, but ſo paſſionately laments his loſs, that *Menelaus* is griev'd to have been the occaſion of it, and by a return of kindneſs offers to intercede for him with the *Grecians*, that his Daughter might not be Sacrific'd. But my Friend Mr. *Rymer* has ſo largely, and with ſo much judgment deſcrib'd this Scene, in comparing it with that of *Melantius* and *Amintor*, that it is ſuperfluous to ſay more of it: I only nam'd the heads of it, that any reaſonable Man might judge it was from thence I model'd my Scene betwixt *Troilus* and *Hector*. I will conclude my Reflections on it, with a paſſage of *Longinus*, concercerning *Plato's* imitation of *Homer*: 'We ought not to regard a good Imitation as a Theft; 'but as a beautiful Idea of him who undertakes to imitate, by forming himſelf on the in-'vention and the work of another Man; for he enters into the Liſts like a new Wraſtler, to 'diſpute the Prize with the former Champion. This ſort of emulation ſays *Heſiod*, is ho-'nourable, Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσι---When we Combat for Victory with a Hero, and are 'not without glory even in our overthrow. Thoſe great Men whom we purpoſe to our 'ſelves as patterns of our imitation, ſerve us as a Torch, which is lifted up before us, to 'enlighten our paſſage; and often elevate our thoughts as high, as the conception we have 'of our Authors Genius.

I have been ſo tedious in three Acts, that I ſhall contract my ſelf in the two laſt. The beginning Scenes of the fourth Act are either added, or chang'd wholly by me; the middle of it is *Shakeſpear* alter'd, and mingled with my own, three or four of the laſt Scenes are altogether new. And the whole Fifth Act, both the Plot and the Writing are my own Additions.

But having written ſo much for imitation of what is excellent, in that part of the *Preface* which related only to my ſelf; methinks it would neither be unprofitable nor unpleaſant, to enquire how far we ought to imitate our own Poets, *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* in their Tragedies: And this will occaſion another enquiry, how theſe two Writers differ between themſelves: But ſince neither of theſe queſtions can be ſolv'd unleſs ſome meaſures be firſt taken, by which we may be enabled to judge truly of their Writings: I ſhall endea-

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vour as briefly as I can, to diſcover the grounds and reaſon of all Criticiſm, applying them in this place only to Tragedy. *Ariſtotle* with his Interpreters, and *Horace*, and *Longinus*, are the Authors to whom I owe my lights; and what part ſoever of my own Plays, or of this, which no mending could make regular, ſhall fall under the condemnation of ſuch Judges, it would be impudent in me to defend. I think it no ſhame to retract my Errors, and am well pleas'd to ſuffer in the cauſe, if the Art may be improv'd at my expence: I therefore proceed to,

The Grounds of Criticiſm in Tragedy.

TRagedy is thus defin'd by *Ariſtotle*, (omitting what I thought unneceſſary in his Definition.) 'Tis an imitation of one intire, great, and probable action; not told, but repreſented, which by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of theſe two paſſions in our minds. More largely thus, Tragedy deſcribes or paints an Action, which Action muſt have all the Proprieties above nam'd. Firſt, it muſt be one or ſingle, that is, it muſt not be a Hiſtory of one Mans Life: Suppoſe of *Alexander* the Great, or *Julius Cæſar*, but one ſingle action of theirs. This condemns all *Shakeſpears* Hiſtorical Plays, which are rather Chronicles repreſented, than Tragedies, and all double action of Plays. As to avoid a Satyr upon others, I will make bold with my own *Marriage-A-la-Mode*, where there are manifeſtly two Actions, not depending on one another: But in *Oedipus* there cannot properly be ſaid to be two Actions, becauſe the love of *Adraſtus* and *Euridice* has a neceſſary dependance on the principal deſign, into which it is woven. The natural reaſon of this Rule is plain, for two different independant actions, diſtract the attention and concernment of the Audience, and conſequently deſtroy the intention of the Poet: If his buſineſs be to move terror and pity, and one of his Actions be Comical, the other Tragical, the former will divert the People, and utterly make void his greater purpoſe. Therefore as in Perſpective, ſo in Tragedy, there muſt be a point of ſight in which all the lines terminate: Otherwiſe the Eye wanders, and the work is falſe. This was the practice of the *Grecian* Stage. But *Terence* made an innovation in the *Roman*: all his Plays have double Actions; for it was his cuſtom to tranſlate two *Greek* Comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet ſo, that both the Actions were Comical; and one was principal, the other but ſecondary or ſubſervient. And this has obtain'd on the *Engliſh* Stage, to give us the pleaſure of variety.

As the Action ought to be one, it ought as ſuch, to have Order in it, that is, to have a natural beginning, a middle, and an end: A natural beginning ſays *Ariſtotle*, is that which could not neceſſarily have been plac'd after another thing, and ſo of the reſt. This conſideration will arraign all Plays after the new model of *Spaniſh* Plots, where accident is heap'd upon accident, and that which is firſt might as reaſonably be laſt: An inconvenience not to be remedied, but by making one accident naturally produce another, otherwiſe 'tis a Farce, and not a Play. Of this nature, is the *Slighted Maid*; where there is no Scene in the firſt Act, which might not be as good reaſon be in the fifth. And if the Action ought to be one, the Tragedy ought likewiſe to conclude with the Action of it. Thus in *Muſtapha*, the Play ſhould naturally have ended with the death of *Zanger*, and have given us the grace Cup after Dinner, of *Solyman's* divorce from *Roxolana*.

The following properties of the Action are ſo eaſie, that they need not my explaining. It ought to be great, and to conſiſt of great Perſons, to diſtinguiſh it from Comedy; where the Action is trivial, and the Perſons of inferior Rank. The laſt quality of the action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. 'Tis not neceſſary that there ſhould be Hiſtorical truth in it; but always neceſſary that there ſhould be a likeneſs of truth, ſomething that is more then barely poſſible, probable being that which ſucceeds or happens oftner than it miſſes. To invent therefore a probability, and to make it wonderful, is the moſt difficult undertaking in the Art of Poetry: for that which is not wonderful, is not great, and that which is not probable, will not delight a reaſonable Audience. This Action thus deſcrib'd, muſt be repreſented and not told, to diſtinguiſh Dramatick Poetry from Epic: but I haſten to the end, or ſcope of Tragedy; which is to rectifie or purge our paſſions, fear and pity.

To inſtruct delightfully is the general end of all Poetry: Philoſophy inſtructs, but it performs its work by precept: which is not delightful, or not ſo delightful as Example. To purge the paſſions by Example, is therefore the particular inſtruction which belongs to Tragedy. *Rapin*, a judicious Critic, has obſerv'd from *Ariſtotle*, that pride and want of commiſeration are the moſt predominant vices in Mankind: therefore to cure us of theſe two, the Inventors of Tragedy, have choſen to work upon two other paſſions, which are Fear and Pity. We are wrought to fear, by their ſetting before our Eyes ſome terrible example of Misfortune, which hapned to Perſons of the higheſt Quality; for ſuch an action demonſtrates to us, that no condition is priviledg'd from the turns of Fortune: This muſt of neceſſity cauſe terror in us, and conſequently abate our pride. But when we ſee that the moſt virtuous, as well as the greateſt, are not exempt from ſuch misfortunes, that conſideration moves pity in us: And inſenſibly works us to be helpful to, and tender over the diſtreſs'd, which is the nobleſt and moſt God-like of Moral Virtues. Here 'tis obſervable, that it is abſolutely neceſſary to make a Man Virtuous, if we deſire he ſhould be pity'd: We lament not, but deteſt a wicked Man, we are glad when we behold his Crimes are puniſh'd, and that Poetical Juſtice is done upon him. *Euripides* was cenſur'd by the Criticks of his time, for making his chief Characters too wicked: For example, *Phædra*, though ſhe lov'd her Son-in-Law with reluctancy,

luctancy, and that it was a Curſe upon her Family for offending *Venus*; yet was thought too ill a Pattern for the Stage. Shall we therefore baniſh all Characters of Villany? I confeſs I am not of that opinion; but it is neceſſary that the Heroe of the Play be not a Villain, that is, the Characters which ſhould move our pity ought to have virtuous inclinations, and degrees of moral goodneſs in them. As for a perfect Character of Virtue, it never was in Nature; and therefore there can be no imitation of it: But there are allays of frailty to be allow'd for the chief Perſons, yet ſo that the good which is in them, ſhall outweigh the bad; and conſequently leave room for puniſhment on the one ſide, and pity on the other.

After all, if any one will ask me, whether a Tragedy cannot be made upon any other grounds, than thoſe of exciting pity and terror in us? *Boſſu*, the beſt of modern Criticks, anſwers thus in general: That all excellent Arts, and particularly that of Poetry, have been invented and brought to perfection by Men of a tranſcendent Genius: and that therefore they who practiſe afterwards the ſame Arts, are oblig'd to tread in their footſteps, and to ſearch in their Writings the foundation of them: For it is not juſt that new Rules ſhould deſtroy the authority of the old. But *Rapin* writes more particularly thus: That no paſſions in a ſtory are ſo proper to move our concernment as Fear and Pity; and that it is from our concernment we receive our pleaſure, is undoubted; when the Soul becomes agitated with fear for one Character, or hope for another; then it is that we are pleas'd in Tragedy, by the intereſt which we take in their adventures.

Here therefore the general anſwer may be given to the firſt queſtion, how far we ought to imitate *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* in their Plots; namely that we ought to follow them ſo far only, as they have copy'd the Excellencies of thoſe who invented and brought to perfection Dramatic Poetry: Thoſe things only excepted which Religion, Cuſtoms of Countries, Idioms of Languages, *&c.* have alter'd in the Superſtructures, but not in the foundation of the deſign.

How defective *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* have been in all their Plots, Mr. *Rymer* has diſcover'd in his *Criticiſms*: Neither can we, who follow them, be excus'd from the ſame or greater errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, becauſe we want their beauties to countervail our faults. The beſt of their deſigns, the moſt approaching to Antiquity, and the moſt conducing to move pity, is the *King and no King*; which if the Farce of *Beſſus* were thrown away, is of that inferior ſort of Tragedies, which end with a proſperous event. 'Tis probably deriv'd from the ſtory of *Oedipus*, with the Character of *Alexander the Great*, in his extravagancies, given to *Arbaces*. The taking of this Play, amongſt many others, I cannot wholly aſcribe to the excellency of the action: For I find it moving when it is read: 'Tis true, the faults of the Plot are ſo evidently prov'd, that they can no longer be deny'd. The beauties of it muſt therefore lie either in the lively touches of the paſſions: or we muſt conclude, as I think we may, that even in imperfect Plots, there are leſs degrees of Nature, by which ſome faint emotions of pity and terror are rais'd in us: as a leſs Engine will raiſe a leſs proportion of weight, though not ſo much as one of *Archimedes* making; for nothing can move our Nature, but by ſome natural Reaſon, which works upon paſſions. And ſince we acknowledge the effect, there muſt be ſomething in the cauſe.

The difference between *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher* in their Plotting, ſeems to be this, that *Shakeſpear* generally moves more terror, and *Fletcher* more compaſſion: For the firſt had a more Maſculine, a bolder and more fiery Genius; the Second a more ſoft and Womaniſh. In the mechanic Beauties of the Plot, which are the Obſervation of the three Unities, Time, Place, and Action, they are both deficient; but *Shakeſpear* moſt. *Ben Johnſon* reform'd thoſe errors in his Comedies, yet one of *Shakeſpear's* was Regular before him: which is, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. For what remains concerning the deſign, you are to be refer'd to our *Engliſh* Critic. That method which he has preſcrib'd to raiſe it from miſtake, or ignorance of the Crime, is certainly the beſt, though 'tis not the only: For amongſt all the Tragedies of *Sophocles*, there is but one, *Oedipus*, which is wholy built after that model.

After the Plot, which is the foundation of the Play, the next thing to which we ought to apply our Judgment is the Manners, for now the Poet comes to work above ground: the Ground-work indeed is that which is moſt neceſſary, as that upon which depends the firmneſs of the whole Fabric; yet it ſtrikes not the eye ſo much, as the beauties or imperfections of the Manners, the Thoughts and the Expreſſions.

The firſt Rule which *Boſſu* preſcribes to the Writer of an Heroic Poem, and which holds too by the ſame reaſon in all Dramatic Poetry, is to make the moral of the work; that is, to lay down your ſelf what that Precept of Morality ſhall be, which you would inſinuate into the People: As namely, *Homer's*, (which I have copy'd in my *Conqueſt of Granada*) was, that Union preſerves a Common-wealth, and Diſcord deſtroys it. *Sophocles*, in his *Odipus*, that no Man is to be accounted happy before his Death. 'Tis the Moral that directs the whole Action of the Play to one center; and that Action or Fable, is the example built upon the moral, which confirms the truth of it to our experience: when the Fable is deſign'd, then and not before, the Perſons are to be introduc'd with their Manners, Characters and Paſſions.

The Manners in a Poem, are underſtood to be thoſe inclinations, whether natural or acquired, which move and carry us to Actions: good, bad, or indifferent in a Play; or which incline the Perſons to ſuch, or ſuch actions: I have anticipated part of this Diſcourſe already, in declaring that a Poet ought not to make the Manners perfectly good in his beſt Perſons; but neither are they to be more wicked in any of his Characters, than neceſſity requires. To produce a Villain, without other reaſon than a natural inclination to Villany, is in Poetry to produce an Effect without a Cauſe: and to make him more a Villain than he has juſt reaſon to be, is to make an Effect which is ſtronger than the Cauſe. The

The Manners ariſe from many Cauſes: and are either diſtinguiſh'd by complexion, as choleric and phlegmatic, or by the difference of Age or Sex, Climates, or Quality of the Perſons, or their preſent condition: they are likewiſe to be gather'd from the ſeveral Virtues, Vices, or Paſſions, and many other common-places, which a Poet muſt be ſuppos'd to have learn'd from natural Philoſophy, Ethics, and Hiſtory; of all which whoſoever is ignorant, does not deſerve the name of Poet.

But as the Manners are uſeful in this Art, they may be all compris'd under theſe general Heads: Firſt, they muſt be apparent, that is in every Character of the Play, ſome inclinations of the Perſon muſt appear: and theſe are ſhown in the Actions and Diſcourſe. Secondly, the Manners muſt be ſuitable or agreeing to the Perſons; that is, to the Age, Sex, Dignity, and the other general Heads of Manners: Thus when a Poet has given the Dignity of a King to one of his Perſons, in all his Actions and Speeches, that Perſon muſt diſcover Majeſty, Magnanimity, and jealouſy of Power; becauſe theſe are ſuitable to the general Manners of a King. The third Property of Manners is Reſemblance; and this is founded upon the particular Characters of Men, as we have them deliver'd to us by Relation or Hiſtory: That is, when a Poet has the known Character of this or that Man before him, he is bound to repreſent him ſuch, at leaſt not contrary to that which Fame has reported him to have been: Thus it is not a Poets choice to make *Ulyſſes* choloric, or *Achilles* patient, becauſe *Homer* has deſcrib'd 'em quite otherwiſe. Yet this is a Rock, on which ignorant Writers daily ſplit: and the abſurdity is as monſtrous, as if a Painter ſhould draw a Coward running from a Battel, and tell us it was the Picture of *Alexander the Great*.

The laſt Property of Manners is, that they be conſtant, and equal, that is, maintain'd the ſame through the whole deſign: Thus when *Virgil* had once given the name of *Pious* to *Æneas*, he was bound to ſhow him ſuch, in all his words and actions through the whole Poem. All theſe Properties *Horace* has hinted to a judicious obſerver, 1. *Notandi ſunt tibi mores*, 2. *aut famam ſequere*, 3. *aut ſibi convenientia finge*. 4. *Servetur ad imum, qualis ab incæpto proceſſerat, & ſibi conſtet*.

From the Manners, the Characters of Perſons are deriv'd; for indeed the Characters are no other than the Inclinations, as they appear in the ſeveral Perſons of the Poem. A Character being thus defin'd, that which diſtinguiſhes one Man from another. Not to repeat the ſame things over again which have been ſaid of the Manners, I will only add what is neceſſary here. A Character, or that which diſtinguiſhes one Man from all others, cannot be ſuppos'd to conſiſt of one particular Virtue, or Vice, or Paſſion only; but 'tis a Compoſition of Qualities which are not contrary to one another in the ſame Perſon: Thus the ſame Man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; ſo in a Comical Character, or humour (which is an inclination to this, or that particular folly) *Falſtaff* is a Lyar, and a Coward, a Glutton, and a Buffoon, becauſe all theſe Qualities may agree in the ſame Man; yet it is ſtill to be obſerv'd, that one Virtue, Vice, and Paſſion, ought to be ſhown in every Man, as predominant over all the reſt: as Covetouſneſs in *Craſſus*, love of his Country in *Brutus*; and the ſame in Characters which are feign'd.

The chief Character or Hero in a Tragedy, as I have already ſhown, ought in prudence to be ſuch a Man, who has ſo much more in him of Virtue than of Vice, that he may be left amiable to the Audience, which otherwiſe cannot have any concernment for his ſufferings: And 'tis on this one Character that the pity and terror muſt be principally, if not wholly founded. A Rule which is extreamly neceſſary, and which none of the Critics that I know have fully enough diſcover'd to us. For Terror and Compaſſion work but weakly, when they are divided into many Perſons. If *Creon* hath been the chief Character in *Oedipus*, there had neither been Terror nor Compaſſion mov'd; but only deteſtation of the Man, and joy for his puniſhment; If *Adraſtus* and *Euridice* had been made more appearing Characters, then the pity had been divided, and leſſen'd on the part of *Oedipus*: but making *Oedipus* the beſt and braveſt Perſon, and even *Jocaſta* but an underpart to him; his virtues and the puniſhment of his fatal Crime, drew both the Pity and the Terror to himſelf.

By what had been ſaid of the Manners, it will be eaſie for a reaſonable Man to judge, whether the Characters be truly or falſly drawn in a Tragedy; for if there be no Manners appearing in the Characters, no concernment for the Perſons can be rais'd: No pity or horror can be mov'd, but by Vice or Virtue, therefore without them, no Perſon can have any buſineſs in the Play. If the Inclinations be obſcure, 'tis a ſign the Poet is in the dark, and knows not what manner of Man he preſents to you; and conſequently you can have no Idea, or very imperfect, of that Man: nor can judge what Reſolutions he ought to take; or what words or actions are proper for him: Moſt Comedies made up of Accidents, or Adventures, are liable to fall into this error: And Tragedies with many turns are ſubject to it: for the Manners never can be evident where the ſurpriſes of Fortune take up all the buſineſs of the Stage; and where the Poet is more in pain, to tell you what hapned to ſuch a Man, than what he was. 'Tis one of the excellencies of *Shakeſpear*, that the Manners of his Perſons are generally apparent; and you ſee their bent and inclinations. *Fletcher* comes far ſhort of him in this, as indeed he does almoſt in every thing: There are but glimmerings of Manners in moſt of his Comedies, which run upon Adventures: And in his Tragedies, *Rollo*, *Otto*, the *King and no King*, *Melantius*, and many others of his beſt, are but Pictures ſhown you in the Twi-light; you know not whether they reſemble Vice, or Virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the preſent Scene requires it. But of all Poets, this commendation is to be given to *Ben. Johnſon*, that the Manners even of the moſt inconſiderable Perſons in his Plays are every where apparent.

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By conſidering the Second quality of Manners, which is that they be ſuitable to the Age, Quality, Country, Dignity, *&c.* of the Character, we may likewiſe judge whether a Poet has follow'd Nature. In this kind *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, have more excell'd among the *Greeks* than *Æſchylus*: And *Terence*, more than *Plautus* among the *Romans*. Thus *Sophocles* gives to *Oedipus* the true Qualities of a King, in both thoſe Plays which bear his Name. But in the latter which is the *Oedipus Colonæus*, he lets fall on purpoſe his Tragic Stile, his Hero ſpeaks not in the Arbitrary tone; but remembers in the ſoftneſs of his complaints, that he is an unfortunate blind Old-man, that he is baniſh'd from his Country, and perſecuted by his next Relations. The preſent *French* Poets are generally accus'd that whereſoever they lay the Scene, or in whatſoever Age, the manners of their Heroes are wholly *French*: *Racin's Bajazet* is bred at *Conſtantinople*; but his Civilities are convey'd to him by ſome ſecret paſſage, from *Verſailles* into the *Seraglio*. But our *Shakeſpear*, having aſcrib'd to *Henry the Fourth* the Character of a King, and of a Father, gives him the perfect manners of each Relation, when either he tranſacts with his Son, or with his Subjects. *Fletcher*, on the other ſide gives neither to *Arbaces*, nor to his King in the *Maids Tragedy*, the qualities which are ſuitable to a Monarch: though he may be excus'd a little in the latter; for the King there is not uppermoſt in the Character; 'tis the Lover of *Evadne*, who is King only, in a ſecond conſideration; and though he be unjuſt, and has other faults which ſhall be nameleſs, yet he is not the Hero of the Play: 'Tis true we find him a lawful Prince, (though I never heard of any King that was in *Rhodes*) and therefore Mr. *Rymers* Criticiſm ſtands good; that he ſhould not be ſhown in ſo vicious a Character. *Sophocles* has been more judicious in his *Antigona*, for though he repreſent in *Creon* a bloody Prince, yet he makes him not a lawful King, but an Uſurper, and *Antigona* her ſelf is the Heroine of the Tragedy: But when *Philaſter* wounds *Arethuſa* and the Boy; and *Perigot* his Miſtreſs, in the faithful Shepherdeſs, both theſe are contrary to the character of Manhood: Nor is *Valentinian* manag'd much better, for though *Fletcher* has taken his Picture truly, and ſhown him as he was, an effeminate voluptuous Man, yet he has forgotten that he was an Emperor, and has given him none of thoſe Royal Marks, which ought to appear in a lawful Succeſſor of the Throne. If it be enquir'd, what *Fletcher* ſhould have done on this occaſion; ought he not to have repreſented *Valentinian* as he was? *Boſſu* ſhall anſwer this queſtion for me, by an inſtance of the like nature: *Mauritius* the *Greek* Emperor, was a Prince far ſurpaſſing *Valentinian*, for he was indued with many Kingly Virtues; he was Religious, Merciful, and Valiant, but withal he was noted of extream Covetouſneſs, a Vice which is contrary to the character of a Hero, or a Prince: Therefore ſays the Critic, that Emperor was no fit Perſon to be repreſented in a Tragedy, unleſs his good qualities were only to be ſhown, and his covetouſneſs (which ſullyed them all) were ſlur'd over by the Artificer of the Poet. To return once more to *Shakeſpear*; no Man ever drew ſo many Characters, or generally diſtinguiſhed 'em better from one another, excepting only *Johnſon*: I will inſtance but in one, to ſhew the copiouſneſs of his Invention, 'tis that of *Calyban*, or the Monſter in the *Tempeſt*. He ſeems there to have created a Perſon which was not in Nature, a boldneſs which at firſt ſight would appear intolerable: For he makes him a Species of himſelf, begotten by an *Incubus* on a Witch; but this as I have elſewhere prov'd, is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility, at leaſt the vulgar ſtill believe it. We have the ſeparated notions of a Spirit, and of a Witch; (and Spirits according to *Plato*, are veſted with a ſubtil Body; according to ſome of his followers, have different Sexes) therefore as from the diſtinct apprehenſions of a Horſe, and of a Man, Imagination has form'd a *Centaur*, ſo from thoſe of an *Incubus* and a *Sorcereſs*, *Shakeſpear* has produc'd his Monſter. Whether or no his Generation can be defended, I leave to Philoſophy; but of this I am certain, that the Poet has moſt judiciouſly furniſh'd him with a Perſon, a Language and a Character, which will ſuit him, both by Fathers and Mothers ſide: He has all the diſcontents, and malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; beſides a convenient proportion of the deadly ſins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Luſt, are manifeſt; the dejectedneſs of a Slave is likewiſe given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a Deſart Iſland. His Perſon is Monſtrous, as he is the product of unnatural Luſt; and his Language is as hobgoblin as his Perſon: In all things he is diſtinguiſh'd from other Mortals. The Characters of *Fletcher* are poor and narrow, in compariſon of *Shakeſpears*; I remember not one which is not borrowed from him; unleſs you will except that ſtrange mixture of a Man in the *King and no King*: So that in this part *Shakeſpear* is generally worth our Imitation; and to imitate *Fletcher* is but to copy after him who was a Copyer.

Under this general Head of Manners, the Paſſions are naturally included, as belonging to the Characters. I ſpeak not of Pity and of Terror, which are to be mov'd in the Audience by the Plot; but of Anger, Hatred, Love, Ambition, Jealouſie, Revenge, *&c.* as they are ſhown in this or that Perſon of the Play. To deſcribe theſe naturally, and to move them artfully, is one of the greateſt Commendations which can be given to a Poet: To write pathetically, ſays *Longinus*, cannot proceed but from a lofty *Genius*. A Poet muſt be born with this quality; yet unleſs he help himſelf by an acquir'd knowledge of the Paſſions, what they are in their own nature, and by what Springs they are to be mov'd, he will be ſubject either to raiſe them where they ought not to be rais'd, or not to raiſe them by the juſt degrees of Nature, or to amplifie them beyond the natural bounds, or not to obſerve the criſis and turns of them, in their cooling and decay: All which Errors proceed from want of Judgment in the Poet, and from being unskill'd in the Principles of Moral Philoſophy. Nothing is more frequent in a Fanciful Writer, than to foil himſelf by not managing his ſtrength: therefore, as in a Wreſtler, there is firſt requir'd ſome meaſure of force, a well-knit Body, and active Limbs, without which all Inſtruction would be vain; yet,

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theſe being granted, if we want the Skill which is neceſſary to a Wreſtler, he ſhall make but ſmall advantage of his natural Robuſtuouſneſs: So in a Poet, his inborn vehemence and force of Spirit, will only run him out of Breath the ſooner, if it be not ſupported by the help of Art. The roar of Paſſion indeed may pleaſe an Audience, three parts of which are ignorant enough to think all is moving which is noiſe, and it may ſtretch the Lungs of an ambitious Actor, who will die upon the ſpot for a thund'ring Clap; but it will move no other Paſſion than Indignation and Contempt from judicious Men. *Longinus*, whom I have hitherto followed, continues thus: If the Paſſions be artfully employ'd, the Diſcourſe becomes vehement and lofty; if otherwiſe, there is nothing more ridiculous than a great Paſſion out of Seaſon: And to this purpoſe, he animadverts ſeverely upon *Æſchylus*, who writ nothing in cold Blood, but was always in a Rapture, and in Fury with his Audience: the Inſpiration was ſtill upon him, he was ever tearing it upon the Tripos: or (to run off as madly as he does, from one Similitude to another) he was always at high floud of Paſſion, even in the dead Ebb, and loweſt Water-mark of the Scene. He who would raiſe the Paſſion of a judicious Audience, ſays a Learned Critique, muſt be ſure to take his Hearers along with him; if they be in a Calm, 'tis in vain for him to be in a Huff: he muſt move them by degrees, and kindle with 'em; otherwiſe he will be in danger of ſetting his own heap of Stubble on fire, and of burning out by himſelf, without warming the Company that ſtand about him. They who would juſtifie the madneſs of Poetry from the Authority of *Ariſtotle*, have miſtaken the Text, and conſequently the Interpretation: I imagine it to be falſe read, where he ſays of Poetry, that it is Ἐυφυῆς ἢ μανικῆ, that it had always ſomewhat in it either of a Genius, or of a Madman. 'Tis more probable, that the Original ran thus, that Poetry was Ἐυφυῆς ἢ μανικῆ, That it belongs to a Witty Man, but not to a Madman. Thus then the Paſſions, as they are conſider'd ſimply and in themſelves, ſuffer violence when they are perpetually maintain'd at the ſame height; for what melody can be made on that Inſtrument, all whoſe Strings are ſcrew'd up at firſt to their utmoſt ſtretch, and to the ſame ſound? But this is not the worſt; for the Characters likewiſe bear a part in the general Calamity, if you conſider the Paſſions as embody'd in them: for it follows of neceſſity, that no Man can be diſtinguiſh'd from another by his Diſcourſe, when every Man is ranting, ſwaggering, and exclaiming with the ſame exceſs: as if it were the only buſineſs of all the Characters to contend with each other for the prize at *Billingsgate*; or that the Scene of the Tragedy lay in *Bet'lem*. Suppoſe the Poet ſhould intend this Man to be cholerick, and that Man to be patient; yet when they are confounded in the Writing, you cannot diſtinguiſh them from one another: for the Man who was call'd patient and tame, is only ſo before he ſpeaks, but let his Clack be ſet a going, and he ſhall Tongue it as impetuouſly, and as loudly as the Erranteſt Hero in the Play. By this means, the Characters are only diſtinct in name; but in reality all the Men and Women in the Play are the ſame Perſon. No Man ſhould pretend to write, who cannot temper his Fancy with his Judgment: Nothing is more dangerous to a raw Horſeman, than a hot-mouth'd Jade without a Curb.

'Tis neceſſary therefore for a Poet, who would concern an Audience by deſcribing of a Paſſion, firſt to prepare it, and not to ruſh upon it all at once. *Ovid* has judiciouſly ſhown the difference of theſe two ways, in the Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes*: *Ajax* from the very beginning breaks out into his Exclamations, and is ſwearing by his Maker. ——— *Agimus proh Jupiter inquit.* *Ulyſſes* on the contrary, prepares his Audience with all the ſubmiſſiveneſs he can practiſe, and all the calmneſs of a reaſonable Man; he found his Judges in a tranquility of Spirit, and therefore ſet out leiſurely and ſoftly with 'em, till he had warmed 'em by degrees; and then he began to mend his pace, and to draw them along with his own impetuouſneſs; yet ſo managing his Breath, that it might not fail him at his need, and reſerving his utmoſt proofs of Ability even to the laſt. The Succeſs you ſee was anſwerable; for the Crowd only applauded the Speech of *Ajax*; ———

Vulgique ſecutum ultima murmur erat: ———

But the Judges awarded the Prize for which they contended to *Ulyſſes*.

Mota manus Procerum eſt, & quid facundia poſſit
Tum patuit, fortiſque viri arma Diſertus.

The next neceſſary Rule is to put nothing into the Diſcourſe which may hinder your moving of the Paſſions. Too many accidents, as I have ſaid, incumber the Poet, as much as the Arms of *Saul* did *David*; for the variety of Paſſions, which they produce, are ever croſſing and juſtling each other out of the way. He who treats of Joy and Grief together, is in a fair way of cauſing neither of thoſe effects. There is yet another obſtacle to be remov'd, which is pointed Wit, and Sentences affected out of Seaſon; theſe are nothing of kin to the violence of Paſſion: no Man is at leiſure to make Sentences and Similies, when his Soul is in Agony. I the rather name this Fault, that it may ſerve to mind me of my former Errors; neither will I ſpare my ſelf, but give an Example of this kind from my *Indian Emperor*: *Montezuma*, purſu'd by his Enemies, and ſeeking Sanctuary, ſtands parlying without the Fort, and deſcribing his danger to *Cydaria*, in a Simile of ſix Lines:

As on the Sands, the frighted Traveller
Sees the high Seas come rowling from afar, &c.

My *Indian* Potentate was well skill'd in the Sea for an Inland Prince, and well improv'd ſince the firſt Act, when he ſent his Son to diſcover it. The Image had not been amiſs from another Man, at another time: *Sed nunc non erat hiſce locus*: he deſtroy'd the Concernment which

which the Audience might otherwiſe have had for him; for they could not think the danger near, when he had the leiſure to invent a Simile.

If *Shakeſpear* be allow'd, as I think he muſt, to have made his Characters diſtinct, it will eaſily be infer'd, that he underſtood the nature of the Paſſions: becauſe it has been prov'd already, that confus'd Paſſions make undiſtinguiſhable Characters: yet I cannot deny that he has his Failings: but they are not ſo much in the Paſſions themſelves, as in his manner of Expreſſion: he often obſcures his meaning by his Words, and ſometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not ſay of ſo great a Poet, that he diſtinguiſh'd not the blown puffy Stile, from true Sublimity; but I may venture to maintain, that the fury of his Fancy often tranſported him beyond the bounds of Judgment, either in coining of new Words and Phraſes, or racking Words which were in uſe, into the violence of a Catachreſis: 'Tis not that I would explode the uſe of Metaphors from Paſſions, for *Longinus* thinks 'em neceſſary to raiſe it; but to uſe 'em at every word, to ſay nothing without a Metaphor, a Simile, an Image, or Deſcription, is, I doubt, to ſmell a little too ſtrongly of the Buskin. I muſt be forc'd to give an Example of expreſſing Paſſion figuratively; but that I may do it with reſpect to *Shakeſpear*, it ſhall not be taken from any thing of his: 'Tis an Exclamation againſt Fortune, quoted in his *Hamlet*, but written by ſome other Poet.

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune; all you Gods.
In general Synod, take away her Power,
Break all the Spokes and Fallies from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n,
As low as to the Fiends.

And immediately after, ſpeaking of *Hecuba*, when *Priam* was kill'd before her Eyes:

The mobbled Queen ran up and down,
Threatning the Flame with Biſſon Rheum: a Clout about that Head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a Robe
About her lank and all o'er-teemed Loyns,
A Blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with Tongue in Venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortune's ſtate would Treaſon have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw Pyrrhus *make malicious ſport*
In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs,
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made
(Unleſs things mortal meant them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of Heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

What a pudder is here kept in raiſing the expreſſion of trifling Thoughts. Would not a Man have thought that the Poet had been bound Prentice to a Wheel-right, for his firſt Rant? and had follow'd a Rag-man, for the Clout and Blanket, in the ſecond? Fortune is painted on a Wheel; and therefore the Writer in a rage, will have Poetical Juſtice done upon every Member of that Engin: After this execution, he bowls the Nave down Hill, from Heaven, to the Fiends: (an unreaſonable long Mark a Man would think;) 'tis well there are no ſolid Orbs to ſtop it in the way, or no Element of fire to conſume it: but when it came to the Earth, it muſt be monſtrous heavy to break Ground as low as to the Center. His making milch the burning Eyes of Heaven, was a pretty tolerable flight too; and I think no Man ever drew Milk out of Eyes before him: yet, to make the Wonder greater, theſe Eyes were burning. Such a ſight indeed were enough to have raiſed Paſſion in the Gods, but to excuſe the effects of it, he tells you perhaps they did not ſee it. Wiſe Men would be glad to find a little ſenſe couch'd under all thoſe pompous words; for Bombaſt is commonly the delight of that Audience, which loves Poetry, but underſtands it not: And as commonly has been the practice of thoſe Writers, who not being able to infuſe a natural Paſſion into the Mind, have made it their buſineſs to ply the Ears, and to ſtun their Judges by the Noiſe. But *Shakeſpear* does not often thus; for the Paſſions in his Scene between *Brutus* and *Caſſius* are extreamly natural, the Thoughts are ſuch as ariſe from the Matter, and the expreſſion of 'em not viciouſly Figurative. I cannot leave this Subject before I do juſtice to that Divine Poet, by giving you one of his Paſſionate Deſcriptions: 'Tis of *Richard* the Second when he was depos'd, and led in Triumph through the Streets of *London*, by *Henry* of *Bullinbrook*: the painting of it is ſo lively, and the words ſo moving, that I have ſcarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other Language. Suppoſe you have ſeen already the Fortunate Uſurper, paſſing through the Crowd, and follow'd by the Shouts and Acclamations of the People; and now behold King *Richard* entring upon the Scene: conſider the wretchedneſs of his Condition, and his Carriage in it; and refrain from pity if you can.

As

As in a Theatre, the Eyes of Men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, Mens Eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard: *No Man cry'd God ſave him:*
No joyful Tongue gave him his welcom home,
But Duſt was thrown upon his Sacred Head,
Which with ſuch gentle Sorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with Tears and Smiles
(The badges of his Grief and Patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of Men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſm it ſelf have pitty'd him.

To ſpeak juſtly of this whole matter; 'tis neither height of thought that is diſcommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleneſs of expreſſion in its proper place; but 'tis a falſe meaſure of all theſe, ſomthing which is like 'em, and is not them: Tis the *Briſtol-ſtone*, which appears like a Diamond; 'tis an extravagant thought, inſtead of a ſublime one; 'tis roaring madneſs inſtead of vehemence; and a ſound of Words, inſtead of Senſe. If *Shakeſpear* were ſtript of all the Bombaſt in his paſſions, and dreſs'd in the moſt vulgar words, we ſhould find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his Embroideries were burnt down, there would ſtill be Silver at the bottom of the Melting-pot: But I fear (at leaſt, let me fear it for my ſelf) that we who Ape his ſounding Words, have nothing of his Thoughts, but are all out-ſide; there is not ſo much as a Dwarf within our Giants Cloaths. Therefore, let not *Shakeſpear* ſuffer for our ſakes; 'tis our fault, who ſucceed him in an Age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him ſo ill, that we copy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our Writings, which in his was an Imperfection.

For what remains, the excellency of that Poet was, as I have ſaid, in the more manly paſſions; *Fletcher's* in the ſofter: *Shakeſpear* writ better betwixt Man and Man; *Fletcher*, betwixt Man and Woman: Conſequently, the one deſcrib'd Friendſhip better; the other Love: Yet *Shakeſpear* taught *Fletcher* to write Love; and *Juliet*, and *Deſdemona*, are Originals. 'Tis true, the Scholar had the ſofter Soul; but the Maſter had the kinder. Friendſhip is both a Virtue, and a Paſſion eſſentially; Love is a Paſſion only in its Nature, and is not a Virtue but by Accident: Good Nature makes Friendſhip, but Effeminacy Love. *Shakeſpear* had an Univerſal Mind, which comprehended all Characters and Paſſions; *Fletcher* a more confin'd, and limited: For though he treated Love in Perfection, yet Honor, Ambition, Revenge, and generally all the ſtronger Paſſions, he either touch'd not, or not Maſterly. To conclude all; he was a Limb of *Shakeſpear*.

I had intended to have proceeded to the laſt property of Manners, which is, that they muſt be conſtant; and the Characters maintain'd the ſame from the beginning to the end; and from thence to have proceeded to the Thoughts and Expreſſions ſuitable to a Tragedy: But I will firſt ſee how this will reliſh with the Age. 'Tis I confeſs but curſorily written; yet the Judgment which is given here, is generally founded upon Experience: But becauſe many Men are ſhock'd at the name of Rules, as if they were a kind of Magiſterial Preſcription upon Poets, I will conclude with the Words of *Rapin*, in his Reflections on *Ariſtotles* work of Poetry: If the Rules be well conſider'd, we ſhall find them to be made only to reduce Nature into Method, to trace her ſtep by ſtep, and not to ſuffer the leaſt mark of her to eſcape us: 'tis only by theſe, that probability in Fiction is maintain'd, which is the Soul of Poetry: they are founded upon good Senſe, and ſound Reaſon, rather than on Authority; for though *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* are produc'd, yet no Man muſt argue, that what they write is true, becauſe they writ it; but 'tis evident, by the ridiculous Miſtakes and groſs Abſurdities, which have been made by thoſe Poets who have taken their Fancy only for their Guide, that if this Fancy be not regulated, 'tis a meer Caprice, and utterly incapable to produce a reaſonable and judicious Poem.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*, Repreſenting the Ghoſt of *Shakeſpear.*

SEE my lov'd Britons, *ſee your* Shakeſpear *riſe,*
An awful Ghoſt confeſs'd to human Eyes!
Unman'd, methinks, diſtinguiſh'd I had been,
From other Shades, by this eternal Green,
About whoſe Wreaths the vulgar Poets ſtrive,
And with a touch their wither'd Bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd in a barbarous Age,
I found not but created firſt the Stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek *or* Latin *ſtore,*
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.
On Foreign Trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britan, *rich without ſupply.*
In this my rough-drawn Play, you ſhall behold
Some Maſter-ſtrokes, ſo manly and ſo bold,
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em ſuch,
He ſhook; and thought it Sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the Succeſſors to my Name?
What bring they, to fill out a Poet's Fame?
Weak, ſhort-liv'd Iſſues of a feeble Age;
Scarce living to be Chriſten'd on the Stage!
For Humour, Farce; for Love, they Rhyme diſpence.
That tolls the Knell for their departed Senſe.
Dulneſs might thrive in any Trade but this:
'Twou'd recommend to ſome fat Benefice.
Dulneſs, that in a Play-houſe meets diſgrace
Might meet with Reverence in its proper place.
The fulſome clench that nauſeates the Town
Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
Such virtue is there in a Robe and Gown!
And that inſipid ſtuff which here you hate,
Might ſomewhere elſe be call'd a grave debate:
Dulneſs is decent in the Church and State.
But I forget that ſtill 'tis underſtood,
Bad Plays are beſt decry'd by ſhowing good:
Sit ſilent then, that my pleas'd Soul may ſee
A judging Audience once, and worthy me:
My faithful Scene from true Records ſhall tell
How Trojan *Valour did the* Greek *excell;*
Your great Forefathers ſhall their Fame regain,
And Homer's *angry Ghoſt repine in vain.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Therſites.*

THeſe cruel Critiques put me into Paſſion;
For in their lowring looks I read damnation:
Ye expect a Satyr, and I ſeldom fail,
When I'm firſt beaten, 'tis my part to rail.
You Britiſh Fools of the old Trojan *Stock,*
That ſtand ſo thick one cannot miſs the flock,
Poets have cauſe to dread a keeping Pit,
When Womens Cullies come to judge of Wit.
As we ſtrow Rats-bane when we Vermine fear,
'Twere worth our coſt to ſcatter Fool-bane here.
And after all our judging Fops were ſerv'd,
Dull Poets too ſhou'd have a Doſe reſerv'd,
Such Reprobates as paſt all ſence of ſhaming
Write on, and ne'er are ſatisfy'd with damning.
Next, thoſe, to whom the Stage does not belong,
Such whoſe Vocation only is to Song;
At moſt to Prologue, when for want of time,
Poets take in for Journy-work in Rhime.
But I want Curſes for thoſe mighty ſholes,
Of ſcribling Chloriſſes, *and* Phillis *Fools,*
Thoſe Oaphs ſhou'd be reſtrain'd, during their lives,
From Pen and Ink, as Madmen are from knives:
I cou'd rail on, but 'twere a task as vain
As Preaching truth at Rome, *or wit in* Spain,
Yet to huff out our Play was worth my trying,
John Lilburn *'ſcap'd his Judges by defying:*
If guilty, yet I'm ſure o'th' Churches bleſſing,
By ſuffering for the Plot without confeſſing.

Perſons Repreſented.

Hector.	By	*Mr.* Smith.
Troilus.		*Mr.* Betterton.
Priam.		*Mr.* Percivall.
Æneas.		*Mr.* Joſeph Williams.
Pandarus.		*Mr.* Leigh.
Calchas.		*Mr.* Percivall.
Agamemnon.		*Mr.* Gillo.
Ulyſſes.		*Mr.* Harris.
Achilles.		*Mr.* David Williams.
Ajax.		*Mr.* Bright.
Neſtor.		*Mr.* Norris.
Diomedes.		*Mr.* Crosby.
Patroclus.		*Mr.* Bowman.
Menelaus.		*Mr.* Richards.
Therſites.		*Mr.* Underhill.
Creſſida.		*Mrs.* Mary Lee.
Andromache.		*Mrs.* Betterton.

Truth

Truth found too late.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor.

Agam. PRinces, it ſeems not ſtrange to us nor new,
That after Nine Years Siege *Troy* makes defence,
ſince every Action of Recorded Fame
Has with long difficulties been involv'd,
Not anſwering that Idea of the thought
VVhich gave it Birth, why then you *Grecian* Chiefs,
VVith ſickly Eyes do you behold our labours,
And think 'em our diſhonour, which indeed
Are the protractive Tryals of the Gods,
To prove Heroic Conſtancy in Men?

Neſtor. With due obſervance of thy Sovereign Seat
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply,
Thy well-weigh'd words: In ſtrugling with Misfortunes,
Lyes the true proof of Virtue: on ſmooth Seas,
How many bawble Boats dare ſet their Sails,
And make an equal way with firmer Veſſels!
But let the Tempeſt once inrage that Sea,
And then behold the ſtrong rib'd *Argoſie*,
Bounding between the Ocean and the Air
Like *Perſeus* mounted on his *Pagaſus*.
Then where are thoſe weak Rivals of the Maine?
Or to avoid the Tempeſt fled to Port,
Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: even thus
Do empty ſhow, and true-priz'd worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune.

Ulyſſes. Mighty *Agamemnon!*
Heart of our Body, Soul of our Deſigns,
In whom the tempers, and the minds of all
Shou'd be inclos'd: hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.

Agam. —You have free leave.

Ulyſſes. Troy had been down ere this, and *Hectors* Sword
Wanted a Maſter, but for our Diſorders:
The obſervance due to rule has been neglected;
Obſerve how many *Grecians* Tents ſtand void
Upon this Plain; ſo many hollow Factions:
For when the General is not like the Hive
To whom the Foragers ſhould all repair,
What Hony can our empty Combs expect?
O when Supremacy of Kings is ſhaken,
What can ſucceed? How cou'd Communities
Or peaceful Traffick from divided ſhores,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
But by degree ſtand on their ſolid baſe?
Then every thing reſolves to brutal force
And headlong Force is led by hoodwink'd Will,
For wild Ambition, like a ravenous Woolf,
Spurd on by Will and ſeconded by Power,
Muſt make an univerſal prey of all,
And laſt devour it ſelf.

Neſt. Moſt prudently *Ulyſſes* has diſcover'd
The malady whereof our ſtate is ſick.
Diom. 'Tis truth he ſpeaks, the General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep beneath, he by the next:
That next by him below: So each degree
Spurns upward at Superiour eminence:
Thus our Diſtempers are their ſole Support;
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Agam. The nature of this ſickneſs found, inform us,
From whence it draws its Birth?
Ulyſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crowns
The chief of all our Hoſt——
Having his ears buzz'd with his noiſy Fame,
Diſdains thy Sovereign charge, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſigns, with him *Patroclus*
Upon a lazy Bed, breaks ſcurril Jeſts
And with ridiculous and awkard action,
Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls
Mimicks the Grecian chiefs.
Agam. As how *Ulyſſes*?
Ulyſſes. Ev'n thee the King of Men he do's not ſpare
(The monkey Author) but thy greatneſs pageants
And makes of it Rehearſals: Like a Player
Bellowing his Paſſion, till he break the ſpring
And his rack'd Voice jar to his Audience;
So repreſents he Thee, though more unlike
Than *Vulcan* is to *Venus*.
And at this fulſom ſtuff, this wit of Apes,
The large *Achilles* on his preſt Bed lolling,
From his deep Cheſt roars out a loud Applauſe,
Tickling his ſpleen, and laughing till he wheeze.
Neſtor. Nor are you ſpar'd *Ulyſſes*, but as you ſpeak in Council
He hems ere he begins, then ſtrokes his Beard,
Caſts down his looks, and winks with half an Eye;
'Has every Action, Cadence, Motion, Tone,
All of you but the Senſe.
Agam. Fortune was merry.
When he was born, and plaid a trick on Nature
To make a mimick Prince: He ne're acts ill
But when he would ſeem Wiſe:
For all he ſays or do's from ſerious Thought,
Appears ſo wretched, that he mocks his Title,
And is his own Buffoon.
Ulyſſes. In imitation of this ſcurril fool,
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd as broad *Achilles*,
He keeps a Table too, makes Factious Feaſts.
Rails on our State of VVar, and ſets *Therſites*,
(A ſlanderous Slave of an o're-flowing Gall)
To level us with low Compariſons:
They tax our Policy with Cowardiſe,
Count Wiſdom of no moment in the VVar,
In brief, eſteem no Act, but that of Hand;
The ſtill and thoughtful parts which move thoſe Hands,
VVith them are but the tasks cut out by Fear,
To be perform'd by Valour.
Agam. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* Horſe
Is more of uſe than he: But you grave pair,
Like Time and Wiſdom marching Hand in Hand,
Muſt put a ſtop to theſe incroaching Ills:
To you we leave the Care.
You who cou'd ſhow whence the Diſtemper ſprings,
Muſt vindicate the Dignity of Kings. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus.

Troil. Why ſhould I fight without the Trojan Walls,
Who, without fighting, am ore'thrown within:
The Trojan who is Maſter of a Soul,
Let him to Battle, *Troilus* has none.

Pand. Will this never be at an end with you?

Troil. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and skilful to their Strength,
Fierce to their Skill, and to their fierceneſs wary;
But I am weaker than a Womans Tears,
Tamer than Sleep, Fonder than Ignorance;
And Artleſs as unpractic'd Infancy.

Pand. VVell, I have told you enough of this; for my part I'le not meddle nor make any further in your Love: He that will eat of the Roaſtmeat, muſt ſtay for the kindling of the Fire.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand. I, the kindling; but you muſt ſtay the ſpitting of the Meat.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand. I, the ſpitting; but there's two words to a bargain, you muſt ſtay the roaſting too.

Troil. Still have I ſtay'd, and ſtill the farther off.

Pand. That's but the Roaſting, but there's more in this word Stay; there's the taking off the Spit, the making of the Sawce, the Diſhing, the ſetting on the Table, and the ſaying Grace; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your Chaps.

Troil. At *Priams* Table penſive do I ſit,
And when fair *Creſſida* comes into my Thoughts,
(Can ſhe be ſaid to come, who ne'r was abſent?)

Pand. Well, ſhe's a moſt Raviſhing Creature; and ſhe look'd Yeſterday moſt killingly, ſhe had ſuch a ſtroke with her Eyes, ſhe cut to the quick with every glance of 'em.

Troil. I was about to tell thee, when my Heart
VVas ready with a Sigh to cleave in two,
Leſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceive me,
I have with mighty anguiſh of my Soul
Juſt at the Birth, ſtifled this ſtill-born-ſigh,
And forc'd my Face into a painful Smile.

Pand. I meaſur'd her with my Girdle Yeſterday, ſhe's not half a yard about the VVaſt, but ſo taper a Shape did I never ſee, but when I had her in my Arms, Lord thought I, and by my Troth, I could not forbear Sighing, if Prince *Troilus* had her at this Advantage, and I were holding of the Door——.And ſhe were a thought Taller, but as ſhe is, ſhe wants not an Inch of *Hellen* neither; but there's no more Compariſon between the VVomen—there was VVit, there was a ſweet Tongue: How her words melted in her Mouth! *Mercury* wou'd have been glad to have had ſuch a Tongue in his Mouth I warrant him.
I wou'd ſome Body had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did.

Troil. Oh *Pandarus*, when I tell thee I am Mad
In *Creſſida's* Love, thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Fair;
Praiſeſt her Eyes, her Stature and her VVit;
But praiſing thus, inſtead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lay'ſt in every Wound her Love has given me,
The Sword that made it.

Pand. I give her but her due.

Troil. Thou give'ſt her not ſo much.

Pand. Faith I'le ſpeak no more of her, let her be as ſhe is:
If ſhe be a Beauty 'tis the better for her, and ſhe be not,
She has the mends in her own hands for *Pandarus*.

Troil. In ſpight of me thou wilt miſtake my meaning.

Pand. I have had but my Labour for my Pains,
Ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you:
Gone between and between, and am ground in the Millſtones
For my Labour.

Troil. What art thou angry *Pandarus* with thy Friend?

Pand. Becauſe ſhe's my Niece, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Hellen*, and ſhe were not my Niece, ſhew me ſuch another piece of VVomans Fleſh; take her Limb by Limb, I ſay no more, but if *Paris* had ſeen her firſt, *Menelaus* had been no Cuckold: but what care I if ſhe were a Black-moore, what am I the better for her Face.

Troil. Said I ſhe was not Beautiful?

Pand. I care not if you did, ſhe's a fool to ſtay behind her Father *Calchas*, let her go to the *Greeks*; and ſo I'le tell her: for my part I am reſolute, I'le meddle no more in your Affairs.

Troil. But hear me!

Pand. Not I.

Troil. Dear *Pandarus*——

Pand. Pray ſpeak no more on't, I'le not burn my fingers in another body's Buſineſs, I'le leave it as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit. Pandarus.*

Troil. O Gods, how do you torture me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by him,
And he's as peeviſh to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is to be won.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas. How now, Prince *Troilus*, why not in the Battel?

Troil. Becauſe not there, this Womans anſwer ſuits me;
For Womanniſh it is to be from thence:
VVhat news *Æneas* from the Field to day?

Æn. *Paris* is hurt.

Troil. By whom?

Æn. By *Menelaus*. Hark what good Sport *Alarum within.*
Is out of Town to day, when I hear ſuch Muſick,
I cannot hold from Dancing.

Troil. I'le make one,
And try to loſe an anxious Thought or two
In heat of Action.
[*Aſide*] Thus Coward-like from Love to War I run,
Seek the leſs Dangers, and the greater ſhun. [*Exit.* Troil.

Enter Creſſida.

Creſſid. My Lord *Æneas*; who were thoſe went by? I mean the Ladies!

Æn. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Creſſi. and whither go they?

Æn. Up the Weſtern Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject, all the Valey;
To ſee the Battle, *Hector* whoſe patience
Is fix'd like that of Heaven, to day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtroke his Armourer,
And as there were good Husbandry in War,
Before the Sun was up he went to Field;
Your Pardon Lady that's my Buſineſs too. [*Exit.* Æneas.

Creſſi. *Hectors* a gallant Wariour.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. VVhat's that, what's that?

Creſſi. Good morrow Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pand. Good morrow Couſin *Creſſida*: when were you at Court?

Creſſi. This morning Uncle!

Pand. What were you a talking when I came? was *Hector* arm'd, and gone ere ye came? *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Creſſi. That I was talking of; and of his Anger!

Pand. Was he angry ſay you? true, he was ſo, and I know the Cauſe: He was ſtruck down yeſterday in the Battel, but he'll lay about him; he'll cry quittance with 'em to day, I'le anſwer for him: and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let 'em take heed of *Troilus*, I can tell 'em that too.

Creſſi. What was he ſtruck down too?

Pand. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better Man of the two.

Creſſi. Oh *Jupiter!* There's no Compariſon, *Troilus* the better Man!

Pand. What, no Compariſon between *Hector* and *Troilus*? do you know a Man if you ſee him?

Creſſi.

Creſſi. No, for he may look like a Man, and not be one.

Pand. Well, I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Creſſi. That's what I ſay, for I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pand. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, make your beſt of that Neece!

Creſſi. 'Tis true, for each of 'em is himſelf.

Pand. Himſelf! alas poor *Troilus!* I wou'd he were himſelf, well the Gods are all ſufficient, and time muſt mend or end: I wou'd he were himſelf, and wou'd I were a Lady for his ſake. I would not anſwer for my Maidenhead,——No, *Hector* is not a better Man than *Troilus*.

Creſſi. Excuſe me.

Pand. Pardon me: *Troilus* is in the bud; 'tis early day with him, you ſhall tell me another Tale when *Troilus* is come to bearing: and yet he'll not bear neither in ſome ſence. No, *Hector* ſhall never have his Virtues.

Creſſi. No matter.

Pand. Nor his Beauty, nor his Faſhion, nor his Wit, he ſhall have nothing of him.

Creſſi. They would not become him, his own are better.

Pand. How, his own better! you have no Judgment, Neece, *Hellen* her ſelf ſwore t'other Day, that *Troilus* for a manly brown Complexion; (for ſo it is, I muſt confeſs;) not brown neither.

Creſſi. No, but very brown.

Pand. Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown: come, I ſwear to you, I think *Hellen* loves him better than *Paris:* Nay, I'm ſure ſhe does, ſhe comes me to him t'other day, into the bow Window, and you know *Troilus* has not above three or four Hairs on his Chin.

Creſſi. That's but a bare Commendation.

Pand. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, ſhe comes, and puts me her white Hand to his cloven Chin!

Creſſi. Has he been fighting then? how came it cloven?

Pand. Why, you know it is dimpled. I cannot chooſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his cloven Chin: She has a marvellous white Hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

But let that paſs, for I know who has a whiter:
Well, Couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday, think on't, think on't.

Creſſi. So I do Uncle.

Pand. I'll be ſworn 'tis true; he will weep ye, and 'twere a Man born in *April.*

[*A Retreat ſounded.*

Hark, they are returning from the Field; ſhall we ſtay and ſee 'em as they come by, ſweet Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida.*

Creſſi. For once you ſhall command me.

Pand. Here, here, here's an excellent place; we may ſee 'em here moſt bravely, and I'll tell you all their Names as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt, mark *Troilus*, he's worth your marking.

Æneas paſſes over the Stage.

Creſſi. Speak not ſo loud then.

Pand. That's *Æneas*, Is't not a brave Man that? he's a Swinger, many a *Grecian* he has laid with his Face upward; but mark *Troilus*, you ſhall ſee anon.

Enter Anthenor, *paſſing.*

That's *Anthenor*, he has a notable Head-piece, I can tell you, and he's the ableſt Man for Judgment in all *Troy*; you may turn him looſe i'faith, and by my troth a proper Perſon: When comes *Troilus?* I'll ſhow you *Troilus* anon, if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Hector *paſſes over.*

That's *Hector*, that, that, look you that, there's a Fellow, go thy way *Hector*, there's a brave Man Neece: O brave *Hector*, look how he looks! there's a Countenance! Is't not a brave Man Neece?

Creſſi. I always told you ſo.

Pand. Is a not? it does a Man's Heart good to look on him, look you, look you there, what hacks are on his Helmet! this was no Boys play i'faith, he laid it on with a Vengeance, take it off who's will, as they ſay, there are hacks Neece!

Creſſi. Were thoſe with Swords?

Pand. Swords, or Bucklers, Faulchions, Darts, and Launces! any thing he cares not! and the Devil come 'tis all one to him, by *Jupiter* he looks ſo terribly that I am half afraid to praiſe him.

Enter Paris.

Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, look ye yonder Neece; is't not a brave young Prince too? He draws the beſt Bow in all *Troy*, he hits you to a ſpan twelve ſcore level; who ſaid he ca me home hurt to Day? why this will do *Hellen*'s Heart good now! Ha! that I cou'd ſee *Troilus* now?

Enter Helenus.

Creſſi. Who's that black Man Uncle?

Pand. That's *Helenus*, I marvel where *Troilus* is all this while? that's *Helenus*, I think *Troilus* went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Creſſi. Can *Helenus* fight Uncle?

Pand. Helenus! No, yes he'll fight indifferently well, I marvel in my Heart what's become of *Troilus*? Hark! do you not hear the People cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Prieſt, and keeps a Whore; he'll fight for's Whore, or he's no true Prieſt I warrant him.

Enter Troilus *paſſing over.*

Creſſi. What ſneaking Fellow comes yonder?

Pand. Where, yonder! that's *Deiphobus*: No, I lye, I lye, that's *Troilus*, there's a Man Neece! hem! O brave *Troilus!* the Prince of Chivalry, and flower of Fidelity!

Creſſi. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Nay, but mark him then! O brave *Troilus!* there's a Man of Men Neece! look you how his Sword is bloody, and his Helmet more hack'd then *Hectors*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable Youth! he ne'er ſaw two and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way! had I a Siſter were a Grace, and a Daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhou'd take his choice of 'em, O admirable Man! *Paris! Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Hellen* to change, wou'd give all the Shooes in her Shop to boot.

Enter Common Soldiers paſſing over.

Creſſi. Here come more.

Pand. Aſſes, Fools, Dolts, Dirt and Dung, Stuff and Lumber: Porridge after Meat? but I cou'd live and dye with *Troilus*. Ne'er look Neece, ne'er look, the Lyons are gone; Apes and Monkeys, the fag end of the Creation. I had rather be ſuch a Man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Creſſi. There's *Achilles* among the *Greeks*, he's a brave Man!

Pand. Achilles! a Carman, a Beaſt of Burthen; a very Camel, have you any Eyes Neece, do you know a Man? is he to be compar'd with *Troilus*?

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, my Lord *Troilus* wou'd inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pand. Where Boy, where?

Page. At his own Houſe, if you think convenient.

Pand. Good Boy tell him I come inſtantly, I doubt he's wounded, farewel good Neece: But I'll be with you by and by.

Creſſi. To bring me Uncle!

Pand. I, a Token from Prince *Troilus*.

Creſſi. By the ſame token you are a Procurer Uncle. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Creſſida *alone.*

A ſtrange diſſembling Sex we Women are,
VVell may we Men, when we our ſelves deceive.
Long has my ſecret Soul lov'd *Troilus*.
I drunk his Praiſes from my Uncle's Mouth,
As if my Ears cou'd ne'er be ſatisfi'd;
Why then, why ſaid I not, I love this Prince?
How cou'd my Tongue conſpire againſt my Heart,
To ſay I lov'd him not, O childiſh love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his play,
And what he moſt deſires, he throws away. [*Exit* Creſſida.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Priam, Hector, Troilus, Æneas.

Priam. AFter th' expence of ſo much Time and Blood,
Thus once again the Grecians ſend to *Troy*.

Deliver

Deliver *Hellen*, and all other loſs
Shall be forgotten *Hector*, what ſay you to't?
Hect. Though no Man leſs can fear the *Greeks* than I,
Yet there's no Virgin of more tender Heart,
More ready to cry out, who knows the conſequence,
Than *Hector* is; for modeſt doubt is mix'd
With manly Courage beſt, let *Hellen* go.
If we have loſt ſo many Lives of ours,
To keep a thing not ours; not worth to us
The value of Man, what reaſon is there
Still to retain the cauſe of ſo much ill?
Troil. Fy, fy, my noble Brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King,
So great as *Aſia*'s Monarch, in a Scale
Of common Ounces thus?
Are Fears and Reaſons fit to be conſider'd,
When a King's Fame is queſtion'd?
Hect. Brother, ſhe's not worth
What her defence has coſt us.
Troil. What's ought but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in Opinion only:
It holds the dignity and eſtimation,
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf.
As in the Prizer, 'tis Idolatry
To make the Service greater than the God.
Troil. We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant
When we have worn 'em: the remaining Food
Throw not away becauſe we now are full.
If you confeſs 'twas wiſdom *Paris* went,
As you muſt needs; for you all cry'd, go, go,
If you'll confeſs he brought home noble Prize,
As you muſt needs, for you all clapt your hands,
And cry'd ineſtimable: why do you now
So under-rate the value of your Purchaſe?
For let me tell you, 'tis unmanly Theft
VVhen we have taken what we fear to keep!
Æne. There's not the meaneſt Spirit in our Party
VVithout a Heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
VVhen *Hellen* is defended: none ſo noble
VVhoſe Life were ill beſtowed, or Death unfam'd,
VVhen *Hellen* is the Subject.
Priam. So ſays *Paris*,
Like one beſotted on effeminate Joys,
He has the Honey ſtill, but theſe the Gall.
Æne. He not propoſes meerly to himſelf
The Pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But he would have the ſtain of *Hellen*'s Rape
VVip'd off in honourable keeping her.
Hect. Troilus and *Æneas* you have ſaid:
If ſaying ſuperficial things be reaſon.
But if this *Hellen* be anothers VVife,
The Moral Laws of Nature and of Nations
Speak loud ſhe be reſtor'd: thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more ſo: *Hector*'s Opinion
Is this, in way of Truth: yet ne'rtheleſs
My ſprightly Brother I encline to you
In reſolution to defend her ſtill:
For 'tis a cauſe on which our *Trojan* Honour
And common Reputation will depend.
Troil. VVhy there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
VVere it not glory that we covet more
Than VVar and Vengeance (Beaſts and VVomens pleaſure)
I wou'd not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* Blood

Spent more in her defence: But oh my Brother,
She is a ſubject of renown and honour,
And I preſume brave *Hector* wou'd not loſe
The rich advantage of his future fame
For the wide Worlds Revenue: ——I have buſineſs;
But glad I am to leave you thus reſolv'd.
When ſuch Arms ſtrike, ne'er doubt of the Succeſs.
Æne. May we not gueſs?
Troil. You may, and be deceiv'd. [*Exit* Troil.
Hect. A Woman on my Life: ev'n ſo it happens,
Religion, State Affairs, whate'r's the Theme
It ends in Women ſtill.

Enter Andromache.

Priam. See, here's your Wife
To make that maxim good.
Hect. Welcome *Andromache:* your looks are chearful;
You bring ſome pleaſing News.
Andro. Nothing that's ſerious.
Your little Son *Aſtyanax* has employ'd me
As his Ambaſſadreſs.
Hect. Upon what Errand?
And. No leſs than that his Grandfather this Day
Would make him Knight: he longs to kill a *Grecian:*
For ſhou'd he ſtay to be a Man, he thinks
You'll kill 'em all; and leave no work for him.
Priam. Your own Blood, *Hector.*
Andro. And therefore he deſigns to ſend a Challenge
To *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Achilles*,
To prove they do not well to burn our Fields;
And keep us coop'd, like Pris'ners in a Town:
To lead this lazy life.
Hect. What ſparks of honour
Fly from this Child! the Gods ſpeak in him ſure:
——It ſhall be ſo——I'll do't.
Priam. What means my Son?
Hect. To ſend a Challenge to the boldeſt *Greek*;
Is not that Country ours? thoſe fruitful Fields
Waſh'd by yon Silver Flood, are they not ours?
Thoſe teeming Vines that tempt our longing Eyes,
Shall we behold 'em? ſhall we call 'em ours
And dare not make 'em ſo? by Heavens I'll know
Which of theſe haughty *Grecians* dares to think
He can keep *Hector* Pris'ner here in *Troy.*
Priam. If *Hector* only were a private Man,
This wou'd be Courage, but in him 'tis Madneſs.
The general ſafety on your Life depends;
And ſhou'd you periſh in this raſh attempt,
Troy with a groan, would feel her Soul go out:
And breath her laſt in you.
Æne. The task you undertake is hazardous:
Suppoſe you win, what wou'd the profit be?
If *Ajax* or *Achilles* fell beneath
Your thundring Arm, wou'd all the reſt depart?
Wou'd *Agamemnon*, or his injur'd Brother
Set ſail for this? then it were worth your danger:
But, as it is, we throw our utmoſt Stake
Againſt whole heaps of theirs.
Priam. He tells you true.
Æne. Suppoſe one, *Ajax* or *Achilles* loſt,
They can repair with more that ſingle loſs:
Troy has but one, one *Hector.*
Hect. No, *Æneas.*
What then art thou; and what is *Troilus?*
VVhat will *Aſtyanax* be?

Priam.

Priam. An *Hector* one day.
But you muſt let him live to be a *Hector.*
And who ſhall make him ſuch when you are gone?
VVho ſhall inſtruct his tenderneſs in Arms,
Or give his Childhood leſſons of the VVar?
Who ſhall defend the promiſe of his Youth,
And make it bear in Manhood? the young Sappling
Is ſhrowded long beneath the Mother Tree
Before it be tranſplanted from its Earth,
And truſt it ſelf for growth.
Hect. Alas, my Father!
You have not drawn one reaſon from your ſelf,
But publick Safety, and my Sons green Years:
In this neglecting that main Argument,
Truſt me, you chide my filial Piety:
As if I cou'd be won from my Reſolves
By *Troy*, or by my Son, or any Name
More dear to me than yours.
Priam. I did not name my ſelf; becauſe I know
When thou art gone, I need no *Grecian* Sword,
To help me die, but only *Hector*'s loſs.
Daughter, why ſpeak not you? why ſtand you ſilent?
Have you no right in *Hector* as a Wife?
Andro. I would be worthy to be *Hector*'s Wife:
And had I been a Man, as my Soul's one,
I had aſpir'd a nobler Name, his Friend.
How I love *Hector*, (need I ſay I love him?)
I am not but in him:
But when I ſee him arming for his Honour,
His Country and his Gods, that martial fire
That mounts his Courage, kindles ev'n to me:
And when the *Trojan* Matrons wait him out
With Pray'rs, and meet with Bleſſings his return;
The pride of Virtue beats within my Breaſt,
To wipe away the ſweat and duſt of War:
And dreſs my Hero glorious in his wounds.
Hect. Come to my Arms, thou manlier Virtue come;
Thou better Name than VVife! wou'd'ſt thou not bluſh [*Embrace.*
To hug a Coward thus?
Priam. Yet ſtill I fear!
Andro. There ſpoke a VVoman, pardon Royal Sir;
Has he not met a thouſand lifted Swords,
Of thick rank'd *Grecians*, and ſhall one affright him?
There's not a Day but he encounters Armies;
And yet as ſafe, as if the broad brim'd Shield
That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and death.
Hect. Thou know'ſt me well; and thou ſhalt praiſe me more,
Gods make me worthy of thee!
Andro. You ſhall be
My Knight this Day, you ſhall not wear a Cauſe
So black as *Hellen*'s Rape upon your Breaſt,
Let *Paris* fight for *Hellen*, guilt for guilt;
But when you fight for Honour and for me,
Then let our equal Gods behold an Act,
They may not bluſh to crown.
Hect. *Æneas* go,
And bear my Challenge to the Grecian Camp,
If there be one amongſt the beſt of *Greece*,
VVho holds his Honour higher than his Eaſe,
VVho knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear;
VVho loves his Miſtreſs more than in confeſſion:
And dares avow her Beauty and her worth,
In other Arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
I have a Lady of more Truth and Beauty,

Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his Arms:
And will to Morrow, with the Trumpets call,
Mid-way, between their Tents and theſe our VValls,
Maintain what I have ſaid, if any come
My Sword ſhall honour him, if none ſhall dare,
Then ſhall I ſay at my return to *Troy*,
The Grecian Dames are Sun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance.

Æneas. It ſhall be told 'em,
As boldly as you gave it.

Priam. Heav'n protect thee. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus, Creſſida.

Pand. YOnder he ſtands poor wretch! there ſtands he, with ſuch a Look, and ſuch a Face, and ſuch begging Eyes; there he ſtands poor Priſoner.

Creſſi. VVhat a deluge of words do you pour out, Uncle, to ſay juſt nothing?

Pand. Nothing do you call it, is that nothing, do you call it nothing? why he looks for all the VVorld, like one of your raſcally Malefactors, juſt thrown off the Gibbet, with his Cap down, his Arms ty'd down, his Feet ſprunting, his Body ſwinging, nothing do you call it? this is nothing with a Vengeance.

Creſſi. Or, what think you of a hurt Bird, that flutters about with a broken wing?

Pand. VVhy go to then, he cannot fly away then, then, that's certain, that's undoubted: there he lies to be taken up: but if you had ſeen him, when I ſaid to him, take a good heart Man, and follow me: and fear no Colours, and ſpeak your mind Man: ſhe can never ſtand you: ſhe will fall, and 'twere a Leaf in Autumn.

Creſ. Did you tell him all this without my conſent?

Pand. VVhy you did conſent, your Eyes conſented; they blabb'd, they leer'd, their very corners blabb'd. But you'll ſay your Tongue ſaid nothing. No I warrant it: your Tongue was wiſer; your Tongue was better bred: your Tongue kept its own Counſel: Nay, I'll ſay that for you, your Tongue ſaid nothing. Well, ſuch a ſhamefac'd couple did I never ſee days o'my Life: ſo fraid of one another; ſuch ado to bring you to the buſineſs: well if this job were well over, if ever I loſe my pains again with an awkard couple, let me be painted in the Sign-poſt for the *Labour in vain:* fie upon't, fie upon't; there's no conſcience in't: all honeſt People will cry ſhame on't.

Creſſ. VVhere is this Monſter to be ſhown? what's to be given for a ſight of him?

Pand. VVhy, ready Money, ready Money; you carry it about you: give and take is ſquare-dealing; for in my Conſcience he's as errant a Maid as you are: I was fain to uſe violence to him, to pull him hither: and he pull'd: and I pull'd: for you muſt know he's abſolutely the ſtrongeſt Youth in *Troy:* t'other day he took *Hellen* in one hand, and *Paris* in t'other, and danc'd 'em at one another at Arms-end, and 'twere two Moppets: there was a Back, there were Bone and Sinews: there was a back for you.

Creſſ. For theſe good procuring Offices you'll be damn'd one day Uncle.

Pand. VVho I damn'd? faith I doubt I ſhall: by my troth I think I ſhall, nay if a Man be damn'd for doing good, as thou ſay'ſt, it may go hard with me.

Creſſ. Then I'll not ſee Prince *Troilus*, I'll not be acceſſary to your damnation.

Pand. How, not ſee Prince *Troilus?* why I have engag'd, I have promis'd, I have paſt my word, I care not for damning, let me alone for damning; I value not damning in compariſon with my word. If I am damn'd it ſhall be a good damning to thee Girl, thou ſhalt be my Heir, come, 'tis a virtuous Girl, thou ſhalt help me to keep my word, thou ſhalt ſee Prince *Troilus?*

Creſſ. The venture's great.

Pand. No venture in the World, thy Mother ventur'd it for thee, and thou ſhalt venture it for my little Couſin that muſt be.

Creſſ. Weigh but my Fears, Prince *Troilus* is young.——

Pand. Marry is he, there's no fear in that I hope, the fear were, if he were old and feeble.

Creſſ.

Creſſ. And I a Woman.

Pand. No fear yet, thou art a Woman, and he's a Man; put them two together, put 'em together.

Creſſ. And if I ſhou'd be frail. ——

Pand. There's all my fear that thou art not frail: thou ſhou'd'ſt be frail, all fleſh is frail.

Creſſ. Are you my Uncle, and can give this Counſel to your own Brother's Daughter.

Pand. If thou wert my own Daughter a thouſand times over, I cou'd do no better for thee, what wou'd'ſt thou have Girl, he's a Prince, and a young Prince, and a loving young Prince! an Uncle doſt thou call me, by *Cupid* I am a Father to thee; get thee in, get thee in Girl, I hear him coming. And do you hear Niece! I give you leave [*Exit* Creſſida.
to deny a little, 'twill be decent: but take heed of obſtinacy, that's a Vice; no obſtinacy my dear Niece.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Now *Pandarus.*

Pand. Now, my ſweet Prince! have you ſeen my Niece? no I know you have not.

Troil. No *Pandarus*, I ſtalk about your Doors
Like a ſtrange Soul upon the *Stygian* Banks
Staying for waſtage: O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me a ſwift tranſportance to *Elyſium*,
And fly with me to *Creſſida.*

Pand. Walk here a moment more I'll bring her ſtraight.

Troil. I fear ſhe will not come: moſt ſure ſhe will not.

Pand. How, not come, and I her Uncle! why I tell you Prince, ſhe twitters at you. Ah poor ſweet Rogue, ah little Rogue, now does ſhe think, and think, and think again of what muſt be betwixt you two. Oh ſweet, —— oh ſweet —— O —— what not come, and I her Uncle?

Troil. Still thou flatter'ſt me; but prithee flatter ſtill; for I wou'd hope; I wou'd not wake out of my pleaſing Dream: oh hope how ſweet thou art! but to hope always, and have no effect of what we hope!

Pand. Oh faint heart, faint heart! well there's much good matter in theſe old Proverbs! No, ſhe'll not come I warrant her; ſhe has no Blood of mine in her, not ſo much as will fill a Flea: but if ſhe does not come, and come, and come with a ſwing into your Arms, I ſay no more, but ſhe has renounc'd all Grace, and there's an end.

Troil. I will believe thee: go then, but be ſure.

Pand. No, you wou'd not have me go; you are indifferent: ſhall I go ſay you: ſpeak the word then: —— yet I care not: you may ſtand in your own light; and loſe a ſweet young Lady's Heart: well, I ſhall not go then!

Troil. Fly, fly, thou tortur'ſt me.

Pand. Do I ſo, do I ſo! do I torture you indeed! well, I will go.

Troil. But yet thou doſt not go.

Pand. I go immediately, directly, in a twinkling, with a thought; yet you think a Man never does enough for you: I have been labouring in your buſineſs like any Moyle. I was with Prince *Paris* this Morning, to make your excuſe at Night for not ſupping at Court: and I found him, faith how do you think I found him; it does my Heart good to think how I found him: yet you think a Man never does enough for you.

Troil. Will you go then, what's this to *Creſſida?*

Pand. Why, you will not hear a Man; what's this to *Creſſida?* why I found him a-Bed, a-Bed with *Hellena* by my troth: 'tis a ſweet Queen, a ſweet Queen a very ſweet Queen; —— but ſhe's nothing to my Couſin *Creſſida*; ſhe's a Blowſe, a Gypſie, a Tawny-moor to my Couſin *Creſſida*: And ſhe lay with one white Arm underneath the Whoreſon's Neck: oh ſuch a white, lilly white, round plump Arm it was —— and you muſt know it was ſtript up to th' Elbows: and ſhe did ſo kiſs him, and ſo huggle him: —— as who ſhou'd ſay ——

Troil. But ſtill thou ſtay'ſt: what's this to *Creſſida?*

Pand. Why I made your excuſe to your Brother *Paris*; that I think's to *Creſſida*; but ſuch an Arm, ſuch a Hand, ſuch taper Fingers, t'other Hand was under the Bed-cloaths, that I ſaw not, I confeſs, that Hand I ſaw not.

Troil. Again, thou tortureſt me.

Pand.

Pand. Nay I was tortur'd too; old as I am, I was tortur'd too: but for all that, I cou'd make a ſhift to make him, to make your excuſe, to make your Father;—— by *Jove* when I think of that hand, I am ſo raviſh'd, that I know not what I ſay: I was tortur'd too. [Troilus *turns away diſcontented.*
Well, I go, I go; I fetch her, I bring her, I conduct her: not come quoth a, and I her Uncle! [*Exit* Pandarus.

Troil. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round:
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe: what will it be
When I ſhall taſte that Nectar?
It muſt be either Death, or Joy too fine
For the capacity of human Powers.
I fear it much: and I do fear beſide,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys:
As does a Battel, when they charge on heaps
A flying Enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pand. She's making her ready: ſhe'll come ſtreight, you muſt be witty now; ſhe does ſo bluſh, and fetches her Breath ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were frighted with a Spright: 'tis the prettieſt Villain, ſhe fetches her Breath ſo ſhort, as 'twere a new ta'ne Sparrow.

Troil. Juſt ſuch a Paſſion, does heave up my Breaſt!
My Heart beats thicker than a feveriſh Pulſe:
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
Juſt like a Slave, at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty:——Lead on, I'll follow. [*Exeunt together.*

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Neſtor, Ulyſſes.

Ulyſſ. I have conceiv'd an Embryo in my Brain:
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't, *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſſ. The ſeeded pride,
That has to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like ill,
To overtop us all.

Neſt. That's my Opinion.

Ulyſſ. This Challenge which *Æneas* brings from *Hector*,
However it be ſpread in general terms,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles*.
And will it wake him to the anſwer think you?

Neſt. It ought to do: whom can we elſe oppoſe?
Who cou'd from *Hector* bring his Honour off,
If not *Achilles?* the Succeſs of this
Although particular, will give an Omen
Of good or bad, ev'n to the general cauſe.

Ulyſſ. Pardon me *Neſtor* if I contradict you,
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us, like Merchants, ſhow our courſeſt Wares,
And think perchance they'll ſell: but if they do not,
The luſtre of our better, yet unſhown
Will ſhow the better; let us not conſent
Our greateſt Warriour ſhou'd be match'd with *Hector*.
For both our Honour and our Shame in this,
Shall be attended with ſtrange Followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old Eyes; what are they?

Ulyſſ. What glory our *Achilles* gains from *Hector*,
Were he not proud we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent:
And we had better parch in *Affrick* Sun
Than in his Pride, ſhou'd he 'ſcape *Hector* fair.
But grant he ſhou'd be foil'd;
Why then our common Reputation ſuffers,

In

In that of our beſt Man: No, make a Lottery;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The chance to fight with *Hector:* among our ſelves
Give him allowance as the braver Man;
For that will phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who ſwells with loud applauſe; and make him fall
His Creſt, if brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off.
If not, we yet preſerve a fair Opinion,
That we have better Men.
Neſt. Now I begin to reliſh thy Advice:
Come, let us go to *Agamemnon* ſtraight,
T'inform him of our project.
Ulyſſ. 'Tis not ripe.
The skilful Surgeon will not lance a Sore
Till Nature has digeſted and prepar'd
The growing Humours to her healing Purpoſe:
Elſe muſt he often grieve the Patient's Senſe,
When one Inciſion once well-tim'd wou'd ſerve:
Are not *Achilles* and dull *Ajax* Friends?
Neſt. As much as Fools can be.
Ulyſſ. That knot of Friendſhip firſt muſt be unty'd!
'Ere we can reach our ends; for while they love each other,
Both hating us, will draw too ſtrong a Biaſs,
And all the Camp will lean that way they draw:
For brutal Courage is the Soldiers Idol:
So, if one prove contemptuous, back'd by t'other,
'Twill give the Law to cool and ſober ſenſe,
And place the power of War in Mad-men's hands.
Neſt. Now I conceive you; were they once divided,
And one of them made ours, that one would check
The others tow'ring growth: and keep both low,
As Inſtruments, and not as Lords of War:
And this muſt be by ſecret coals of Envy,
Blown in their Breaſt: compariſons of worth;
Great Actions weigh'd of each: and each the beſt,
As we ſhall give him Voice.
Ulyſſ. Here comes *Therſites*

Enter Therſites.

Who feeds on *Ajax*, yet loves him not, becauſe he cannot love.
But as a *Species*, differing from Mankind,
Hates all he ſees, and rails at all he knows;
But hates them moſt, from whom he moſt receives,
Diſdaining that his Lot ſhou'd be ſo low,
That he ſhou'd want the kindneſs which he takes.
Neſt. There's none ſo fit an Engine: Save ye *Therſites.*
Ulyſſ. Hail noble *Grecian*, thou relief of Toils,
Soul of our Mirth, and joy of ſullen War;
In whoſe converſe our Winter-nights are ſhort,
And Summer-days not tedious.
Therſ. Hang you both.
Neſt. How! hang us both!
Therſ. But hang thee firſt, thou very reverend Fool!
Thou ſapleſs Oak, that liv'ſt by wanting thought,
And now in thy three hundredth Year repin'ſt
Thou ſhould'ſt be fell'd: hanging's a civil Death,
The death of Men: thou can'ſt not hang; thy Trunk
Is only fit for Gallows to hang others.
Neſt. A fine greeting.
Therſ. A fine old Dotard, to repine at hanging
At ſuch an Age! what ſaw the Gods in thee
That a Cock-Sparrow ſhou'd but live three Years,
And thou ſhou'd'ſt laſt three Ages? he's thy better:
He uſes Life; he treads himſelf to death.
Thou haſt forgot thy uſe ſome hundred Years,

Thou

Thou ſtump of Man, thou worn-out Broom, thou Lumber.
Neſt. I'll hear no more of him, his Poyſon works;
What, curſe me for my Age!
Ulyſſ. Hold, you miſtake him *Neſtor*, 'tis his cuſtom;
What Malice is there in a mirthful Scene?
'Tis but a keen-edg'd Sword, ſpread o'er with Balm,
To heal the wound it makes.
Therſ. Thou beg'ſt a Curſe!
May'ſt thou quit ſcores then, and be hang'd on *Neſtor*,
Who hangs on thee; thou lead'ſt him by the Noſe,
Thou play'ſt him like a Puppet, ſpeak'ſt within him,
And when thou haſt contriv'd ſome dark deſign
To looſe a thouſand *Greeks*, make Dogs-meat of us,
Thou lay'ſt thy Cuckow's Egg within his Neſt,
And mak'ſt him hatch it; teacheſt his remembrance
To lye; and ſay, the like of it was practis'd
Two hundred Years ago; thou bring'ſt the Brain,
And he brings only Beard to vouch thy Plots.
Neſt. I'm no Man's Fool.
Therſ. Then be thy own, that's worſe.
Neſt. He'll rail all day.
Ulyſſ. Then we ſhall learn all day.
Who forms the Body to a graceful Carriage,
Muſt imitate our awkard Motions firſt;
The ſame preſcription does the wiſe *Therſites*
Apply to mend our Minds. The ſame he uſes
To *Ajax*, to *Achilles*, to the reſt;
His Satyrs are the phyſick of the Camp.
Therſ. Wou'd they were poyſon to't, Rats-bane and Hemlock,
Nothing elſe can mend you; and thoſe two brawny Fools.
Ulyſſ. He hits 'em right:
Are they not ſuch my *Neſtor*?
Therſ. Dolt-heads, Aſſes,
And Beaſts of burthen; *Ajax* and *Achilles*
The Pillars! no, the Porters of the War.
Hard-headed Rogues! Engines, meer wooden Engines,
Puſh'd on to do your work.
Neſt. They are indeed.
Therſ. But what a Rogue art thou
To ſay they are indeed: Heav'n made 'em Horſes,
And thou put'ſt on their Harneſs, rid'ſt and ſpur'ſt 'em;
Uſurp'ſt upon Heav'ns Fools, and mak'ſt 'em thine.
Neſt. No; they are headſtrong Fools, to be corrected
By none but by *Therſites*: thou alone
Canſt tame, and train 'em to their proper uſe;
And doing this may'ſt claim a juſt Reward
From *Greece*, and Royal *Agamemnon*'s hands.
Therſ. Ay, when you need a Man, you talk of giving;
For Wit's a dear Commodity among you;
But when you do not want him, then ſtale Porridge,
A ſtarv'd Dog wou'd not lap; and furrow Water
Is all the Wine we taſte, give Drabs and Pimps:
I'll have no Gifts with Hooks at end of 'em.
Ulyſſ. Is this a Man, O *Neſtor*, to be bought?
Aſia's not price enough! bid the World for him.
And ſhall this Man, this *Hermes*, this *Apollo*,
Sit lagg of *Ajax* Table? almoſt Minſtrell,
And with his Preſence grace a brainleſs Feaſt?
Why they con ſenſe from him, grow Wits by rote,
And yet, by ill repeating, libell him;
Making his Wit their Nonſenſe: nay, they ſcorn him;
Call him bought Railer, mercenary Tongue!
Play him for ſport at Meals, and kick him off.
Therſ. Yes, they can kick; my Buttocks feel they can;

They have their Aſſes Tricks: but I'll eat Pebbles;
I'll ſtarve; 'tis brave to ſtarve, 'tis like a Soldier;
Before I'll feed thoſe wit-ſtarv'd Rogues with ſence,
They ſhall eat dry, and choak for want of wit,
E're they be moiſten'd with one drop of mine.
Ajax and *Achilles*, two mud-walls of Fool,
That only differ in degrees of thickneſs.

Ulyſſ. I'd be reveng'd of both, when Wine fumes high,
Set 'em to prate, to boaſt their brutal ſtrength,
To vie their ſtupid Courage, till they quarrel,
And play at hard-head with their empty Skuls.

Therſ. Yes; they ſhall butt and kick; and all the while
I'll think they kick for me: they ſhall fell Timber
On both ſides; and then Log-wood will be cheap.

Neſt. And *Agamemnon*———

Therſ. Pox of *Agamemnon*;
Cannot I do a miſchief for my ſelf
But he muſt thank me for't?

Ulyſſ. to Neſt.] Away; our work is done, [*Exeunt* Ulyſſes, Neſtor.

Therſ. This *Agamemnon* is a King of Clouts:
A Chip in Porridge.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Therſites!

Therſ. Set up to frighten Daws from Cherry-trees.

Ajax. Dogg!

Therſ. A Standard to march under!

Ajax. Thou Bitch-wolf! canſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Therſ. The Plague of *Greece*, and *Hellen*'s Pox light on thee,
Thou mungril Maſtiff; thou beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, thou mouldy leaven of the Camp.
Speak, or I'll beat thee into handſomneſs.

Therſ. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into Wit: thou can'ſt kick, can'ſt thou?
A red Murrain on thy Jades tricks!

Ajax. Tell me the Proclamation.

Therſ. Thou art proclaim'd a Fool I think.

Ajax. You whorſon Curr take that. [*Strikes him.*

Therſ. Thou ſcurvy valiant Aſs.

Ajax. Thou Slave.

Therſ. Thou Lord!———I, do, do———wou'd my Buttocks were Iron for thy ſake.

Enter Achilles, Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax!* wherefore do you this?
How now *Therſites*, what's the matter Man!

Therſ. I ſay this *Ajax* wears his Wit in's Belly, and his Guts in's Brains.

Achil. Peace Fool.

Therſ. I would have peace; but the Fool will not.

Patro. But what's the Quarrel?

Ajax. I bad him tell me the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Therſ. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your Tongue?

Therſ. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much ſence as thou afterwards: I'll ſee you hang'd e're I come any more to your Tent: I'll keep where there's Wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of Fools.——— [*Going.*

Achil. Nay, thou ſhalt not go *Therſites*, till we have ſquees'd the Venom out of thee: prithee inform us of this Proclamation.

Therſ. Why you empty fuz-balls, your Heads are full of nothing elſe but Proclamations.

Ajax. Tell us the News, I ſay.

Therſ. You ſay! why you never ſaid any thing in all your Life!
But ſince you will know, 'tis proclaim'd through the Army, that *Hector* is to cudgel you to Morrow.

Achil. How cudgel him, *Therſites!*

Therſ. Nay, you may take a Childs part on't, if you have ſo much Courage, for *Hector* has challeng'd the tougheſt of the *Greeks*: and 'tis in diſpute which of your

two Heads is the ſoundeſt Timber.
A knotty piece of work he'll have betwixt your Noddles.
Achil. If *Hector* be to fight with any *Greek*,
He knows his Man.
Ajax. Yes; he may know his Man, without Art Magick.
Therſ. So he had need: for to my certain knowledge neither of you two are Conjurers to inform him.
Achil. to Ajax.] You do not mean your ſelf, ſure.
Ajax. I mean nothing.
Therſ. Thou mean'ſt ſo always.
Achil. Umh! mean nothing!
Ther. [*aſide.*] *Jove* if it be thy Will, let theſe too Fools quarrel about nothing: 'tis a cauſe that's worthy of 'em.
Ajax. You ſaid he knew his Man: is there but one?
One Man amongſt the *Greeks!*
Achil. Since you will have it,
But one to fight with *Hector.*
Ajax. Then I am he.
Achil. Weak *Ajax.*
Ajax. Weak *Achilles.*
Therſ. Weak indeed: God help you both!
Patroc. Come, this muſt be no quarrel.
Therſ. There's no cauſe for't.
Patroc. He tells you true; you are both equal.
Therſ. Fools.
Achil. I can brook no Compariſons.
Ajax. Nor I.
Achil. Well *Ajax.*
Ajax. Well *Achilles.*
Therſ. So now they quarrel in *Monoſyllables:* A word and a blow, and 't be thy will.
Achil. You may hear more.
Ajax. I wou'd.
Achil. Expect.
Ajax. Farewel. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
Therſ. Curſe on them, they want Wine: your true Fool will never fight without it. Or a Drab, a Drab: Oh for a commodious Drab betwixt 'em! wou'd *Hellen* had been here! then it had come to ſomething.
Dogs, Lions, Bulls, for Females tear and gore:
And the beſt Man, is valiant for his Whore. [*Exit Therſites.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Therſites.

Therſ. SHall the Idiot *Ajax* uſe me thus! he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! wou'd I cou'd beat him and he rail'd at me! Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer: if *Troy* be not taken till theſe two undermine it, the Walls will ſtand till they fall of themſelves: Now the Plague on the whole Camp, or rather the Pox: for that's a curſe dependant on thoſe that fight as we do for a Cuckold's Queen.—What ho, my Lord *Achilles.*

Enter Patroclus.

Patroc. Who's there, *Therſites?* Good *Therſites* come in and rail.
Therſ. aſide] If I cou'd have remembred an Aſs with gilt Trappings, thou hadſt not ſlipt out of my Contemplation. But 'tis no matter; thy ſelf upon thy ſelf, the common Curſe of Mankind, Folly and Ignorance be thine in great abundance: Heavens bleſs thee from a Tutor; and diſcipline come not near thee.
I have ſaid my Prayers; and the Devil Envy ſay *Amen.*
Where's *Achilles?*

Enter Achilles.

Who's there, *Therſites?* why my Digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelf to my Table, ſo many Meals? come begin, what's *Agamemnon?*
Therſ. Thy Commander, *Achilles:* then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*
Patro. Thy Benefactor *Therſites*; then tell me prithee what's thy ſelf?

Therſ.

Therſ. Thy knower, *Patroclus*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou may'ſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell. This muſt be very fooliſh: and I dye to have my ſpleen tickled.

Therſ. I'll decline the whole Queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Benefactor, I am *Patroclus* knower; and *Patroclus* is a Fool.

Patroc. You Raſcal.

Achil. He's a priviledg'd Man, proceed *Therſites.* Ha! ha! ha! prithee proceed while I am in the Vein of laughing.

Therſ. And all theſe foreſaid Men are Fools: *Agamemnon*'s a Fool to offer to command *Achilles*: *Achilles* is a Fool to be commanded by him, I am a Fool to ſerve ſuch a Fool, and *Patroclus* is a Fool poſitive.

Patro. Why am I a Fool?

Therſ. Make that demand to Heaven, it ſuffices me thou art one.

Achil. Ha, ha, ha! O give me Ribs of Steel, or I ſhall ſplit with pleaſure: Now play me *Neſtor* at a Night alarm: Mimick him rarely, make him Cough and Spit, and fumble with his Gorget, and ſhake the Rivet with his palſey Hand; in and out, in and out, gad that's exceeding fooliſh.

Patro. Neſtor ſhall not 'ſcape ſo, he has told us what we are; come, what's *Neſtor?*

Therſ. Why, he's an old wooden Top, ſet up by Father Time three hundred Years ago, that hums to *Agamemnon* and *Ulyſſes*, and ſleeps to all the World beſides.

Achil. So let him ſleep, for I'll no more of him: O my *Patroclus*, I but force a Smile, *Ajax* has drawn the Lot, and all the praiſe of *Hector* muſt be his.

Therſ. I hope to ſee his Praiſe upon his Shoulders, in Blows and Bruiſes, his Arms, Thighs, and Body all full of Fame; ſuch Fame as he gave me, and a wide hole at laſt full in his Boſom, to let in Day upon him, and diſcover the inſide of a Fool.

Patroc. How he ſtruts in expectation of Honour! he knows not what he does.

Therſ. Nay that's no wonder, for he never did.

Achil. Prithee ſay how he behaves himſelf?

Therſ. O you would be learning to practiſe againſt ſuch another time.——Why he toſſes up his Head as he had built Caſtles i'th' Air; and he treads upward to 'em, ſtalks into th' Element, he ſurveys himſelf, as 'twere to look for *Ajax*: he wou'd be cry'd, for he has loſt himſelf, nay, he knows no body; I ſaid good Morrow *Ajax*, and he replied, thanks *Agamemnon.*

Achil. Thou ſhalt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites.*

Therſ. No, I'll put on his Perſon, let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, and ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax* to invite the Noble *Hector* to my Tent; and to procure ſafe conduct for him from our Captain General *Agamemnon.*

Patroc. Jove bleſs the mighty *Ajax!*

Therſ. Humh!

Patroc. I come from the great *Achilles.*

Therſ. Ha!

Patroc. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Therſ. Humh!

Patroc. And to procure him ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Therſ. Agamemnon?

Patroc. I, my Lord.

Therſ. Ha!

Patroc. What ſay you to't?

Therſ. Farewel with all my Heart.

Patroc. Your anſwer Sir!

Therſ. If to Morrow be a fair Day, by eleven a Clock it will go one way or t'other, however he ſhall buy me dearly, fare you well with all my Heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune is he?

Therſ. No, but he's thus out of tune, what Muſick will be in him when *Hector* has knocked out his Brains I know not, nor I care not, but if emptineſs makes noiſe, his Head will make Melody.

Achil. My Mind is troubled like a Fountain ſtir'd:

And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom on't.

Therſ. Wou'd the Fountain of his Mind were clear; that he might ſee an Aſs in't. [*Aſide.*] I had rather be a tick in a Sheep, than ſuch a valiant Ignorance.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomedes, Menelaus.

Patroc. Look, who comes here.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body, come in after me *Therſites.*

Agam. Where's *Achilles*? [*Exeunt* Achill. Therſites.

Patro. Within, but ill diſpos'd, my Lord.

Menel. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

Patroc. I ſhall ſay ſo to him. [*Exit* Patroclus.

Diom. I know he is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, Lyon ſick, ſick of a proud Heart, you may call it Melancholy, if you'll humour him: but on my honour 'tis no more than Pride: and why ſhou'd he be proud?

Menel. Here comes *Patroclus*; but no *Achilles* with him.

Enter Patroclus.

Patroc. Achilles bids me tell you he is ſorry
If any thing more than your Sport and Pleaſure
Did move you to this Viſit: he's not well,
And begs you wou'd excuſe him as unfit
For preſent buſineſs.

Agam. How! how's this *Patroclus*?
We are too well acquainted with theſe Anſwers
Though he has much Deſert, yet all his Vertues
Do in our Eyes begin to loſe their gloſs.
We came to ſpeak with him; you ſhall not err
If you return we think him over proud
And under-honeſt. Tell him this; and add,
That if he over-hold his Price ſo much,
We'll none of him: but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lie lagg of all the Camp.
A ſtirring Dwarf is of more uſe to us,
Than is a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Patroc. I ſhall, and bring his Anſwer preſently.

Agam. I'll not be ſatisfi'd but by himſelf.
So tell him, *Menelaus.* [*Exeunt Menelaus, Patroclus.*

Ajax. What's he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks himſelf.

Ajax. Is he ſo much! do you not think he thinks himſelf a better Man than me?

Diom. No doubt he does.

Ajax. Do you think ſo?

Agam. No, noble *Ajax*; you are as ſtrong, as valiant; but much more courteous.

Ajax. Why ſhou'd a Man be proud? I know not what Pride is: I hate a proud Man, as I hate the ingendring of Toads.

Diom. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould; and love himſelf ſo well.

Re-enter Menel.

Men. Achilles will not to the Field to Morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Men. Why he relies on none
But his own Will; poſſeſt he is with Vanity:
VVhat ſhou'd I ſay, he is ſo plaguy proud,
That the death tokens of it are upon him;
And bode there's no recovery.

Enter Ulyſſes, Neſtor.

Agam. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Ulyſſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
VVe'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes
VVhen they go from *Achilles*: ſhall that proud Man
Be worſhip'd by a greater than himſelf,
One whom we hold our Idol?
Shall *Ajax* go to him? No, *Jove* forbid,

And

And ſay in thunder, go to him *Achilles.*

Neſt. [*Aſide.*] O this is well; he rubs him where it itches.

Ajax. If I go to him with my Gauntlet clench'd,
I'll daſh him o'er the Face.

Agam. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. And he be proud with me I'll cure his pride: a paltry inſolent Fellow!

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf?

Ulyſſ. [*Aſide.*] The Crow chides blackneſs.——here is a Man, but 'tis before his Face, and therefore I am ſilent.

Neſt. VVherefore are you? He is not envious as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſſ. Know all the VVorld he is as Valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon Dog that ſhall palter thus with us! wou'd a were a *Trojan.*

Ulyſſ. Thank Heav'n, my Lord, you're of a gentle Nature,
Praiſe him that got you, her that brought you forth;
But he that taught you firſt the uſe of Arms,
Let *Mars* divine Eternity in two,
And give him half. I will not praiſe your wiſdom,
Neſtor ſhall do't; but pardon Father *Neſtor*,
VVere you as green as *Ajax*, and your Brain
Temper'd like his, you never ſhou'd excel him;
But be as *Ajax* is.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulyſſ. I, my good Son.

Diom. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax.*

Ulyſſ. There is no ſtaying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps Thicket, pleaſe it our great General,
I ſhall impart a Counſel, which obſerv'd
May cure this Madman's pride.

Agam. In my own Tent our talk will be more private.

Ulyſſ. But nothing without *Ajax:*
He is the ſoul and ſubſtance of my Counſels,
And I am but his Shadow.

Ajax. You ſhall ſee
I am not like *Achilles*,
Let us confer; and I'll give Counſel too, [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus, Troilus, Creſſida.

Pand. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a Baby; ſwear the Oaths now to her, that you ſwore to me: what are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd e're you are made tame, muſt you? why don't you ſpeak to her firſt!——Come draw this Curtain, and let's ſee your Picture: alas a day, how loath you are to offend day-light!——(they kiſs) that's well, that's well, nay you ſhall fight your Hearts out e're I part you.——ſo ſo——ſo ſo——

Troil. You have bereft me of all words, fair *Creſſida.*

Pand. VVords, pay no Debts; give her Deeds:—— what billing again! here's in witneſs whereof the Parties interchangeably—— come in, come in, you loſe time both.

Troil. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſh'd me here?

Creſſi. VVith'd my Lord!——the Gods grant! O my Lord.——

Troil. VVhat ſhou'd they grant? what makes this pretty interruption in thy words?

Creſſi. I ſpeak I know not what!

Troil. Speak ever ſo; and if I anſwer you
I know not what, it ſhews the more of love.
Love is a Child that talks in broken Language,
Yet then he ſpeaks moſt plain.

Creſſi. I find it true, that to be wiſe and love
Are inconſiſtent things.

Pand. VVhat bluſhing ſtill, have you not done talking yet!

Creſſi. VVell Uncle, what Folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pand.

Pand. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my Lord, if he flinch I'll be hang'd for him——— (Now am I in my Kingdom!) *Aſide.*

Troil. You know your Pledges now, your Uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pand. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our Kindred are conſtant: they are burrs I can aſſure you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Creſſi. Boldneſs comes to me now, and I can ſpeak:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you long.

Troil. Why was my *Creſſida* then ſo hard to win?

Creſſi. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won my Lord.
What have I blabb'd, who will be true to us,
When we are ſo unfaithful to our ſelves!
O bid me hold my Tongue; for in this rapture
Sure I ſhall ſpeak what I ſhou'd ſoon repent.
But ſtop my Mouth.

Troil. A ſweet command; and willingly obey'd. [*Kiſſes.*

Pand. Pretty, I'faith!

Creſſi. My Lord, I do beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a Kiſs.
I am aſham'd: O Heavens what have I done?
For this time let me take my leave, my Lord.

Pand. Leave! and you take leave till to Morrow Morning, call me Cut.

Creſſi. Pray let me go.

Troil. Why what offends you Madam?

Creſſi. My own Company.

Troil. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Creſſi. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides in you.

Troil. Oh that I thought truth cou'd be in a Woman!
(As if it can, I will preſume in you)
That my Integrity and Faith might meet
The ſame return from her who has my Heart.
How ſhou'd I be exalted! but alas
I am more plain than dull ſimplicity!
And artleſs as the infancy of truth.

Creſſi. In that I muſt not yield to you my Lord.

Troil. All conſtant Lovers ſhall, in future Ages,
Approve their truth by *Troilus:* when their Verſe
Wants *Similes*, as Turtles to their Mates:
Or true as flowing Tides are to the Moon;
Earth to the Center: Iron to Adament:
At laſt when Truth is tir'd with repetition;
As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the Numbers.

Creſſi. Prophet may you be!
If I am falſe, or ſwerve from truth of love,
When Time is old, and has forgot it ſelf,
In all things elſe, let it remember me;
And after all compariſons of Falſhood
To ſtab the heart of Perjury in Maids;
Let it be ſaid as falſe as *Creſſida.*

Pand. Go to, little ones; a Bargain made: here I hold your Hand, and here my Couſins: if ever you prove falſe to one another, after I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together: let all pitiful goers between, be call'd to the World's end after my Name, *Pandars.*

Creſſ. And will you promiſe that the holy Prieſt
Shall make us one for ever?

Pand. Prieſts! marry hang 'em! they make you one; go in, go in, and make your ſelves one without a Prieſt: I'll have no Prieſts work in my Houſe.

Creſſ. I'll not conſent unleſs you ſwear.

Pand. I, do, do, ſwear; a pretty Woman's worth an Oath at any time. Keep or break as time ſhall try; but 'tis good to ſwear, for the ſaving of her Credit: Hang 'em ſweet Rogues, they never expect a Man ſhou'd keep it. Let him but ſwear, and that's all they care for.

Troil.

Troil. Heavens proſper me as I devoutly ſwear,
Never to be but yours.

Pand. Whereupon I will lead you into a Chamber: and ſuppoſe there be a Bed in't; as I'ſack, I know not: but you'll forgive me, if there be: away, away, you naughty Hildings: get you together, get you together. Ah you Wags, do you leer indeed at one another! do the nyes twinkle at him? get you together, get you together. [*Leads them out.*

Enter at one door Æneas *with a Torch, at another* Hector, Diomede *with Torches.*

Hect. So ho! who goes there? *Æneas!*

Æne. Prince *Hector!*

Diom. Good morrow, Lord *Æneas.*

Hect. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*; take his Hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your Speech within;
You told how *Diomedes*, a whole VVeek by Days
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all buſineſs of the gentle Truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As Heart can think, or Courage execute.

Diom. Both one and t'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our Bloods are now in Calm; and ſo long health;
But when Contention and occaſion meets,
By *Jove*, I'll play the Hunter for thy Life,

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will fly
VVith his Face backward: welcome *Diomede*,
VVelcome to *Troy*: now by *Anchiſes* Soul,
No Man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. VVe know each other well.

Æne. VVe do; and long to know each other worſe.
To Hect.] My Lord, the King, has ſent for me in haſte:
Know you the reaſon?

Hect. Yes; his purpoſe meets you.
It was to bring this *Greek* to *Calchas*'s Houſe,
VVhere *Pandarus* his Brother, and his Daughter
Fair *Creſſida* reſide: and there to render,
For our *Anthenor*, now redeem'd from Priſon,
The Lady *Creſſida.*

Æne. VVhat! Has the King reſolv'd to gratifie
That Traitor *Colchos*; who forſook his Country,
And turn'd to them, by giving up this Pledge?

Hect. The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Is ſuch, though *Colchos* as a Fugitive
Deſerve it not, that we muſt free *Anthenor*,
On whoſe wiſe Counſels we can moſt rely.
And therefore *Creſſida* muſt be return'd.

Æne. A word my Lord —— (Your pardon *Diomede*)
Your Brother *Troilus*, to my certain knowledge
Does lodge this Night in *Pandarus* his Houſe:

Hect. Go you before: tell him of our approach,
Which will, I fear, be much
Unwelcome to him.

Æne. I aſſure you
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſida* from *Troy.*

Hect. I know it well: and how he is beſide,
Of haſty Blood.

Æne. He will not hear me ſpeak:
But I have noted long betwixt you two
A more than Brother's love: an awful homage
The fiery Youth pays to your elder Vertue.

Hect. Leave it to me; I'll manage him alone:
Attend you, *Diomede*; my Lord, good Morrow: [*to Diomede.*
An urgent buſineſs takes me from the pleaſure

Your

Your Company affords me; but *Æneas*
With joy will undertake to ſerve you here,
And to ſupply my room.

Æneas to *Diomed.*] My Lord, I wait you. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[Diomede *with* Æneas; Hector *at another Door.*

Enter Pandarus: *a Servant: Muſick.*

Pand. Softly, Villain, ſoftly; I would not for half *Troy* the Lovers ſhould be diſturb'd under my Roof, liſten Rogue, liſten, do they breathe?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I hear by ſome certain Signs, they are both awake.

Pand. That's as it ſhould be: that's well aboth ſides: [*Liſtens.*
Yes faith they are both alive:——there was a Creak! there was a Creak: they are both alive, and alive like; there was a Creak: a ha boys!—— Is the Muſick ready?

Serv. Shall they ſtrike up, Sir?

Pand. Art thou ſure they do not know the Parties?

Serv. They play to the Man in the Moon, for ought they know.

Pand. To the Man in the Moon, ah Rogue! do they ſo?
Indeed Rogue! I underſtand thee: thou art a wag; thou art a wag.
Come towze rowze! in the name of Love, ſtrike up Boys!

Muſick, and then Song: during which Pandarus *liſtens.*

SONG.

CAn Life be a bleſſing,
Or worth the poſſeſſing,
Can life be a bleſſing if love were away?
Ah no! though our love all Night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with Cares all the Day,
Yet he ſweetens, he ſweetens our pains in the taking,
There's an hour at the laſt, there's an hour to repay.

2.

In every poſſeſſing,
The raviſhing bleſſing,
In every poſſeſſing the fruit of our pain,
Poor Lovers forget long Ages of anguiſh,
Whate'er they have ſuffer'd and done to obtain;
'Tis a pleaſure, a pleaſure to ſigh and to languiſh,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

Pand. Put up, and vaniſh; they are coming out; what a ferrup, will you play when the Dance is done? I ſay vaniſh. [*Exit Muſick.*
Peeping.] Good I'faith; good I'faith! what hand in hand? ——— a fair Quarrel, well ended! do, do, walk him, walk him; A good Girl, a diſcreet Girl: I ſee ſhe'll make the moſt of him.

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troil. Farewel my Life! leave me, and back to Bed:
Sleep ſeal thoſe pretty Eyes;
And tie thy Senſes in as ſoft a band
As Infants void of Thought.

Pandar. [*ſhewing himſelf.*] How now, how now, how go matters? hear you Maid, hear you; where's my Couſin *Creſſida?*

Creſſ. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Uncle:
You bring me to do ill, and then you jeer me!

Pand. What ill have I brought you to do? ſay what if you dare now! my Lord, have I brought her to do ill?

Creſſ. Come, come, beſhrew your Heart; you'll neither be good your ſelf, nor ſuffer others.

Pand. Alas poor Wench, alas poor Devil; haſt not ſlept to Night? wou'd anot (a naughty Man) let it ſleep one twinkle! Ah bugbear take him!

Knock within.] *Creſſ.* Who's that at door? good Uncle go and ſee: My Lord, come you again into my Chamber;
You ſmile and mock as if I meant naughtily.

Troil. Indeed, indeed!

Creſſ. Come, y'are deceiv'd; I think of no ſuch thing:

Knock again.] How earneſtly they knock, pray come in:

I wou'd

I wou'd not for all *Troy*, you were ſeen here. [*Exeunt* Troil. Creſſida.

Pand. Who's there? what's the matter?
Will you beat down the Houſe there?

Enter Hector.

Hect. Good morrow my Lord *Pandarus*; good Morrow.

Pand. Who's there, Prince *Hector?* what news with you ſo early?

Hect. Is not my Brother *Troilus* here?

Pand. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Hect. Come, he is here my Lord, do not deny him:
It does import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pand. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn;
For my own part I came in late:——what ſhou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, come, you do him wrong e're y'are aware; you'll be ſo true to him, that you'll be falſe to him: you ſhall not know he's here; but yet go fetch him hither:——go. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Enter Troilus.

I bring you Brother, moſt unwelcome news;
But ſince of force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother beſt might tell it:
Therefore, before I ſpeak, arm well your Mind,
And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the quick;
That ſo, prepar'd for ill you may be leſs
Surpris'd to hear the worſt.

Troil. See *Hector*, what it is to be your Brother,
I ſtand prepar'd already.

Hect. Come, you are not,
I know you, *Troilus*, you are hot and fiery:
You kindle at a wrong; and catch it quick
As Stubble does the Flame.

Troil. 'Tis heat of Blood,
And raſhneſs of my Youth; I'll mend that Error:
Begin and try my Temper.

Hect. Can you think
Of that one thing which moſt cou'd urge your Anger,
Drive you to Madneſs, plunge you in Deſpair,
And make you hate even me?

Troil. There can be nothing.
I love you, Brother, with that awful love
I bear to Heav'n, and to ſuperiour Vertue,
And when I quit this Love, you muſt be that
Which *Hector* ne'er can be.

Hect. Remember well
What you have ſaid: for when I claim your Promiſe,
I ſhall expect Performance.

Troi. I am taught:
I will not rage.

Hect. Nor grieve beyond a Man.

Troi. I wo'not be a Woman.

Hect. Do not, Brother:
And I will tell my News, in terms ſo mild,
So tender, and ſo fearful to offend,
As Mothers uſe to ſooth their froward Babes;
Nay, I will ſwear as you have ſworn to me,
That if ſome guſt of Paſſion ſwell your Soul
To words intemperate, I will bear with you.

Troi. What wou'd this pomp of Preparation mean?
Come you to bring me news of *Priam*'s death,
Or *Hecuba*'s?

Hect. The Gods forbid I ſhou'd;
But what I bring is nearer you, more cloſe,
An ill more yours.

Troi. There is but one that can be.

Hect. Perhaps 'tis that.

Troi. I'll not ſuſpect my Fate

So far, I know I ſtand poſſeſt of that.
Hect. 'Tis well; conſider at whoſe Houſe I find you.
Troil. Ha!
Hect. Does it ſtart you? I muſt wake you more:
Anthenor is exchang'd.
Troil. For whom?
Hect. Imagine.
Troil. It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful break: if here it fall,
The ſubtile Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a moment turn my Heart to Aſhes.
Hect. That *Creſſida* for *Anthenor* is exchang'd,
Becauſe I knew 'twas harſh, I wou'd not tell;
Not all at once; but by degrees and glimpſes
I let it in, leſt it might ruſh upon you
And quite o'erpower your Soul: In this I think
I ſhow'd a Friend: your part muſt follow next:
Which is to curb your Choler, tame your Grief,
And bear it like a Man.
Troil. I think I do,
That I yet live to hear you; but no more:
Hope for no more: for ſhou'd ſome Goddeſs offer
To give her ſelf and all her Heaven in change,
I wou'd not part with *Creſſida:* ſo return
This Anſwer as my laſt.
Hect. 'Twill not be taken:
Nor will I bear ſuch News.
Troil. You bore me worſe.
Hect. Worſe for your ſelf; not for the general State,
And all our common Safety, which depends
On free'd *Anthenor*'s Wiſdom.
Troil. You wou'd ſay,
That I'm the Man mark'd out to be unhappy;
And made the publick Sacrifice for *Troy.*
Hect. I wou'd ſay ſo indeed; for can you find
A Fate more glorious than to be that Victim?
If parting from a Miſtreſs can procure
A Nation's Happineſs, ſhow me that Prince,
Who dares to truſt his future fame ſo far
To ſtand the ſhock of Annals, blotted thus,
He ſold his Country for a Woman's Love?
Troil. O ſhe's my Life, my Being, and my Soul!
Hect. Suppoſe ſhe were, which yet I will not grant,
You ought to give her up.
Troil. For whom?
Hect. The Publick.
Troil. And what are they that I ſhou'd give up her
To make them happy? let me tell you, Brother,
The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves:
Slaves with the Minds of Slaves: ſo born, ſo bred;
Yet ſuch as theſe united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Publick: Millions of ſuch Cyphers
Make up the publick Sum: an Eagles Life
Is worth a world of Crows: are Princes made
For ſuch as theſe? who, were one Soul extracted
From all their Beings, cou'd not raiſe a Man.——
Hect. And what are we, but for ſuch Men as theſe:
'Tis Adoration, ſome ſay, makes a God:
And who ſhou'd pay it? where wou'd be their Altars,
Were no inferiour Creatures here on Earth?
Ev'n thoſe who ſerve, have their Expectances;
Degrees of Happineſs, which they muſt ſhare,
Or they'll refuſe to ſerve us.
Troil. Let 'em have it.

Let 'em eat, drink, and ſleep; the only uſe
They have of Life.
Hect. You take all theſe away,
Unleſs you give up *Creſſida.*
Troil. Forbear;
Let *Paris* give up *Helen:* ſhe's the cauſe,
And root of all this Miſchief.
Hect. Your own Suffrage
Condemns you there: you voted for her ſtay.
Troil. If one muſt ſtay, the other ſha'not go.
Hect. She ſha'not?
Troil. Once again, I ſay, ſhe ſhall not.
Hect. Our Father has decreed it otherwiſe.
Troil. No matter.
Hect. How, no matter *Troilus?*
A King, and Father's Will!
Troil. When 'tis unjuſt.
Hect. Come, ſhe ſhall go.
Troil. She ſhall? then I am dar'd.
Hect. If nothing elſe will do.
Troil. Anſwer me firſt;
And then I'll anſwer that: be ſure I will.
Whoſe Hand ſeal'd this exchange?
Hect. My Father's firſt;
Then all the Council's after.
Troil. Was yours there?
Hect. Mine was there too.
Troil. Then you're no more my Friend:
And for your ſake, now mark me what I ſay,
She ſhall not go.
Hect. Go to, you are a Boy.
Troil. A Boy! I'm glad I am not ſuch a Man,
Not ſuch as thou; a Traitor to thy Brother:
Nay more, thy Friend: but Friend's a ſacred Name,
Which none but brave and honeſt Men ſhou'd wear;
In thee 'tis vile; 'tis proſtitute; 'tis Air;
And thus I puff it from me.
Hect. Well, young Man,
Since I'm no Friend (and oh that e'er I was
To one ſo far unworthy) bring her out,
Or by our Father's Soul, of which no part
Did e'er deſcend to thee, I'll force her hence.
Troil. I laugh at thee.
Hect. Thou dar'ſt not.
Troil. I dare more,
If urg'd beyond my Temper: prove my daring,
And ſee which of us has the larger ſhare
Of our great Father's Soul.
Hect. No more, thou know'ſt me,
Troil. I do; and know my ſelf.
Hect. All this, ye Gods,
And for the Daughter of a Fugitive,
A Traitor to his Country?
Troil. 'Tis too much.
Hect. By Heaven too little; for I think her common.
Troil. How, Common!
Hect. Common as the tainted Shambles,
Or as the Duſt we tread.
Troil. By Heaven as chaſte as thy *Andromache.*
[Hector *lays his hand on* Troilus *his Arm; and* Troilus *does the ſame to him.*
Hect. What! nam'ſt thou them together?
Troil. No; I do not:
For *Creſſida* is firſt: as chaſte as ſhe,
But much more fair.

Hect. O patience, patience, Heaven!
Thou tempt'ſt me ſtrangely, ſhou'd I kill thee now,
I know not if the Gods can be offended
Or think I ſlew a Brother; but be gone,
Be gone, or I ſhall ſhake thee into Atomes:
Thou know'ſt I can,
Troil. I care not if you cou'd.
Hect. [*walking off.*] I thank ye Gods for calling to my mind
My Promiſe, that no words of thine ſhou'd urge me,
Beyond the bounds of Reaſon: but in thee
'Twas brutal baſeneſs, ſo forewarn'd to fall
Beneath the name of Man: to ſpurn my kindneſs;
And when I offer'd thee (thou know'ſt how loth!)
The wholſome bitter Cup o' friendly Counſel
To daſh it in my Face: farewel, farewel,
Ungrateful as thou art: hereafter uſe
The name of Brother; but of Friend no more. [*going out.*
Troil. Wilt thou not break yet Heart? ſtay, Brother, ſtay;
I promis'd too, but I have broke my Vow,
And you keep yours too well.
Hect. What would'ſt thou more?
Take heed, young Man, how you too far provoke me:
For Heaven can witneſs, 'tis with much conſtraint
That I preſerve my Faith.
Troil. Elſe you wou'd kill me;
Hect. By all the Gods I wou'd.
Troil. I'm ſatisfied.
You have condemn'd me, and I'll do't my ſelf;
What's Life to him, who has no uſe of Life?
A barren purchaſe, held upon hard terms!
For I have loſt (oh what have I not loſt!)
The faireſt, deareſt, kindeſt of her Sex,
And loſt her ev'n by him, by him, ye Gods,
Who only cou'd and only ſhou'd protect me;
And if I had a joy beyond that love,
A Friend, have loſt him too!
Hect. Speak that again:
(For I cou'd hear it ever) ſaid'ſt thou not
That if thou had'ſt a joy beyond that love,
It was a Friend? O ſaid'ſt thou not a Friend?
That doubting if was kind: then thou'rt divided;
And I have ſtill ſome part.
Troil. If ſtill you have
You do not care to have it.
Hect. How, not care!
Troil. No, Brother, care not.
Hect. Am I but thy Brother?
Troil. You told me I muſt call you Friend no more.
Hect. How far my words were diſtant from my Heart!
Know then I told whee ſo I lov'd whee moſt.
Alas! it is the uſe of humane frailty
To fly to worſt extremities with thoſe
To whom we moſt are kind.
Troil. Is't poſſible?
Then you are ſtill my Friend!
Hect. Heaven knows I am.
Troil. And can forgive the Sallies of my Paſſion;
For I have been too blame: oh much too blame:
Have ſaid ſuch words, nay done ſuch Actions too,
(Baſe as I am) that my aw'd, conſcious Soul
Sinks in my Breaſt, nor dare I lift an Eye
On him I have offended.
Hect. Peace be to thee,
And calmneſs ever there. I blame thee not:

I know thou lov'ſt; and what can Love not do?
I caſt the wild diſorderly account
Of all thy VVords and Deeds on that mad Paſſion;
I pity thee, indeed I pity thee:
Troil. Do; for I need it: let me lean my Head
Upon thy Boſom; all my peace dwells there;
Thou art ſome God, or much much more than Man!
Hect. Alas! to looſe the joys of all thy Youth,
One who deſerv'd thy Love!
Troil. Did ſhe deſerve?
Hect. She did.
Troil. Then ſure ſhe was no common creature.
Hect. I ſaid it in my Rage, I thought not ſo.
Troil. That thought has bleſs'd me! but to loſe this love
After long pains, and after ſhort poſſeſſion.
Hect. I feel it for thee: Let me go to *Priam*,
I'le break this Treaty off, or let me Fight;
I'le be thy Champion; and ſecure both her,
And thee, and *Troy*.
Troil. It muſt not be my Brother!
For then your Errour would be more than mine:
I'le bring her forth, and you ſhall bear her hence;
That you have pitied me is my reward.
Hect. Go then; and the good Gods reſtore her to thee,
And with her all the quiet of thy Mind;
The Triumph of this kindneſs be thy own;
And Heaven and Earth this Teſtimony yield,
That Friendſhip never gain'd a nobler Field. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pandarus, Creſſida *meeting.*

Pand. IS't poſſible! no ſooner got but loſt?
The Devil take *Antenor*: the young Prince will go mad:
A plague upon *Anthenor*! would they had broke's Neck.
Creſſi. How now! what's the matter! who was here?
Pand. Oh, oh!
Creſſi. Why ſigh you ſo? O where's my *Troilus*? tell me ſweet
Uncle what's the matter?
Pand. VVou'd I were as deep under the Earth, as I am above it.
Creſſi. Oh the Gods, what's the matter?
Pand. Prithee get thee in, wou'd thou hadſt never been born!
I knew thou would'ſt be his Death; oh poor Gentleman!
A plague upon *Antenor*?
Creſſi. Good Uncle, I beſeech you on my Knees, tell me what's the matter?
Pand. Thou muſt be gone Girl; thou muſt be gone, to the fugitive Rogue
Prieſt thy Father, (and he's my Brother too, but that's all one at this time:) a
Pox upon *Antenor*.
Creſſi. O ye Immortal Gods, I will not go.
Pand. Thou muſt, thou muſt.
Creſſi. I will not: I have quite forgot my Father;
I have no touch of Birth; no ſpark of Nature:
No Kin, no Blood, no Life; nothing ſo near me
As my dear *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Pand. Here, here, here, he comes ſweet Duck!
Creſſi. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*! [*They both weep over each other, ſhe running into his Arms.*
Pand. VVhat a pair of Spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: Oh Heart, *ſings* (as the ſaying is) O Heart, heavy Heart, why ſighſt thou without breaking (*where he anſwers again*) becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart, by Friendſhip nor by Speaking, there was never a truer Rhime; let us caſt away nothing; for we may live to have need of ſuch a Verſe: We ſee it, we ſee it, how now Lambs?

Troil.

Troil. Creſſida, I love thee with ſo ſtrange a Purity,
That the bleſt Gods, angry with my Devotions,
More bright in Zeal, than that I pay their Altars,
Will take thee from my ſight?
Creſſi. Have the Gods Envy?
Pand. I, I, I, 'tis too plain a caſe!
Creſſ. And it is true that I muſt go from *Troy*?
Troil. A hateful Truth.
Creſſ. What, and from *Troilus* too?
Troil. From *Troy* and *Troilus*: and ſuddenly,
So ſuddenly 'tis counted but by Minutes.
Creſſ. VVhat not an hour allow'd for taking Leave?
Troil. Ev'n that's bereft us too: our envious fates
Juſtle betwixt, and part the dear adieu's
Of meeting Lips, claſp'd Hands, and lock'd Embraces.
Æneas *within.*
My Lord, is the Lady ready yet?
Troil. Hark, you are call'd: ſome ſay the Genius ſo
Cries come, to him who inſtantly muſt die.
Pand. Where are my Tears? ſome Rain to 'lay this Wind:
Or my Heart will be blown up by th' Roots.
Troil. Hear me, my Love; be thou but true like me.
Creſſi. I true! how now, what wicked thought is this?
Troil. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I ſpoke not, be thou true, as fearing thee;
But be thou true, I ſaid to introduce
My following Proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Creſſi. You'll be expos'd to dangers.
Troil. I care not: but be true.
Creſſi. Be true again?
Troil. Hear why I ſpeak it, Love:
The *Grecian* Youths are full of *Grecian* Arts:
Alas, a kind of holy Jealouſie,
Which I beſeech you, call a vertuous Sin,
Makes me afraid, how far you may be tempted.
Creſſi. O Heavens! you love me not.
Troil. Die I a Villain then.
In this I do not call your Faith in queſtion,
But my own Merit.
Creſſi. Fear not, I'll be true.
Troil. Then Fate, thy worſt; for I will ſee thee, Love,
Not all the *Grecian* Hoſt ſhall keep me out,
Nor *Troy*, though wall'd with Fire, ſhou'd hold me in.
Aneas *within.*
My Lord, My Lord *Troilus*: I muſt call you.
Pand. A miſchief call him: nothing but Schreech-Owls? do, do, call again; you had beſt part 'em now in the ſweetneſs of their Love: I'll be hang'd if this *Æneas* be the Son of *Venus*, for all his bragging. Honeſt *Venus* was a Punk: wou'd ſhe have parted Lovers: no, he has not a drop of *Venus* blood in him: honeſt *Venus* was a Punk.
Troil. To *Pand.* Prithee go out, and gain one Minute more.
Pand. Marry and I will: follow you your buſineſs; loſe no time, 'Tis very precious; go, Bill again: 'I'll tell the Rogue his own I warrant him. [*Exit.* Pandarus.
Creſſi. What, have we gain'd by this one Minute more?
Troil. Only to wiſh another, and another,
A longer ſtruggling with the pangs of Death.
Creſſi. O thoſe who do not know what parting is,
Can never learn to die!
Troil. When I but think this ſight may be our laſt,
If *Jove* cou'd ſet me in the place of *Atlas*,
And lay the weight of Heav'n and God's upon me,
He cou'd not preſs me more.

Creſſi.

Creſſi. Oh let me go that I may know my Grief;
Grief is but gueſs'd, while thou art ſtanding by:
But I too ſoon ſhall know what Abſence is.
Troil. Why 'tis to be no more: another name for Death.
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North;
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome Icy Cliff,
To watch the laſt low Circles that he makes;
Till he ſink down from Heaven! O only *Creſſida*,
If thou depart from me, I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to laſt for grief;
But thou ſhalt hear what grief has done with me.
Creſs. If I could live to hear it, I were falſe,
But as a careful Traveller, who fearing
Aſſaults of Cobbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I truſt my Heart with thee; and to the *Greeks*
Bear but an empty Casket.
Troil. Then, I will live; that I may keep that Treaſure:
And arm'd with this aſſurance, let thee go
Looſe, yet ſecure as is the gentle Hawk,
When whiſtled off ſhe mounts into the VVind:
Our Love's, like Mountains high above the Clouds,
Though Winds and Tempeſts beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads nor ſtorm nor thunder know,
But ſcorn the threatning rack that rowls below, *Exeunt Amboa.*

SCENE II.

Achilles *and* Patroclus, *ſtanding in their Tent.*

Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Neſtor, Ajax, *paſſing over the Stage.*

Ulyſſ. A*chilles* in th'entrance of his Tent:
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and Princes all
Look on him with Neglectful Eyes and Scorn:
Pride muſt be cur'd by Pride.
Agam. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each Prince, either ſalute him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which will ſhake him more,
Than if not look'd on: I will lead the way.
Achill. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my Mind; I'll fight no more with *Troy*.
Agam. What ſays *Achilles*, wou'd he ought with us?
Neſt. Wou'd you, my Lord, ought with the General?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing my Lord.
Agam. The better.
Menel. How do you? how do you?
Achill. What does the Cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now *Patroclus*?
Achill. Good morrow *Ajax*.
Ajax. Ha!
Achill. Good morrow.
Ajax. I, and good next day too. [*Exeunt all but* Achilles, *and* Patroclus.
Achill. What mean theſe Fellows, know they not *Achilles*?
Patroc. They paſs by ſtrangely; they were us'd to bow;
And ſend their Smiles before 'em to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.
Achill. Am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with Fortune,
Muſt fall out with Men too: What the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: For Men like Butter-flies,
Show not their mealy Wings but to the Summer.

Patroc.

Patroc. 'Tis known you are in love with *Hector's* Siſter,
And therefore will not fight: and your not fighting,
Draws on you this Contempt: I oft have told you,
A Woman impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate Man
In time of Action: I'm condemn'd for this:
They think my little Appetite to VVar,
Deads all the fire in you: But rowſe your ſelf,
And Love ſhall from your neck unlooſe his Folds;
Or like a Dew drop from a Lions Mane,
Be ſhaken into Air.

Achill. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

Patroc. Yes, and perhaps ſhall gain much honour by him.

Achill. I ſee my Reputation is at ſtake.

Patroc. O then beware, thoſe wounds heal ill that Men have giv'n themſelves, becauſe they give 'em deepeſt.

Achill. I'll do ſomething:
But what I know not yet,——No more our Champion.

Re-enter Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomede, Trumpet.

Agam. Here art thou daring Combatant, valiant *Ajax.*
Give with thy Trumpet, a loud note to *Troy*,
Thou Noble Champion, that the ſounding Air,
May pierce the Ears of the great Challenger,
And call him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, take that Purſe:
Now crack thy Lungs, and ſplit the ſounding Braſs:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector.* [*Trumpet ſounds, and is anſwer'd from within.*

Enter Hector, Æneas, *and other Trojans*

Agam. Yonder comes the Troop.

Æneas, *coming to the Greeks.*

Health to the *Grecian* Lords; what ſhall be done
To him that ſhall be vanquiſh'd? or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhould be known? will you the Knights,
Shall to the edge of all extremity,
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any Voice, or Order of the Field;
Hector bad ask.

Agam. Which way wou'd *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Achill. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done;
A little proudly, and too much deſpiſing
The Knight oppos'd, he might have found his match.

Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?

Achill. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Æne. Therefore *Achilles*, but who e're knew this;
Great *Hector* knows no Pride, but weigh him well.
And that which looks like Pride is Courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hectors* blood,
In love whereof half *Hector* ſtays at home;

Achill. A Maiden Battel! I perceive you then.

Agam. Go *Diomede*, and ſtand by valiant *Ajax:*
As you and Lord *Æneas* ſhall conſent,
So let the Fight proceed or terminate.

[*The Trumpet ſounds on both ſides, while* Æneas *and* Diomede *take their places, as Judges of the Field: The* Trojans *and* Grecians *rank themſelves on either ſide.*

Ulyſſ. They are oppos'd already.

[*Fight equal at firſt: then* Ajax *has* Hector *at diſadvantage: at laſt* Hector *cloſes,* Ajax *falls on one knee,* Hector *ſtands over him, but ſtrikes not, and* Ajax *riſes.*

Æneas *throwing his Gauntlet betwixt them.*

Princes enough, you both have ſhown much Valour.

Diomede. And we as Judges of the Field declare;
The Combat here ſhall ceaſe.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Æne. Then let it be as *Hector* ſhall determine.

Hect. If it be left to me, I will no more.
Ajax, thou art my Aunt *Heſion*'s Son;
The obligation of our Blood forbids us.
But were thy mixture *Greek* and *Trojan* ſo,
That thou cou'd'ſt ſay, this part is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*, hence thou ſhou'd'ſt not bear
One *Grecian* Limb, wherein my pointed Sword
Had not impreſſion made, but Heav'n forbid,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from my Mother,
Shou'd e'er be drain'd by me, let me embrace thee, Couſin:
By him who Thunders, thou haſt ſinewy Arms,
Hector wou'd have 'em fall upon him thus: —— [*Embrace.*
Thine be the honour, *Ajax.*
Ajax. I thank thee *Hector*,
Thou art too gentle, and to free a Man:
I came to kill thee, Couſin, and to gain
A great addition from that glorious Act:
But thou haſt quite diſarm'd me.
Hect. I am glad:
For 'tis the only way I cou'd diſarm thee.
Ajax. If I might in intreaty find ſucceſs,
I wou'd deſire to ſee thee at my Tent,
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wiſh, and great *Achilles*,
Both long to ſee the valiant *Hector* there.
Hect. Æneas, call my Brother *Troilus* to me;
And you two ſign this friendly interview [Agam. *and the chief of both ſides approach.*
Agam. [*to Hect.*] Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to one
Who wou'd be rid of ſuch an Enemy.
To *Troil.*] My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no leſs to you.
Neſt. I have, thou gallant *Trojan* ſeen thee often
Labouring for Deſtiny, make cruel way,
Through ranks of *Grecian* Youth, and I have ſeen thee
As ſwift as lightning Spur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And ſeen thee ſcorning many forfeit Lives,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd Sword i'th' Air,
Not letting it decline on proſtrate Foes;
That I have ſaid to all the ſtanders by,
Lo *Jove* is yonder diſtributing Life.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
Who haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with Time:
Moſt Reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.
Ulyſſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we have here, her Baſe and Pillar by us.
Hect. I know your Count'nance, Lord *Ulyſſes*, well;
Ah Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*,
In *Ilion*, on your Greekiſh Embaſſy.
Achil. Now *Hector* I have fed mine Eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted Joint by Joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand fair, I prithee let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the ſecond time,
As I wou'd buy thee, view thee Limb by Limb.
Hect. O, like a Book of Sport thou read'ſt me o'er:
But there's more in me than thou underſtand'ſt.
Achil. Tell me, ye Heav'ns, in which part of his Body
Shall I deſtroy him? there, or there, or there?
That I may give the imagin'd Wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very Breach, where-out
Hector's great Spirit flew! anſwer me Heavens!

Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me this,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
I'll kill thee every where.
Ye Noble *Grecians* pardon me this boaſt,
His Inſolence draws Folly from my Lips,
But I'll endeavour Deeds to match theſe Words;
Elſe may I never-——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Couſin.
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe Threats alone:
You may have every Day enough of *Hector*,
If you have Stomach, the General State I fear
Can ſcarce intreat you to perform your boaſt.
Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the Field;
We have had paltry Wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecian* Cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou entreat me *Hector?*
To Morrow will I meet thee, fierce as Death:
To Night all Peace.
Hect. Thy Hand upon that Match.
Agam. Firſt all you *Grecian* Princes go with me,
And entertain great *Hector*; afterwards,
As his own leiſure ſhall concur with yours,
You may invite him to your ſeveral Tents.
Exeunt Agam. Hect. Menel. Neſtor, Diomede, *together.*
Troil. My Lord *Ulyſſes*
Tell me, I beſeech you,
In what part of the Field does *Calchas* lodge?
Ulyſſ. At *Menelaus* Tent;
There *Diomede* does Feaſt with him to Night:
Who neither looks on Heaven or on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view,
On *Creſſida* alone.
Troil. Shall I, brave Lord, be bound to you ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnon*'s Tent,
To bring me thither.
Ulyſſ. I ſhall wait on you.
As freely tell me of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy?* had ſhe no Lovers there
Who mourn her Abſence?
Troil. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhow their Scars,
Reproof is due, ſhe lov'd and was belov'd:
That's all I muſt impart, Lead on my Lord. [*Exeunt* Ulyſſes, Troilus.
Achil. [*to Patro.*] I'll heat his Blood with Greekiſh Wine to Night,
Which with my Sword I mean to cool to Morrow.
Patroclus, let us Feaſt him to the height.
Enter Therſites.
Pat. Here comes *Therſites.*
Achil. How now thou Core of Envy,
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the News?
Therſ. VVhy thou Picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, thou Idol of
Ideot VVorſhippers, there's a Letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, Fragment?
Therſ. VVhy thou full diſh of Fool, from *Troy.*
Pat. VVell ſaid Adverſity, what makes thee ſo keen to Day?
Therſ. Becauſe a Fools my Whetſtone.
Pat. Meaning me?
Therſ. Yes, meaning thy no meaning; prithee be ſilent, Boy, I profit not by thy Talk: Now the rotten Diſeaſes of the South, Gut-gripings, Ruptures, Catarrhs; loads of Gravel in the Back, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take thee, and take thee again; thou green Sarcenet flap for a ſore Eye, thou Taſſel of a Prodigal's Purſe, thou: Ah how the poor VVorld is peſter'd with ſuch VVater-flies: ſuch diminutives of Nature.
Achi. My dear *Patroclus*, I am quite prevented
From my great purpoſe bent on *Hector*'s Life:

Here

Here is a Letter from my Love *Polixena*,
Both taxing and ingaging me to keep
An Oath that I have ſworn: and will not break it
To ſave all *Greece:* let Honour go or ſtay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame. [*Exeunt* Achilles, Patroclus.

Ther. With too much Blood, and too little Brain, theſe two are running mad before the Dog-days. There's *Agamemnon* too, an honeſt Fellow enough, and loves a Brimmer heartily; but he has not ſo much Brains as an old Gander. But his Brother *Menelaus*, there's a Fellow; the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* when he lov'd *Europa:* the primitive Cuckold, a vile Monkey ty'd eternally to his Brother's Table, to be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Toad, an Owl, a Lizzard, a Herring without a Roe, I wou'd not care; but to be *Menelaus* I wou'd conſpire againſt Deſtiny——Hey day! *Will with a Wiſp* and *Jack a Lanthorn!*

Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Diomede, Ulyſſes, Troilus, *going with Torches over the Stage.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the Light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. Not at all Couſin; here comes *Achilles* himſelf to guide us.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.
Agam. So now, brave Prince of *Troy*, I take my leave;
Ajax commands the Guard to wait on you.
Men. Good Night, my Lord.
Hect. Good Night ſweet Lord *Menelaus.*
Therſ. [*aſide.*] Sweet quoth a! ſweet Sink, ſweet Shore, ſweet Jakes!
Achil. Neſtor will ſtay; and you Lord *Diomede*
Keep *Hector* company an Hour or two.
Diom. I cannot Sir, I have important buſineſs.
Achil. Enter my Lords.
Ulyſſ. [*to Troil.*] Follow his Torch: he goes to *Calchas*'s Tent.

[*Exeunt* Achill. Hector, Ajax *at one way*, Diomede *another, and after him* Ulyſſes, Troilus.

Therſ. This *Diomede*'s a moſt falſe-hearted Rogue,
An unjuſt Knave: I will no more truſt him when he winks with one Eye, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his Mouth and Promiſe, like Brabbler the Hound: But when he performs, Aſtronomers ſet it down for a Prodigy; though I long to ſee *Hector*, I cannot forbear dogging him: they ſay he keeps a *Trojan* Drab, and uſes *Calchas* Tent, that Fugitive Prieſt of *Troy*, that Canonical Rogue of our ſide. I'll after him, nothing but Whoring in this Age; all incontinent Raſcals. [*Exit* Therſites.

Enter Calchas, Creſſida.

Calch. O, what a bleſſing is a vertuous Child!
Thou haſt reclaim'd my Mind, and calm'd my Paſſions
Of Anger and Revenge: my love to *Troy*
Revives within me, and my loſt *Tyara*
No more diſturbs my Mind.
Creſſ. A vertuous Conqueſt.
Calch. I have a Womans longing to return,
But yet which way, without your Aid I know not.
Creſſ. Time muſt inſtruct us how.
Calch. You muſt diſſemble love to *Diomede* ſtill:
Falſe *Diomede* bred in *Ulyſſes* School,
Can never be deceiv'd
But by ſtrong Arts and blandiſhments of Love,
Put 'em in practice all, ſeem loſt and won,
And draw him on, and give him Line again;
This *Argus* then may cloſe his hundred Eyes,
And leave our flight more eaſie.
Creſſ. How can I anſwer this to Love and *Troilus?*
Calch. Why, 'tis for him you do it, promiſe largely;
That Ring he ſaw you wear, he much ſuſpects
Was given you by a Lover; let him have it.
Diom. [*within.*] Hoa, *Calchas, Calchas!*

Calch. Hark! I hear his Voice.
Purſue your Project, doubt not the Succeſs.
Creſs. Heaven knows againſt my will; and yet my hopes
This Night to meet my *Troilus*, while 'tis Truce
Afford my mind ſome eaſe.
Calch. No more, Retire. [*Exit* Creſſida.
Enter Diomede; Troilus *and* Ulyſſes *appear liſtening at one Door, and* Therſites *watching at another.*
Diom. I came to ſee your Daughter, worthy *Calchas.*
Calch. My Lord I'll call her to you. *Exit* Calchas.
Ulyſſes to *Troil.* Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.
Enter Creſſida.
Troil. *Creſſida* comes forth to him!
Diom. How now my charge?
Creſſ. Now my ſweet Guardian, hark a word with you. *Whiſper.*
Troil. I, ſo familiar!
Diom. Will you remember?
Creſſ. Remember, yes.
Troil. Heav'ns! what ſhou'd ſhe remember? plague and madneſs!
Ulyſſes. Prince, you are mov'd; let us depart in time,
Leſt your Diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful Terms; this place is dangerous,
The time unfit, 'beſeech you let us go.
Troil. I pray you ſtay; by Hell, and by Hell Torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Diom. I'll hear no more; good Night.
Creſſ. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troil. Does that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!
Diom. Farewel Couſener.
Creſſ. Indeed I am not: pray come back again.
Ulyſſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething: will you go?
You will break out.
Troil. By all the Gods I will not.
There is between my Will and all my Actions,
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.
Therſ. aſide. How the Devil Luxury, with his fat Rump, and potato Fingers, tickles theſe together! put him off a little, you fooliſh Harlot, 'twill ſharpen him the more.
Diom. But will you then?
Creſſi. I will as ſoon as e'er the War's concluded.
Diom. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it,
The Ring I ſaw you wear.
Creſſ. Giving it. If you muſt have it.
Troil. The Ring! nay then 'tis plain, O beauty where's thy Faith?
Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.
Therſi. That's well, that's well, the pledge is given, hold her to her word good Devil, and her Soul's thine I warrant thee.
Diom. Whoſe was't?
Creſſ. By all *Diana's* waiting train of Stars,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Diom. Why then thou lov'ſt him ſtill, farewell for ever;
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.
Creſſ. You ſhall not go, one cannot ſpeak a word,
But ſtrait it ſtarts you.
Diom. I do not like this fooling.
Therſ. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that which likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Diom. I ſhall expect your promiſe.
Creſſ. I'll perform it,
Not a word more; good Night——— I hope for ever: [*aſide.*
Thus to deceive deceivers is no fraud. [*Exeunt* Diomede, Creſſida, *ſeverally.*
Ulyſſ. All's done my Lord.
Troil. Is it?
Ulyſſ. Pray let us go.
Troil. Was *Creſſida* here?

Ulyſſ.

Ulyſſ. I cannot Conjure *Trojan.*
Troil. She was not ſure! ſhe was not.
Let it not be believ'd for womanhood:
Think we had Mothers, do not give advantage
To biting Satyr, apt without a Theme,
For Defamation, to ſquare all the Sex
By *Creſſids* Rule, rather think this not *Creſſida.*
Therſ. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?
Troil. This ſhe! no, this was *Diomedes Creſſida.*
If beauty have a Soul, this is not ſhe:
I cannot ſpeak for Rage, that Ring was mine,
By Heaven I gave it in that point of time,
When both our joys were fulleſt!——if he keeps it,
Let Dogs eat *Troilus.*
Therſ. He'll tickle it for his Concupy: this will be ſport to ſee!
Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this Whore; a Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he will for a commodious Drab: I wou'd I cou'd meet with this Rogue *Diomede* too; I would croke like a Raven to him; I wou'd bode: it ſhall go hard but I'll find him out. *Exit* Therſites.

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy.*
Ulyſſ. Commend me gallant *Troilus* to your Brother:
Tell him I hope he ſhall not need to Arm:
The fair *Polixena* has by a Letter
Diſarm'd our great *Achilles* of his Rage.
Troil. This I ſhall ſay to *Hector.*
Ulyſſ. So I hope;
Pray Heaven *Therſites* have inform'd me true,—— [*aſide.*
Troil. Good Night, my Lord; accept diſtracted thanks. *Exit* Ulyſſes.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Hear ye, my Lord, hear ye; I have been ſeeing yon poor Girl,
There have been old doings there i'faith.
Troil. aſide. Hold yet, my Spirits; let him pour it in,
The Poyſon's kind, the more I drink of it,
The ſooner 'twill diſpatch me.
Æne. to Pand. Peace you babbler!
Pand. She has been mightily made on by the *Greeks*: She takes moſt wonderfully among'em: *Achilles* kiſs'd her, and *Patroclus* kiſs'd her: Nay, and old *Neſtor* put aſide his gray Beard and bruſh'd her with his Whiskers. Then comes me *Agamemnon* with his Generals Staff, diving with a low bow ev'n to the Ground, and riſing again, juſt at her Lips: And after him came *Ulyſſes*, and *Ajax*, and *Menelaus*: and they ſo pelted her i'faith: pitter patter, pitter patter, as thick as Hail-ſtones. And after that a whole rout of 'em: Never was Woman in *Phrygia* better kiſs'd.
Troil. aſide. Hector ſaid true: I find, I find it now!
Pand. And laſt of all comes me *Diomede* ſo demurely: that's a notable ſly Rogue I warrant him! mercy upon us, how he laid her on upon the Lips! for as I told you, ſhe's moſt mightily made on among the *Greeks.* VVhat, cheer up I ſay Man! ſhe has every ones good word. I think in my Conſcience, ſhe was born with a Call upon her Head.
Troil. aſide. Hell, Death, Confuſion, how he tortures me.
Pand. And that Rogue-Prieſt my Brother, is ſo courted and treated for her ſake: the young Sparks do ſo pull him about, and haul him by the Caſſock: Nothing but Invitations to his Tent, and his Tent, and his Tent. Nay, and one of 'em was ſo bold, as to ask him if ſhe were a Virgin, and with that the Rogue my Brother, takes me up a little God in his hand, and kiſſes it; and ſwears devoutly that ſhe was, then was I ready to burſt my ſides with Laughing, to think what had paſs'd betwixt you two.
Troil. O I can bear no more, ſhe's falſhood all;
Falſe by both kinds, for with her Mothers Milk,
She ſuck'd th'infuſion of her Fathers Soul:
She only wants an opportunity,
Her Soul's a Whore already.

Pand.

Pand. VVhat would you make a Monopoly of a Womans Lips; a little conſolation or ſo, might be allow'd one wou'd think, in a Lovers abſence!

Troil. Hence from my ſight, let Ignominy brand thy hated name:
Let Modeſt Matrons at thy mention ſtart;
And bluſhing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'r the guilty page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the Noble work.

Pand. O World, World; thou art an ungrateful patch of Earth:
Thus the poor Agent is deſpis'd, he labours painfully in his Calling, and trudges between Parties: but when their turns are ſerv'd, come out's too good for him. I am mighty melancholy: I'll e'n go home, and ſhut up my Doors; and dye o'th ſullens like an old Bird in a Cage. *Exit* Pandarus.

Enter Diomede *and* Therſites.

Therſ. aſide. There, there he is; now let it work: Now play thy part jealouſy, and twinge 'em; put 'em between thy Milſtones, and grind the Rogues together.

Diom. My Lord I am by *Ajax* ſent to inform you,
This hour muſt end the Truce.

Æneas to *Troil.* Contain your ſelf;
Think where we are.

Diom. Your ſtay will be unſafe.

Troil. It may for thoſe I hate.

Therſ. aſide. Well ſaid *Trojan*: there's the firſt hit.

Diom. Beſeech you Sir make haſt, my own Affairs
Call me another way.

Therſ. aſide. What Affairs? what Affairs? demand that Dolthead: the Rogue will loſe a quarrel for want of wit to ask that queſtion.

Troil. May I enquire where your Affairs conduct you?

Therſ. aſide. Well ſaid again, I beg thy pardon.

Diom. Oh, it concerns you not.

Troil. Perhaps it does.

Diom. You are too inquiſitive; nor am I bound
To ſatisfie an Enemies Requeſt.

Troil. You have a Ring upon your finger *Diomede*,
And given you by a Lady.

Diom. If it were; 'twas given to one who can defend her Gift.

Therſ. aſide. So, ſo, the Boars begin to gruntle at one another: ſet up your Briſtles now a'both ſides: whet and foam Rogues.

Troil. You muſt reſtore it *Greek*, by Heaven you muſt:
No ſpoil of mine ſhall grace a Traitors hand.
And with it, give me back the broken Vows
Of my falſe fair; which, perjur'd as ſhe is,
I never will reſign, but with my Soul.

Diom. Then thou it ſeems art that forſaken fool,
Who wanting Merit to preſerve her Heart,
Repines in vain to ſee it better plac'd;
But know, (for now I take a pride to grieve thee)
Thou art ſo loſt a thing in her Eſteem,
I never heard thee nam'd, but ſome ſcorn follow'd:
Thou wert our table-talk for laughing Meals:
Thy name our ſportful theme for Evening walks:
And intermiſſive hours of cooler Love:
When hand in hand we went. [*Troil.*] Hell and Furies!

Therſi. Aſide. O well ſtung Scorpion!
Now *Menelaus* his Greek horns are out of doors, there's a new Cuckold ſtart up on the Trojan ſide.

Troil. Yet this was ſhe, ye Gods that very ſhe,
VVho in my arms lay melting all the Night;
VVho kiſs'd and ſigh'd, and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd again,
As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips,
To meet mine there, and panted at the paſſage.
VVho loth to find the breaking day, look'd out,
And ſhrunk into my boſom, there to make
A little longer darkneſs.

Diom. Plagues and Tortures! *Therſi.*

Therſi. Good, good, by *Pluto*! their fool's mad to loſe his Harlot: and our fool's mad, that t'other fool had her firſt: if I ſought peace now, I could tell 'em there's punk enough to ſatisfie 'em both: whore ſufficient! but let 'em worry one another, the fooliſh Currs; they think they can never have enough of Carrion.

Æneas. My Lords, this fury is not proper here,
In time of Truce; if either ſide be injur'd
To morrow's Sun will riſe apace and then—

Troil. And then! but why ſhould I defer till then?
My blood calls now, there is no Truce for Traytors.
My Vengeance rowls within my Breaſt, it muſt,
It will have vent.——— [*Draws.*

Diom. Hinder us not *Æneas*,
My blood rides high as his, I truſt thy honour;
And know thou art too brave a foe to break it.——— [*Draws.*

Therſi. Now Moon! now ſhine ſweet Moon! let 'em have juſt light enough to make their paſſes: and not light enough to ward 'em.

Æne. Drawing too. by Heaven he comes on this who ſtrikes the firſt,
You both are mad, is this like gallant Men,
To fight at Midnight; at the Murderers hour?
When only guilt and rapin draws a Sword?
Let Night enjoy her dues of ſoft Repoſe;
But let the Sun behold the brave Mans Courage.
And this I dare engage for *Diomede*,
Foe though I am, he ſhall not hide his Head,
But meet you in the very face of Danger.

Diom. putting up. Be't ſo: and were it on ſome precipice
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath,
Call when thou dar'ſt, juſt on the ſharpeſt point
I'le meet, and tumble with thee to Deſtruction.

Troil. A gnawing Conſcience haunts not guilty Men
As I'le haunt thee, to ſummon thee to this,
Nay, ſhould'ſt thou take the *Stygian Lake* for Refuge,
I'le plunge in after, through the boiling Flames,
To puſh thee hiſſing down the vaſt Abyſſe.

Diom. Where ſhall we meet?

Troil. Before the Tent of *Calchas*:
Thither, through all your Troops, I'll fight my way;
And in the ſight of perjur'd *Creſſida*,
Give death to her through thee.

Diom. Tis largely promis'd.
But I diſdain to anſwer with a boaſt;
Be ſure thou ſhalt be met.

Troil. And thou be found. [*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas *one way*: Diomede *the other.*

Therſ. Now the furies take *Æneas*, for letting 'em ſleep upon their quarrel: who knows but Reſt may cool their Brains, and make 'em riſe maukiſh to miſchief upon conſideration? May each of 'em dream he ſees his Cockatrice in t'others Arms, and be ſtabbing one another in their Sleep, to remember 'em of their buſineſs when they wake: Let 'em be punctual to the point of Honour; and if it were poſſible let both be firſt at the place of Execution. Let neither of 'em have cogitation enough, to conſider 'tis a Whore they fight for: And let 'em value their Lives at as little as they are worth. And laſtly, let no ſucceeding Fools take warning by 'em; but in imitation of them when a Strumpet is in queſtion,

Let 'em beneath their Feet all Reaſon trample;
And think it great to periſh by Example.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hector, Trojans, Andromache.

Hect. THE blew Miſts riſe from off the nether Grounds,
And the Sun mounts apace: to Arms, to Arms:
I am reſolv'd to put to th' utmoſt proof,
The fate of *Troy* this day.

Andro.

Andro. [*aſide.*] Oh, wretched Woman, oh!
Hect. Methought I heard you ſigh, *Andromache!*
Andro. Did you my Lord?
Hect. Did you my Lord? you anſwer indirectly,
Juſt when I ſaid that I wou'd put our Fate
Upon th' extreameſt proof, you fetch'd a Groan;
And, as you check'd your ſelf, for what you did,
You ſtifl'd it, and ſtopt. Come, you are ſad.
Andro. The Gods forbid?
Hect. What ſhould the Gods forbid?
Andro. That I ſhou'd give you cauſe of juſt offence.
Hect. You ſay well: but you look not chearfully.
I mean this Day to waſte the ſtock of War,
And lay it prodigally out in Blows:
Come gird my Sword, and ſmile upon me, Love;
Like Victory come flying to my Arms;
And give me earneſt of deſir'd ſucceſs.
Andro. The Gods protect you: and reſtore you to me.
Hect. What, grown a Coward? thou wert us'd, *Andromache*,
To give my Courage, courage: thou would'ſt cry,
Go *Hector*; day grows old; and part of Fame
Is raviſh'd from thee, by thy ſlothful ſtay.
Andro. [*aſide.*] What ſhall I do, to ſeem the ſame I was?
Come let me gird thy Fortune to thy ſide:
And Conqueſt ſit as cloſe, and ſure as this.
[*She goes to gird his Sword, and it falls.*
Now Mercy, Heaven! the Gods avert this Omen!
Hect. A fooliſh Omen! take it up again;
And mend thy Error.
Andro. I cannot: for my Hand obeys me not.
But as in ſlumbers, when we fain wou'd run
From our imagin'd Fears, our idle Feet
Grow to the Ground, our ſtruggling Voice dies inward
So now, when I wou'd force my ſelf to chear you,
My faltring Tongue can give no glad Preſage;
Alas, I am no more *Andromache.*
Hect. Why then thy former Soul is flown to me:
For I, methinks, am lifted into Air?
As if my Mind, maſtring my mortal part
Wou'd bear my exalted Body to the Gods.
Laſt Night I dreamt *Jove* ſate on *Ida*'s top
And beckning with his hand divine from far,
He pointed to a Quire of Demi-Gods,
Bacchus, and *Hercules*, and all the reſt
Who, free from humane Toils, had gain'd the pitch
Of bleſt Eternity: lo there he ſaid;
Lo there's a place for *Hector.*
Andro. Be to thy Enemies this boding Dream.
Hect. VVhy it portends me Honour and Renown.
Andro. Such Honour as the Brave gain after Death.
For I have dreamt all Night of horrid Slaughters,
Of trampling Horſes, and of Chariot VVheels
VVading in Blood up to their Axel-Trees.
Of fiery *Demons* gliding down the Skies,
And *Ilium* brighten'd with a Midnight blaze;
O therefore, if thou lov'ſt me, go not forth.
Hect. Go to thy Bed again; and there dream better.
Ho, bid my Trumpet Sound.
Andro. No Notes of Sally for the Heaven's ſweet ſake.
'Tis not for nothing when my Spirits droop:
This is a Day when thy ill Stars are ſtrong,
VVhen they have driv'n thy helpleſs Genius down
The ſteep of Heaven to ſome obſcure retreat.
Hect. No more; ev'n as thou lov'ſt my Fame, no more:

My

My Honour ſtands ingag'd to meet *Achilles:*
What will the *Grecians* think, or what will he,
Or what will *Troy*, or what wilt thou thy ſelf,
When once this Ague-fit of Fear is o'er;
If I ſhould loſe my Honour for a Dream?
Andro. Your Enemies too well your Courage know,
And Heaven abhors the forfeit of raſh Vows,
Like ſpotted Livers in a Sacrifice.
I cannot; O I dare not let you go:
For when you leave me, my preſaging Mind
Says, I ſhall never, never ſee you more.
Hect. Thou excellently good, but oh too ſoft,
Let me not 'ſcape the danger of this Day,
But I have ſtrugling in my manly Soul,
To ſee thoſe modeſt Tears, aſham'd to fall,
And witneſs any part of Woman in thee!
And now I fear, leſt thou ſhould'ſt think it fear,
If thus diſſwaded I refuſe to fight,
And ſtay inglorious in thy Arms at home.
Andro. Oh! cou'd I have that thought, I ſhou'd not love thee;
Thy Soul is proof to all things but to kindneſs.
And therefore 'twas that I forbore to tell thee
How mad *Caſſandra*, full of Prophecy
Ran round the Streets, and like a Bachanal,
Cry'd, hold him *Priam*, 'tis an ominous Day,
Let him not go; for *Hector* is no more.
Hect. Our Life is ſhort, but to extend that ſpan
To vaſt Eternity is Virtue's work.
Therefore to thee, and not to fear of Fate,
Which once muſt come to all, give I this Day;
But ſee thou move no more the like Requeſt:
For reſt aſſur'd, that to regain this Hour,
To Morrow will I tempt a double danger:
Mean time, let Deſtiny attend thy leiſure.
I reckon this one Day a blank of Life.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Where are you, Brother? now in Honour's Name,
What do you mean to be thus long unarm'd?
Th' imbattel'd Soldiers throng about the Gates:
The Matrons to the Turrets tops aſcend
Holding their helpleſs Children in their Arms,
To make you early known to their young Eyes,
And *Hector* is the univerſal ſhout.
Hect. Bid all unarm, I will not fight to Day.
Troil. Employ ſome Coward to bear back this news,
And let the Children hoot him for his pains;
By all the Gods, and by my juſt Revenge,
This Sun ſhall ſhine the laſt for them or us:
Theſe noiſy Streets, or yonder ecchoing Plains,
Shall be to Morrow ſilent as the Grave.
Andro. O Brother, do not urge a Brother's Fate,
But let this rack of Heav'n and Earth rowl o'er,
And when the Storm is paſt, put out to Sea.
Troil. Oh now I know from whence his Change proceeds,
Some frantick Augur has obſerv'd the Skies;
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong;
By Heav'n 'twas never well, ſince ſawcy Prieſts
Grew to be Maſters of the liſt'ning Herd:
And into Miters cleft the Regal Crown.
Then as the Earth were ſcanty for their pow'r,
They drew the Pomp of Heav'n to wait on them;
Shall I go publiſh *Hector* dares not fight,
Becauſe a Mad-man dreamt he talk'd with *Jove*?
What cou'd the God ſee in a brain-ſick Prieſt,

That he ſhou'd ſooner talk to him than me?
Hect. You know my Name's not liable to fear.
Troi. Yes, to the worſt of fear, to ſuperſtition.
But whether that or fondneſs of a Wife,
(The more unpardonable ill) has ſeiz'd you,
Know this, the *Grecians* think you fear *Achilles*,
And that *Polixena* has beg'd your Life.
Hect. How! that my Life is beg'd, and by my Siſter?
Troil. Ulyſſes ſo inform'd me at our parting,
With a malicious and diſdainful Smile:
'Tis true, he ſaid not in broad words you fear'd,
But in well-manner'd terms 'twas ſo agreed,
Achilles ſhou'd avoid to meet with *Hector*.
Hect. He thinks my Siſter's Treaſon, my Petition,
That largely vaunting in my heat of Blood
More than I cou'd, it ſeems, or durſt perform,
I ſought evaſion.
Troil. And in private pray'd.
Hect. O yes, *Polixena*, to beg my Life.
Andro. He cannot think ſo, do not urge him thus.
Hect. Not urge me! then thou think'ſt I need his urging.
By all the Gods, ſhou'd *Jove* himſelf deſcend,
And tell me, *Hector* thou deſerv'ſt not Life,
But take it as a Boon; I wou'd not live.
But that a mortal Man, and he of all Men
Shou'd think my Life were in his pow'r to give,
I will not reſt till proſtrate on the Ground,
I make him, Atheiſt-like, implore his Breath
Of me, and not of Heaven.
Troil. Then you'll refuſe no more to fight.
Hect. Refuſe! I'll not be hinder'd, Brother.
I'll through and through 'em, ev'n their hindmoſt Ranks,
Till I have found that large ſiz'd boaſting Fool,
Who dare preſume my Life is in his Gift.
Andro. Farewel, farewel: 'tis vain to ſtrive with Fate.
Caſſandra's raging God inſpires my Breaſt,
With truths that muſt be told and not believ'd.
Look how he dies! look how his Eyes turn pale!
Look how his Blood burſts out at many vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars, how *Hecuba* cries out,
And widow'd I fill all the Streets with Screams!
Behold diſtraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like Antiques meet, and tumble upon heaps!
And all cry *Hector*; *Hector*'s dead! Oh *Hector!* *Exit* Andromache.
Hect. What ſport will be when we return at Evening,
To laugh her out of count'nance for her Dreams!
Troil. I have not quench'd my Eyes with dewy ſleep this Night;
But fiery fumes mount upward to my Brains,
And when I breathe, methinks my Noſtrils hiſs!
I ſhall turn Baſilisk! and with my ſight
Do my Hands work, on *Diomede* this Day.
Hect. To Arms, to Arms, the Vanguards are ingag'd:
Let us not leave one Man to guard the Walls,
Both Old and Young, the Coward and the Brave,
Be ſummon'd all, our utmoſt Fate to try;
And as one Body move, whoſe Soul am I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Camp.*

Alarm within. *Enter* Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Menelaus, *Soldiers.*

Agam. THus far the promiſe of the Day is fair:
Æneas rather loſes Ground than gains,
I ſaw him over-labour'd, taking Breath;

And

And leaning on his Spear, behold our Trenches,
Like a fierce Lyon looking up to Toils,
Which yet he durſt not leap.
Ulyſſ. And therefore diſtant Death does all the work:
The flights of whiſtling Darts make brown the Sky,
Whoſe claſhing points ſtrike fire, and gild the Dusk:
Thoſe that reach home, from neither Hoſt are vain,
So thick the preaſe; ſo luſty are their Arms,
That Death ſeem'd never ſent with better will,
Nor was with leſs concernment entertain'd.

Enter Neſtor.

Agam. Now, *Neſtor*, what's the news?
Neſtor, I have deſcrib'd,
A cloud of Duſt that mounts in Pillars upwards;
Expanding as it travels to our Camp,
And from the midſt I heard a burſting ſhout,
That rent the Heavens, as if all *Troy* were ſwarm'd,
And on the wing this way.
Menel. Let 'em come, let 'em come.
Agam. VVhere's great *Achilles*?
Ulyſſ. Think not on *Achilles*:
Till *Hector* drag him from his Tent to fight,
(VVhich ſure he will, for I have laid the Train.)
Neſt. But young *Patroclus* leads his Myrmidons;
And in their Front, ev'n in the face of *Hector*,
Reſolves to dare the *Trojans*.
Agam. Haſte *Ulyſſes*, bid *Ajax* iſſue forth and ſecond him.
Ulyſſ. Oh Noble General, let it not be ſo.
Oppoſe not Rage, while Rage is in its force;
But give it way a while; and let it waſte:
The riſing deluge is not ſtopt with dams,
Thoſe it o'erbears, and drowns the hopes of Harveſt:
But wiſely manag'd its divided ſtrength
Is ſluc'd in Channels, and ſecurely drain'd:
Firſt, let ſmall Parties dally with their Fury.
But when their force is ſpent and unſupply'd,
The reſidue with Mounds may be reſtrain'd,
And dry-ſhod we may paſs the naked Ford.

Enter Therſites.

Therſ. Ho, ho, ho!
Menel. VVhy doſt thou laugh, unſeaſonable Fool?
Therſ. VVhy thou Fool in ſeaſon, cannot a Man laugh, but thou think'ſt he makes Horns at thee? Thou Prince of the Herd, what haſt thou to do with laughing? 'Tis the Prerogative of Man to laugh! Thou Riſibility without Reaſon: thou ſubject of laughter; thou Fool Royal.
Ulyſſ. But tell us the occaſion of thy Mirth?
Therſ. Now a Man asks me, I care not if I anſwer to my own kind: why the Enemies are broken into our Trenches: Fools like *Menelaus* fall by thouſands; yet not a humane Soul departs on either ſide. *Troilus* and *Ajax* have almoſt beaten one anothers Heads off; but are both Immortal for want of Brains. *Patroclus* has kill'd *Sarpedon*; and *Hector*, *Patroclus*; So there's a towardly ſpringing Fop gone off: He might have made a Prince one Day: but now he's nipt in the very bud and promiſe of a moſt prodigious Coxcomb.
Agam. Bear off *Patroclus* Body to *Achilles*:
Revenge will arm him now, and bring us aid.
Th' Alarm ſounds near; and ſhouts are driv'n upon us,
As of a Crowd confus'd in their retreat.
Ulyſſ. Open your Ranks, and make theſe Madmen way:
Then cloſe again, to charge upon their backs;
And quite conſume the Reliques of the VVar. [*Exeunt all but* Therſites.
Therſ. VVhat ſhoals of Fools one Battel ſweeps away!
How it purges Families of younger Brothers! Highways of Robbers, and Cities of Cuckold-makers! there's nothing like a pitch'd Battel, for theſe brisk Addle-heads! Your Phyſician is a pretty Fellow; but his Fees make him tedious;

He rids not faſt enough; the Fools grow upon him, and their Horſe Bodies are poyſon proof. Your Peſtilence is a quicker Remedy; but it has not the grace to make Diſtinction; it huddles up honeſt Men and Rogues together. But your Battel has Diſcretion; it picks out all the forward Fools. And ſouſes 'em together into Immortality. [*Shouts and Alarm within.*

Plague upon theſe Drums and Trumpets! theſe ſharp Sawces of the War, to get Fools an Appetite to Fighting; what do I among 'em? I ſhall be miſtaken for ſome Valiant Aſs, and dye a Martyr in a wrong Religion.

Here Grecians *fly over the Stage, purſued by* Trojans: *One* Trojan *turns back upon* Therſites, *who is flying to.*

Trojan. Turn Slave and fight.

Therſ. turning. What art thou?

Troj. A Baſtard Son of *Priam's.*

Therſ. I am a Baſtard too: I love Baſtards: I am Baſtard in Body, Baſtard in Mind, Baſtard in Valour; in every thing Illegitimate. A Bear will not faſten upon a Bear; why ſhould one Baſtard offend another? let us part fair, like true Sons of Whores; and have the fear of our Mothers before our Eyes.

Troj. The Devil Take thee Coward. *Exit* Trojan.

Therſ. Now wou'd I were either Inviſible, or Invulnerable; theſe God's have a fine time on't; they can ſee and make Miſchief, and never feel it.

[*Clattering of Swords at both Doors; he runs each way, and meets the Noiſe.*

A pox clatter you; I am compaſs'd in: Now wou'd I were that Blockhead *Ajax* for a Minute: Some ſturdy *Trojan* will poach me up with a long pole, and then the Rogues may kill one another upon free coſt, and have no body left to laugh at 'em:

Now Deſtruction! now Deſtruction.

Enter Hector *and* Troilus *driving in the* Greeks.

Hect. to Ther. Speak what part thou fighteſt on?

Therſ. I fight not at all: I am for neither ſide.

Hect. Thou art a *Greek*: Art thou a match for *Hector*?

Art thou of Blood and Honour?

Therſ. No, I am a Raſcal: a Scurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live.

Therſ. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me: but the Devil break thy Neck for frighting me.

Troilus returning. What Priſoner have you there?

Hect. A gleaning of the War: a Rogue he ſays.

Troil. Diſpatch him and away. [*going to kill him.*

Therſ. Hold, hold: what is't no more but diſpatch a Man and away? I am in no ſuch haſt: I will not dye for *Greece*; I hate *Greece*, and by my good Will, wou'd nere have been born there; I was miſtaken into that Country, and betray'd by my Parents to be born there. And beſides I have a mortal Enemy amongſt the *Grecians*, one *Diomede* a damned Villain, and cannot dye with a ſafe Conſcience till I have firſt Murther'd him.

Troil. Shew me that *Diomede*, and thou ſhalt live.

Therſ. Come along with me and Ile conduct thee to *Calchas* his Tent, where I believe he's now making War with the Prieſts Daughter.

Hect. Here we muſt part, our Deſtinies divide us;

Brother and Friend, farewell

Troil. When ſhall we meet?

Hect. When the Gods pleaſe: if not, we once muſt part.

Look; on yon Hill their ſquander'd Troops unite.

Troil. If I miſtake not, 'tis their laſt Reſerve:

The Storm's blown o'er; and thoſe but after drops.

Hect. I wiſh our Men be not too far ingag'd:

For few we are and ſpent; as having born

The burthen of the Day: but hap what can,

They ſhall be charg'd: *Achilles* muſt be there;

And him I ſeek, or Death.

Divide our Troops and take the freſher half.

Troil. O Brother,

Hect. No diſpute of Ceremony,

Theſe are enow for me; in faith enow:

Their Bodies ſhall not flag while I can Lead;

Nor

Nor wearied Limbs confeſs Mortality,
Before thoſe Ants that blacken all yon Hill,
Are crept into the Earth: Farewell. [*Exit Hector.*

Troil. Farewell; come Greek.

Therſ. Now theſe Rival-Rogues will clapperclaw one another, and I ſhall have the ſport on't. *Exit* Troil. *with* Therſites.

Enter Achilles *and* Myrmidons.

Achill. Which way went *Hector*?

Myrmid. Up yon ſandy Hill:
You may diſcern 'em by their ſmoaking track;
A wavering Body working with bent Hams
Againſt the riſing, ſpent with painful March,
And by looſe-footing caſt on heaps together.

Achill. O thou art gone! thou ſweeteſt, beſt of Friends;
Why did I let thee tempt the ſhock of War
E're yet the tender Nerves had ſtrung thy Limbs,
And knotted into Strength. Yet, though too late,
I will, I will revenge thee, my *Patroclus*!
Nor ſhall thy Ghoſt thy Murtherers long attend,
But thou ſhalt hear him calling *Charon* back,
E're thou art wafted to the farther ſhore.
Make haſt, my Soldiers: give me this days pains,
For my dead Friend ſtrike every hand with mine,
Till *Hector* breathleſs, on the ground we lay;
Revenge is Honour, the ſecureſt way. *Exit with* Myrmidons.

[*Enter* Therſites, Troilus, Trojans.

Therſ. That's *Calchas*'s Tent.

Troil. Then that one ſpot of Earth contains more falſhood,
Than all the Sun ſees in his Race beſide.
That I ſhou'd truſt the Daughter of a Prieſt!
Prieſthood, that makes a Merchandiſe of Heaven;
Prieſthood, that ſells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Bleſſings,
And forces us to pay for our own couſenage.

Therſ. Nay cheats Heav'n too with entrails and with offals;
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
And keeps the beſt for private Luxury.

Troil. Thou haſt deſerv'd thy Life for curſing Prieſts:
Let me Embrace thee; thou art Beautiful:
That Back, that Noſe; thoſe Eyes are Beautiful:
Live, thou art honeſt; for thou hat'ſt a Prieſt.

Therſ. aſide. Farewell *Trojan*; if I ſcape with Life, as I hope; and thou art knock'd o'th Head, as I hope too; I ſhall be the firſt that ever ſcap'd the Revenge of a Prieſt, after curſing him; and thou wilt not be the laſt, I prophecy, that a Prieſt will bring to Ruin. [*Exit.* Ther.

Troil. Methinks my Soul is rowz'd to her laſt Work:
Has much to do, and little time to ſpare.
She ſtarts within me, like a Traveller,
VVho ſluggiſhly out-ſlept his Morning hour,
And mends in his pace, to reach his Inn betimes.

Noiſe within, follow, follow.

A Noiſe of Arms! the Traitor may be there:
Or elſe, perhaps, that conſcious Scene of Love,
The Tent may hold him, yet I dare not ſearch,
For oh, I fear to find him in that place. [*Exit* Troilus.

Enter Calchas, Creſſida.

Creſs. Where is he? I'le be juſtify'd or dye.

Calch. So quickly vaniſh'd! he was here but now:
He muſt be gone to ſearch for *Diomede*,
For *Diomede* told me, here they were to Fight.

Creſs. Alas! (*Calch.*) you muſt prevent, and not complain.

Creſs. If *Troilus* dye, I have no ſhare in Life.

Calch. If *Diomede* ſink beneath the Sword of *Troilus*,
We loſe not only a Protector here,
But are debarr'd all future means of Flight.

Creſſi. What then remains? *Calch.*

Calch. To interpoſe betimes
Betwixt their Swords; or if that cannot be,
To intercede for him, who ſhall be vanquiſh'd,
Fate leaves no middle courſe.—— [*Exit.* Calchas.

Claſhing within.

Creſſi. Ah me; I hear 'em;
And fear 'tis paſt prevention.

Enter Diomede, *retiring before* Troilus, *and falling as he enters.*

Troil. Now beg thy Life, or Dye.
Diom. No: uſe thy Fortune:
I loath the Life, which thou canſt give, or take.
Troil. Scornſt thou my Mercy Villain?—take thy wiſh.——
Creſſi. Hold, hold your hand my Lord, and hear me ſpeak.

Troilus *turns back: in which time* Diomede *riſes:* Trojans *and* Greeks *enter, and rank themſelves on both ſides of their Captains.*

Troil. Did I not hear the Voice of perjur'd *Creſſida?*
Com'ſt thou to give the laſt ſtab to my Heart?
As if the proofs of all thy former falſhood,
Were not enough convincing, com'ſt thou now
To beg my Rivals Life?
Whom, oh, if any ſpark of Truth remain'd,
Thou could'ſt not thus, ev'n to my face prefer?
Creſſi. What ſhall I ſay? that you ſuſpect me falſe
Has ſtruck me dumb; but let him live my *Troilus,*
By all our Loves, by all our paſt Endearments,
I do adjure thee ſpare him.
Troil. Hell, and Death!
Creſſi. If ever I had power to bend your Mind,
Believe me ſtill your Faithful *Creſſida:*
And though my Innocence appear like Guilt,
Becauſe I make his forfeit Life my Suit,
'Tis but for this, that my return to you,
Wou'd be cut off for ever by his Death.
My Father, treated like a Slave and ſcorn'd,
My ſelf in hated Bonds a Captive held.
Troil. Cou'd I believe thee, cou'd I think thee true,
In Triumph wou'd I bear thee back to *Troy,*
Though *Greece* could rally all her ſhatter'd Troops,
And ſtand embattel'd to oppoſe my way.
But, oh, thou Syren, I will ſtop my Ears,
To thy enchanting Notes; the winds ſhall bear
Upon their Wings, thy words more light than they.
Creſſi. Alas I but diſſembled Love to him;
If ever he had any proof beyond
What Modeſty might give.——
Diom. No? witneſs this——(*the Ring ſhown.*)
There, take her *Trojan*; thou deſerv'ſt her beſt,
You good, kind-natur'd, well-believing fools
Are Treaſures to a Woman.
I was a jealous, hard vexatious Lover,
And doubted even this Pledge till full Poſſeſſion:
But ſhe was Honourable to her Word;
And I have no juſt reaſon to Complain.
Creſſi. O, unexampled, frontleſs Impudence!
Troil. Hell ſhow me ſuch another tortur'd wretch, as *Troilus.*
Diom. Nay, grieve not: I reſign her freely up:
I'm ſatisfi'd: and dare engage for *Creſſida,*
That if you have a promiſe of her Perſon,
She ſhall be willing to come out of Debt.
Creſſi. [*kneeling.*] My only Lord, by all thoſe holy Vows,
Which if there be a Pow'r above, are binding,
Or, if there be a Hell below, are fearful,
May every Imprecation, which your Rage
Can wiſh on me, take place, if I am Falſe.

Diom.

Diom. Nay ſince you'r ſo concern'd to be believ'd,
I'me ſorry I have preſs'd my Charge ſo far;
Be what you wou'd be thought: I can be Grateful.
Troil. Grateful! Oh Torment, now Hells bleweſt Flames
Receive her quick; with all her Crimes upon her.
Let her ſink ſpotted down. Let the dark Hoſt
Make room; and point, and hiſs her as ſhe goes.
Let the moſt branded Ghoſts of all her Sex
Rejoyce, and cry, here comes a blacker Fiend.
Let her ———
Creſſi. Enough my Lord; you've ſaid enough:
This Faithleſs, Perjur'd, Hated *Creſſida*,
Shall be no more, the Subject of your Curſes:
Some few hours hence, and Grief had done your Work;
But then your Eyes had miſs'd the Satisfaction
Which thus I give you——thus— [*She Stabs her ſelf, they both run to her.*
Diom. Help, ſave her, help.
Creſſi. Stand off; and touch me not, thou Traitor, *Diomede:*
But you, my only *Troilus* come near:
Truſt me the Wound which I have giv'n this Breaſt
Is far leſs painful, than the Wound you gave it.
Oh, can you yet believe, that I am true?
Troil. This were too much, ev'n if thou hadſt been falſe:
But Oh, thou pureſt, whiteſt Innocence,
(For ſuch I know thee now) too late I know it.
May all my Curſes, and ten Thouſand more
Heavier than they, fall back upon my Head,
Pelion and *Oſſa* from the Gyants Grave,
Be torn by ſome avenging Deity,
And hurld at me, a bolder wretch than they,
Who durſt invade the Skies.
Creſſi. Hear him not Heavens,
But hear me bleſs him with my lateſt Breath:
And ſince I queſtion not your hard Decree,
That doom'd my days unfortunate and few,
Add all to him, you take away from me;
And I dye happy that he thinks me true. [*Dyes.*
Troil. She's gone for ever, and ſhe bleſt me dying:
Cou'd ſhe have curs'd me worſe? ſhe dy'd for me;
And like a Woman, I lament for her.
Diſtraction pulls me ſeveral ways at once,
Here pity calls me to weep out my Eyes;
Deſpair then turns me back upon my ſelf,
And bids me ſeek no more, but finiſh here: [*Sword to his Breaſt.*
Ha, ſmil'ſt thou Traitor? thou inſtruct'ſt me beſt,
And turn'ſt my juſt Revenge to puniſh thee.
Diom. Thy worſt, for mine has been beforehand with thee,
I triumph in thy vain Credulity,
Which levels thy deſpairing State to mine:
But yet thy folly to believe a Foe,
Makes thine the ſharper, and more ſhameful loſs.
Troil. By my few Moments of remaining Life;
I did not hope for any future Joy,
But thou haſt given me pleaſure e're I dye,
To puniſh ſuch a Villain. ——Fight apart. [*To his Soldiers.*
For Heaven and Hell have mark'd him out for me,
And I ſhou'd grudge ev'n his leaſt drop of Blood,
To any other hand.———

[Troilus *and* Diomede *fight, and both Parties engage at the ſame time: the* Trojans *make the* Greeks *retire, and* Troilus *makes* Diomede *give ground and hurts him, Trumpets ſound,* Achilles *enters with his* Myrmidons, *on the backs of the* Trojans, *who fight in a Ring encompaſs'd round:* Troilus *ſingling* Diomede, *gets him down and kills him: and* Achilles *kills* Troilus *upon him. All the* Trojans *dye upon the place,* Troilus *laſt.*

Enter

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Ajax, *and Attendants.*

Achill. Our Toils are done, and thoſe aſpiring Walls
(The work of Gods, and almoſt mateing Heaven,)
Muſt crumble into Rubbiſh on the Plain.
Agam. When mighty *Hector* fell beneath thy Sword,
Their old Foundations ſhook, their nodding Towers
Threatned from high, the amaz'd Inhabitants:
And Guardian Gods for fear forſook their Fanes.
Achill. Patroclus now be quiet: *Hector*'s dead:
And as a ſecond Off'ring to thy Ghoſt,
Lies *Troilus* high upon a heap of ſlain:
And noble *Diomede* beneath; whoſe Death
This Hand of mine reveng'd.
Ajax. Reveng'd it baſely.
For *Troilus* fell by Multitudes oppreſt;
And ſo fell *Hector*, but 'tis vain to talk.
Ulyſſ. Hail *Agamemnon!* truly Victor now,
While ſecret Envy, and while open Pride,
Among thy factious Nobles diſcord threw;
While publick Good was urg'd for private Ends,
And thoſe thought Patriots who diſturb'd it moſt;
Then like the headſtrong Horſes of the Sun,
That Light which ſhou'd have cheer'd the World, conſum'd it:
Now peaceful Order has reſum'd the Reins,
Old Time looks young, and Nature ſeems renew'd:
Then, ſince from homebred Factions ruine ſprings,
Let Subjects learn Obedience to their Kings.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The

The SPANISH FRYAR:

OR,

The Double Diſcovery.

TO

The Right Honourable

JOHN,

Lord Haughton.

MY LORD,

WHEN I firſt deſign'd this Play, I found, or thought I found ſomewhat ſo moving in the ſerious part of it, and ſo pleaſant in the Comick, as might deſerve a more than ordinary Care in both: Accordingly I us'd the beſt of my endeavour, in the management of two Plots, ſo very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the Talent of every Writer, to have made them of a Piece. Neither have I attempted other Plays of the ſame Nature, in my Opinion, with the ſame Judgment; though with like Succeſs. And though many Poets may ſuſpect themſelves for the fondneſs and partiality of Parents to their youngeſt Children, yet I hope I may ſtand exempted from this Rule, becauſe I know my ſelf too well, to be ever ſatisfied with my own Conceptions, which have ſeldom reach'd to thoſe *Idea*'s that I had within me: and conſequently, I preſume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or leſs pardonably, as an ordinary Markſ-man may know certainly when he ſhoots leſs wide at what he aims. Beſides, the Care and Pains I have beſtowed on this beyond my other Tragi-Comedies, may reaſonably make the World conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this Poem is not much amiſs. Few good Pictures have been finiſh'd at one ſitting; neither can a true juſt Play, which is to bear the Teſt of Ages, be produc'd at a heat, or by the force of Fancy, without the maturity of Judgment. For my own part, I have both ſo juſt a diffidence of my ſelf, and ſo great a Reverence for my Audience, that I dare venture nothing without a ſtrict Examination; and am as much aſham'd to put a looſe indigeſted Play upon the Publick, as I ſhould be to offer Braſs Money in a Payment: For though it ſhou'd be taken, (as it is too often on the Stage,) yet it will be found in the ſecond telling: And a judicious Reader will diſcover in his Cloſet that traſhy ſtuff, whoſe glittering deceiv'd him in the Action. I have often heard the Stationer ſighing in his Shop, and wiſhing for thoſe Hands to take off his melancholy Bargain which clapp'd its Performance on the Stage. In a Play-Houſe every thing contributes to impoſe upon the Judgment; the Lights, the Scenes, the Habits, and, above all, the Grace of Action, which is commonly the beſt where there is the moſt need of it, ſurprize the Audience, and caſt a Miſt upon their Underſtandings; not unlike the cunning of a Jugler, who is always ſtaring us in the Face, and overwhelming us with Gibberiſh, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his Trick. But theſe falſe Beauties of the Stage, are no more laſting than a Rainbow, when the Actor ceaſes to ſhine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his Reflection, they vaniſh in a twinkling. I have ſometimes wonder'd, in the reading, what was become of thoſe glaring Colours which amaz'd me in *Buſſy Damboys* upon the Theatre: but when I had taken up what I ſuppos'd, a fallen Star, I found I had been cozen'd with a Jelly: nothing but a cold dull Maſs, which glitter'd no longer than it was ſhooting: A dwarfiſh Thought, dreſs'd up in gigantick Words, repetition in abundance,

looſeneſs of Expreſſion, and groſs Hyperboles; the Senſe of one Line expanded prodigiouſly into ten: and to ſumm up all, uncorrect Engliſh, and a hideous mingle of falſe Poetry and true Nonſenſe; or, at beſt, a ſcantling of Wit which lay gaſping for Life, and groaning beneath a heap of Rubbiſh. A famous modern Poet us'd to Sacrifice every Year a *Statius* to *Virgil*'s Manes: and I have Indignation enough to burn a *D'amboys* annually to the Memory of *Johnſon*. But now, My Lord, I am ſenſible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember ſome Verſes of my own, *Maximin* and *Almanzor*, which cry, Vengeance upon me for their Extravagance, and which I wiſh heartily in the ſame Fire with *Statius* and *Chapman:* All I can ſay for thoſe Paſſages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I know they were bad enough to pleaſe, even when I writ them: But I repent of them amongſt my Sins: and if any of their Fellows intrude by chance into my preſent Writings, I draw a ſtroke over all thoſe *Dalilahs* of the Theatre; and am reſolv'd I will ſettle my ſelf no Reputation by the Applauſe of Fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all Ambition, but I ſcorn as much to take it from half-witted Judges, as I ſhou'd to raiſe an Eſtate by cheating of Bubbles. Neither do I diſcommend the lofty Style in Tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly ſublime that is not juſt and proper. If the Ancients had judg'd by the ſame meaſures which a common Reader takes, they had concluded *Statius* to have written higher than *Virgil*; for,

Quæ ſuperimpoſito moles geminata Coloſſo.

carries a more thundring kind of ſound than,

Tityre tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi:

Yet *Virgil* had all the Majeſty of a lawful Prince; and *Statius* only the bluſtring of a Tyrant. But when Men affect a Vertue which they cannot reach, they fall into a Vice, which bears the neareſt reſemblance to it. Thus an injudicious Poet who aims at Loftineſs runs eaſily into the ſwelling puffie Style, becauſe it looks like Greatneſs. I remember, when I was a Boy, I thought inimitable *Spencer* a mean Poet in compariſon of *Sylveſter*'s *Dubartas:* and was rapt into an ecſtaſie when I read theſe Lines:

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
To Chryſtallize the Baltick Ocean;
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,
And periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods:

I am much deceiv'd if this be not abominable Fuſtian, that is, Thoughts and Words ill ſorted, and without the leaſt relation to each other: yet I dare not anſwer for an Audience, that they wou'd not clap it on the Stage: ſo little value there is to be given to the common Cry, that nothing but Madneſs can pleaſe Mad-men, and a Poet muſt be of a Piece with the Spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a Room, contriv'd for State, the height of the Roof ſhou'd bear a proportion to the Area; ſo, in the Heightnings of Poetry, the ſtrength and vehemence of Figures ſhou'd be ſuited to the Occaſion, the Subject, and the Perſons. All beyond this is monſtrous; 'tis out of Nature, 'tis an Excreſcence, and not a living part of Poetry. I had not ſaid thus much, if ſome young Gallants, who pretend to Criticiſm, had not told me that this Tragi-Comedy wanted the dignity of Style: but as a Man who is charg'd with a Crime of which he thinks himſelf innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, ſo perhaps I have vindicated my Play with more partiality than I ought, or than ſuch a Trifle can deſerve. Yet, whatever Beauties it may want, 'tis free at leaſt from the groſneſs of thoſe Faults I mention'd: What Credit it has gain'd upon the Stage, I value no farther than in reference to my Profit, and the ſatisfaction I had in ſeeing it repreſented with all the juſtneſs and graceſulneſs of Action. But as 'tis my intereſt to pleaſe my Audience, ſo 'tis my Ambition to be read; that I am ſure is the more laſting and the nobler Deſign: for the propriety of Thoughts and Words, which are the hidden beauties of a Play, are but confus'dly judg'd in the vehemence of Action: All things are there beheld, as in a haſty motion, where the Objects only glide before the Eye and diſappear. The moſt diſcerning Critick can judge no more of theſe ſilent Graces in the Action, than he who rides Poſt through an unknown Country can diſtinguiſh the ſcituation of Places, and the nature of the Soil. The purity of Phraſe, the clearneſs of Conception and Expreſſion, the boldneſs maintain'd to Majeſty, the ſignificancy and ſound of Words, not ſtrain'd into Bombaſt, but juſtly elevated; in ſhort, thoſe very Words and Thoughts which cannot be chang'd but for the worſe, muſt of neceſſity eſcape our tranſient view upon the Theater: and yet without all theſe a Play may take. For if either the Story move us, or the Actor help the lameneſs of it with his Performance, or now and then a glittering beam of Wit or Paſſion ſtrike through the obſcurity of the Poem, any of theſe are ſufficient to effect a preſent liking, but not to fix a laſting admiration; for nothing but Truth can long continue; and Time is the ſureſt Judge of Truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no Faults in this,

which

which that Touchſtone will not diſcover; neither indeed is it poſſible to avoid them in a Play of this nature. There are evidently two Actions in it: But it will be clear to any judicious Man, that with half the pains, I could have rais'd a Play from either of them: For this time I ſatisfied my own humour, which was to tack two Plays together; and to break a Rule for the pleaſure of Variety. The truth is, the Audience are grown weary of continu'd Melancholy Scenes: And I dare venture to Propheſie, that few Tragedies, except thoſe in Verſe ſhall ſucceed in this Age, if they are not lighten'd with a courſe of Mirth. For the Feaſt is too dull and ſolemn without the Fiddles. But how difficult a Task this is, will ſoon be try'd: For a ſeveral Genius is requir'd to either way; and without both of 'em, a Man, in my Opinion, is but half a Poet for the Stage. Neither is it ſo trivial an Undertaking, to make a Tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to ſave than 'tis to kill. The Dagger and the Cup of Poiſon are always in a readineſs; but to bring the Action to the laſt Extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer; and coſt him many a pang in the performance.

And now, My Lord, I muſt confeſs that what I have written, looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my Deſign, that I might entertain you with ſomewhat in my own Art, which might be more worthy of a noble Mind, than the ſtale exploded Trick of fulſom Panegyricks. 'Tis difficult to write juſtly on any thing, but almoſt impoſſible in Praiſe. I ſhall therefore wave ſo nice a Subject; and only tell you, that in recommending a Proteſtant Play to a Proteſtant Patron, as I do my ſelf an Honour, ſo I do your Noble Family a Right, who have been always Eminent in the Support and Favour of our Religion and Liberties. And if the promiſes of your Youth, your Education at Home, and your Experience Abroad, deceive me not, the Principles you have embrac'd are ſuch as will no way degenerate from your Anceſtors, but refreſh their Memory in the Minds of all true *Engliſh-Men*, and renew their Luſtre in your Perſon; which, My Lord, is not more the wiſh, than it is the conſtant expectation of your Lordſhip's

Moſt Obedient,

faithful Servant,

John Dryden.

PROLOGUE.

NOW Luck for us, and a kind hearty Pit;
For he who pleaſes, never fails of Wit:
Honour is yours:
And you, like Kings, at City Treats beſtow it;
The Writer kneels, and is bid riſe a Poet:
But you are fickle Sovereigns, to our Sorrow,
You dubb to day, and hang a Man to morrow;
You cry the ſame Senſe up, and down again,
Juſt like braſs Money once a year in Spain:
Take you i'th' mood, what e'er baſe Metal come,
You Coin as faſt as Groats at Bromingam:
Though 'tis no more like Senſe in ancient Plays,
Than Rome's *Religion like St.* Peter's *days.*
In ſhort, ſo ſwift your Judgments turn and wind,
You caſt our fleeteſt Wits a Mile behind.
'Twere well your Judgments but in Plays did range,
But ev'n your Follies and Debauches change
With ſuch a Whirl, the Poets of your Age
Are try'd, and cannot ſcore 'em on the Stage,
Unleſs each Vice in ſhort-hand they Indite;
Ev'n as notcht Prentices whole Sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders *no Vices know,*
But what they us'd a hundred years ago,
Like honeſt Plants, where they were ſtuck, they grow;
They Cheat, but ſtill from cheating Sires they come;
They drink, but they were Chriſt'ned firſt in Mum.
Their Patrimonial Sloth the Spaniards *keep,*
And Philip *firſt taught* Philip *how to ſleep.*
The French *and we ſtill change, but here's the Curſe,*
They change for better, and we change for worſe;
They take up our old Trade of Conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to Dance and Sing:
Our Fathers did for change to France *repair,*
And they for change will try our Engliſh *Air.*
As Children, when they throw one Toy away,
Strait a more fooliſh Gugaw comes in play:
So we, grown penitent, on ſerious thinking,
Leave Whoring, and devoutly fall to Drinking.
Scowring the Watch grows out of faſhion wit,
Now we ſet up for Tilting in the Pit,
Where 'tis agreed by Bullies, Chicken-hearted,
To fright the Ladies firſt, and then be parted.
A fair Attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire Night-murth'rers, and make Death a Trade.
When Murther's out, what Vice can we advance?
Unleſs the new-found Pois'ning Trick of France:
And when their Art of Rats-bane *we have got,*
By way of Thanks, we'll ſend 'em o'er our Plot.

EPILOGUE.

By a Friend of the Authors.

THere's none I am ſure, who is a Friend to Love,
But will our Fryar's Character approve:
The ableſt Spark among you ſometimes needs,
Such pious help for charitable Deeds.
Our Church, alas! (as Rome *objects) does want*
Theſe Ghoſtly Comforts for the falling Saint:
This gains them their Whore-Converts, and may be,
One Reaſon of the Growth of Popery.
So Mahomet's *Religion came in Faſhion,*
By the large leave it gave to Fornication.
Fear not the Guilt, if you can pay for't well,
There is no Dives in the Roman *Hell.*
Gold opens the ſtrait Gate, and lets him in;
But want of Money is a mortal Sin.
For all beſides you may diſcount to Heaven,
And drop a Bead to keep the Tallies even.
How are Men cozen'd ſtill with ſhows of good!
The Baud's beſt Mask is the grave Fryar's Hood.
Though Vice no more a Clergy-man diſpleaſes,
Than Doctors can be thought to hate Diſeaſes:
'Tis by your living ill that they live well,
By your Debauches their fat Paunches ſwell.
'Tis a Mock-war between the Prieſt and Devil,
When they think fit, they can be very Civil.
As ſome who did French *Counſels moſt advance,*
To blind the World, have rail'd in Print at France.
Thus do the Clergy at your Vices bawl,
That with more eaſe they may engroſs them all.
By Damning yours, they do their own Maintain,
A Church-man's Godlineſs is always Gain.
Hence to their Prince they will Superior be;
And civil Treaſon grows Church-Loyalty:
They boaſt the Gift of Heaven is in their Power;
Well may they give the God they can Devour.
Still to the Sick and Dead their Claims they lay;
For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
Nor have they leſs Dominion on our Life,
They trot the Husband, and they pace the Wife.
Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern Climes,
And learn from Sweden *to prevent ſuch Crimes.*
Unman the Fryar, And leave the holy Drone,
To hum in his forſaken Hive alone;
He'll work no Honey when his Sting is gone.
Your Wives and Daughters ſoon will leave the Cells,
When they have loſt the ſound of Aaron's *Bells.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Leonora, Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Tereſa, Woman to *Leonora*,	Mrs. *Crofts.*
Elvira, Wife to *Gomez*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Torriſmond,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Bertran,	Mr. *Williams.*
Alphonſo,	Mr. *Willſheir.*
Lorenzo, his Son,	Mr. *Smith.*
Raymond,	Mr. *Gillow.*
Pedro,	Mr. *Underhill.*
Gomez,	Mr. *Nokes.*
Dominic, the Spaniſh Fryar,	Mr. *Lee.*

THE SPANISH FRYAR: OR, THE Double Diſcovery.

ACT I.

Alphonſo, Pedro *meet, with Soldiers on each ſide, Drums,* &c.

Alph. STand: give the Word.

Pedro. The Queen of *Arragon.*

Alph. Pedro?—— how goes the Night?

Pedr. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome day-light: We ſhall have warm work on't:
The *Moor* will 'gage
His utmoſt Forces on this next Aſſault,
To win a Queen and Kingdom.

Pedr. Pox o' this Lyon-way of wooing though:
Is the Queen ſtirring yet?

Alph. She has not been abed: but in her Chapel
All Night devoutly watch'd: and brib'd the Saints
With Vows for her Deliverance.

Pedro. O, *Alphonſo,*
I fear they come too late! her Father's Crimes
Sit heavy on her; and weigh down her Prayers:
A Crown uſurp'd; a lawful King depos'd;
In Bondage held; debarr'd the common Light;
His Children murther'd, and his Friends deſtroy'd:
What can we leſs expect than what we feel,
And what we fear will follow?

Alph. Heav'n avert it!

Pedro. Then Heav'n muſt not be Heav'n: Judge the event
By what has paſs'd: Th' Uſurper joy'd not long
His ill-got Crown! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace:
Unriddle that ye Pow'rs: But left his Daughter,
Our preſent Queen, engag'd, upon his Death-bed,
To marry with young *Bertran*, whoſe curs'd Father
Had help'd to make him Great.
Hence, you well know, this fatal War aroſe;
Becauſe the *Moore*, *Abdalla*, with whoſe Troops
Th' Uſurper gain'd the Kingdom, was refus'd;
And, as an Infidel, his Love deſpis'd.

Alph. Well; we are Soldiers, *Pedro*; and, like Lawyers,
Plead for our Pay.

Pedro. A good Cauſe wou'd do well though:
It gives my Sword an Edge: You ſee this *Bertran*
Has now three times been beaten by the *Moores*:
What hope we have is in young *Torriſmond*,
Your Brother's Son.

Alph. He's a ſucceſsful VVarriour,
And has the Soldiers Hearts: Upon the skirts
Of *Arragon*, our ſquander'd Troops he rallies:
Our VVatchmen, from the Tow'rs, with longing Eyes
Expect his ſwift Arrival.

Pedro

Pedro. It muſt be ſwift, or it will come too late.
Alph. No more: ——Duke *Bertran.*
Enter Bertran, *Attended.*
Bert. Relieve the Cent'rys that have watch'd all Night.
To Ped.] Now, Colonel, have you diſpos'd your Men,
That you ſtand idle here?
Ped. Mine are drawn off,
To take a ſhort repoſe.
Bert. Short let it be:
For, from this *Mooriſh* Camp, this Hour and more,
There has been heard a diſtant humming noiſe,
Like Bees diſturb'd, and arming in their Hives.
VVhat Courage in our Soldiers? Speak! what hope?
Ped. As much as when Phyſicians ſhake their Heads,
And bid their dying Patient think of Heav'n.
Our VValls are thinly mann'd: our beſt Men ſlain:
The reſt, an heartleſs number ſpent with watching,
And harraſs'd out with Duty.
Bert. Good-night all then.
Red. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a ſingle Life
I have to loſe: I'll plant my Colours down
In the mid-breach, and by 'em fix my Foot:
Say a ſhort Soldier's Pray'r, to ſpare the trouble
Of my few Friends above: and then expect
The next fair Bullet.
Alph. Never was known a Night of ſuch diſtraction:
Noiſe ſo confus'd and dreadful: Juſtling Crowds,
That run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
Like Meteors, by each other in the Streets.
Ped. I met a reverend, fat, old, gouty Fryar:
VVith a Paunch ſwoln ſo high, his double Chin
Might reſt upon't: A true Son of the Church;
Freſh colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade,
Come puffing with his greaſie bald-pate Quire,
And fumbling o'er his Beads, in ſuch an Agony,
He told 'em falſe for fear: about his Neck
There hung a VVench: the Label of his Function;
VVhom he ſhook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
It ſeems the holy Stallion durſt not ſcore
Another Sin before he left the VVorld.
Enter a Captain.
Capt. To Arms, My Lord, to Arms.
From the *Moors* Camp the noiſe grows louder ſtill:
Ratling of Armour, Trumpets, Drums, and Ataballes;
And ſometimes Peals of Shouts that rend the Heav'ns,
Like Victory: then Groans again, and Howlings,
Like thoſe of vanquiſh'd Men: But every Eccho
Goes fainter off; and dies in diſtant Sounds.
Bert. Some falſe Attack: expect on t'other ſide:
One to the Gunners on St. *Jago's* Tow'r; bid 'em, for ſhame,
Level their Cannon lower: On my Soul,
They're all corrupted with the Gold of *Barbary*,
To carry over, and not hurt the *Moor.*
Enter ſecond Captain.
2. *Capt.* My Lord, here's freſh Intelligence arriv'd:
Our Army, led by Valiant *Torriſmond*,
Is now in hot Engagement with the *Moors*;
'Tis ſaid, within their Trenches.
Bert. I think all Fortune is reſerv'd for him.
He might have ſent us word though;
And then we cou'd have favour'd his attempt
VVith Sallies from the Town.——
Alph. It cou'd not be:
VVe were ſo cloſe block'd up that none cou'd peep

Upon the Walls and live: But yet 'tis time:——
Bert. No, 'tis too late: I will not hazard it:
On pain of Death, let no Man dare to Sally.
Ped. [*aſide.*] Oh Envy, Envy, how it works within him!
How now! what means this Show?
Alph. 'Tis a Proceſſion:
The Queen is going to the great Cathedral
To pray for our Succeſs againſt the *Moors.*
Ped. Very good: She uſurps the Throne; keeps the old King in Priſon; and, at the ſame time, is praying for a Bleſſing: Oh Religion and Roguery, how they go together!

[*A Proceſſion of Prieſts and Choriſters in white, with Tapers, follow'd by the Queen and Ladies, goes over the Stage: the Choriſters ſinging.*

Look down, ye bleſs'd above, look down,
Behold our weeping Matron's Tears,
Behold our tender Virgin's Fears,
And with ſucceſs our Armies crown.

Look down, ye bleſs'd above, look down:
Oh! ſave us, ſave us, and our State reſtore;
For pity, pity, pity, we implore;
For pity, pity, pity, we implore.

[*The Proceſſion goes off; and ſhout within.*
Then enter Lorenzo, *who kneels to* Alphonſo.

Bert. [*to Alph.*] A joyful Cry: and ſee your Son *Lorenzo:*
Good news kind Heav'n!
Alph. [*to Lorenzo.*] O, welcome, welcome! Is the General ſafe?
How near our Army? When ſhall we be ſuccour'd?
Or, are we ſuccour'd? are the *Moors* remov'd?
Anſwer theſe Queſtions firſt; and then, a thouſand more:
Anſwer 'em all together.
Lorenzo. Yes, when I have a thouſand Tongues, I will.
The General's well: His Army too is ſafe
As Victory can make 'em: The *Moors* King
Is ſafe enough, I warrant him, for one.
At dawn of Day our General cleft his Pate,
Spight of his woollen Night-Cap: a ſlight wound:
Perhaps he may recover.
Alph. Thou reviv'ſt me.
Ped. By my computation now, the Victory was gain'd before the Proceſſion was made for it; and yet it it will go hard, but the Prieſts will make a Miracle on't.
Lor. Yes, Faith; we came like bold intruding Gueſts;
And took 'em unprepar'd to give us welcome:
Their Scouts we kill'd; then found their Body ſleeping:
And as they lay confus'd, we ſtumbl'd o'er 'em;
And took what Joint came next; Arms, Heads, or Leggs;
Somewhat undecently: But when Men want Light
They make but bungling work.
Bert. I'll to the Queen,
And bear the News.
Ped. That's young *Lorenzo*'s duty.
Bert. I'll ſpare his trouble.——
This *Torriſmond* begins to grow too faſt;
He muſt be mine, or ruin'd. [*Aſide.*
Lor. Pedro a word: —— [*Whiſper.*] [*Exit* Bertran.
Alph. How ſwift he ſhot away! I find it ſtung him,
In ſpight of his diſſembling.
To Lorenzo.] How many of the Enemy are ſlain?
Lor. Troth, Sir, we were in haſte; and cou'd not ſtay
To ſcore the Men we kill'd: But there they lie.

Beſt

Beſt ſend our Women out to take the tale;
There's Circumciſion in abundance for 'em. [*Turns to* Pedro *again.*
Alph. How far did you purſue 'em?
Lor. Some few Miles.——
To Ped.] Good ſtore of Harlots, ſay you, and dog cheap?
Pedro, they muſt be had; and ſpeedily:
I've kept a tedious Faſt. [*Whiſper again.*
Alph. When will he make his Entry? He deſerves
Such Triumphs as were giv'n by ancient *Rome:*
Ha, Boy, What ſay'ſt thou?
Lor. As you ſay, Sir, that *Rome* was very ancient——
To Ped.] I leave the choice to you; fair, black, tall, low:
Let her but have a Noſe: —— and you may tell her
I'm rich in Jewels, Rings, and bobbing Pearls
Pluck'd from *Moors* Ears.——
Alph. Lorenzo?
Lor. Somewhat buſie
About Affairs relating to the Publick.——
——A ſeaſonable Girl, juſt in the nick now:—— [*to Pedro.*] [*Trumpets within.*
Ped. I hear the General's Trumpets: Stand, and mark
How he will be receiv'd; I fear, but coldly:
There hung a Cloud, methought, on *Bertran*'s Brow.
Lor. Then look to ſee a Storm on *Torriſmond*'s:
Looks fright not Men: the General has ſeen *Moors*,
With as bad Faces; no diſpraiſe to *Bertran*'s.
Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the Camp, he loves the Queen.
Lor. He drinks her Health devoutly.
Alph. That may breed bad Blood 'twixt him and *Bertran.*
Ped. Yes, in private:
But *Bertran* has been taught the Arts of Court,
To gild a Face with Smiles; and leer a Man to ruin.
O here they come.——

Enter Torriſmond *and Officers on one ſide:* Bertran *attended on the other. They embrace;* Bertran *bowing low.*

Juſt as I prophecy'd.——

Lor. Death and Hell, he laughs at him:——in's Face too.
Ped. O, you miſtake him: 'twas an humble Grin;
The fawning Joy of Courtiers and of Dogs.
Lor. [*Aſide.*] Here are nothing but Lyes to be expected: I'll e'en go loſe my ſelf in ſome blind Alley; and try if any courteous Damſel will think me worth the finding. [*Exit* Lorenzo.
Alph. Now he begins to open.
Bert. Your Country reſcu'd, and your Queen reliev'd!
A glorious Conqueſt; Noble *Torriſmond!*
The People rend the Skies with loud applauſe;
And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours.
The thronging Crowds preſs on you as you paſs;
And, with their eager Joy, make triumph ſlow.
Tor. My Lord, I have no taſte
Of popular Applauſe; the noiſie Praiſe
Of giddy Crowds, as changeable as Winds;
Still vehement, and ſtill without a Cauſe:
Servants to Chance; and blowing in the tyde
Of ſwoln Succeſs; but, veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.
Bert. So young a Stoick!
Torr. You wrong me, if you think I'll ſell one drop
Within theſe Veins for Pageants: But let Honour
Call for my Blood; and ſluce it into ſtreams;
Turn Fortune looſe again to my purſuit;
And let me hunt her through embattell'd Foes,
In duſty Plains, amidſt the Cannons roar,
There will I be the firſt.
Bert. I'll try him farther—— [*aſide.*

Suppoſe

Suppoſe th' aſſembled States of *Arragon*
Decree a Statue to you thus inſcrib'd,
To Torriſmond, *who freed his Native Land.*
Alph. [*to Pedro.*] Mark how he ſounds and fathoms him, to find
The ſhallows of his Soul!
Bert. The juſt Applauſe
Of God-like Senates, is the ſtamp of Vertue,
Which makes it paſs unqueſtion'd through the World:
Theſe Honours you deſerve; nor ſhall my ſuffrage
Be laſt to fix 'em on you: If refus'd,
You brand us all with black Ingratitude;
For times to come ſhall ſay, Our *Spain*, like *Rome*,
Neglects her Champions, after Noble Acts,
And lets their Laurels wither on their Heads.
Tor. A Statue, for a Battel blindly fought,
Where Darkneſs and Surpriſe made Conqueſt cheap!
Where Virtue borrow'd but the Arms of Chance,
And ſtruck a random blow! 'twas Fortune's work;
And Fortune take the praiſe.
Bert. Yet Happineſs
Is the firſt Fame: Vertue without Succeſs,
Is a fair Picture ſhown by an ill Light:
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven:
And whom ſhould Kings eſteem above Heaven's Darlings?
The Praiſes of a young and beauteous Queen
Shall crown your glorious Acts.
Ped. [*to Alphonſo.*] There ſprung the Mine.
Tor. The Queen! that were a happineſs too great!
Nam'd you the Queen, My Lord?
Bert. Yes: You have ſeen her, and you muſt confeſs,
A Praiſe, a Smile, a Look from her is worth
The ſhouts of thouſand Amphitheaters:
She, ſhe ſhall praiſe you; for I can oblige her:
To morrow will deliver all her Charms
Into my Arms; and make her mine for ever.
Why ſtand you mute?
Tor. Alas! I cannot ſpeak.
Bert. Not ſpeak, My Lord! How were your Thoughts employ'd?
Tor. Nor can I think; or I am loſt in Thought.
Bert. Thought of the Queen, perhaps?
Torr. Why, if it were,
Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.
Bert. O, now I find where your Ambition drives:
You ought not think of her.
Tor. So I ſay too;
I ought not: Madmen ought not to be mad:
But who can help his Frenzy?
Bert. Fond young Man!
The wings of your Ambition muſt be clipt:
Your ſhame-fac'd Vertue ſhun'd the Peoples Praiſe,
And Senates Honours: but 'tis well we know
What price you hold your ſelf at: you have fought
With ſome Succeſs, and that has ſeal'd your Pardon.
Tor. Pardon from thee! O, give me patience, Heav'n!
Thrice vanquiſh'd *Bertran*; if thou dar'ſt, look out
Upon yon ſlaughter'd Hoſt, that Field of blood:
There ſeal my Pardon, where thy Fame was loſt.
Ped. He's ruin'd, paſt redemption!
Alph. [*to Tor.*] Learn reſpect
To the firſt Prince o'th' blood.
Bert. O, let him rave!
I'll not contend with Madmen.
Tor. I have done:
I know 'twas Madneſs to declare this Truth:

And yet 'twere baſeneſs to deny my Love.
'Tis true, my hopes are vaniſhing as clouds;
Lighter then Childrens bubbles blown by Winds:
My Merit's, but the raſh Reſults of Chance:
My Birth unequal: all the Stars againſt me:
Pow'r, Promiſe, Choice; the Living and the Dead:
Mankind my Foes; and only Love to Friend:
But ſuch a Love, kept at ſuch awful Diſtance,
As, what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival,
Shall fear to whiſper there: Queens may be lov'd,
And ſo may Gods; elſe, why are Altars rais'd?
Why ſhines the Sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, Oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep; and cloſe our Eyes in Darkneſs. [*Exit* Torriſmond.

Bert. 'Tis well: the Goddeſs ſhall be told, ſhe ſhall,
Of her new Worſhipper. [*Exit* Bertran.

Pedro. So, here's fine work!
He has ſupply'd his only Foe with Arms
For his Deſtruction. Old *Penelope*'s tale
Inverted: H'has unravell'd all by Day,
That he has done by Night.——What, Planet-ſtruck!

Alph. I wiſh I were; to be paſt ſenſe of this!

Ped. Wou'd I had but a Leaſe of Life ſo long,
As till my Fleſh and Blood rebell'd this way
Againſt our Sovereign Lady: mad for a Queen?
With a Globe in one Hand, and a Scepter in t'other?
A very pretty Moppet!

Alph. Then to declare his Madneſs to his Rival!
His Father abſent on an Embaſſy:
Himſelf a Stranger almoſt; wholly friendleſs!
A Torrent, rowling down a Precipice,
Is eaſier to be ſtopt, then is his Ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitleſs to complain: haſt to the Court:
Improve your Intereſt there, for Pardon from the Queen.

Alph. Weak Remedies;
But all muſt be attempted. [*Exit* Alphonſo.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Well, I am the moſt unlucky Rogue! I have been ranging over half the Town; but have ſprung no Game. Our Women are worſe Infidels then the *Moores*: I told 'em I was one of the Knight-Errants, that deliver'd them from Raviſhment: and I think in my Conſcience that's their Quarrel to me.

Pedro. Is this a time for fooling? Your Couſin is run honourably Mad in Love with her Majeſty: He is ſplit upon a Rock; and you, who are in chaſe of Harlots, are ſinking in the main Ocean. I think the Devil's in the Family. [*Exit* Pedro.

[Lorenzo *ſolus.*

Lor. My Couſin ruin'd, ſays he! hum! not that I wiſh my Kinſman's ruin; that were Unchriſtian: but if the General's Ruin'd, I am Heir, there's Comfort for a Chriſtian. Money I have, I thank the honeſt *Moores* for't; but I want a Miſtreſs. I am willing to be Leud; but the Tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter Elvira *Veil'd.*

Elvira, Stranger! Cavalier———will you not hear me? you *Moore-killer*, you *Matador.*———

Lor. Meaning me, Madam?

Elvira, Face about, Man; you a Soldier, and afraid of the Enemy!

Lor. I muſt confeſs, I did not expect to have been charg'd firſt: I ſee Souls will not be loſt for want of Diligence in this Devil's Reign: ———*Aſide*——

To her. Now; Madam *Cynthia* behind a Cloud; your Will and Pleaſure with me?

Elvira, You have the Appearance of a Cavalier; and if you are as deſerving as you ſeem, perhaps you may not repent of your Adventure. If a Lady like you well enough to hold Diſcourſe with you at firſt Sight; you are Gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an Apology: and to lay the blame on Stars, or Deſtiny; or what you pleaſe, to excuſe the Frailty of a Woman.

Lorenzo, O, I love an eaſie Woman: there's ſuch a doe to crack a thick ſhell'd Miſtreſs:

Miſtreſs: we break our Teeth; and find no Kernel. 'Tis generous in you to take pity on a Stranger; and not to ſuffer him to fall into ill Hands at his firſt arrival.

Elv. You may have a better Opinion of me than I deſerve; you have not ſeen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are Heart-whole.

Lor. Not abſolutely ſlain, I muſt confeſs; but I am drawing on apace: you have a dangerous Tongue in your Head, I can tell you that; and if your Eyes prove of as killing Metal, there's but one way with me. Let me ſee you, for the ſafeguard of my Honour: 'tis but decent the Cannon ſhould be drawn down upon me, before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible Similitude have you made, Colonel? to ſhew that you are inclining to the Wars: I could anſwer you with another in my Profeſſion: Suppoſe you were in want of Money; wou'd you not be glad to take a Sum upon content in a ſeal'd Bag, without peeping?—— but however; I will not ſtand with you for a ſample. [*Lifts up her Veil.*

Lor. What Eyes were there! how keen their Glances! you do well to keep 'em veil'd; they are too ſharp to be truſted out o'th' Scabbard.

Elv. Perhaps now you may accuſe my forwardneſs; but this Day of Jubilee is the only time of freedom I have had: and there is nothing ſo extravagant as a Priſoner, when he gets looſe a little, and is immediately to return into his Fetters.

Lor. To confeſs freely to you, Madam, I was never in love with leſs than your whole Sex before; but now I have ſeen you, I am in the direct road of languiſhing and ſighing; and, if Love goes on as it begins, for ought I know, by to Morrow Morning you may hear of me in Rhyme and Sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like theſe Symptoms in my ſelf; perhaps I may go ſhufflingly at firſt; for I was never before walk'd in Trammels; yet I ſhall drudge and moil at Conſtancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elv. Oh, Sir, there are Arts to reclaim the wildeſt Men, as there to make Spaniels fetch and carry; chide 'em often, and feed 'em ſeldom: now I know your Temper, you may thank your ſelf if you are kept to hard meat:——you are in for Years if you make love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal Obligation with an *Anno Domini* at end on't; there may be an evil meaning in the word Years, call'd Matrimony.

Elv. I can eaſily rid you of that Fear: I wiſh I could rid my ſelf as eaſily of the Bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a Covetous, and a Jealous, and an Old Man be a Husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpoſe as I could wiſh: now love be prais'd.

Enter Elvira's Duenna, *and whiſpers to her.*

Elv. [*aſide.*] If I get not home before my Husband, I ſhall be ruin'd.

[——— *to him.*

I dare not ſtay to tell you where———farewel——— cou'd I once more———

[*Exit* Elvira.

Lor. This is unconſcionable Dealing; to be made a Slave, and not know whoſe Livery I wear:——Who have we yonder?

Enter Gomez.

By that ſhambling in his walk, it ſhould be my rich old Banker, *Gomez*, whom I knew at *Barcelona:* As I live 'tis he.——

[*To Gomez.*] What, Old *Mammon* here?

Gom. How! Young *Beelzebub!*

Lor. What Devil has ſet his Claws in thy Hanches, and brought thee hither to *Saragoſſa?* Sure he meant a farther Journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the Enemy: when the *Moors* are ready to beſiege one Town, I ſhift quarters to the next: I keep as far from the Infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at fartheſt.

Gom. Well, You have got a famous Victory; all true Subjects are overjoy'd at it: there are Bonfires decreed: and the Times had not been hard, my Billet ſhould have burnt too.

Lor. I dare ſay for thee, thou haſt ſuch a reſpect for a ſingle Billet, thou would'ſt almoſt have thrown on thy ſelf to ſave it: thou art for ſaving every thing but thy Soul.

Gom. Well, well, You'll not believe me generous, till I carry you to the Tavern, and crack half a Pint with you at my own Charges.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thy ſelf for ſuch an extravagance: and, inſtead of it, thou ſhalt do me a meer verbal courteſie: I have juſt now ſeen a moſt incomparable young Lady.

Gom. Whereabout did you ſee this moſt incomparable young Lady? my Mind miſgives me plaguily. [*Aſide.*

Lor. Here, Man; juſt before this Corner-houſe: Pray Heaven it prove no Bawdy-houſe.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What, doſt thou mutter to thy ſelf? Haſt thou any thing to ſay againſt the Honeſty of that Houſe?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the Walls are very honeſt Stone, and the Timber very honeſt Wood, for ought I know. But for the Woman, I cannot ſay till I know her better: deſcribe her Perſon; and, if ſhe live in this Quarter, I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle Stature, dark colour'd Hair, the moſt bewitching leer with her Eyes, the moſt roguiſh Caſt; her Cheeks are dimpled when ſhe Smiles; and her Smiles would tempt an Hermit.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damn'd.——Go on——Colonel—have you no other Marks of her?

Lor. Thou haſt all her Marks; but that ſhe has an Husband; a jealous, covetous old Huncks: ſpeak; canſt thou tell me news of her?

Gom. Yes; this News, Colonel; that you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor. If thou help'ſt me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumciſed *Jew.*

Gom. Circumciſe me no more than I circumciſe you, Colonel *Hernando:* once more you have ſeen your laſt of her.

Lor. [*aſide.*] I am glad he knows me only by that Name of *Hernando*, by which I went at *Barcelona:* now he can tell no Tales of me to my Father. *To him.*] Come, thou wert ever good natur'd, when thou could'ſt get by't:—Look here, Rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour:—— thou art not Proof againſt Gold, ſure!——— do not I know thee for a covetous,——

Gom. Jealous, old Huncks: thoſe were the Marks of your Miſtreſs's Husband, as I remember, Colonel.

Lor. Oh, the Devil! What a Rogue in underſtanding was I, not to find him out ſooner! [*aſide.*

Gom. Do, do, look ſillily, good Colonel: 'tis a decent Melancholy after an abſolute Defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear *Gomez*;———but,

Gom. But——no Pumping, my dear Colonel.

Lor. Hang Pumping; I was —— thinking a little upon a point of Gratitude: we two have been long Acquaintance; I know thy Merits, and can make ſome Intereſt: go to; thou wert born to Authority: I'll make thee *Alcaide*, Mayor of *Sarragoſſa.*

Gom. Satisfie your ſelf; you ſhall not make me what you think, Colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou haſt the Face of a Magiſtrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a Magiſtrate's Head to my Magiſtrate's Face; I thank you Colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art ſo ſuſpicious upon an idle Story —— that Woman I ſaw, I mean, that little, crooked, ugly Woman; for t'other was a Lye;——— is no more thy Wife: ——— As I'll go home with thee, and ſatisfie thee immediately, My dear Friend.

Gom. I ſhall not put you to that trouble: no not ſo much as a ſingle Viſit; not ſo much as an Embaſſy by a civil old Woman; nor a Serenade of *Twinkledum, Twinkledum*, under my VVindows: Nay, I will adviſe you, out of my tenderneſs to your Perſon, that you walk not near yon Corner-houſe by Night; for to my certain knowledge, there are Blunderbuſſes planted in every Loop-hole, that go off conſtantly of their own accord, at the ſqueaking of a Fiddle, and the thrumming of a Ghittar.

Lor. Art thou ſo obſtinate? then I denounce open VVar againſt thee: I'll demoliſh thy Citadel by force: or, at leaſt, I'll bring my whole Regiment upon thee: my thouſand Red Locuſts that ſhall devour thee in Free-Quarter.———Farewel wrought Night-Cap. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom.

Gom. Farewel Buff! Free-Quarter for a Regiment of Red-Coat Locuſts? I hope to ſee 'em all in the Red-ſea firſt!——— But oh, this *Jezabel* of mine! I'll get a Phyſician that ſhall preſcribe her an Ounce of *Camphire* every Morning for her Breakfaſt, to abate Incontinency: ſhe ſhall never peep abroad, no, not to Church for Confeſſion; and for never going, ſhe ſhall be condemn'd for a Heretick: ſhe ſhall have Stripes by *Troy* weight; and Suſtenance by Drachms and Scruples: Nay, I'll have a Faſting Almanack printed on purpoſe for her uſe; in which,

No Carnival nor Chriſtmas ſhall appear;
But Lents and Ember-weeks ſhall fill the Year. [*Exit* Gomez.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Queen's Anti-Chamber.*

Alphonſo, Pedro.

Alph. When ſaw you my *Lorenzo?*
Ped. I had a glimpſe of him; but he ſhot by me,
Like a young Hound upon a burning Scent:
He's gone a Harlot-hunting.
Alph. His foreign breeding might have taught him better.
Ped. 'Tis that has taught him this.
What learn our Youth abroad; but to refine
The homely Vices of their native Land?
Give me an honeſt home-ſpun Country-Clown,
Of our own growth; his dulneſs is but plain;
But theirs embroider'd: they are ſent out Fools,
And come back Fops.
Alph. You know what Reaſons urg'd me;
But now I have accompliſh'd my Deſigns,
I ſhou'd be glad he knew 'em: ——his wild Riots
Diſturb my Soul; but they wou'd ſit more cloſe,
Did not the threaten'd down-fall of our Houſe,
In *Torriſmond*, o'erwhelm my private Ills.

Enter Bertran *attended; and whiſpering with a Courtier, aſide.*

Bert. I wou'd not have her think he dar'd to love her;
If he preſume to own it, ſhe's ſo proud
He tempts his certain ruin.
Alph. [*to Ped.*] Mark how diſdainfully he throws his Eyes on us.
Our old impriſon'd King wore no ſuch Looks.
Ped. O, wou'd the General ſhake off his Dotage to th' uſurping Queen,
And re-inthrone good, venerable *Sancho.*
I'll undertake, ſhou'd *Bertran* ſound his Trumpets,
And *Torriſmond* but whiſtle through his Fingers,
He draws his Army off.
Alph. I told him ſo:
But had an Anſwer louder than a Storm.
Ped. Now Plague and Pox on his Smock-loyalty!
I hate to ſee a brave bold Fellow ſotted,
Made ſowre and ſenſleſs; turn'd to Whey by Love:
A driveling Hero; fit for a Romance.
O, here he comes; what will their greeting be!

Enter Torriſmond *attended.* Bertran *and he meet and juſtle.*

Bert. Make way, my Lords, and let the Pageant paſs.
Torr. I make my way where-e'er I ſee my Foe:
But you, my Lord, are good at a Retreat:
I have no *Moors* behind me.
Bert. Death and Hell!
Dare to ſpeak thus when you come out again?
Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, inſulting Man?

Enter Tereſa.

Ter. My Lords, You are too loud ſo near the Queen:
You, *Torriſmond*, have much offended her:
'Tis her Command you inſtantly appear,

To

To anſwer your demeanour to the Prince.

Exit Tereſa; Bertran, *with his Company, follow her.*

Torr. O *Pedro*, O *Alphonſo*, pity me!
A Grove of Pikes
Whoſe poliſh'd Steel from far ſeverely ſhines,
Are not ſo dreadful as this beauteous Queen.

Alph. Call up your Courage timely to your aid:
And, like a Lion preſs'd upon the Toils,
Leap on your Hunters: Speak your Actions boldly;
There is a time when modeſt Vertue is
Allow'd to praiſe it ſelf.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough; too hot, but now;
Your Fury then boil'd upward to a Foam:
But ſince this Meſſage came, you ſink and ſettle;
As if cold Water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou know'ſt not what it is to love!
When we behold an Angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent:——no I'm reſolv'd,
Like a led Victim, to my Death I'll go;
And, dying, bleſs the Hand that gave the blow. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *draws; and ſhews the Queen ſitting in State,* Bertran *ſtanding next her: then* Tereſa, *&c.*

She riſes, and comes to the Front.

Qu. *Leonora* [*to Bert.*] I blame not you, my Lord, my Father's Will,
Your own Deſerts, and all my People's Voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of Sovereign Pow'r.
But I wou'd learn the cauſe, why *Torriſmond*,
Within my Palace Walls, within my hearing,
Almoſt within my ſight, affronts a Prince
Who ſhortly ſhall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can pay;
And looks as he were Lord of Humane kind.

Enter Torriſmond, Alphonſo, Pedro. Torriſmond *bows low: then looks earneſtly on the Queen, and keeps at diſtance.*

Tereſa. Madam, the General.——

Qu. Let me view him well.
My Father ſent him early to the Frontiers;
I have not often ſeen him; if I did,
He paſs'd unmark'd by my unheeding Eyes.
But where's the fierceneſs, the diſdainful Pride;
The haughty Port, the fiery Arrogance?
By all theſe Marks, this is not ſure the Man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your Court with Tumult,
Whoſe fierce Demeanour, and whoſe Inſolence
The Patience of a God cou'd not ſupport.

Qu. Name his Offence, my Lord, and he ſhall have
Immediate Puniſhment.

Bert. 'Tis of ſo high a nature, ſhou'd I ſpeak it,
That my Preſumption then wou'd equal his.

Qu. Some one among you ſpeak.

Ped. [*Aſide.*] Now my Tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! on your Allegiance, *Torriſmond*,
By all your hopes, I do command you, ſpeak.

Tor. [*kneeling.*] O ſeek not to convince me of a Crime
Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon.
Or if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he, who thus commanded dares to ſpeak,
Unleſs commanded, wou'd have dy'd in ſilence.
But you adjur'd me, Madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none; for I am all Deſpair:
Friends I have none; for Friendſhip follows Favour.
Deſert I've none; for what I did, was Duty:
Oh, that it were! that it were Duty all!

Qu.

Qu. Why do you pauſe? proceed.
Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
VVho ſees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops ſhort, and looks about for ſome kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall——ſo I;——
But whither am I going? if to Death,
He looks ſo lovely ſweet in Beauties Pomp,
He draws me to his Dart.—— I dare no more.
Bert. He's mad beyond the Cure of *Hellebore.*
VVhips, Darkneſs, Dungeons, for this Inſolence.——
Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.——
Qu. You're both too bold. You, *Torriſmond*, withdraw:
I'll teach you all what's owing to your Queen.
For you, My Lord,——
The Prieſt to Morrow was to join our hands;
I'll try if I can live a Day without you.
So, both of you depart; and live in Peace.
Alph. Who knows which way ſhe points!
Doubling and turning like a hunted Hare.
Find out the Meaning of her Mind who can.
Ped. Who ever found a Woman's! backward and forward,
The whole Sex in every word. In my Conſcience when ſhe was getting, her Mother was thinking of a Riddle. [*Exeunt all but the Queen and* Tereſa.
Qu. Haſte, my *Tereſa*, haſte; and call him back.
Tere. Whom, Madam?
Qu. Him.
Tere. Prince *Bertran?*
Qu. Torriſmond.
There is no other He.
Ter. [*Aſide.*] A riſing Sun;
Or I am much deceiv'd. [*Exit* Tereſa.
Qu. A change ſo ſwift, what Heart did ever feel!
It ruſh'd upon me like a mighty Stream,
And bore me in a Moment far from Shore.
I've lov'd away my ſelf: in one ſhort hour,
Already am I gone an Age of Paſſion.
Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Succeſs?
Theſe might perhaps be found in other Men.
'Twas that reſpect; that awful homage pay'd me;
That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes;
And, with a ſilent Earthquake, ſhook his Soul.
But, when he ſpoke, what tender words he ſaid!
So ſoftly, that, like flakes of feather'd Snow,
They melted as they fell.——
Enter Tereſa, *with* Torriſmond.
Tere. He waits your pleaſure.
Qu. 'Tis well; retire——Oh Heavens, that I muſt ſpeak
So diſtant from my Heart—— [*Aſide.*
To *Tor.*] How now! what boldneſs brings you back again?
Tor. I heard 'twas your Command.
Qu. A fond Miſtake,
To credit ſo unlikely a Command.
And you return full of the ſame Preſumption
T'affront me with your Love?
Tor. If 'tis Preſumption for a Wretch condemn'd
To throw himſelf beneath his Judge's feet:
A Boldneſs, more than this, I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your Foes.
Qu. You wou'd inſinuate your paſt Services;
And thoſe, I grant, were great: but you confeſs
A Fault committed ſince, that cancels all.
Tor. And who cou'd dare to diſavow his Crime,
When that, for which he is accus'd and ſeiz'd,
He bears about him ſtill! my Eyes confeſs it.

My

My every Action ſpeaks my Yeart aloud.
But, oh, the madneſs of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love, and I deſpair.
Qu. Have you not heard,
My Father, with his dying Voice, bequeath'd
My Crown and me to *Bertran*? And dare you,
A private Man, preſume to love a Queen?
Tor. That, that's the Wound! I ſee you ſet ſo high,
As no Deſert, or Services, can reach.
Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a Monarch's Soul,
And cruſted it with baſe Plebeian Clay!
Why gave you me Deſires of ſuch extent,
And ſuch a Span to graſp 'em? Sure my Lot,
By ſome o'er-haſty Angel was miſplac'd
In Fate's eternal Volume!——But I rave,
And, like a giddy Bird, in dead of Night,
Fly round the Fire that ſcorches me to death.
Qu. Yet, *Torriſmond*, you've not ſo ill deſerv'd,
But I may give you Counſel for your Cure.
Tor. I cannot, nay, I wiſh not to be cur'd.
Qu. [*Aſide.*] Nor I, Heav'n knows!
Tor. There is a Pleaſure ſure
In being Mad, which none but Mad-men know!
Let me indulge it: let me gaze for ever!
And, ſince you are too great to be belov'd,
Be greater, greater yet; and be ador'd.
Qu. Theſe are the words which I muſt only hear
From *Bertran*'s Mouth; they ſhou'd diſpleaſe from you;
I ſay they ſhou'd: but VVomen are ſo vain,
To like the Love, though they deſpiſe the Lover.
Yet, that I may not ſend you from my ſight
In abſolute deſpair——I pity you.
Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!
Death, take me in this moment of my Joy?
But when my Soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
Spare this one Thought: let me remember Pity;
And ſo deceiv'd, think all my Life was bleſs'd.
Qu. What if I add a little to my Alms?
If that wou'd help, I cou'd caſt in a Tear
To your Misfortunes.———
Tor. A Tear! You have o'erbid all my paſt Sufferings,
And all my future too!
Qu. Were I no Queen———
Or you of Royal Blood———
Tor. What have I loſt by my Fore-father's Fault?
Why was not I the Twenty'th by deſcent
From a long reſtive Race of droning Kings?
Love! What a poor Omnipotence haſt thou
When Gold and Titles buy thee?
Qu. [*Sighs.*] Oh, my torture!———
Tor. Might I preſume, but, oh, I dare not hope
That Sigh was added to your Alms for me!
Qu. I give you leave to gueſs; and not forbid you
To make the beſt conſtruction for your Love.
Be ſecret and diſcreet; theſe Faiery Favours
Are loſt when not conceal'd;———provoke not *Bertran.*——
Retire: I muſt no more but this,—Hope, *Torriſmond.*— [*Exit Queen.*
Tor. She bids me hope; oh Heav'ns; ſhe pities me!
And pity ſtill foreruns approaching Love;
As Lightning does the Thunder! tune your Harps,
Ye Angels, to that ſound; and thou, my Heart,
Make room to entertain thy flowing Joy.
Hence all my Griefs, and every anxious Care:
One word, and one kind Glance, can cure deſpair. [*Ex.* Tor.

SCENE, *A Chamber,*

A Table and Wine ſet out.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely poſſible: for Fryars have free admittance into every Houſe. This *Jacobin*, whom I have ſent to, is her Confeſſor; and who can ſuſpect a Man of ſuch Reverence for a Pimp? I'll try for once: I'll bribe him high: for commonly none love Money better than they who have made a Vow of Poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge fat religious Gentleman coming up, Sir, he ſays he's but a Fryar, but he's big enough to be a Pope; his Gills are as roſie as a Turkey-Cock; his great Belly walks in ſtate before him like an Harbinger; and his gouty Legs come limping after it: Never was ſuch a Tun of Devotion ſeen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vaniſh. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Father Dominic.

Lor. Welcome, Father.

Dom. Peace be here: I thought I had been ſent for to a dying Man; to have fitted him for another World.

Lor. No, Faith, Father, I was never for taking ſuch long Journeys. Repoſe your ſelf, I beſeech you, Sir, if thoſe ſpindle Legs of yours will carry you to the next Chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I muſt confeſs, with Faſting.

Lor. 'Tis a ſign by your wan Complexion, and your thin Jouls, Father. Come—— to our better Acquaintance: ——here's a Sovereign Remedy for old Age and Sorrow [*Drinks.*

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you reaſon.

Lor. Is it to your Palate, Father? [*Drinks.*

Dom. Second thoughts, they ſay, are beſt: I'll conſider of it once again. [*Drinks.*

It has a moſt delicious flavour with it.

Gad forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your Health, Son, I am not us'd to be ſo unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*

Lor. No, I'll be ſworn by what I ſee of you, you are not:--------To the bottom.-------I warrant him a true Church-man.-------Now, Father, to our buſineſs, 'tis agreeable to your Calling; I intend to do an act of Charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of Charity; 'tis a comfortable Subject.

Lor. Being in the late Battle, in great hazard of my Life, I recommended my Perſon to good St. *Dominic.*

Dom. You cou'd not have pitch'd upon a better: he's a ſure Card: I never knew him fail his Votaries.

Lor. Troth I e'en made bold to ſtrike up a Bargain with him, that if I 'ſcap'd with Life and Plunder, I wou'd preſent ſome Brother of his Order with part of the Booty taken from the Infidels, to be employ'd in Charitable Uſes.

Dom. There you hit him: St. *Dominic* loves Charity exceedingly: that Argument never fails with him.

Lor. The Spoils were mighty; and I ſcorn to wrong him of a Farthing. To make ſhort my Story; I enquir'd among the *Jacobins* for an Almoner, and the general Fame has pointed out your Reverence as the Worthieſt Man: ------- here are Fifty good Pieces in this Purſe.

Dom. How, Fifty Pieces? 'tis too much, too much in Conſcience.

Lor. Here; take 'em Father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my Vow of Poverty.

Lor. If you are modeſt, I muſt force you: for I am ſtrongeſt.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you ſet your ſtrength againſt a decrepit, poor Old Man? [*Takes the Purſe.*

As I ſaid, 'tis too great a Bounty; but St. *Dominic* ſhall owe you another 'ſcape: I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you pleaſe, Father, we will not trouble him till the next Battle. But you may do me a greater kindneſs, by conveying my Prayers to a Female Saint.

Dom. A Female Saint! good now good now, how your Devotions jump with mine! I always lov'd the Female Saints.

Lor. I mean a Female, Mortal, married-woman-Saint: Look upon the Superſcription of this Note; you know *Don Gomez* his Wife. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Dom. Who, *Donna Elvira?* I think I have ſome reaſon: I am her Ghoſtly Father.

Lor. I have ſome buſineſs of Importance with her, which I have communicated in this Paper; but her Husband is ſo horribly given to be jealous.-------

Dom. Ho, jealous? he's the very Quinteſſence of Jealouſie: he keeps no Male Creature in his Houſe: and from abroad he lets no Man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, Father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her Director and her Guide in Spiritual Affairs. But he has his Humours with me too: for t'other Day he called me Falſe Apoſtle.

Lor. Did he ſo? that reflects upon you all: on my word, Father, that touches your Copy-hold. If you wou'd do a meritorious Action, you might revenge the Church's Quarrel.-----My Letter, Father-----

Dom. Well, ſo far as a Letter, I will take upon me: for what can I refuſe to a Man ſo charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an Anſwer back, that Purſe in your Hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look: there are fifty Pieces lie dormant in it, for more Charities.

Dom. That muſt not be: not a Farthing more upon my Prieſthood.—— But what may be the purport and meaning of this Letter; that I confeſs a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable Man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the Contents, and ſo far I am blameleſs. But an Anſwer you ſhall have; though not for the ſake of your fifty Pieces more: I have ſworn not to take them: they ſhall not be altogether fifty:—— your Miſtreſs,——— forgive me that I ſhould call her your Miſtreſs, I meant *Elvira*, lives but at next Door; I'll viſit her immediately: but not a word more of the Nine and forty Pieces.——

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down Stairs.—— Fifty Pounds for the Poſtage of a Letter! to ſend by the Church is certainly the deareſt Road in Chriſtendom.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Gomez, Elvira.

Gom. Henceforth I baniſh Fleſh and Wine: I'll have none ſtirring within theſe Walls theſe twelve Months.

Elv. I care not; the ſooner I am ſtarv'd the ſooner I am rid of Wedlock. I ſhall learn the knack to faſt a Days; you have us'd me to faſting Nights already.

Gom. How the Gipſey anſwers me! Oh, 'tis a moſt notorious Hilding!

Elv. [*crying.*] But was ever poor innocent Creature ſo hardly dealt with, for a little harmleſs Chat?

Gom. Oh, the Impudence of this wicked Sex! Laſcivious Dialogues are innocent with you!

Elv. Was it ſuch a Crime to enquire how the Battel paſs'd?

Gom. But that was not the buſineſs, Gentlewoman; you were not asking News of a Battel paſt; you were engaging for a Skirmiſh that was to come.

Elv. An honeſt Woman wou'd be glad to hear, that her Honour was ſafe, and her Enemies were ſlain.

Gom. [*in her Tone.*] And to ask if he were wounded in your defence; and, in caſe he were, to offer your ſelf to be his Chirurgeon:—— then you did not deſcribe your Husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich old Huncks.

Elv. No, I need not: he deſcribes himſelf ſufficiently: but, in what Dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your Sleep, with your Eyes broad open, at Noon of Day; and dreamt you were talking to the foreſaid purpoſe with one Colonel *Hernando.*——

Elv. Who, dear Husband, who?

Gom. What the Devil have I ſaid? You would have farther Information, wou'd you?

Elv. No, but my dear little old Man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your ſake.

Gom.

Gom. Get you up into your Chamber, Cockatrice; and there immure your ſelf: be confin'd, I ſay, during our Royal Pleaſure: But, firſt, down on your Marrow-bones, upon your Allegiance; and make an acknowledgment of your Offences; for I will have ample ſatisfaction. [*Pulls her down.*

Elv. I have done you no Injury, and therefore I'll make you no Submiſſion: But I'll complain to my Ghoſtly Father.

Gom. Ay; there's your Remedy: When you receive condign Puniſhment, you run with open Mouth to your Confeſſor; that parcel of holy Guts and Garbidge; he muſt chuckle you and moan you; but I'll rid my hands of his Ghoſtly Authority one Day, and make him know he's the Son of a ——— [*Enter* Dominic.] (*ſees him*) So;—— no ſooner conjure, but the Devil's in the Circle. ———

Dom. Son of a what, *Don Gomez?*

Gom. Why, a Son of a Church, I hope there's no harm in that, Father.

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time ſhall ſerve: and to Morrow I enjoin you to Faſt for Penance.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) There's no harm in that; ſhe ſhall faſt too: Faſting ſaves Money.

Dom. [*to Elv.*] What was the reaſon that I found you upon your Knees, in that unſeemly poſture?

Gom. (*Aſide.*) O horrible! to find a Woman upon her Knees, he ſays, is an unſeemly Poſture; there's a Prieſt for you.

Elv. [*to Dom.*] I wiſh, Father, you wou'd give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have ſomewhat upon my Spirits that preſſes me exceedingly.

Dom. (*Aſide.*) This goes well: *Gomez*, ſtand you at diſtance,—— farther yet, ——— ſtand out of Ear-ſhot——— I have ſomewhat to ſay to your Wife in private.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) Was ever Man thus Prieſt-ridden? wou'd the Steeple of his Church were in his Belly: I am ſure there's room for it.

Elv. I am aſham'd to acknowledge my Infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent Father; and therefore I will venture to —— and yet I dare not.———

Dom. Nay, if you are baſhful; —if you keep your Wound from the knowledge of your Surgeon;———

Elv. You know my Husband is a Man in Years; but he's my Husband; and therefore I ſhall be ſilent: but his Humours are more intolerable than his Age: he's grown ſo froward, ſo covetous, and ſo jealous, that he has turn'd my Heart quite from him; and, if I durſt confeſs it, has forc'd me to caſt my Affections on another Man.

Dom. Good: ———hold, hold; I meant abominable:——— pray Heaven this be my Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Elv. I have ſeen this Man, Father; and have incourag'd his Addreſſes: he's a young Gentleman, a Soldier, of a moſt winning Carriage; and what his Courtſhip may produce at laſt, I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis he for certain: —— ſhe has ſav'd the Credit of my Function, by ſpeaking firſt; now muſt I take Gravity upon me.

Gom. (*Aſide.*) This whiſpering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me ſo plaguily under the laſh, that I dare not interupt him.

Dom. Daughter, Daughter, do you remember your Matrimonial Vow?

Elv. Yes, to my ſorrow, Father, I do remember it: a miſerable Woman it has made me: but you know, Father, a Marriage Vow is but a thing of courſe, which all Women take when they wou'd get a Husband.

Dom. A Vow is a very ſolemn thing: and 'tis good to keep it: ——but, notwithſtanding it may be broken, upon ſome occaſions.—— Have you ſtriven with all your might againſt this frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have ſtriven; but I found it was againſt the Stream. Love, you know, Father, is a great Vow-maker; but he's a greater Vow-breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your Duty to ſtrive always: but, notwithſtanding, when we have done our utmoſt, it extenuates the Sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer. ——Now, Gentlewoman, you are confeſſing your Enormities; I know it by that hypocritical, down-caſt Look: enjoin her to ſit bare upon a Bed of Nettles, Father; you can do no leſs in Conſcience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? will you force me to

make uſe of my Authority? your Wife's a well-diſpos'd and a vertuous Lady; I ſay it, *In verbo Sacerdotis.*

Elv. I know not what to do, Father; I find my ſelf in a moſt deſperate Condition; and ſo is the Colonel for love of me.

Dom. The Colonel, ſay you! I wiſh it be not the ſame young Gentleman I know: 'Tis a gallant young Man, I muſt confeſs, worthy of any Lady's love in Chriſtendom; in a lawful way I mean; of ſuch a charming Behaviour, ſo bewitching to a Woman's Eye; and furthermore, ſo charitably given; by all good Tokens, this muſt be my Colonel *Hernando.*

Elv. Ay, and my Colonel too, Father: I am over-joy'd; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! why he haunts me up and down: and I am afraid, it is for love of you: for he preſs'd a Letter upon me, within this Hour, to deliver to you: I confeſs, I receiv'd it, leſt he ſhou'd ſend it by ſome other; but with full reſolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. Oh, dear Father, let me have it, or I ſhall die.

Gom. Whiſpering ſtill! A Pox of your cloſe Committee! I'll liſten I'm reſolv'd. [*ſteals nearer.*]

Dom. Nay, if you are obſtinately bent to ſee it,——uſe your diſcretion; but for my part, I waſh my hands on't.—— what make you liſtning there? get farther off; I preach not to thee, thou wicked Eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, Father, as if I were taking Abſolution, if you'll but pleaſe to ſtand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then, I have told you the ill Conſequences, *& liberavi animam meam.*——— Your Reputation is in danger, to ſay nothing of your Soul. Notwithſtanding, when the Spiritual means have been apply'd, and fails: in that caſe, the Carnal may be us'd.———You are a tender Child, you are; and muſt not be put into Deſpair: your Heart is as ſoft and melting as your Hand.

[*He ſtrokes her Face; takes her by the hand; and gives the Letter.*

Gom. Hold, hold, Father; you go beyond your Commiſſion: Palming is always held foul play amongſt Gameſters.

Dom. Thus, good Intentions are miſconſtrued by wicked Men: you will never be warn'd, till you are Excommunicate.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Ah, Devil on him; there's his hold! If there were no more in Excommunication than the Church's Cenſure, a Wiſe-Man would lick his Conſcience whole with a wet Finger: but, if I am Excommunicate, I am Outlaw'd; and then there's no calling in my Money.

Elv. [*riſing.*] I have read the Note, Father, and will ſend him an Anſwer immediately; for I know his Lodgings by his Letter.

Dom. I underſtand it not, for my part; but I wiſh your Intentions be honeſt. Remember, that Adultery, though it be a ſilent Sin, yet it is a crying Sin alſo. Nevertheleſs, If you believe abſolutely he will die, unleſs you pity him: to ſave a Man's Life is a point of Charity; and actions of Charity do alleviate, as I may ſay, and take off from the Mortality of the Sin. Farewel, Daughter.———*Gomez*, cheriſh your vertuous Wife; and thereupon I give you my Benediction. [*Going.*

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the Door,——— that I may be ſure you ſteal nothing by the way.———Fryars wear not their long Sleeves for nothing.—— Oh, 'tis a *Judas Iſcariot.* [*Exit after the Fryar.*

Elv. This Fryar is a comfortable Man! He will underſtand nothing of the Buſineſs; and yet does it all.

Pray Wives and Virgins, at your time of need,
For a True Guide, of my Good Father's breed.

[Exit *Elvira.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Lorenzo, *in Fryars habit*, *meeting* Dominic.

Lor. FAther *Dominic*, Father *Dominic*; Why in ſuch haſte Man?

Dom. It ſhou'd ſeem a Brother of our Order.

Lor. No, Faith, I am only your Brother in Iniquity: my Holineſs, like yours, is meer out-ſide.

Dom. What! my noble Colonel in Metamorphoſis! On what occaſion are you transform'd?

Lor. Love; Almighty Love; that which turn'd *Jupiter* into a Town-Bull, has transform'd me into a Fryar: I have had a Letter from *Elvira*, in anſwer to that I ſent by you.

Dom. You ſee I have deliver'd my Meſſage faithfully: I am a Fryar of Honour where I am engag'd.

Lor. O, I underſtand your Hint: the other Fifty Pieces are ready to be condemn'd to Charity.

Dom. But this Habit, Son, this Habit!

Lor. 'Tis a Habit that in all Ages has been friendly to Fornication: You have begun the Deſign in this Cloathing, and I'll try to accompliſh it. The Husband is abſent; that evil Counſellor is remov'd; and the Sovereign is graciouſly diſpos'd to hear my Grievances.

Dom. Go to; go to; I find good Counſel is but thrown away upon you: Fare-you-well, fare-you-well, Son! ah———

Lor. How! Will you turn Recreant at the laſt caſt? You muſt along to countenance my undertaking: We are at the Door Man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't; and I will not go.

Lor. You may ſtay, Father; but no Fifty Pounds without it: that was only promis'd in the Bond: but the Condition of this Obligation is ſuch, That if the above-named Father, Father *Dominic*, do not well and faithfully perform———

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the Reverence of my Preſence may be a curb to your Exorbitancies.

Lor. Lead up your Myrmidon, and enter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Elvira, *in her Chamber.*

Elv. He'll come, that's certain: young Appetites are ſharp; and ſeldom need twice bidding to ſuch a Banquet!———well; if I prove frail, as I hope I ſhall not, till I have compaſs'd my Deſign; never Woman had ſuch a Husband to provoke her, ſuch a Lover to allure her, or ſuch a Confeſſor to abſolve her. Of what am I afraid then? not my Conſcience, that's ſafe enough; my Ghoſtly Father has given it a Doſe of Church Opium, to lull it: well, for ſoothing Sin, I'll ſay that for him, he's a Chaplain for any Court in Chriſtendom.

Enter Lorenzo *and* Dominic.

O, Father *Dominic*, what News? How, a Companion with you! What Game have you in hand, that you hunt in Couples?

Lor. [*lifting up his Hood.*] I'll ſhew you that immediately.

Elv. O, my Love!

Lor. My Life!

Elv. My Soul! [*They embrace.*

Dom. I am taken on the ſudden with a grievous ſwimming in my Head, and ſuch a Miſt before my Eyes, that I can neither hear nor ſee.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you ſome comfortable Water.

Dom. No, no; nothing but the open Air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your Garden: but remember that I truſt you both, and do not wrong my good Opinion of you. [*Exit* Dominic.

Elv. This is certainly the Duſt of Gold which you have thrown in the good Man's Eyes, that on the ſudden he cannot ſee: for my Mind miſgives me, this Sickneſs of his is but Apocryphal!

Lor. 'Tis no Qualm of Conſcience, I'll be ſworn: you ſee, Madam, 'tis Intereſt governs all the World: he preaches againſt Sin; why? becauſe he gets by't: he holds his Tongue; why? becauſe ſo much more is bidden for his ſilence.

Elv. And ſo much for the Fryar.

Lor.

Lor. Oh, thoſe Eyes of yours reproach me juſtly: that I neglect the Subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you conſider the hazard I have run to ſee you here? if you do, methinks it ſhou'd inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of conſidering, let us conſider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell Beads? Love is a kind of penurious God, very niggardly of his opportunities, he muſt be watch'd like a hard-hearted Treaſurer, for he bolts out on the ſudden, and, if you take him not in the nick, he vaniſhes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make ſuch haſte to have done loving me? You Men are all like Watches, wound up for ſtriking Twelve immediately; but, after you are ſatisfied, the very next that follows is the ſolitary ſound of a ſingle One.

Lor. How, Madam! Do you invite me to a Feaſt, and then preach Abſtinence?

Elv. No, I invite you to a Feaſt where the Diſhes are ſerv'd up in order: you are for making a haſty Meal, and for chopping up your Entertainment, like an hungry Clown: truſt my management, good Colonel; and call not for your Deſert too ſoon: believe me, that which comes laſt, as it is the ſweeteſt, ſo it cloies the ſooneſt.

Lor. I perceive, Madam, by your holding me at this diſtance, that there is ſomewhat you expect from me: what am I to undertake or ſuffer e're I can be happy?

Elv. I muſt firſt be ſatisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that's Holy: By theſe dear Eyes.

Elv. Spare your Oaths and Proteſtations; I know you Gallants of the time have a Mint at your Tongues end to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me: but, By Heavens, if you were in a condition———

Elv. Then you would not be ſo prodigal of your Promiſes, but have the fear of Matrimony before your Eyes: in few words, if you love me as you profeſs, deliver me from this Bondage, take me out of *Egypt*, and I'll wander with you as far as Earth, and Seas, and Love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad Frolick, though this is the maddeſt I ever undertook; have with you, Lady mine; I take you at your word; and, if you are for a merry Jaunt, I'll try for once who can foot it fartheſt: there are Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter to be found: I, with my Knapſack, and you, with your Bottle at your Back: we'll leave Honour to Madmen, and Riches to Knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the World, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your Hand, and ſtrike a Bargain.

[*He takes her Hand, and kiſſes it.*

Lor. In ſign and token whereof the Parties interchangeably, and ſo forth—— when ſhould I be weary of ſealing upon this ſoft Wax?

Elv. O, Heavens! I hear my Husband's Voice.

Enter Gomez.

Gom. Where are you, Gentlewoman? there's ſomething in the Wind I'm ſure, becauſe your Woman would have run up Stairs before me: but I have ſecur'd her below with a Gag in her Chaps—— now, in the Devil's name, what makes this Fryar here again? I do not like theſe frequent Conjunctions of the Fleſh and Spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good Father; my Husband, you ſee, is in an ill Humour; and I would not have you witneſs of his Folly. [Lorenzo *going.*

Gom. [*running to the door.*] By your Reverence's favour, hold a little, I muſt examine you ſomething better before you go: Hi day; who have we here? Father *Dominic* is ſhrunk in the wetting two Yards and a half about the Belly: what are become of thoſe two Timber-logs that he us'd to wear for Legs, that ſtood ſtruting like the two black Poſts before a Door? I am afraid ſome bad Body has been ſetting him over a Fire in a great Cauldron, and boil'd him down half the quantity for a Receipt: this is no Father *Dominic*, no huge over-grown Abby-lubber; this is but a diminutive ſucking Fryar: as ſure as a Gun now, Father *Dominic* has been ſpawning this young, ſlender Anti-chriſt.

Elv. [*Aſide*] He will be found; there's no prevention.

Gom. Why does he not ſpeak? What! Is the Fryar poſſeſs'd with a dumb Devil? If he be, I ſhall make bold to conjure him.

Elv.

Elv. He's but a Novice in his Order, and is injoin'd Silence for a Penance.

Gom. A Novice, quoth a; You would make a Novice of me too, if you could: but, What was his buſineſs here? Anſwer me that, Gentlewoman, anſwer me that.

Elv. What ſhou'd it be, but to give me ſome Spiritual Inſtructions?

Gom. Very good; and you are like to edifie much from a dumb Preacher; this will not paſs; I muſt examine the Contents of him a little cloſer; O thou Confeſſor! confeſs who thou art, or thou art no Fryar of this World.

[*He comes to* Lorenzo, *who ſtruggles with him; his Habit flies open, and diſcovers a Sword:* Gomez *ſtarts back.*

As I live, this is a manifeſt Member of the Church Militant.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] I am diſcover'd; now Impudence be my Refuge —— Yes, Faith 'tis I, honeſt *Gomez*, thou ſeeſt I uſe thee like a Friend; this is a familiar Viſit.

Gom. What! Colonel *Hernando* turn'd a Fryar! who could have ſuſpected you for ſo much Godlineſs?

Lor. E'en as thou ſeeſt, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding; but I do not wonder at your Viſit, after ſo friendly an Invitation as I made you; marry, I hope you will excuſe the Blunderbuſſes for not being in readineſs to ſalute you; but let me know your Hour, and all ſhall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it; I hate ſuch ripping up of old unkindneſs; I was upon the Frolick this Evening, and came to viſit thee in Maſquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forc'd to toy away an hour with my Wife, or ſo.

Lor. Right: thou ſpeak'ſt my very Soul.

Gom. Why, am not I a Friend then, to help you out? you wou'd have been fumbling half an hour for this Excuſe——but, as I remember, you promis'd to ſtorm my Citadel, and bring your Regiment of Red Locuſts upon me for Free-Quarter: I find, Colonel, by your Habit, there are Black Locuſts in the World as well as Red.

Elv. [*Aſide.*] When comes my ſhare of the reckoning to be call'd for?

Lor. Give me thy Hand; Thou art the honeſteſt, kind Man; I was reſolv'd I wou'd not out of thy Houſe till I had ſeen thee.

Gom. No, in my Conſcience, if I had ſtaid abroad till Midnight. But, Colonel, you and I ſhall talk in another Tone hereafter; I mean, in cold Friendſhip, at a Bar, before a Judge, by the way of Plantiff and Defendant; your Excuſes want ſome Grains to make 'em Currant: hum and ha will not do the buſineſs——there's a modeſt Lady of your Acquaintance, ſhe has ſo much Grace to make none at all, but ſilently to confeſs the Power of Dame Nature working in her Body to Youthful Appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unleſs it were by virtue of his Habit.

Gom. Ai, ai, the Vertues of that Habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I cou'd not hinder his entrance, for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To reſiſt him.

Elv. I'm ſure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time wou'd have ſerv'd the turn: O thou epitome of thy vertuous Sex! Madam *Meſſalina* the Second retire to thy Apartment: I have an Aſſignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I am all Obedience —— [*Exit* Elvira.

Lor. I find, *Gomez*, you are not the Man I thought you; we may meet before we come to the Bar, we may, and our Differences may be decided by other Weapons then by Lawyers Tongues; in the mean time, no ill treatment of your Wife, as you hope to die a natural Death, and go to Hell in your Bed: *Bilbo* is the word, remember that, and tremble—— [*He's going out.*

Enter Dominic.

Dom. Where is this naughty Couple? where are you, in the name of Goodneſs? my Mind miſgave me; and I durſt truſt you no longer with your ſelves; here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next Confeſſion.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] The Devil is punctual, I ſee, he has paid me the ſhame he ow'd me; and now the Fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. [*ſeeing Gom.*] Bleſs my Eyes! what do I ſee?

Gom. Why; you ſee a Cuckold of this honeſt Gentleman's making: I thank him for his pains.

Dom.

Dom. I confeſs I am aſtoniſh'd!

Gom. What, at a Cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your Head-piece and his Limbs have done my buſineſs. —— Nay, do not look ſo ſtrangely, remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next Confeſſion: What naughty Couple were they whom you durſt not truſt together any longer? when the hypocritical Rogue had truſted 'em a full quarter of an Hour; and, by the way, Horns will ſprout in leſs time than Muſhrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuſe one of my Order upon light ſuſpicions: the naughty Couple that I meant, were your Wife and you, whom I left together with great Animoſities on both ſides: now, that was the occaſion, mark me *Gomez*, that I thought it convenient to return again, and not to truſt your enraged Spirits too long together: you might have broken out into Revilings and Matrimonial Warfare, which are Sins; and new Sins make work for new Confeſſions.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid, I faith, Fryar; thou art come off thy ſelf, but poor I am left in Limbo.

Gom. Angle in ſome other Ford, good Father, you ſhall catch no Gudgeons here: look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, Fryar, and inform the Court what you know concerning him; he is arraign'd here by the name of Colonel *Hernando.*

Dom. What Colonel do you mean, *Gomez?* I ſee no Man, but a Reverend Brother of our Order, whoſe Profeſſion I honour, but whoſe Perſon I know not, as I hope for Paradiſe.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him, the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this Diſguiſe, for the greateſt Cuckold-maker in all *Spain.*

Dom. O Impudence! O Rogue! O Villain! Nay, if he be ſuch a Man, my Righteous Spirit riſes at him! Does he put on Holy Garments for a cover-ſhame of Lewdneſs?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, Father; when a ſwindging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it ſo cloſe as a Fryar's Hood: for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep, puts out his Horns to do a Miſchief, and then ſhrinks 'em back for ſafety, like a Snail into her Shell.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] It's beſt marching off while I can retreat with Honour; there's no truſting this Fryar's Conſcience; he has renounc'd me already more heartily than e'er he did the Devil, and is in a fair way to proſecute me for putting on theſe Holy Robes: this is the old Church-trick, the Clergy is ever at the bottom of the Plot, but they are wiſe enough to ſlip their own Necks out of the Collar, and leave the Laity to be fairly hang'd for it——— [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Gom. Follow your Leader, Fryar; your Colonel is troop'd off, but he had not gone ſo eaſily, if I durſt have truſted you in the Houſe behind me; gather up your gouty Legs, I ſay, and rid my Houſe of that huge Body of Divinity.

Dom. I expect ſome Judgment ſhou'd fall upon you for your want of Reverence to your Spiritual Director: Slander, Covetouſneſs, and Jealouſie, will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put Pride, Hypocriſie, and Gluttony, into your Scale, Father, and you ſhall weigh againſt me: nay, and Sins come to be divided once, the Clergy puts in for nine Parts, and ſcarce leaves the Laity a tythe.

Dom. How dar'ſt thou reproach the Tribe of *Levi?*

Gom. Marry, becauſe you make us Lay-men of the Tribe of *Iſſachar:* you make Aſſes of us to bear your Burthens: when we are Young you put Paniers upon us, with your Church-diſcipline; and, when we are grown up, you load us with a Wife: after that, you procure for other Men, and then you load our Wives too; a fine phraſe you have amongſt you to draw us into Marriage, you call it Settling of a Man; juſt as when a Fellow has got a ſound knock upon the Head, they ſay he's ſettled: Marriage is a ſettling Blow indeed. They ſay every thing in the World is good for ſomething, as a Toad, to ſuck up the Venom of the Earth; but I never knew what a Fryar was good for till your Pimping ſhow'd me.

Dom. Thou ſhalt anſwer for this, thou Slanderer, thy Offences be upon thy Head.

Gom. I believe there are ſome Offences there of your planting. [*Exit* Dominic. Lord, Lord, that Men ſhould have ſenſe enough to ſet Snares in their Warrens to catch Pole-cats and Foxes, and yet———

Want Wit, a Prieſt-trap at their Door to lay,
For holy Vermin that in Houſes prey. [*Exit* Gomez.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Queen, Tereſa.

Ter. You are not what you were ſince Yeſterday:
Your Food forſakes you, and your needful reſt:
You pine, you languiſh, love to be alone;
Think much, ſpeak little; and, in ſpeaking, ſigh.
When you ſee *Torriſmond*, you are unquiet;
But when you ſee him not, you are in pain.
Queen. O, let 'em never love, who never try'd!
They brought a Paper to me to be ſign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name;
And writ, for *Leonora*, *Torriſmond*.
I went to Bed, and to my ſelf I thought,
That I wou'd think on *Torriſmond* no more:
Then ſhut my Eyes; but cou'd not ſhut out him.
I turn'd; and try'd each corner of my Bed,
To find if Sleep were there, but Sleep was loſt.
Fev'riſh, for want of Reſt, I riſe, and walk'd;
And, by the Moon-ſhine, to the Windows went;
There, thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
I caſt my Eyes upon the neighbouring Fields,
And, e're I was aware, ſigh'd to my ſelf,
There fought my *Torriſmond*.
Ter. What hinders you to take the Man you love?
The People will be glad, the Soldier ſhout;
And *Bertran*, though repining, will be aw'd.
Qu. I fear to try new Love,
As Boys to venture on the unknown Ice,
That crackles underneath 'em, while they ſlide.
Oh, how ſhall I deſcribe this growing ill!
Betwixt my Doubt and Love methinks I ſtand
Alt'ring, like one that waits an Ague fit;
And yet, wou'd this were all!
Ter. What fear you more?
Qu. I am aſham'd to ſay, 'tis but a fancy.
At break of Day, when Dreams, they ſay, are true,
A drouzie Slumber, rather than a Sleep,
Seiz'd on my Senſes, with long Watching worn.
Methought I ſtood on a wide River's Bank,
Which I muſt needs o'erpaſs, but knew not how:
When, on a ſudden *Torriſmond* appear'd,
Gave me his Hand, and led me lightly o'er;
Leaping and bounding on the Billows heads,
Till ſafely we had reach'd the farther Shore.
Ter. This Dream portends ſome ill which you ſhall 'ſcape.
Wou'd you ſee fairer Viſions? Take this Night
Your *Torriſmond* within your Arms to ſleep:
And, to that end, invent ſome apt pretence
To break with *Bertran*: 'twould be better yet,
Cou'd you provoke him to give you th' occaſion,
And then to throw him off.

Enter Bertran *at a diſtance.*

Qu. My Stars have ſent him:
For, ſee he comes: how gloomily he looks!
If he, as I ſuſpect, have found my Love,
His Jealouſie will furniſh him with Fury,
And me with means to part.
Bert. [*Aſide.*] Shall I upbraid her? Shall I call her falſe?
If ſhe be falſe, 'tis what ſhe moſt deſires.
My Genius whiſpers me, Be cautious, *Bertran!*
Thou walk'ſt as on a narrow Mountain's neck,
A dreadful height, with ſcanty room to tread.

Qu. What Bus'neſs have you at the Court, my Lord?
Bert. What Bus'neſs, Madam?
Qu. Yes, my Lord, What Bus'neſs?
'Tis ſomewhat ſure of weighty Conſequence
That brings you here ſo often and unſent for.
Bert. [*Aſide.*] 'Tis what I fear'd, her words are cold enough
To freeze a Man to death.——May I preſume
To ſpeak, and to complain?
Qu. They who complain to Princes think 'em tame:
What Bull dare bellow, or, what Sheep dares bleat,
Within the Lion's Den?
Bert. Yet Men are ſuffer'd to put Heav'n in mind
Of promis'd Bleſſings, for they then are Debts.
Qu. My Lord, Heav'n knows its own time when to give;
But you, it ſeems, charge me with breach of Faith.
Bert. I hope I need not, Madam:
But as when Men in Sickneſs lingring lie,
They count the tedious Hours by Months and Years;
So every Day deferr'd to dying Lovers
Is a whole Age of pain.
Qu. What if I ne'er conſent to make you mine?
My Father's Promiſe ties me not to time;
And Bonds, without a Date, they ſay, are void.
Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:
Love is the freeſt motion of our Minds:
O, cou'd you ſee into my ſecret Soul,
There you might read your own Dominion doubled,
Both as a Queen and Miſtreſs: if you leave me,
Know I can die, but dare not be diſpleas'd.
Qu. Sure you affect Stupidity, my Lord,
Or give me cauſe to think, that when you loſt
Three Battels to the *Moors*, you coldly ſtood
As unconcern'd as now.
Bert. I did my beſt;
Fate was not in my power.
Qu. And with the like tame Gravity you ſaw
A raw young Warriour take your baffled work,
And end it at a Blow.
Bert. I humbly take my leave; but they who blaſt
Your good Opinion of me, may have cauſe
To know I am no Coward. [*He is going.*
Qu. Bertran, ſtay;
[*Aſide.*] This may produce ſome diſmal Conſequence
To him whom dearer than my Life I love.
[*To him.*] Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your Love, and make you doubt of mine?
Bert. Then was it but a trial?
Methinks I ſtart as from ſome dreadful Dream;
And often ask my ſelf, if yet I wake.
[*Aſide.*] This turns too quick to be without Deſign;
I'll ſound the bottom of't e're I believe.
Qu. I find your Love; and wou'd reward it too,
But anxious Fears ſollicit my weak Breaſt:
I fear my People's Faith:
That hot-mouth'd Beaſt that bears againſt the Curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful Kings;
But harder by Uſurpers:
Judge then, my Lord, with all theſe Cares oppreſt,
If I can think of Love.
Bert. Believe me, Madam,
Theſe Jealouſies, how ever large they ſpread,
Have but one Root, the old, impriſon'd King;
Whoſe Lenity firſt pleas'd the gaping Crowd:
But when long tried, and found ſupinely good,

Like *Æſop*'s Logg, they leapt upon his Back:
Your Father knew 'em well; and when he mounted,
He rein'd 'em ſtrongly and he ſpurr'd them hard;
And, but he durſt not do it all at once,
He had not left alive this patient Saint,
This Anvil of Affronts, but ſent him hence,
To hold a peaceful Branch of Palm above,
And hymn it in the Quire.
Qu. You've hit upon the very String, which touch'd,
Ecchoes the Sound, and Jars within my Soul;
There lies my Grief.
Bert. So long as there's a Head,
Thither will all the mounting Spirits fly;
Lop that but off; and then ——
Qu. My Vertue ſhrinks from ſuch an horrid Act.
Bert. This 'tis to have a Vertue out of ſeaſon.
Mercy is good; a very good dull Vertue;
But Kings miſtake its timing; and are mild,
When manly Courage bids 'em be ſevere:
Better be cruel once, than anxious ever:
Remove this threatning Danger from your Crown;
And then ſecurely take the Man you love.
Qu. [*walking aſide.*] Ha! let me think of that: the Man I love?
'Tis true, this Murther is the only means
That can ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond.*
Nay more, this Execution done by *Bertran*,
Makes him the Object of the People's Hate.
Bert. [*Aſide.*] The more ſhe thinks, 'twill work the ſtronger in her.
Qu. [*Aſide.*] How eloquent is Miſchief to perſuade!
Few are ſo wicked as to take delight
In Crimes unprofitable, nor do I:
If then I break divine and humane Laws,
No Bribe but Love cou'd gain ſo bad a Cauſe.
Bert. You anſwer nothing!
Qu. 'Tis of deep Concernment,
And I a Woman ignorant and weak:
I leave it all to you, think what you do,
You do for him I love.
Bert. [*Aſide.*] For him ſhe loves?
She nam'd not me; that may be *Torriſmond*,
Whom ſhe has thrice in private ſeen this Day:
Then I am fairly caught in my own Snare.
I'll think again —— Madam, it ſhall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit* Bert.
Qu. O, that it were! I wou'd not do this Crime,
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
The Prieſthood groſly cheat us with Free-will:
Will to do what, but what Heaven firſt decreed?
Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
Since from eternal Cauſes they proceed:
Our Paſſions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
Meer ſenſleſs Engines that are mov'd by Fate;
Like Ships on ſtormy Seas without a Guide,
Toſt by the Winds, and driven by the Tide.

Enter Torriſmond.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and preſs too often
Into your preſence, Madam? If I am ——
Qu. No more; leſt I ſhou'd chide you for your ſtay:
Where have you been? and, How cou'd you ſuppoſe
That I cou'd live theſe two long Hours without you?
Tor. O, words to charm an Angel from his Orb!
Welcome, as kindly Showers to long parch'd Earth!
But I have been in ſuch a diſmal place
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers:

Bound in with Darkneſs, over-ſpread with Damps:
Where I have ſeen (if I cou'd ſay, I ſaw)
The good old King, majeſtick in his Bonds,
And 'midſt his Griefs moſt venerably Great:
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours, he lay ſtretch'd along
Upon the unwholſome Earth; his Eyes fix'd upward:
And ever and anon a ſilent Tear
Stole down, and trickl'd from his hoary Beard.
Qu. O Heaven, what have I done! my gentle Love,
Here end thy ſad Diſcourſe, and, for my ſake,
Caſt off theſe fearful melancholy Thoughts.
Tor. My Heart is wither'd at that piteous ſight,
As early Bloſſoms are with Eaſtern blaſts:
He ſent for me, and, while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck;
And, ſeeing that I wept, he preſs'd me cloſe:
So, leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow.
Qu. Forbear: you know not how you wound my Soul.
Tor. Can you have Grief, and not have Pity too?
He told me, when my Father did return,
He had a wondrous Secret to diſcloſe:
He kiſs'd me, bleſs'd me, nay, he call'd me Son;
He prais'd my Courage, pray'd for my Succeſs:
He was ſo true a Father of his Country,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Becauſe they were his Subjects.
Qu. If they be; then what am I?
Tor. The Sovereign of my Soul, my Earthly Heaven.
Qu. And not your Queen?
Tor. You are ſo beautiful,
So wondrous fair, you juſtifie Rebellion:
As if that faultleſs Face could make no Sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, muſt forgive.
Qu. The King muſt die, he muſt, my *Torriſmond*;
Though Pity ſoftly plead within my Soul.
Yet he muſt die, that I may make you Great,
And give a Crown in dowry with my Love.
Tor. Periſh that Crown —— on any Head but yours;——
O, recollect your Thoughts!
Shake not his Hour-Glaſs, when his haſty Sand
Is ebbing to the laſt:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And Nature drops him down, without your Sin.
Like mellow Fruit, without a Winter Storm.
Qu. Let me but do this one Injuſtice more:
His Doom is paſt; and, for your ſake, he dies.
Tor. Wou'd you, for me, have done ſo ill an Act,
And will not do a good one?
Now, by your Joys on Earth, your Hopes in Heaven,
O ſpare this Great, this Good, this Aged King;
And ſpare your Soul the Crime!
Qu. The Crime's not mine;
'Twas firſt propos'd, and muſt be done, by *Bertran*,
Fed with falſe hopes to gain my Crown and Me:
I, to inhance his Ruin, gave no leave;
But barely bad him think, and then reſolve.
Tor. In not forbidding, you command the Crime;
Think, timely think, on the laſt dreadful Day;
How will you tremble there to ſtand expos'd,
And foremoſt in the rank of guilty Ghoſts
That muſt be doom'd for Murther; think on Murther:
That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes;

The damn'd themſelves ſtart wide, and ſhun that Band,
As far more black, and more forlorn than they.
Qu. 'Tis terrible, it ſhakes, it ſtaggers me;
I knew this Truth, but I repell'd that Thought;
Sure there is none but fears a future ſtate:
And, when the moſt obdurate ſwear they do not,
Their trembling Hearts bely their boaſting Tongues.
Enter Tereſa.
Send ſpeedily to *Bertran*; charge him ſtrictly
Not to proceed, but wait my farther Pleaſure.
Tere. Madam, he ſends to tell you, Tis perform'd. [*Exit* Tereſa.
Tor. Ten thouſand Plagues conſume him, Furies drag him,
Fiends tear him; Blaſted be the Arm that ſtrook,
The Tongue that order'd; --- Only She be ſpar'd
That hindred not the Deed. O, where was then
The Power that guards the ſacred Lives of Kings?
Why ſlept the Lightning and the Thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle rage on Fields and Trees,
When Vengeance call'd 'em here?
Qu. Sleep that Thought too,
'Tis done, and ſince 'tis done, 'tis paſt recall:
And ſince 'tis paſt recall, muſt be forgotten.
Tor. O, never, never, ſhall it be forgotten;
High Heaven will not forget it, after Ages
Shall with a fearful Curſe remember ours;
And Blood ſhall never leave the Nation more!
Qu. His Body ſhall be Royally interr'd,
And the laſt Funeral Pomps adorn his Hearſe;
I will my ſelf (as I have Cauſe too juſt)
Be the chief Mourner at his Obſequies:
And Yearly fix on the revolving Day
The ſolemn marks of Mourning, to atone
And expiate my Offences.
Tor Nothing can,
But bloody Vengeance on that Traitor's Head,
Which, dear departed Spirit, here I vow.
Qu. Here end our Sorrows, and begin our Joys:
Love calls, my *Torriſmond*; though Hate has rag'd
And rul'd the Day, yet Love will rule the Night.
The ſpiteful Stars have ſhed their Venom down,
And now the peaceful Planets take their turn.
This Deed of *Bertran*'s has remov'd all Fears,
And giv'n me juſt occaſion to refuſe him.
What hinders now but that the holy Prieſt
In ſecret join our mutual Vows? and then
This Night, this happy Night, is yours and mine.
Tor. Be ſtill my Sorrows; and, be loud my Joys.
Fly to the utmoſt Circles of the Sea,
Thou furious Tempeſt that has toſt my Mind,
And leave no Thought, but *Leonora*, there.——
What's this I feel aboding in my Soul?
As if this Day were fatal; be it ſo;
Fate ſhall but have the Leavings of my Love:
My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great;
The Lion, though he ſee the Toils are ſet,
Yet, pinch'd with raging Hunger, ſcowrs away,
Hunts in the face of Danger all the Day;
At Night, with ſullen pleaſure, grumbles o'er his Prey.
[*Exeunt ambo.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Before* Gomez *his Door.*

Enter Lorenzo, Dominic, *and two Soldiers at a diſtance.*

Dom. I'LL not wag an ace farther: The whole World ſhall not bribe me to it; for my Conſcience will digeſt theſe groſs Enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy Conſcience not digeſt 'em! There's ne'er a Fryar in *Spain* can ſhow a Conſcience that comes near it for Digeſtion: it digeſted Pimping when I ſent thee with my Letter: and it digeſted Perjury when thou ſwor'ſt thou did'ſt not know me: I'm ſure it has digeſted me Fifty Pounds of as hard Gold as is in all *Barbary:* Prithee, why ſhould'ſt thou diſcourage Fornication, when thou knoweſt thou loveſt a ſweet Young-Girl?

Dom. Away, away; I do not love 'em; —phau; no,——[*Spits.*—— I do not love a pretty Girl; ——you are ſo waggiſh;—— [*Spits again.*

Lor. Why, thy Mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleaſure in Defamation, Colonel; but I wonder what you find in running reſtleſs up and down, breaking your Brains, emptying your Purſe, and wearing out your Body with hunting after unlawful Game.

Lor. Why, there's the Satisfaction on't.

Dom. This Incontinency may proceed to Adultery, and Adultery to Murther, and Murther to Hanging; and there's the Satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, Fryar; I'm reſolv'd to peach thee before thy Superiors for what thou haſt done already.

Dom. I'm reſolv'd to forſwear it if you do: Let me adviſe you better, Colonel, than to accuſe a Church-man to a Church-man: in the common Cauſe we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. (Aſide.) If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom Nay, if you talk of Peaching, I'll peach firſt, and ſee whoſe Oath will be believ'd; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my Honeſty, and bribe my Conſcience: You ſhall be ſummon'd by an Hoſt of Parators: You ſhall be ſentenc'd in the Spiritual Court: You ſhall be Excommunicated: You ſhall be Outlaw'd: ——and——

[*Here* Lorenzo *takes a Purſe, and plays with it, and, at laſt, lets the Purſe fall chinking on the Ground; which the Fryar eyes.*

In another Tone.] I ſay a Man might do this now, if he were maliciouſly diſpos'd, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity; but, conſidering that you are my Friend, a Perſon of Honour, and a worthy good charitable Man, I wou'd rather die a thouſand deaths than diſoblige you.

[Lorenzo *takes up the Purſe, and pours it into the Fryar's Sleeve.*

Nay, good Sir; nay, dear Colonel; O Lord, Sir, what are you doing now! I proteſt this muſt not be: without this I wou'd have ſerv'd you to the uttermoſt; pray command me; a jealous foul-mouth'd Rogue this *Gomez* is: I ſaw how he us'd you, and you mark'd how he us'd me too: O he's a bitter Man; but we'll join our Forces; ah, ſhall we, Colonel? we'll be reveng'd on him with a witneſs.

Lor. But how ſhall I ſend her word to be ready at the Door, (for I muſt reveal it in Confeſſion to you,) that I mean to carry her away this Evening, by the help of theſe two Soldiers? I know *Gomez* ſuſpects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom. Let me alone; I fear him not; I am arm'd with the Authority of my Cloathing; yonder I ſee him keeping Centry at his Door: have you never ſeen a Citizen, in a cold Morning, clapping his Sides, and walking forward and backward a mighty Pace before his Shop? but I'll gain the Paſs in ſpight of his ſuſpicion; ſtand you aſide, and do but mark how I accoſt him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulſe, we muſt throw off the Fox's Skin, and put on the Lion's, come, Gentlemen, you'll ſtand by me.

Soldier. Do not doubt us, Colonel.

[*They retire all three to a Corner of the Stage,* Dominic *goes to the door where* Gomez *ſtands.*

Dom. Good even, *Gomez*, how does your Wife?

Gom.

Gom. Juſt as you wou'd have her, thinking on nothing but her dear Colonel, and conſpiring Cuckoldom againſt me.

Dom. I dare ſay you wrong her, ſhe is employing her Thoughts how to cure you of your Jealouſie.

Gom. Yes, by Certainty.

Dom. By your leave, *Gomez*; I have ſome Spiritual Advice to impart to her on that Subject.

Gom. You may ſpare your Inſtructions if you pleaſe, Father, ſhe has no farther need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you ſpeak in Riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me ſpeak plainer; ſhe has profited ſo well already by your Counſel, that ſhe can ſay her Leſſon without your teaching: Do you underſtand me now?

Dom. I muſt not neglect my Duty, for all that; once again, *Gomez*, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little Indiſpos'd at preſent, and it will not be convenient to diſturb her.

[Dominic *offers to go by him, but t'other ſtands before him.*

Dom. Indiſpos'd, ſay you? O, it is upon thoſe occaſions that a Confeſſor is moſt neceſſary; I think it was my good Angel that ſent me hither ſo opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whoſe good Angels ſent you hither, that you beſt know, Father.

Dom. A word or two of Devotion will do her no harm, I'm ſure.

Gom. A little Sleep will do her more good, I'm ſure: You know ſhe disburthen'd her Conſcience but this Morning to you.

Dom: But, if ſhe be ill this Afternoon, ſhe may have new occaſion to confeſs.

Gom. Indeed, as you order Matters with the Colonel, ſhe may have occaſion of confeſſing her ſelf every hour.

Dom. Pray, how long has ſhe been ſick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a Man to ſpeak; why, ever ſince your laſt Defeat.

Dom. This can be but ſome light Indiſpoſition, it will not laſt, and I may ſee her.

Gom. How, not laſt! I ſay, It will laſt, and it ſhall laſt; ſhe ſhall be ſick theſe ſeven or eight Days, and perhaps longer, as I ſee occaſion: what; I know the mind of her Sickneſs a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I muſt bring a Doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an Apothecary with a chargeable long Bill of *Ana*'s: thoſe of my Family have the Grace to die cheaper: in a word, Sir *Dominic*, we underſtand one anothers buſineſs here: I am reſolv'd to ſtand like the *Swiſs* of my own Family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your *Pater Noſters* if you pleaſe, and try if you can make my Doors fly open, and batter down my Walls with Bell, Book, and Candle; but I am not of Opinion that you are Holy enough to commit Miracles.

Dom. Men of my Order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I wou'd treat the Pope and all his Cardinals in the ſame manner, if they offer'd to ſee my Wife without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the Church, if thou doſt not open, there's Promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my Wife, if you go to that; there's Promulgation for Promulgation, and Bull for Bull; and ſo I leave you to recreate your ſelf with the end of an old Song—*and Sorrow came to the old Fryar.* [*Exit* Gomez.

Lorenzo *comes to him.*

Lor. I will not ask you your Succeſs; for I overheard part of it, and ſaw the Concluſion; I find we are now put upon our laſt Trump; the Fox is earth'd, but I ſhall ſend my two Terriers in after him.

Souldier, I warrant you Colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haſt you can to bring out the Lady: What ſay you, Father, Burglary is but a venial Sin among Soldiers.

Dom. I ſhall abſolve them, becauſe he is an Enemy of the Church——there is a Proverb, I confeſs, which ſays, That Dead-men tell no Tales; but let your Soldiers apply it at their own Perils.

Lor. What, take away a Man's Wife, and kill him too! the Wickedneſs of this old Villain ſtartles me, and gives me a twinge for my own Sin; though it come far ſhort of his: Hark you Soldiers, be ſure you uſe as little Violence to him as is poſſible.

Dom.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to ſecure him, with leſs danger to us.

Lor. O Miracle, the Fryar is grown conſcientious!

Dom. The old King you know is juſt Murther'd, and the Perſons that did it are unknown; let the Soldiers ſeize him for one of the Aſſaſſinates, and let me alone to accuſe him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my Heart, for ſuſpecting a Fryar of the leaſt good-nature; what, would you accuſe him wrongfully?

Dom. I muſt confeſs, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc*, as to the Fact it ſelf; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this Heretical Rogue, whom we muſt diſpatch: He has rail'd againſt the Church, which is a fouler Crime than the Murther of a Thouſand Kings; *Omne majus continet in ſe minus*: He that is an Enemy to the Church, is an Enemy unto Heaven; and he that is an Enemy to Heaven, wou'd have kill'd the King, if he had been in the Circumſtances of doing it: So it is not wrongful to accuſe him.

Lor. I never knew a Church-man, if he were perſonally offended, but he wou'd bring in Heaven by hook or crook into his Quarrel. Soldiers, Doe as you were firſt order'd. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Dom. What was't you order'd 'em? Are you ſure it's ſafe, and not ſcandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own Deſign, but not altogether ſo miſchievous; the People are infinitely diſcontented, as they have reaſon; and Mutinies there are, or will be, againſt the Queen; now I am content to put him thus far into the Plot, that he ſhould be ſecur'd as a Traitor; but he ſhall only be Priſoner at the Soldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he ſhall be releas'd.

Dom. And what will become of me then? for when he is free he will infallibly accuſe me.

Lor. Why then, Father, you muſt have recourſe to your infallible Church-remedies, Lie impudently, and Swear devoutly, and, as you told me but now, let him try whoſe Oath will be firſt believ'd: Retire; I hear 'em coming. [*They withdraw.*

Enter the Soldiers *with* Gomez *ſtrugling on their Backs.*

Gom. Help, good Chriſtians, help Neighbours; my Houſe is broken open by force; and I am raviſh'd, and am like to be aſſaſſinated; what do you mean Villains? will you carry me away like a Pedler's Pack upon your Backs? will you murther a Man in plain Day-light?

Firſt Soldier, No: But we'll ſecure you for a Traitor; and for being in a Plot againſt the State.

Gom. Who, I in a Plot! O Lord! O Lord! I never durſt be in a Plot: Why, how can you in Conſcience ſuſpect a rich Citizen of ſo much Wit as to make a Plotter? There are none but poor Rogues, and thoſe that can't live without it, that are in Plots.

Second Soldier, Away with him, away with him.

Gom. O, my Gold! my Wife! my Wife! my Gold! As I hope to be ſav'd now, I know no more of the Plot than they that made it. [*They carry him off, and* exeunt.

Lor. Thus far have we ſail'd with a Merry Gale, and now we have the Cape of good Hope in ſight; the Trade Wind is our own if we can but double it. [*He looks out.*

[*Aſide.*] Ah, my Father and *Pedro* ſtand at the Corner of the Street with Company, there's no ſtirring till they are paſt.

Enter Elvira *with a Casket.*

Elv. Am I come at laſt into your Arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the Adventure's ended; and the Knight may carry off the Lady ſafely.

Elv. I'm ſo over-joy'd, I can ſcarce believe I am at liberty: but ſtand panting, like a Bird that has often beaten her Wings in vain againſt her Cage, and at laſt dares hardly venture out though ſhe ſees it open.

Dom. Loſe no time, but make haſte while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my Benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not ſo free as you ſuppoſe; for there's an old Gentleman of my Acquaintance that blocks up the Paſſage at the Corner of the Street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your Arm, Daughter? ſomewhat I hope that will bear your Charges in your Pilgrimage.

Lor. The Fryar has an Hawk's Eye to Gold and Jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a Fiddle, and provide better Entertainment for us than Hedges in Summer, and Barns in Winter; here's the very

Heart

Heart and Soul, and Life Blood of *Gomez*; Pawns in abundance, old Gold of Widows, and new Gold of Prodigals, and Pearls and Diamonds of Court-Ladies, till the next Bribe helps their Husbands to redeem 'em.

Dom. They are the Spoils of the Wicked, and the Church endows you with 'em.

Lor. And, Faith, we'll drink the Church's Health out of them. But all this while I ſtand on Thorns; prithee, Dear, look out, and ſee if the Coaſt be free for our Eſcape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[Elvira *goes to look, and* Gomez *comes running in upon her: ſhe ſhrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my Stars, I have recover'd my own Territories —— What do I ſee! I'm ruin'd! I'm undone! I'm betray'd!

Dom. [*Aſide.*] What a hopeful Enterprize is here ſpoil'd?

Gom. O, Colonel, are you there? and you, Fryar? nay, then I find how the World goes.

Lor. Cheer up Man; thou art out of Jeopardy; I heard thee crying out juſt now; and came running in full ſpeed with the Wings of an Eagle, and the Feet of a Tyger to thy reſcue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a Courteſie, with your Eagle's Feet, and your Tyger's Wings: and, What were you here for, Fryar?

Dom. To interpoſe my Spiritual Authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you ſhriek out, Gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for Joy at your Return.

Gom. And that Casket under your Arm, for what end and purpoſe?

Elv. Only to preſerve it from the Thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of Doors ——

Elv. Only to meet you, ſweet Husband.

Gom. A fine Evidence ſum'd up among you; thank you heartily; you are all my Friends: the Colonel was walking by accidentally, and, hearing my Voice, came in to ſave me; the Fryar, who was hobling the ſame way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the Colonel, I warrant you, he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful Wife runs out of Doors to meet me with all my Jewels under her Arm, and ſhrieks out for Joy at my return: but if my Father-in-law had not met your Soldiers, Colonel, and deliver'd me in the nick, I ſhou'd neither have found a Friend nor a Fryar here, and might have ſhriek'd out for Joy my ſelf for the loſs of my Jewels and my Wife.

Dom. Art thou an Infidel? Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such Church-men as you wou'd make any Man an Infidel: Get you into your Kennel, Gentlewoman; I ſhall thank you within-doors for your ſafe cuſtody of my Jewels and your own. [*He thruſts his Wife off the Stage.*] *Exit* Elvira. As for you, Colonel Huff-cap, we ſhall try before a Civil Magiſtrate who's the greater Plotter of us two, I againſt the State, or you againſt the Petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you ſhall for ſomething. [*Beats him.*

Gom. Murther! murther! I give up the Ghoſt! I am deſtroy'd! help! murther! murther!

Dom. Away, Colonel, let us fly for our Lives; the Neighbours are coming out with Forks and Fire-ſhovels and Spits, and other domeſtick Weapons; the *Militia* of a whole Alley is rais'd againſt us.

Lor. This is but the Intereſt of my Debt, Maſter Uſurer, the Principal ſhall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your Soldiers had but diſpatch'd him, his Tongue had been laid a-ſleep, Colonel; but this comes of not following good Counſel; ah ——

[*Exeunt* Lorenzo *and Fryar ſeverally.*

Gom. I'll be reveng'd of him if I dare; but he's ſuch a terrible Fellow that my Mind miſgives me; I ſhall tremble when I have him before the Judge: all my Misfortunes come together: I have been robb'd, and cuckolded, and raviſh'd, and beaten in one quarter of an Hour: my poor Limbs ſmart, and my poor Head akes: ay, do, do, ſmart Limb, ake Head, and ſprout Horns; but I'll be hang'd before I'll pity you: you muſt needs be married, muſt ye? there's for that, [*Beats his own Head.*] and to a fine, young, modiſh Lady, muſt ye? there's for that too; and, at threeſcore, you old doting Cuckold, take that remembrance —— a fine time of Day for a Man to be bound Prentice, when he is paſt uſing of his Trade; to ſet up an Equipage of Noiſe when he has moſt need of Quiet; inſtead of her being under Covert-baron, to be under Covert-

feme my ſelf; to have my Body diſabl'd, and my Head fortifi'd; and laſtly; to be crowded into a narrow Box with a ſhrill Trebble,

That with one Blaſt through the whole Houſe does bound,
And firſt taught Speaking-Trumpets how to Sound.

[*Exit* Gomez.

SCENE, *The Court.*

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro.

Raym. Are theſe, are theſe, ye Powers, the promis'd Joys,
With which I flatter'd my long tedious abſence,
To find, at my return, my Maſter murther'd?
O, that I could but weep to vent my Paſſion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, Brother; 'tis obſerv'd at Court
Who weeps, and who wears black; and your Return
Will fix all Eyes on every Act of yours,
To ſee how you reſent King *Sancho*'s Death.

Raym. What generous Man can live with that conſtraint
Upon his Soul, to bear, much leſs to flatter
A Court like this! can I ſooth Tyranny?
Seem pleas'd to ſee my Royal Maſter murther'd,
His Crown uſurp'd, a Diſtaff in the Throne,
A Council made of ſuch as dare not ſpeak,
And could not if they durſt; whence honeſt Men
Baniſh themſelves for ſhame of being there:
A Government that, knowing not true Wiſdom,
Is ſcorn'd abroad, and lives on Tricks at home?

Alph. Vertue muſt be thrown off, 'tis a coarſe Garment,
Too heavy for the Sun-ſhine of a Court.

Raym. Well then, I will diſſemble for an end
So great, ſo pious, as a juſt Revenge:
You'll join with me.

Alph. No honeſt Man but muſt.

Ped. What Title has this Queen but lawleſs Force?
And Force muſt pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity *Leonora*'s Caſe;
Forc'd, for her Safety, to commit a Crime
Which moſt her Soul abhors.

Raym. All ſhe has done, or e'er can do, of good,
This one black Deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly gain your Son to our Deſign.

Raym. Your reaſon for't.

Ped. I want time to unriddle it:
Put on your t'other Face; the Queen approaches.

Enter the Queen, Bertran, *and Attendants.*

Raym. And that accurſed *Bertran*
Stalks cloſe behind her, like a Witche's Fiend,
Preſſing to be employ'd; ſtand, and obſerve them.

Queen to Bertran.] Bury'd in private, and ſo ſuddenly!
It croſſes my Deſign, which was t'allow
The Rites of Funeral fitting his Degree,
With all the Pomp of Mourning.

Bert. It was not ſafe:
Objects of pity, when the Cauſe is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy Crowd:
Had *Cæſar*'s Body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his Cauſe.

Qu. Then, was he lov'd?

Bert. O, never Man ſo much, for Saint-like Goodneſs.

Ped. [*Aſide.*] Had bad Men fear'd him, but as good Men lov'd him,
He had not yet been Sainted.

Qu. I wonder how the People bear his Death,

Bert. Some diſcontents there are; ſome idle Murmurs.

Ped.

Ped. How, Idle Murmurs! Let me plainly ſpeak:
The Doors are all ſhut up; the wealthier ſort,
With Arms a-croſs, and Hats upon their Eyes,
Walk to and fro before their ſilent Shops:
Whole droves of Lenders crowd the Banquers Doors,
To call in Money; thoſe who have none, mark
Where Money goes; for when they riſe 'tis Plunder:
The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And liſten with their Mouths;
Some tell; ſome hear, ſome judge of News, ſome make it;
And he who lies moſt loud, is moſt believ'd.
Qu. This may be dangerous.
Raym. [*Aſide.*] Pray Heaven it may.
Bert. If one of you muſt fall;
Self-preſervation is the firſt of Laws:
And if, when Subjects are oppreſs'd by Kings,
They juſtifie Rebellion by that Law,
As well may Monarchs turn the edge of right
To cut for them when ſelf-defence requires it.
Qu. You place ſuch Arbitrary Power in Kings,
That I much fear, if I ſhould make you one,
You'll make your ſelf a Tyrant; let theſe know
By what Authority you did this Act.
Bert. You much ſurprize me to demand that Queſtion:
But, ſince Truth muſt be told, 'Twas by your own.
Qu. Produce it; or, By Heaven, your Head ſhall anſwer
The Forfeit of your Tongue.
Raym. [*Aſide.*] Brave miſchief towards.
Bert. You bad me.
Qu. When, and where?
Bert. No, I confeſs, you bad me not in words;
The Dial ſpoke not, but it made ſhrewd Signs,
And pointed full upon the ſtroke of Murther:
Yet this you ſaid,
You were a Woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my Care.
Qu. What if I ſaid,
I was a Woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' advantage of my Sex,
And play the Devil to tempt me? You contriv'd,
You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your Toils;
And if, much tir'd, and frighted more, I paus'd;
Were you to make my Doubts your own Commiſſion?
Bert. This 'tis to ſerve a Prince too faithfully;
Who, free from Laws himſelf, will have that done,
Which, not perform'd, brings us to ſure Diſgrace;
And, if perform'd, to Ruin.
Qu. This 'tis to counſel things that are unjuſt:
Firſt, to debauch a King to break his Laws,
(Which are his ſafety,) and then ſeek Protection
From him you have endanger'd; but, Juſt Heaven,
When Sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting Devil
More deep than thoſe he tempted.
Bert. If Princes not protect their Miniſters,
What Man will dare to ſerve them?
Qu. None will dare
To ſerve them ill, when they are left to Laws;
But when a Counſellor, to ſave himſelf,
Would lay Miſcarriages upon his Prince,
Expoſing him to publick Rage and Hate;
O, 'tis an Act as infamouſly baſe,
As ſhould a common Soldier ſculk behind,
And thruſt his General in the Front of War:
It ſhews he only ſerv'd himſelf before,

And had no ſenſe of Honour, Country, King;
But center'd on himſelf; and us'd his Maſter
As Guardians do their Wards, with ſhows of care,
But with intent to ſell the Publick Safety,
And pocket up his Prince.
Ped. [*Aſide.*] Well ſaid, i'faith;
This Speech is e'en too good for an Uſurper.
Bert. I ſee for whom I muſt be ſacrific'd;
And, had I not been ſotted with my Zeal,
I might have found it ſooner.
Qu. From my ſight!
The Prince who bears an Inſolence like this
Is ſuch an Image of the Powers above,
As is the Statue of the Thundring God,
Whoſe Bolts the Boys may play with.
Bert. Unreveng'd
I will not fall, nor ſingle. [*Exit* Bertran *cum ſuis.*

Queen to Raymond, *who kiſſes her Hand.*

Qu. Welcome, welcome:
I ſaw you not before: one honeſt Lord
Is hid with eaſe among a crowd of Courtiers:
How can I be too grateful to the Father
Of ſuch a Son as *Torriſmond?*
Raym. His Actions were but Duty.
Qu. Yet, my Lord,
All have not paid that Debt like noble *Torriſmond*;
You hear how *Bertran* brands me with a Crime,
Of which, your Son can witneſs, I am free;
I ſent to ſtop the Murther, but too late;
For Crimes are ſwift, but Penitence is ſlow;
The bloody *Bertran* diligent in ill,
Flew to prevent the ſoft returns of Pity.
Raym. O curſed haſte of making ſure a Sin!
Can you forgive the Traytor?
Qu. Never, never:
'Tis written here in Characters ſo deep
That ſeven Years hence, ('till then ſhould I not meet him,)
And in the Temple then, I'll drag him thence,
Ev'n from the Holy Altar to the Block.
Raym. [*Aſide.*] She's fir'd, as I would wiſh her; aid me Juſtice,
As all my ends are thine, to gain this Point;
And ruin both at once:——It wounds indeed, [*To her.*
To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to puniſh; yet one way
There is to ruin *Bertran.*
Qu. O, there's none;
Except an Hoſt from Heaven can make ſuch haſte
To ſave my Crown as he will do to ſeize it:
You ſaw he came ſurrounded with his Friends,
And knew beſides our Army was remov'd
To quarters too remote for ſudden uſe.
Raym. Yet you may give Commiſſion
To ſome Bold Man, whoſe Loyalty you truſt,
And let him raiſe the Train-bands of the City.
Qu. Groſs-feeders, Lion-talkers, Lamb-like fighters.
Raym. You do not know the Virtues of your City,
What puſhing force they have; ſome popular Chief,
More noiſie than the reſt, but cries Halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing Herd come out;
The Gates are barr'd, the Ways are barricado'd,
And *One and All's* the Word; true Cocks of th' Game,
That never ask for what, or whom, they fight;
But turn 'em out, and ſhew 'em but a Foe,
Cry Liberty, and that's a Cauſe of Quarrel.

Qu.

Qu. There may be Danger in that boiſt'rous Rout:
Who knows when Fires are kindled for my Foes,
But ſome new Blaſt of Wind may turn thoſe Flames
Againſt my Palace Walls.
Raym. But ſtill their Chief
Muſt be ſome one whoſe Loyalty you truſt.
Qu. And who more proper for that Truſt than you,
Whoſe Intereſts, though unknown to you, are mine?
Alphonſo, *Pedro*, haſte to raiſe the Rabble,
He ſhall appear to head 'em.
Raym. [*Aſide* to *Alphonſo* and *Pedro.*] Firſt ſeize *Bertran*,
And then inſinuate to them that I bring
Their lawful Prince to place upon the Throne.
Alph. Our lawful Prince.
Raym. Fear not; I can produce him.
Pedro to *Alphonſo.*] Now we want your Son *Lorenzo:* VVhat a mighty Faction
Would he make for us of the City Wives,
With, O, dear Husband, my ſweet honey Husband,
Won't you be for the Colonel? if you love me,
Be for the Colonel; O he's the fineſt Man! [*Exeunt* Alphonſo, Pedro.
Raym. [*Aſide.*] So, now we have a Plot behind the Plot;
She thinks ſhe's in the depth of my Deſign,
And that it's all for her, but Time ſhall ſhow,
She only lives to help me ruin others,
And laſt, to fall her ſelf.
Qu. Now, to you *Raymond:* Can you gueſs no reaſon
Why I repoſe ſuch Confidence in you?
You needs muſt think
There's ſome more powerful Cauſe than Loyalty:
Will you not ſpeak to ſave a Lady's Bluſh?
Muſt I inform you 'tis for *Torriſmond*,
That all this Grace is ſhown?
Raym. [*Aſide.*] By all the Powers, worſe, worſe, than what I fear'd.
Qu. And yet, what need I bluſh at ſuch a Choice?
I love a Man, whom I am proud to love,
And am well-pleas'd my Inclination gives
What Gratitude would force; O, pardon me;
I ne'er was covetous of Wealth before:
Yet think ſo vaſt a Treaſure as your Son,
Too great for any private Man's poſſeſſion;
And him too rich a Jewel to be ſet
In vulgar Metal, or for vulgar uſe.
Raym. Arm me with Patience, Heaven.
Qu. How, Patience, *Raymond!*
What exerciſe of Patience have you here?
What find you in my Crown to be contemn'd?
Or in my Perſon loath'd? Have I, a Queen,
Paſt by my Fellow-rulers of the World,
Whoſe vying Crowns lay glittering in my way,
As if the VVorld were pav'd with Diadems?
Have I refus'd their Blood, to mix with yours,
And raiſe new Kings from ſo obſcure a Race,
Fate ſcarce knew where to find them when I call'd?
Have I heap'd on my Perſon, Crown and State,
To load the Scale, and weigh'd my ſelf with Earth,
For you to ſpurn the Balance?
Raym. Bate the laſt; and 'tis what I would ſay;
Can I, can any Loyal Subject ſee
VVith Patience, ſuch a ſtoop from Sovereignty,
An Ocean pour'd upon a narrow Brook?
My Zeal for you muſt lay the Father by,
And plead my Country's Cauſe againſt my Son.
VVhat though his Heart be great, his Actions gallant,
He wants a Crown to poize againſt a Crown,

Birth to match Birth, and Power to balance Power.
Qu. All theſe I have, and theſe I can beſtow;
But he brings VVorth and Vertue to my Bed;
And Vertue is the VVealth which Tyrants want:
I ſtand in need of one whoſe Glories may
Redeem my Crimes, ally me to his Fame,
Diſpel the Factions of my Foes on Earth,
Diſarm the Juſtice of the Powers above.
Raym. The People never will endure this choice.
Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you?
Go raiſe the Miniſters of my Revenge,
Guide with your Breath this whirling Tempeſt round,
And ſee its Fury fall where I deſign;
At laſt a time for juſt Revenge is given;
Revenge the darling attribute of Heaven:
But Man, unlike his Maker, bears too long;
Still more expos'd, the more he pardons Wrong;
Great in forgiving, and in ſuffering brave;
To be a Saint he makes himſelf a Slave. [*Exit Queen.*
Raym. [*ſolus.*] Marriage with *Torriſmond!* it muſt not be;
By Heaven, it muſt not be; or, if it be;
Law, Juſtice, Honour, bid farewel to Earth;
For Heaven leaves all to Tyrants.
Enter Torriſmond, *who kneels to him.*
Tor. O, ever welcome, Sir,
But doubly now! you come in ſuch a time,
As if propitious Fortune took a care
To ſwell my Tide of Joys to their full height,
And leave me nothing farther to deſire.
Raym. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
At leaſt, to ſave your Fortune and your Honour:
Take heed you ſteer your Veſſel right, my Son,
This Calm of Heaven, this Mermaid's melody,
Into an unſeen Whirl-pool draws you faſt,
And in a moment ſinks you.
Tor. Fortune cannot:
And Fate can ſcarce; I've made the Port already,
And laugh ſecurely at the lazy Storm
That wanted Wings to reach me in the deep.
Your pardon, Sir, my Duty calls me hence;
I go to find my Queen, my earthly Goddeſs,
To whom I owe my Hopes, my Life, my Love.
Raym. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine;
Stay, I command you ſtay, and hear me firſt,
This Hour's the very *Criſis* of your Fate,
Your Good or Ill, your Infamy or Fame;
And all the colour of your Life depends
On this important Now.
Tor. I ſee no danger;
The City, Army, Court, eſpouſe my Cauſe;
And, more then all, the Queen with publick favour
Indulges my Pretenſions to her Love.
Raym. Nay, if poſſeſſing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your Deſign.
Tor. If ſhe can make me bleſt? ſhe only can:
Empire, and Wealth, and all ſhe brings beſide,
Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love:
The ſweeteſt, kindeſt, trueſt of her Sex,
In whoſe Poſſeſſion Years rowl round on Years,
And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again:
Kiſſes, Embraces, Languiſhing and Death,
Still from each other, to each other move
To crown the various ſeaſons of our Love:
And doubt you if ſuch Love can make me happy?

Raym. Yes, for I think you love your Honour more.
Tor. And what can ſhock my Honour in a Queen?
Raym. A Tyrant, an Uſurper?
Tor. Grant ſhe be.
When from the Conqueror we hold our Lives,
We yield our ſelves his Subjects from that hour:
For mutual Benefits make mutual Ties.
Raym. Why, can you think I owe a Thief my Life,
Becauſe he took it not by lawleſs Force?
What if he did not all the Ill he cou'd?
Am I oblig'd, by that, t'aſſiſt his Rapines,
And to maintain his Murthers?
Tor. Not to maintain, but bear 'em unreveng'd;
Kings Titles commonly begin by Force,
VVhich Time wears off and mellows into Right:
So Power, which in one Age is Tyranny,
Is ripen'd in the next to true Succeſſion:
She's in Poſſeſſion.
Raym. So Diſeaſes are:
Shou'd not a lingring Fever be remov'd;
Becauſe it long has rag'd within my Bloud?
Do I rebel when I wou'd thruſt it out?
VVhat, ſhall I think the VVorld was made for One,
And Men are born for Kings, as Beaſts for Men;
Not for Protection, but to be devour'd?
Mark thoſe who dote on Arbitrary Power,
And you ſhall find 'em either hot-brain'd Youth,
Or needy Bankrupts, ſervile in their Greatneſs,
And Slaves to ſome, to lord it o'er the reſt.
O baſeneſs, to ſupport a Tyrant Throne,
And cruſh your Free-born Brethren of the VVorld!
Nay, to become a part of Uſurpation;
To eſpouſe the Tyrant's Perſon and her Crime,
And, on a Tyrant, get a Race of Tyrants
To be your Country's Curſe in after Ages.
Tor. I ſee no Crime in her whom I adore,
Or if I do, her Beauty makes it none:
Look on me as a Man abandon'd o'er
To an eternal Lethargy of Love;
To pull, and pinch, and wound me cannot cure,
And but diſturb the Quiet of my Death.
Raym. O, Vertue! Vertue! what are thou become?
That Men ſhould leave thee for that Toy a VVoman
Made from the droſs and refuſe of a Man;
Heaven took him ſleeping when he made her too;
Had Man been waking he had ne'er conſented.
Now Son ſuppoſe
Some brave Conſpiracy were ready form'd
To puniſh Tyrants and redeem the Land,
Cou'd you ſo far bely your Country's Hope,
As not to head the Party?
Tor. How cou'd my Hand rebel againſt my Heart?
Raym. How cou'd your Heart rebel againſt your Reaſon?
Tor. No Honour bids me fight againſt my ſelf;
The Royal Family is all extinct,
And ſhe who reigns beſtows her Crown on me:
So muſt I be ungrateful to the Living,
To be but vainly pious to the Dead;
While you defraud your Offspring of their Fate.
Raym. Mark, who defraud their Offspring, you or I?
For know there yet ſurvives the lawful Heir
Of *Sancho*'s Blood, whom when I ſhall produce,
I reſt aſſur'd to ſee you pale with Fear
And Trembling at his Name.

Tor.

Tor. He muſt be more than Man who makes me tremble:
I dare him to the Field with all the odds
Of Juſtice on his ſide, againſt my Tyrant:
Produce your lawful Prince, and you ſhall ſee
How brave a Rebel Love has made your Son.
Raym. Read that: 'Tis with the Royal Signet ſign'd,
And given me by the King when time ſhou'd ſerve
To be perus'd by you

Torriſmond reads.

I the King.

My youngeſt and alone ſurviving Son
Reported dead t'eſcape rebellious rage
Till happier Times ſhall call his Courage forth
To break my Fetters or revenge my Fate
I will that Raymond *educate as his,*
And call him Torriſmond——

If I am he, that Son, that *Torriſmond*,
The World contains not ſo forlorn a Wretch!
Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune moſt ſecure,
One fatal Moment tears me from my Joys:
And when two Hearts were join'd by mutual Love,
The Sword of Juſtice cuts upon the Knot,
And ſevers 'em for ever.
Raym. True; it muſt.
Tor. O cruel Man, to tell me that it muſt!
If you have any Pity in your Breaſt,
Redeem me from this Labyrinth of Fate,
And plunge me in my firſt Obſcurity:
The Secret is alone between us two;
And though you wou'd not hide me from my ſelf,
O, yet be kind, conceal me from the World,
And be my Father ſtill.
Raym. Your Lot's too glorious, and the Proof's too plain,
Now, in the name of Honour, Sir, I beg you,
(Since I muſt uſe Authority no more)
On theſe old Knees I beg you, e're I die,
That I may ſee your Father's Death reveng'd.
Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'neſs of my Life;
My Order's iſſued to recall the Army,
And *Bertran*'s Death reſolv'd.
Raym. And not the Queen's; O ſhe's the chief Offender!
Shall Juſtice turn her Edge within your Hand?
No, if ſhe 'ſcape, you are your ſelf the Tyrant,
And Murtherer of your Father.
Tor. Cruel Fates,
To what have you reſerv'd me!
Raym. VVhy that Sigh?
Tor. Since you muſt know, but break, O break my Heart,
Before I tell my Fatal Story out,
Th' Uſurper of my Throne, my Houſe's Ruin,
The Murtherer of my Father, is my VVife!
Raym. O, Horror! Horror! after this Alliance,
Let Tygers match with Hinds, and VVolfs with Sheep,
And every Creature couple with his Foe.
How vainly Man deſigns when Heaven oppoſes!
I bred you up to Arms, rais'd you to Power,
Permitted you to fight for this Uſurper,
Indeed to ſave a Crown, not hers, but yours,
All to make ſure the Vengeance of this Day,

VVhich

Which even this Day has ruin'd —— one more Queſtion
Let me but ask, and I have done for ever:
Do you yet love the Cauſe of all your Woes,
Or, is ſhe grown (as ſure ſhe ought to be)
More odious to your ſight than Toads and Adders?
Tor. O, there's the utmoſt Malice of my Fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!
Raym. No more: —— Farewel my much lamented King.
[*Aſide.*] I dare not truſt him with himſelf ſo far
To own him to the People as their King,
Before their Rage has finiſh'd my Deſigns
On *Bertran* and the Queen, but in deſpight
Ev'n of himſelf I'll ſave him. [*Exit* Raymond.
Tor. 'Tis but a moment ſince I have been King,
And weary on't already; I'm a Lover,
Am lov'd, poſſeſs; yet all theſe make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me Bleſſings for a Curſe.
With what a load of Vengeance am I preſt,
Yet never, never, can I hope for Reſt;
For when my heavy Burthen I remove,
The weight falls down, and cruſhes her I love.
[*Exit* Torriſmond.

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Bed-Chamber.*

Enter Torriſmond.

Tor. LOve, Juſtice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge
Have kindled up a Wild-fire in my Breaſt,
And I am all a Civil-war within!
Enter Queen and Tereſa *at a diſtance.*
My *Leonora* there!
Mine? Is ſhe mine? My Father's Murtherer mine?
Oh! that I could with Honour love her more,
Or hate her leſs with Reaſon! See, ſhe weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or falſe, and knows not why
I thus eſtrange my Perſon from her Bed:
Shall I not tell her? no: 'twill break her Heart:
She'll know too ſoon her own and my Misfortunes. [*Exit.*
Qu. He's gone, and I am loſt; Didſt thou not ſee
His ſullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd:
He look'd not like the *Torriſmond* I lov'd.
Ter. Can you not gueſs from whence this Change proceeds?
Qu. No: There's the Grief, *Tereſa:* Oh, *Tereſa!*
Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
But Shame and Modeſty have ty'd my Tongue!
Yet, I will tell, that thou may'ſt weep with me.
How dear, how ſweet his firſt Embraces were!
With what a Zeal he join'd his Lips to mine!
And ſuckt my Breath at every word I ſpoke,
As if he drew his Inſpiration thence:
While both our Souls came upward to our Mouths,
As neighbouring Monarchs at their Borders meet:
I thought: O no; 'Tis falſe: I could not think;
'Twas neither Life nor Death, but both in one.
Ter. Then ſure his Tranſpoats were not leſs than yours.
Qu. More, more! for by the high-hung Tapers light
I cou'd diſcern his Cheeks were glowing red,
His very Eye-balls trembl'd with his Love,
And ſparkl'd through their Caſements humid Fires:
He ſigh'd and kiſs'd, breath'd ſhort, and wou'd have ſpoke,

But was too fierce to throw away the time;
All he cou'd ſay was Love, and *Leonora.*
Ter. How then can you ſuſpect him loſt ſo ſoon?
Qu. Laſt Night he flew not with a Bridegroom's haſte,
Which eagerly prevents the pointed Hour;
I told the Clocks, and watch'd the waſting Light,
And liſtned to each ſoftly treading ſtep,
In hope 'twas he: but ſtill it was not he.
At laſt he came, but with ſuch alter'd Looks,
So wild, ſo ghaſtly, as if ſome Ghoſt had met him;
All pale, and ſpeechleſs, he ſurvey'd me round;
Then, with a Groan, he threw himſelf a-bed,
But far from me, as far as he cou'd move,
And ſigh'd, and toſs'd, and turn'd, but ſtill from me.
Ter. What, all the Night?
Qu. Even all the live-long Night.
At laſt: (for, bluſhing, I muſt tell thee all,)
I preſs'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side,
He pull'd it back, as if he touch'd a Serpent.
With that I burſt into a floud of Tears,
And ask'd him how I had offended him?
He anſwer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans,
So reſtleſs paſs'd the Night: and at the Dawn
Leapt from the Bed, and vaniſh'd.
Ter. Sighs and Groans,
Paleneſs and Trembling, all are ſigns of Love;
He only fears to make you ſhare his Sorrows.
Qu. I wiſh 'twere ſo: but Love ſtill doubts the worſt;
My heavy Heart, the Propheteſs of Woes,
Forebodes ſome ill at hand: To ſooth my ſadneſs
Sing me the Song which poor *Olympia* made
When falſe *Bireno* left her.——

A SONG.

I.

Farewel ungrateful Traytor,
Farewel my perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe a Man again.
The Pleaſure of Poſſeſſing,
Surpaſſes all Expreſſing,
But 'tis too ſhort a Bleſſing,
And Love too long a Pain.

II.

Tis eaſie to deceive us
In pity of your Pain,
But when we love you leave us
To rail at you in vain.
Before we have deſcry'd it
There is no Bliſs beſide it,
But ſhe that once has try'd it
Will never love again.

III.

The Paſſion you pretended
Was only to obtain,
But when the Charm is ended
The Charmer you diſdain.
Your Love by ours we meaſure
Till we have loſt our Treaſure,
But dying is a Pleaſure,
When Living is a Pain.

Re-enter Torriſmond.

Tor. Still ſhe is here, and ſtill I cannot ſpeak;

But

But wander like ſome diſcontented Ghoſt
That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*
Qu. O, *Torriſmond*, if you reſolve my Death,
You need no more but to go hence again;
VVill you not ſpeak?
Tor. I cannot.
Qu. Speak! oh, ſpeak!
Your Anger wou'd be kinder than your Silence.
Tor. Oh!
Qu. Do not ſigh, or tell me why you ſigh?
Tor. Why do I live, ye Powers?
Qu. Why do I live to hear you ſpeak that word?
Some black-mouth'd Villain has defam'd my Vertue.
Tor. No! No! Pray let me go.
Qu. [*kneeling.*] You ſhall not go:
By all the Pleaſures of our Nuptial-Bed,
If ever I was lov'd, though now I'm not,
By theſe true Tears, which from my wounded Heart
Bleed at my Eyes.——
Tor. Riſe.
Qu. I will never riſe,
I cannot chuſe a better place to die.
Tor. Oh! I wou'd ſpeak, but cannot.
Qu. [*riſing.*] Guilt keeps you ſilent then; you love me not:
VVhat have I done? ye Powers, what have I done?
To ſee my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love
No ſooner gain'd, but ſlighted and betray'd:
And like a Roſe juſt gather'd from the Stalk,
But only ſmelt, and cheaply thrown aſide
To wither on the Ground.
Tere. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, moderate your Paſſion.
Qu. VVhy nam'ſt thou Heaven? there is no Heaven for me,
Deſpair, Death, Hell, have ſeiz'd my tortur'd Soul:
VVhen I had rais'd his groveling Fate from Ground,
To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to Me;
VVhen each Embrace was dearer than the firſt;
Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
And loathſome: Oh! what VVoman can bear Loathſome?
The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
He bills the cloſer: but ungrateful Man,
Baſe, barbarous Man, the more we raiſe our Love,
The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.
Racks, Poiſon, Daggers, rid me but of Life;
And any Death is welcome.
Tor. Be witneſs all ye Powers that know my Heart,
I would have kept the fatal Secret hid,
But ſhe has conquer'd, to her Ruin conquer'd;
Here, take this Paper, read our Deſtinies;
Yet do not; but in kindneſs to your ſelf,
Be ignorantly ſafe.
Qu. No! give it me,
Even though it be the Sentence of my Death.
Tor. Then ſee how much unhappy Love has made us.
O *Leonora!* Oh!
We two were born when ſullen Planets reign'd;
When each the others Influence oppos'd,
And drew the Stars to Factions at our Birth.
Oh! better, better had it been for us
That we had never ſeen, or never lov'd.
Qu. There is no Faith in Heaven, if Heaven ſays ſo,
You dare not give it.
Tor. As unwillingly,
As I would reach out *Opium* to a Friend

Who lay in Torture, and deſir'd to dye. [*Gives the Paper.*
But now you have it, ſpare my ſight the pain
Of ſeeing what a world of Tears it coſt you:
Go ſilently enjoy your part of Grief,
And ſhare the ſad Inheritance with me.
Qu. I have a thirſty Fever in my Soul,
Give me but preſent Eaſe, and let me die. [*Exit Queen and* Tereſa.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the City Bands are up,
Drums beating, Colours flying, Shouts confus'd;
All cluſtring in a heap like ſwarming Hives,
And riſing in a moment.
Tor. With deſign to puniſh *Bertran*, and revenge the King,
'Twas order'd ſo.
Lor. Then you're betray'd, my Lord.
'Tis true, they block the Caſtle kept by *Bertran*,
But now they cry, Down with the Palace, Fire it,
Pull out th' uſurping Queen.
Tor. The Queen, *Lorenzo!* durſt they name the Queen?
Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.
Tor. O Sacrilege! Say quickly who commands
This vile blaſpheming Rout?
Lor. I'm loth to tell you,
But both our Fathers thruſt 'em headlong on,
And bear down all before 'em.
Tor. Death and Hell!
Somewhat muſt be reſolv'd, and ſpeedily,
How ſay'ſt thou, my *Lorenzo*, dar'ſt thou be
A Friend, and once forget thou art a Son,
To help me ſave the Queen?
Lor. [*Aſide.*] Let me conſider;
Bear Arms againſt my Father? he begat me;
That's true; but for whoſe ſake did he beget me?
For his own ſure enough: for me he knew not.
Oh! but ſays Conſcience: Fly in Nature's Face;
But how if Nature fly in my Face firſt?
Then Nature's the Agreſſor: Let her look to't——
——He gave me Life, and he may take it back:——
No, that's Boys play, ſay I.——
'Tis Policy for Son and Father to take different Sides:
For then, Lands and Tenements commit no Treaſon.
[To *Tor.*] Sir, upon mature conſideration, I have found my Father
To be little better than a Rebel, and therefore I'll do
My beſt to ſecure him for your ſake; in hope you may
Secure him hereafter for my ſake.
Tor. Put on thy utmoſt ſpeed to head the Troops
Which every moment I expect t'arrive:
Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful King:
I need not caution thee for *Raymond*'s Life,
Though I no more muſt call him Father now.
Lor. [*Aſide.*] How! not call him Father?
I ſee Preferment alters a Man ſtrangely,
This may ſerve me for a Uſe of Inſtruction,
To caſt off my Father when I am great.
Methought too he call'd himſelf the lawful King;
Intimating ſweetly, that he knows what's what
With our Sovereign Lady: Well, if I rout my
Father, as I hope in Heaven I ſhall, I am in a fair
Way to be a Prince of the Bloud: Farewel General;
I'll bring up thoſe that ſhall try what mettle there is in Orange-Tawny.
Tor. [*at the Door.*] Haſte there, command the Guards be all drawn up
Before the Palace Gate.——By Heaven I'll face
This Tempeſt, and deſerve the Name of King.
O, *Leonora*, beauteous in thy Crimes,
Never were Hell and Heaven ſo match'd before!

Look

Look upward, Fair, but as thou look'ſt on me ;
Then all the bleſt will beg that thou may'ſt live,
And even my Father's Ghoſt his Death forgive. [*Exit* Tor.

SCENE, *The Palace-Yard.*

Drums and Trumpets within.

Enter Raymond, Alphonſo, Pedro, *and their Party.*

Raym. Now, valiant Citizens, the time is come
To ſhew your Courage and your Loyalty :
You have a Prince of *Sancho*'s Royal Bloud,
The Darling of the Heavens, and Joy of Earth ;
When he's produc'd, as ſoon he ſhall, among you ;
Speak, what will you adventure to reſeat him
Upon his Father's Throne ?
Omn. Our Lives and Fortunes.
Raym. What then remains to perfect our Succeſs,
But o'er the Tyrant's Guards to force our way ?
Omn. Lead on, Lead on.

Drums and Trumpets on the other ſide.

Enter Torriſmond *and his Party : as they are going to fight, he ſpeaks.*

Tor. [*to his.*] Hold, hold your Arms.
Raym. [*to his.*] Retire.
Alph. What means this Pauſe ?
Ped. Peace : Nature works within them. [Tor. *and* Raym. *go apart.*
Tor. How comes it, good old Man, that we two meet
On theſe harſh Terms ! thou very reverend Rebel ?
Thou venerable Traitor, in whoſe Face
And hoary Hairs Treaſon is ſanctified ;
And Sin's black dye ſeems blanch'd by Age to Vertue.
Raym. What Treaſon is it to redeem my King,
And to reform the State ?
Tor. That's a ſtale Cheat,
The primitive Rebel, *Lucifer*, firſt us'd it,
And was the firſt Reformer of the Skies.
Raym. What if I ſee my Prince miſtake a Poiſon,
Call it a Cordial ? Am I then a Traitor,
Becauſe I hold his Hand or break the Glaſs ?
Tor. How dar'ſt thou ſerve thy King againſt his Will ?
Raym. Becauſe 'tis then the only time to ſerve him.
Tor. I take the blame of all upon my ſelf,
Diſcharge thy weight on me.
Raym. O, never, never !
Why, 'tis to leave a Ship toſt in a Tempeſt,
Without the Pilot's Care.
Tor. I'll puniſh thee,
By Heaven, I will, as I wou'd puniſh Rebels,
Thou ſtubborn loyal Man.
Raym. Firſt let me ſee
Her puniſh'd who miſleads you from your Fame,
Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,
And I ſhall dye well pleas'd.
Tor. Proclaim my Title,
To ſave the effuſion of my Subject's Bloud, and thou ſhalt ſtill
Be as my Foſter-father near my Breaſt,
And next my *Leonora.*
Raym. That word ſtabs me.
You ſhall be ſtill plain *Torriſmond* with me,

Th'

Th' Abetter, Partner, (if you like that Name,)
The Husband of a Tyrant, but no King;
Till you deſerve that Title by your Juſtice.
Tor. Then, farewel Pity, I will be obey'd.
[*To the People.*] Hear, you miſtaken Men, whoſe Loyalty
Runs headlong into Treaſon: See your Prince,
In me behold your murther'd *Sancho*'s Son;
Diſmiſs your Arms; and I forgive your Crimes.
Raym. Believe him not; he raves; his words are looſe
As heaps of Sand, and ſcattering, wide from ſenſe.
You ſee he knows not me, his natural Father;
But aiming to poſſeſs th' uſurping Queen,
So high he's mounted in his aiery hopes,
That now the Wind is got into his Head,
And turns his Brains to Frenzy.
Tor. Hear me yet, I am ——
Raym. Fall on, fall on, and hear him not:
But ſpare his Perſon for his Father's ſake.
Ped. Let me come, if he be mad, I have that ſhall cure him.
There's no Surgeon in all *Arragon* has ſo much
Dexterity as I have at breathing of the Temple-vein.
Tor. My Right for me.
Raym. Our Liberty for us.
Omn. Liberty, Liberty, —— [*As they are ready to fight.*

Enter Lorenzo *and his Party.*

Lor. On forfeit of your Lives lay down your Arms.
Alph. How, Rebel, art thou there?
Lor. Take your Rebel back again Father mine.
The beaten Party are Rebels to the Conquerors.
I have been at hard-head with your butting Citizens;
I have routed your Herd; I have diſpers'd them;
And now they are retreated quietly,
From their extraordinary Vocation of fighting in
The Streets, to their ordinary Vocation of Cozening
In their Shops.
Tor. to *Raym.*] You ſee 'tis vain contending with the Truth;
Acknowledge what I am.
Raym. You are my King: wou'd you wou'd be your own;
But by a fatal fondneſs you betray
Your Fame and Glory to th' Uſurper's Bed:
Enjoy the Fruits of Bloud and Parricide,
Take your own Crown from *Leonora*'s Gift,
And hug your Father's Murtherer in your Arms.

Enter Queen and Tereſa: *Women.*

Alph. No more: behold the Queen.
Raym. Behold the Baſilisk of *Torriſmond*,
That kills him with her Eyes, I will ſpeak on,
My Life is of no farther uſe to me:
I would have chaffer'd it before for Vengeance:
Now let it go for failing.
Tor. [*Aſide.*] My Heart ſinks in me while I hear him ſpeak,
And every ſlackn'd Fiber drops its hold,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life:
So much the Name of Father awes me ſtill.
Send off the Crowd:
For you, now I have conquer'd, I can hear with honour your Demands.
Lor. to *Alph.*] Now, Sir, who proves the Traitor? My Conſcience
Is true to me, it always whiſpers right when
I have my Regiment to back it.
[*Exeunt omnes præter* Torriſm. Raym. Leon.
Tor. O *Leonora!* what can Love do more?
I have oppos'd your ill Fate to the utmoſt:

Com-

Combated Heaven and Earth to keep you mine:
And yet at laſt that Tyrant, Juſtice! Oh——
Qu. 'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt: and Love is ours no more:
Yet I complain not of the Powers above;
They made m'a Miſer's Feaſt of Happineſs,
And cou'd not furniſh out another Meal.
Now, by yon Stars, by Heaven, and Earth, and Men;
By all my Foes at once; I ſwear, my *Torriſmond*,
That to have had you mine for one ſhort Day
Has cancell'd half my mighty ſum of Woes:
Say but you hate me not.
Tor. I cannot hate you.
Raym. Can you not? ſay that once more;
That all the Saints may witneſs it againſt you.
Qu. Cruel *Raymond!*
Can he not puniſh me but he muſt hate?
O! 'tis not Juſtice, but a brutal Rage,
Which hates th' Offender's Perſon with his Crimes:
I have enough to overwhelm one Woman,
To loſe a Crown and Lover in a Day:
Let Pity lend a Tear when Rigour ſtrikes.
Raym. Then, then you ſhould have thought of Tears and Pity,
When Vertue, Majeſty, and hoary Age
Pleaded for *Sancho*'s Life.
Qu. My future Days ſhall be one whole Contrition;
A Chapel will I build with large Endowment,
Where every Day an hundred aged Men
Shall all hold up their wither'd Hands to Heaven,
To pardon *Sancho*'s Death.
Tor. See, *Raymond*, ſee: ſhe makes a large amends:
Sancho is dead: no puniſhment of her
Can raiſe his cold ſtiff Limbs from the dark Grave;
Nor can his bleſſed Soul look down from Heaven;
Or break th' eternal Sabbath of his Reſt,
To ſee with Joy her Miſeries on Earth.
Raym. Heaven may forgive a Crime to Penitence,
For Heaven can judge if Penitence be true;
But Man, who knows not Hearts, ſhould make Examples;
Which, like a Warning-piece muſt be ſhot off,
To fright the reſt from Crimes.
Qu. Had I but known that *Sancho* was his Father,
I would have pour'd a Deluge of my Bloud
To ſave one drop of his.
Tor. Mark that, Inexorable *Raymond*, mark!
'Twas fatal Ignorance that caus'd his Death.
Raym. What if ſhe did not know he was your Father?
She knew he was a Man, the Beſt of Men,
Heaven's Image double ſtampt, as Man and King.
Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can ſay,
But yet——
Raym. But yet you barbarouſly murther'd him.
Qu. He will not hear me out!
Tor. Was ever Criminal forbid to plead?
Curb your ill-manner'd Zeal.
Raym. Sing to him *Syren*;
For I ſhall ſtop my Ears: now mince the Sin,
And mollifie Damnation with a Phraſe:
Say you conſented not to *Sancho*'s Death,
But barely not forbad it.
Qu. Hard hearted Man, I yield my guilty Cauſe,
But all my Guilt was caus'd by too much Love.
Had I for Jealouſie of Empire ſought
Good *Sancho*'s Death, *Sancho* had dy'd before.
'Twas always in my Power to take his Life:

But Intereſt never could my Conſcience blind
Till Love had caſt a miſt before my Eyes;
And made me think his Death the only means
Which could ſecure my Throne to *Torriſmond.*
Tor. Never was fatal Miſchief meant ſo kind,
For all ſhe gave, has taken all away.
Malicious Pow'rs! is this to be reſtor'd?
'Tis to be worſe depos'd than *Sancho* was.
Raym. Heav'n has reſtor'd you, you depoſe your ſelf:
Oh! when young Kings begin with ſcorn of Juſtice,
They make an Omen to their after Reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremoſt Page.
Tor. No more; leſt you be made the firſt Example,
To ſhow how I can puniſh.
Raym. Once again?
Let her be made your Father's Sacrifice,
And after make me her's.
Tor. Condemn a Wife!
That were to attone for Parricide with Murther!
Raym. Then let her be divorc'd! we'll be content
With that poor ſcanty Juſtice: Let her part.
Tor. Divorce! that's worſe than Death, 'tis Death of Love.
Qu. The Soul and Body part not with ſuch Pain
As I from you: but yet 'tis juſt, my Lord:
I am th' Accurſt of Heaven, the Hate of Earth,
Your Subjects Deteſtation, and your Ruin:
And therefore fix this doom upon my ſelf.
Tor. Heav'n! Can you wiſh it? to be mine no more!
Qu. Yes, I can wiſh it as the deareſt Proof
And laſt that I can make you of my Love.
To leave you bleſt I would be more accurſt
Than Death can make me; for Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave ſhuts up the mournful Scene:
But I would live without you; to be wretched long:
And hoard up every moment of my Life,
To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears,
Till ev'n fierce *Raymond*, at the laſt, ſhall ſay,
Now let her die, for ſhe has griev'd enough.
Tor. Hear this, hear this, thou Tribune of the People:
Thou zealous, publick Bloud-hound hear, and melt.
Raym. [*Aſide.*] I could cry now, my Eyes grow womaniſh,
But yet my Heart holds out.
Qu. Some ſolitary Cloiſter will I chuſe,
And there with holy Virgins live immur'd:
Courſe my Attire, and ſhort ſhall be my Sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell:
Now, *Raymond*, now be ſatisfied at laſt.
Faſting and Tears, and Penitence and Prayer
Shall do dead *Sancho* Juſtice every Hour.
Raym. [*Aſide.*] By your leave, Manhood! [*Wipes his Eyes.*
Tor. He weeps, now he's vanquiſh'd.
Raym. No! 'Tis a ſalt Rheum that ſcalds my Eyes.
Qu. If he were vanquiſh'd, I am ſtill unconquer'd,
I'll leave you in the height of all my Love,
Ev'n when my Heart is beating out its way,
And ſtruggles to you moſt.
Farewel, a laſt Farewel! my dear, dear Lord
Remember me; ſpeak *Raymond*, will you let him?
Shall he remember *Leonora*'s Love,
And ſhed a parting Tear to her Misfortunes?
Raym. [*Almoſt crying.*] Yes, yes, he ſhall, pray go.
Tor. Now, By my Soul, ſhe ſhall not go: why, *Raymond*,
Her every Tear is worth a Father's Life;
Come to my Arms, come, my fair Penitent,

Let us not think what future Ills may fall,
But drink deep Draughts of Love, and loſe 'em all.
[*Exit* Torriſmond *with the Queen.*

Raym. No matter yet, he has my Hook within him,
Now let him friſk and flownce and run and rowl,
And think to break his hold. He toils in vain:
This Love, the Bait he gorg'd ſo greedily,
Will make him ſick, and then I have him ſure.

Enter Alphonſo *and* Pedro.

Alph. Brother, there's News from *Bertran*; he deſires
Admittance to the King, and cries aloud,
This Day ſhall end our Fears of Civil War:
For his ſafe Conduct he entreats your Preſence,
And begs you would be ſpeedy.

Raym. Though I loath
The Traitor's ſight, I'll go: Attend us here. [*Exit* Raym.

Enter Gomez, Elvira, Dominic, *with Officers, to make the Stage as full as poſſible.*

Pedro. Why, how now *Gomez:* what mak'ſt thou here with a whole Brotherhood of City-Bailiffs? why, thou look'ſt like *Adam* in Paradiſe, with his guard of Beaſts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a Man had need of them, *Don Pedro:* for here are the two old Seducers, a Wife and Prieſt, that's *Eve* and the Serpent at my Elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of Church-men.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable *Belſwagger:* my Wife cry'd out Fire, Fire; and you brought out your Church-buckets, and call'd for Engines to play againſt it.

Alph. I am ſorry you are come hither to accuſe your Wife, her Education has been vertuous, her Nature mild and eaſie.

Gom. Yes! ſhe's eaſie with a Vengeance, there's a certain Colonel has found her ſo.

Alph. She came a ſpotleſs Virgin to your Bed.

Gom. And ſhe's a ſpotleſs Virgin ſtill for me——ſhe's never the worſe for my wearing, I'll take my Oath on't: I have liv'd with her with all the Innocence of a Man of Threeſcore; like a peaceable Bedfellow as I am——

Elv. Indeed, Sir, I have no reaſon to complain of him for diſturbing of my Sleep.

Dom. A fine Commendation you have given your ſelf; the Church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your Grievances, your Grievances.

Dom. Why, Noble Sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, Fryar! and let me ſpeak firſt. I am the Plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the Pulpit where you preach by Hours.

Dom. And you edifie by Minutes.

Gom. Where you make Doctrines for the People, and Uſes and Applications for your ſelves.

Ped. Gomez, give way to the old Gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old Gentleman in black ſhall take me if I do! I will ſpeak firſt! nay, I will, Fryar! for all your *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I'll ſpeak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lye by the Clock as you uſe to do. For, let me tell you, Gentlemen, he ſhall lye and forſwear himſelf with any Fryar in all *Spain:* that's a bold word now——

Dom. Let him alone: let him alone: I ſhall fetch him back with a *Circum-bendibus* I warrant him.

Alph. Well, What have you to ſay againſt your Wife, *Gomez?*

Gom. Why, I ſay, in the firſt place, that I and all Men are married for our Sins, and that our Wives are a Judgment; that a Batchelor-Cobler is a happier Man than a Prince in Wedlock; that we are all viſited with a Houſhold-Plague, and, *Lord have Mercy upon us* ſhould be written on all our Doors.

Dom. Now he reviles Marriage, which is one of the Seven bleſſed Sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the Seven deadly Sins: but make your beſt on't, I care not: 'tis but binding a Man Neck and Heels for all that! But as for my Wife,

that *Crocodile* of *Nilus*, ſhe has wickedly and traiterouſly conſpir'd the Cuckoldom of me her anointed Sovereign Lord: and, with the help of the aforeſaid Fryar, whom, Heaven confound, and, with the Limbs of one Colonel *Hernando*, Cuckold-maker of this City, deviliſhly contriv'd to ſteal her ſelf away, and under her Arm felonioufly to bear one Casket of Diamonds, Pearls, and other Jewels, to the Value of 30000 Piſtols. Guilty, or Not-guilty; how ſay'ſt thou Culprit?

Dom. Falſe and ſcandalous! Give me the Book. I'll take my corporal Oath pointblank againſt every particular of this Charge.

Elv. And ſo will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the Streets, telling my Beads, and praying to my ſelf, according to my uſual Cuſtom, I heard a foul Out-cry before *Gomez* his Portal; and his Wife, my Penitent, making doleful Lamentations: Thereupon, making what haſte my Limbs would ſuffer me, that are crippl'd with often kneeling, I ſaw him Spurning and Fiſting her moſt unmercifully; whereupon, uſing Chriſtian Arguments with him to deſiſt, he fell violently upon me, without reſpect to my Sacerdotal Orders, puſh'd me from him, and turn'd me about with a Finger and a Thumb, juſt as a Man would ſet up a Top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And ſtill continued Labouring me, till a good minded Colonel came by, whom as Heaven ſhall ſave me, I had never ſeen before.

Gom. O Lord! O Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, O Lady! O Lady too! I redouble my Oath, I had never ſeen, him. Well, this Noble Colonel, like a true Gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be ſure —— whereupon this *Gomez* flew upon him like a Dragon, got him down, the Devil being ſtrong in him, and gave him Baſtinado on Baſtinado, and Buffet upon Buffet, which the poor meek Colonel, being proſtrate, ſuffered with a moſt Chriſtian Patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm ſure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as *Rhodomont*, he made Aſſault and Battery upon my Perſon, beat me into all the Colours of the Rain-bow. And every word this abominable Prieſt has utter'd is as falſe as the *Alcoran*. But if you want a thorough-pac'd Lyar that will ſwear through thick and thin, commend me to a Fryar.

Enter Lorenzo, *who comes behind the Company, and ſtands at his Father's back unſeen, over-againſt* Gomez.

Lor. [*Aſide.*] How now! What's here to do? my Cauſe a trying, as I live, and that before my own Father: now Fourſcore take him for an old bawdy Magiſtrate, that ſtands like the Picture of Madam Juſtice, with a pair of Scales in his Hand, to weigh Lechery by Ounces.

Alph. Well —— but all this while, who is this Colonel *Hernando?*

Gom. He's the Firſt-begotten of *Beelzebub*, with a Face as terrible as *Demogorgon.*

Lorenzo *peeps up over* Alphonſo's *Head, and ſtares at* Gomez.

No! I lye, I lye:
He's a very proper handſome Fellow! well proportion'd, and clean ſhap'd, with a Face like a Cherubin.

Ped. What, backward and forward *Gomez?* doſt thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this Colonel any former Deſign upon your Wife? for, if that be prov'd, you ſhall have Juſtice.

Gom. [*Aſide.*] Now I dare ſpeak; let him look as dreadfully as he will. I ſay, Sir, and I will prove it, that he had a lewd Deſign upon her Body, and attempted to corrupt her Honeſty. [Lor. *lifts up his Fiſt clench'd at him.*

I confeſs my Wife was as willing —— as himſelf; and, I believe, 'twas ſhe corrupted him: for I have known him formerly a very civil and modeſt Perſon.

Elv. You ſee, Sir, he contradicts himſelf at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak boldly Man! and ſay what thou wilt ſtand by: did he ſtrike thee?

Gom. I will ſpeak boldly: He ſtruck me on the Face before my own Threſhold, that the very Walls cry'd ſhame on him. [Lor. *holds up again.*

'Tis true, I gave him Provocation, for the Man's as peaceable a Gentleman as any is in all *Spain.*

Dom. Now the Truth comes out in ſpight of him.

Ped. I believe the Fryar has bewitch'd him.

Alph. For my part, I ſee no wrong that has been offer'd him.

Gom.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he raviſh'd me with the help of two Soldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a Plot againſt the Government. [Lor. *holds up again.*

I confeſs, I never could endure the Government, becauſe it was Tyrannical: but my Sides and Shoulders are Black and Blue, as I can ſtrip, and ſhew the Marks of 'em. [Lor. *again.*

But that might happen too by a Fall that I got yeſterday upon the Pebbles.

[*All Laugh.*

Dom. Freſh Straw, and a dark Chamber: a moſt manifeſt Judgment, there never comes better of railing againſt the Church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me ſay? I think you'll make me mad: Truth has been at my Tongue's end this half Hour, and I have not power to bring it out for fear of this bloody-minded Colonel.

Alph. What Colonel?

Gom. Why, my Colonel: I mean, my Wife's Colonel that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. [*Turning.*] Now you are mad indeed, *Gomez*; this is my Son *Lorenzo.*

Gom. How! your Son *Lorenzo!* it is impoſſible.

Alph. As true as your Wife *Elvira* is my Daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a Siſter?

Gom. No, you have taken ſome about me: I am ſure, if you are her Brother, my Sides can ſhew the Tokens of our Alliance.

Alph. [to *Lor.*] You know I put your Siſter into a Nunnery, with a ſtrict Command, not to ſee you, for fear you ſhould have wrought upon her to have taken the Habit, which was never my Intention; and conſequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You ſee, Brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious Harlot have I loſt! Now, Pox upon me, for being ſo near akin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholding to Fryar *Dominic*, the Church is an indulgent Mother, ſhe never fails to do her part.

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble Heaven; thoſe fat Guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I ſhall make bold to disburthen him of my hundred Piſtols, to make him the lighter for his Journey: Indeed, 'tis partly out of Conſcience, that I may not be acceſſary to his breaking his Vow of Poverty.

Alph. I have no ſecular Power to reward the Pains you have taken with my Daughter: But I ſhall do't by Proxy, Fryar, your Biſhop's my Friend, and is too honeſt to let ſuch as you infect a Cloiſter.

Gom. Ay, do Father-in-law, let him be ſtript of his Habit, and diſorder'd——— I would fain ſee him walk in Quirpo, like a cas'd Rabbit, without his holy Furr upon his Back, that the World may once behold the inſide of a Fryar.

Dom. Farewel, kind Gentlemen: I give you all my Bleſſing before I go——

May your Siſters, Wives, and Daughters be ſo naturally lewd, that they may have no occaſion for a Devil to tempt, or a Fryar to pimp for 'em.

[*Exit, with a Rabble puſhing him.*

Enter Torriſmond, Leonora, Bertran, Raymond, Tereſa, *&c.*

Tor. He lives! he lives! my Royal Father lives!
Let every one partake the general Joy.
Some Angel with a golden Trumpet ſound,
King *Sancho* lives! and let the ecchoing Skies
From Pole to Pole reſound, King *Sancho* lives.
O *Bertran*, O! no more my Foe, but Brother:
One act like this blots out a thouſand Crimes.

Bert. Bad Men, when 'tis their Intereſt, may do good:
I muſt confeſs, I counſel'd *Sancho*'s Murther;
And urg'd the Queen by ſpecious Arguments:
But ſtill ſuſpecting that her Love was chang'd,
I ſpread abroad the Rumour of his Death,
To ſound the very Soul of her Deſigns:

Th'

Th' Event you know was anſwering to my Fears:
She threw the *Odium* of the Fact on me,
And publickly avow'd her Love to you.
Raym. Heaven guided all to ſave the Innocent.
Bert. I plead no Merit, but a bare Forgiveneſs.
Tor. Not only that, but Favour: *Sancho*'s Life,
Whether by Vertue or Deſign preſerv'd,
Claims all within my power.
Qu. My Prayers are heard;
And I have nothing farther to deſire,
But *Sancho*'s leave to authorize our Marriage.
Tor. Oh! fear not him! Pity and he are one;
So merciful a King did never live;
Loth to revenge, and eaſie to forgive,
But let the bold Conſpirator beware,
For Heaven makes Princes its peculiar Care. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

To the Right Honourable

LAWRENCE,

EARL of *ROCHESTER*, &c.

My Lord,

THE *Authors of this Poem, preſent it humbly to your Lordſhips Patronage, if you ſhall think it worthy of that honour. It has already been a Confeſſor, and was almoſt made a Martyr for the Royal Cauſe. But having ſtood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was Acted, another in the Repreſentation; and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to ſtand the Publick Cenſure in the reading: Where ſince, of neceſſity, it muſt have the ſame Enemies, we hope it may alſo find the ſame Friends; and therein we are ſecure not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honeſt and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Juſtice in the Permiſſion to have it Acted; and that we had, after a ſevere and long Examination, from an Upright and knowing Judge, who having heard both ſides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cauſe in a ſtrict peruſal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Perſons. In the Repreſentation it ſelf, it was perſecuted with ſo notorious Malice by one ſide, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other; ſo that the Favour more than recompenc'd the Prejudice: And 'tis happier to have been ſav'd (if ſo we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deſerts; becauſe thereby the weakneſs of the Faction is diſcover'd, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government; and ſtood combin'd, like the Members of the Rebellious League, againſt the Lawful Soveraign Authority. To what Topique will they have recourſe, when they are manifeſtly beaten from their chief Poſt, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices: They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-Houſe; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free Admiſſion; but while our Argument was ſerviceable to their Intereſts, they could boaſt that the Theaters were True Proteſtant, and came inſulting to the Plays, where their own Triumphs were repreſented. But let them now aſſure themſelves, that they can make the major part of no Aſſembly, except it be a* Meeting-Houſe. *Their Tyde of Popularity is ſpent, and the natural Current of Obedience is in ſpight of them, at laſt prevalent. In which,* my Lord, *after the merciful Providence of God, the unſhaken Reſolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifeſt Innocence of his Royal Highneſs, the prudent Management of the Miniſters is alſo moſt conſpicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, becauſe I am unwilling to raiſe Envy to your Lordſhip, who are too juſt not to deſire that Praiſe ſhould be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough,* my Lord, *that your own Part was neither obſcure in it, nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent Government ſo well eſtabliſh'd by the Wiſdom of our Forefathers, and ſo much ſhaken by the Folly of this Age, ſhall recover its ancient Splendor, Poſterity cannot be ſo ungrateful, as to forget thoſe, who in the worſt of Times, have ſtood undaunted by their King and Countrey, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themſelves to the malice of falſe Patriots, and the madneſs of an headſtrong Rabble. But ſince this glorious Work is yet unfiniſhed, and though we have reaſon to hope well of the ſucceſs, yet the Event depends on the unſearchable Providence of Almighty God, 'tis no time to raiſe Trophees, while the Victory is in diſpute: but every man by your example, to contribute what is in his power, to maintain ſo juſt a Cauſe, on which depends the future Settlement and Proſperity of three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to* Neptune *was not amiſs, in the middle of the Storm:* Thou may'ſt do with me, *O Neptune,* what thou pleaſeſt, but I will be ſure to hold faſt the Rudder. *We are to truſt firmly in the Deity, but ſo as not to forget, that he commonly works by ſecond Cauſes, and admits of our Endeavors with his concurrence. For our own parts, we are ſenſible as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak aſſiſtance. The moſt we can boaſt of, is, that we are not ſo inconſiderable as to want Enemies, whom we have raiſed to our ſelves on no other account, than that we are not of their number: and ſince that's their Quarrel, they ſhall have daily occaſion to hate us more. 'Tis not,* my Lord, *that any man delights to ſee himſelf paſquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers, but on the other ſide it ought to be our glory, that themſelves believe not of us what they write. Reaſonable Men are well ſatisfied for whoſe ſakes the venom of their Party is ſhed on us, becauſe they ſee that at the ſame time, our Adverſaries ſpare not thoſe to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Deſpair has puſh'd them to break thoſe Bonds; and 'tis obſervable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write:* As Lucifer *and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, ſince 'tis the only ſolace of their miſeries, and the only revenge, which we hope they now can take. The greateſt and the beſt of men are above their reach, and for our meanneſs, though they aſſault us like Foot-padders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm; we yet live, to juſtifie our ſelves in open day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to aſſure your Lordſhip, with all Submiſſion and Sincerity, that we are*

Your LORDSHIPS

Moſt Obedient, Faithful Servants,

JOHN DRYDEN, NAT. LEE,

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*: Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The Holy Leagne
Begot our Cov'nant: Guiſards got the Whigg:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Faſhions, firſt produc'd in France:
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars here.
Cou'd the ſame Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulſome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in reaſon,
Had giv'n us all our Bellys-full of Treaſon:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our naſty Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th' Aſſociation.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, Your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your True Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious Inſtrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expel the lawful Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword;
And purchaſe for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purſes ſpare;
Make him not Two Pence richer by your Prayer.
To ſhow you love Him much, chaſtiſe him more;
And make Him very great, and very Poor.
Puſh Him to Wars, but ſtill no Pence advance;
Let Him loſe England, *to recover* France.
Cry Freedom up with Popular noiſie Votes:
And get enough to cut each others Throats.
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne;
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A noiſe was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs, have found a way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let his own Servants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from His Plenty, and his Wants forſake.
But let ſome Judas *near His Perſon ſtay,*
To ſwallow the laſt Sop, and then betray.
Make London *independant of the Crown:*
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus *Juries find no Traytors:*
And Ignoramus *Poets ſcribble Satyrs.*
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Do, what in Coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the Maſter, and Set up the Man.

EPILOGUE.

Written by the ſame Author: Spoken by Mrs. *Cooke*.

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play has coſt;
And, Faith, I doubted once the Cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one Man was meant; nor Great, nor Small;
Our Poets, like frank Gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle Aim: ——
But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-ſides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes; but when the Cauſe is right,
In Battel, every Man is bound to fight.
For what ſhou'd hinder Me to ſell my Skin
Dear as I cou'd, if once my hand were in?
Se Defendendo *never was a Sin.*
'Tis a fine World, my Maſters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs muſt talk, and Tories hold their Tongue.
They muſt do all they can ——
But We, Forſooth, muſt bear a Chriſtian mind;
And fight, like Boys, with One Hand ty'd behind;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wond'rous wiſe,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to riſe.
When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan *or* Mally
Tipt you th' inviting Wink, ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I?
A Trimmer *cry'd, (that heard me tell this Story)*
Fie, Miſtreſs Cooke! *Faith you're too rank a Tory!*
Wiſh not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Caſes;
You Women love to ſee Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſuch a Jew;
I ſay no more, but give the Dev'l his due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, *ſays I, 's an excellent Phyſician.*
I love no Bloud —— Nor I, Sir, as I breath;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.
We Trimmers *are for holding all things even:*
Yes——juſt like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
Yes ſure: —— but you're for holding all things ſteddy:
Now ſince the Weight hangs all on one ſide, Brother,
You Trimmers *ſhou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.*
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of ſteering,
Are neither Fiſh, nor Fleſh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beaſts; but juſt a kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal; true to neither Cauſe,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggiſh Teeth and Claws.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

The King	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Duke of *Guiſe*	Mr. *Betterton.*
Duke of *Mayenne*	Mr. *Jevon.*
Grillon	Mr. *Smith.*
The Cardinal of *Guiſe*	Mr. *Wiltſhyre.*
Archbiſhop of *Lyons*	Mr. *Perin*
Alphonſo Corſo	Mr. *Monfort.*
Polin	Mr. *Bowman.*
Aumale	Mr. *Carlile.*
Buſſy	Mr *Saunders.*
The Curate of *Euſtace*	Mr. *Underhill.*
Malicorne	Mr. *Percival.*
Melanax, a Spirit	Mr. *Gillo.*
Two Sheriffs	*Bright* and *Samford.*

Citizens and Rabble, *&c.*

WOMEN.

Queen-Mother	Lady *Slingsby.*
Marmoutier	Mrs. *Barry*

SCENE, PARIS.

THE

THE

DUKE of GUISE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Council of Sixteen Seated. An Empty Chair prepar'd for the Duke of Guiſe.

Buſſy *and* Polin *two of the Sixteen.*

Buſſy. LIghts there! more Lights: what, burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guiſe*, the *Moſes*, *Gideon*, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes approach?
Pol. And therefore are we met; the whole Sixteen
That ſway the Crowd of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purſes, Perſons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guiſe*, where merit calls him, high;
And give him a whole Heaven, for room to ſhine.

Enter Curate of St. Euſtace.

Buſſ. The Curate of St. *Euſtace* comes at laſt;
But, Father, why ſo late?

Cur. I have been taking godly pains, to ſatisfie ſome Scruples rais'd amongſt weak Brothers of our Party, that were ſtaggering in the Cauſe.

Pol. What cou'd they find t' Object?

Cur. They thought, to Arm againſt the King was Treaſon.

Buſſ. I hope you ſet 'em right?

Cur. Yes; and for anſwer, I produc'd this Book.
A Calviniſt Miniſter of *Orleans* Writ this, to juſtifie the Admiral
For taking Arms againſt the King deceas'd:
Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings
May juſtly be depos'd, and put to death.

Buſſ. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not ſo prudent.

Cur. Yes; from the Devil, if it would help our Cauſe.
The Author was indeed a Heretick;
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our Holy League,
Is to preſerve the King, his Pow'r and Perſon.

Cur. That muſt be ſaid, you know, for decency;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot ſecure.

Buſſ. But did the Primitive Chriſtians e're rebel,
When under Heathen Lords? I hope they did.

Cur. No ſure, they did not; for they had not Pow'r;
The Conſcience of a People is their Power.

Pol. Well; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buſſ. What is't? I ſhou'd be glad to find the King
No ſafer than needs muſt?

Pol. That in caſe of Oppoſition from any perſon whatſoever ——

Cur. That's well, that's well; then the King is not excepted, if he oppoſe us——

Pol. We are oblig'd to joyn as one, to puniſh
All, who attempt to hinder or diſturb us.

Buſſ. 'Tis a plain Caſe; the King's included in the Puniſhment,
In caſe he rebel againſt the People.

Pol. But how can he rebel?

Cur. I'll make it out: Rebellion is an Inſurrection againſt the Government; but they that have the Power are actually the Government: Therefore if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

Buſſ. A moſt convincing Argument for Faction.
Cur. For Arming, if you pleaſe; but not for Faction.
For ſtill the Faction is the feweſt number;
So, what they call the Lawful Government,
Is now the Faction; for the moſt are ours.
Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King; I wou'd gladly underſtand whom we are to obey; or whether we are to be all Kings together?
Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Queſtion?
There's an Article, that, I may ſay, is as neceſſary as any
In the Creed: Namely, that we, the ſaid Aſſociates, are
Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and faithful Service, to that
Head which ſhall be deputed.
Buſſ. 'Tis moſt manifeſt, that by Virtue of our Oath
We are all Subjects to the Duke of *Guiſe*. The King's
An Officer that has betray'd his Truſt; and therefore we
have turn'd him out of Service. *Omnes.* Agreed, agreed.
Enter the Duke of Guiſe; *Cardinal of* Guiſe, Aumale: *Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.*
Buſſ. Your Highneſs enters in a lucky hour;
Th'unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice,
As Head of *Paris*, and the Holy League. *Card.* I ſay *Amen* to that.
Pol. You are our Champion; Buckler of our Faith.
Card. The King, like *Saul*, is Heaven's repented Choice;
You his Anointed one, on better thought.
Guiſe. I'm what you pleaſe to call me: Any thing,
Lieutenant General, Chief, or Conſtable,
Good Decent Names, that only mean your Slave.
Buſſ. You chas'd the *Germans* hence, Exil'd *Navarre*;
And reſcu'd *France* from Hereticks and Strangers.
Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our Reward? Our Offices are loſt,
Turn'd out like Labour'd Oxen, after Harveſt,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.
Buſſ. Our Charters will go next: Becauſe we *Sheriffs*
Permit no Juſtice to be done on thoſe
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.
Guiſe, Yes; we are all involv'd, as Heads, or Parties:
Dip'd in the noiſy Crime of State, call'd Treaſon:
And Traitours we muſt be, to King, or Country.
Buſſ. Why then my Choice is made.
Pol. And mine. *Omn.* And all.
Card. Heav'n is it ſelf Head of the Holy League;
And all the Saints are Cov'nanters, and Guiſards.
Guiſe. What ſay you, Curate? *Cur.* I hope well, my Lord.
Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deſerves your care of his Preferment.
For all his Prayers are Curſes on the Government;
And all his Sermons Libels on the King.
In ſhort, a Pious, Hearty, Factious Prieſt.
Guiſe. All that are here my Friends, ſhall ſhare my Fortunes;
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in *France:*
'Tis but deſerve and have: The *Spaniſh* King
Conſigns me fifty thouſand Crowns a Week
To raiſe and to foment a Civil War.
'Tis true, a Penſion from a Foreign Prince
Sounds Treaſon in the Letter of the Law,
But good intentions juſtify the deed.
Cur. Heaven's good; the Cauſe is good; the Money's good;
No matter whence it comes.
Buſſ. Our City Bands, are twenty thouſand ſtrong;
Well Diſciplin'd, well Arm'd, well ſeaſon'd Traitors;
Thick rinded heads, that leave no room for *Kernel*;
Shop Conſciences, of proof againſt an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.

Guiſe. Why then the Noble Plot is fit for birth;
And Labouring *France* cries out for Midwife-hands.
We miſs'd ſurprizing of the King at *Blois*,
When laſt the States were held; 'twas over-ſight:
Beware we make not ſuch another Blot.
Card. This Holy time of *Lent* we have him ſure;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that Proceſſion, he's more fit for Heav'n:
What hinders us to ſeize the Royal Penitent,
And cloſe him in a Cloyſter?
Cur. Or diſpatch him: I love to make all ſure.
Guiſe. No; guard him ſafe;
Thin Diet will do well; 'twill ſtarve him into Reaſon,
Till he exclude his Brother of *Navarre*,
And graft Succeſſion on a worthier Choice:
To favour this, five hundred Men in arms,
Shall ſtand prepar'd to enter at your call;
And ſpeed the Work: St. *Martins Gate* was nam'd:
But the *Sheriff Conty*, who Commands that Ward,
Refus'd me paſſage there. *Buſſ.* I know that *Conty*:
A Sniveling, Conſcientious, Loyal Rogue:
He'll Peach, and Ruine all.
Card. Give out he's Arbitrary; a *Navarriſt*;
A Heretick; diſcredit him betimes;
And make his *Witneſs* void. *Cur.* I'll ſwear him Guilty.
I ſwallow Oaths as eaſie as Snap-dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.
Guiſe. Then *Buſſy*, be't your care t'admit my Troops,
At *Porte* St. *Honore*: (*riſes*) Night wears apace,
And Day-light muſt not peep on Dark Deſigns.
I will my ſelf to Court: Pay Formal Duty;
Take leave; and to my Government retire:
Impatient to be ſoon recall'd; to ſee
The King Impriſon'd, and the Nation free. *Exeunt all but* Guiſe.

Enter Malicorn *ſolus.*

Mal. Each diſmal Minute when I call to Mind
The Promiſe that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty years to be his Slave,
Of which near twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of reaſon rowl into their Spring.
O horrid thought! but one and twenty years,
And twelve near paſt, then to be ſteep'd in Fire,
Daſh'd againſt Rocks, or ſnatcht from molten Lead,
Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thouſand fathom in the deep! [*Knocking at the Door.*
But hark! he comes, ſee there, my Blood ſtands ſtill,
My Spirits ſtart an end for *Guiſe's* Fate.

A Devil riſes.

Mal. What Counſel does the Fate of *Guiſe* require?
Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no delay,
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is ſtill, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the Waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guiſe* by Blood reſolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is Great as *Mecha*'s Emperour;
He comes, bid him not ſtands on Altar Vows,
But then ſtrike deepeſt, when he loweſt bows;
Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Uſurper Springs,
And joyns to crowd out Juſt Indulgent Kings. [*Vaniſhes.*

Enter the Duke of Guiſe, *and Duke of* Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives

To

To your profeſt and moſt inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wiſh him,
There is a Lady Regent at his Ear, That never Pardons.
Guiſe. Poyſon on her Name,
Take my hand on't, that Cormorant *Dowager*
Will never reſt, till ſhe has all our Heads
In her lap. I was at *Bayon* with her,
When She, the King, and Griſly *d' Alva* met;
Methinks I ſee her liſtening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his *Beard*,
His Op'ning Noſtrils and his Dropping Lids,
I hear him Croak too to the Gaping Council;
Fiſh for the great Fiſh, take no care for Frogs,
Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir; *Madam*, charm
the Winds but faſt, the Billows will be ſtill.
May. But, Sir, how comes it you ſhould be thus warm,
Still puſhing Councils when among your Friends;
Yet at the Court cautious and cold as Age,
Your Voice, your Eyes, your Meen ſo different,
You ſeem to me two Men. *Guiſe.* The Reaſon's plain,
Hot with my Friends, becauſe the Queſtion giv'n,
I ſtart the Judgment right where others drag.
This is the Effect of Equal Elements
And Atoms juſtly pois'd; nor ſhould you wonder
More at the ſtrength of Body than of Mind;
'Tis equally the ſame to ſee me plunge
Headlong into the *Seine* all over Arm'd,
And Plow againſt the Torrent to my point,
As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans*;
This to another Man wou'd be a brag,
Or at the Court among my Enemies,
To be as I am here quite off my Guard,
Would make me ſuch another thing as *Grillon*,
A blunt, hot, honeſt, downright, valiant Fool.
May. Yet this you muſt allow a failure in you,
You love his Niece, and to a Politician,
All Paſſion's bane, but Love directly death.
Guiſe. Falſe, falſe, my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guiſe* agen,
Were ſhe not ſuch a wondrous Compoſition;
A Soul ſo fluſh'd as mine is with Ambition,
Sagacious and ſo nice, muſt have diſdain'd her;
But ſhe was made when Nature was in humour,
As if a *Grillon* got her on the Queen,
Where all the honeſt Atoms fought their way;
Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
But left the dregs of Wickedneſs behind.
May. Have you not told her what we have in hand?
Guiſe. My utmoſt aim has been to hide it from her,
But there I'm ſhort by the long Chain of Cauſes
She has ſcan'd it, juſt as if ſhe were my Soul,
And though I flew about with Circumſtances,
Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities;
Yet through the Hiſtories of our Lives, ſhe look'd,
She ſaw, ſhe overcame. *May.* Why then, we're all undone.
Guiſe. Agen you err.
Chaſt as ſhe is, ſhe wou'd as ſoon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the king;
I tell thee, ſhe's the Character of Heaven;
Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodneſs,
She dazles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
But ſee, ſhe comes, call the Cardinal *Guiſe*,
While *Malicorn* attends for ſome Diſpatches,
Before I take my farewell of the Court.

Enter

Enter Marmoutier.

Mar. Ah *Guiſe*, you are undone.
Guiſe. How, Madam? *Mar.* Loſt,
Beyond the poſſibility of hope, Deſpair, and die.
Guiſe. You menace deeply, Madam,
And ſhould this come from any Mouth but yours,
My ſmile ſhould anſwer how the ruine touch'd me.
Mar. Why do you leave the Court?
Guiſe. The Court leaves me.
Mar. Were there no more but wearineſs of State,
Or cou'd you like great *Scipio* retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and ſit down with that;
Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the ſullied Conqueſts you can boaſt;
But Oh, you want that *Roman* Maſterie;
You have too much of the tumultuous times,
And I muſt mourn the Fate of your Ambition.
Guiſe. Becauſe the King diſdains my Services,
Muſt I not let him know I dare be gon?
What when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not caſt 'em backward if I can;
And at his Feet make known their villainy?
Mar. No *Guiſe*, not at his Feet, but on his Head;
For there you ſtrike. *Guiſe.* Madam, you wrong me now;
For ſtill what-e're ſhall come in Fortunes whirle,
His Perſon muſt be ſafe. *Mar.* I cannot think it.
However, your laſt words confeſs too much.
Confeſs, what need I urge that Evidence,
When every hour I ſee you Court the Crowd,
When with the ſhouts of the Rebellious Rabble,
I ſee you born on ſhoulders to Cabals;
Where with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You ſit and Plot the Royal *Henry's* Death.
Cloud the Majeſtick Name with Fumes of Wine,
Infamous Scrowls, and Treaſonable Verſe;
While, on the other ſide, the Name of *Guiſe*,
By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung,
Pamphleteers, Ballad-mongers ſing your Ruine,
While all the Vermin of the vile *Pariſians*
Toſs up their greaſie Caps where e're you paſs,
And hurl your dirty Glories in your Face.
Guiſe. Can I help this? *Mar.* By Heaven, I'd Earth my ſelf,
Rather than live to act ſuch black Ambition:
But, Sir, you ſeek it with your Smiles and Bows,
This Side and that Side congeing to the Crowd;
You have your Writers too, that cant your Battels,
That ſtile you the New *David*, Second *Moſes*,
Prop of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
Thus from the City, as from the Heart they ſpread
Thro all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders,
Then cry, The King, The King's a *Hugonot*,
And, ſpight of us, will have *Navarre* ſucceed,
Spight of the Laws, and ſpight of our Religion:
But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down. [*Kneels.*
Guiſe. Ha, Madam! Why this Poſture? *Mar.* Hear me, Sir:
For, if 'tis poſſible, my Lord, I'll move you.
Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
E're 'tis too late, I beg you by theſe Tears,
Theſe Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me;
By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
That bleeds to death, O ſeek the Beſt of Kings,
Kneel, fling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet:
Your Pardon ſhall be ſign'd, your Country ſaved,

Virgins

Virgins and Matrons all ſhall ſing your Fame,
And every Babe ſhall bleſs the *Guiſe*'s Name.
Guiſe. O riſe, thou Image of the Deity;
You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing;
You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
And all my Powers now float in Peace agen:
Be ſatisfi'd that I will ſee the King,
Kneel to him, e're I Journey to *Champagne*,
And beg a kind Farewell. *Mar*. No, no, my Lord;
I ſee thro that, you but withdraw a while,
To muſter all the Forces that you can,
And then rejoyn the Council of Sixteen.
You muſt not go. *Guiſe*. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.
Mar. Would all thoſe Heads were off, ſo yours were ſav'd.
Once more, O *Guiſe*, the weeping *Marmoutier*
Entreats you do not go. *Guiſe*. Is't Poſſible
That *Guiſe* ſhould ſay, in this he muſt refuſe you?
Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.
Guiſe. But, madam, I have often heard you ſay
You lov'd not Courts. *Mar*. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And ſuch a King, ſo Good, ſo Juſt, ſo Great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at laſt cry'd out, This is a Man.
Guiſe. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.
Mar. Go to your Government, and try. *Guiſe*. I will.
Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King. *Guiſe*. By Heaven
I ſwear, you cannot, ſhall not, dare not ſee him.
Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay ſhall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't. *Guiſe*. Poſſible!
Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll ſtand,
Nay, you ſhall ſee me kneel, and kiſs his Hand. [*Exit*.
Guiſe. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Eſpernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonſo Corſo* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madneſs. [*Reading the Letter*.
Enter Cardinal Guiſe, *Duke of* Mayen, Malicorn, &c.
Ha! can it be! *Madam, the King loves you*. [*Reads*.
But Vengance I will have; to pieces, thus,
To pieces with 'em all. [*Tears the Letter*.
Card. Speak lower. *Guiſe*. No;
By all the Torments of this galling Paſſion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, ſo loud,
My Father's Ghoſt ſhall hear me up to Heaven.
Card. Contain your ſelf; this Outrage will undo us.
Guiſe. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruine.
Ha! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, ſhould they eſcape our Juſtice?
I ſee by each Mans laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you ſwear the like Revenge.
For me, I wiſh that mine may both rot off —— *Card*. No more.
May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.
Guiſe. I go —— That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barbers Hands, Impoſthumes choak me,
If while alive I ceaſe to chew their Ruine;

Alphonſo

Alphonſo Corſo, *Grillon*, Prieſt, together
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, ſtamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene, Polin.

Q.M. PRay mark the Form of the Conſpiracy;
Guiſe gives it out he Journeys to *Champagne*,
But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
Where every Hour he hears, and gives Inſtructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen aſſure him
They have Twenty thouſand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not ſo, *Polin*? *Pol.* True on my Life?
And if the King doubts the Diſcovery,
Send me to the *Baſtile* till all be prov'd.
Q.M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would ſpeak with him. [*Exit*
Abbot. Was ever Age like this? Polin.
Q.M. *Polin* is honeſt: Beſide, the whole Proceeding is ſo like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I gueſs'd as much before.
Know then, it is reſolv'd to ſeize the King,
When next he goes in Penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his uſual Guards;
Then, under ſhew of Popular Sedition,
For Safety, ſhut him in a Monaſtery,
And ſacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.
Abbot. When is this Council to be held again?
Q.M. Immediately upon the Duke's departure.
Abbot. Why ſends not then the King ſufficient Guards,
To ſeize the Fiends, and hew 'em into pieces?
Q.M. 'Tis in appearance eaſie, but th' Effect
Moſt hazardous; for ſtraight, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be ſure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compaſs,
Were to come off with Ruine and Diſhonour.
You know th' *Italian* Proverb, *Biſogna Coprierſi*:
He that will venture on a Hornets Neſt,
Should Arm his Head, and Buckler well his Breaſt.
Abbot. But wherefore ſeems the King ſo unreſolv'd?
Q.M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonſtration,
Told him Neceſſity cry'd out to take A Reſolution to preſerve his Life,
And look on *Guiſe* as a reclaimleſs Rebel.
But thro the Natural Sweetneſs of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd, Madam, I will conſider what you ſay.
Abbot. Yet after all, could we but fix him. *Q.M.* Right,
The Buſineſs were more firm for this Delay;
For Nobleſt Natures, tho they ſuffer long,
When once provok'd they turn the Face to Danger.
But ſee, he comes, *Alphonſo Corſo* with him.
Let us with-draw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Alphonſo Corſo.

King. *Alphonſo Corſo*. *Alph*. Sir. *King*. I think thou lov'ſt me.
Alph. More than my Life. *King*. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by That? but, my *Alphonſo*,
She has a Cruel Wit. *Alph*. The Provocation, Sir.
King. I know it well:
But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Intereſt, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a Brave Man ſmile, and do a Murder?

Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, ſo cry'd up in Story. *Cæſar* did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremoſt in the Field; but ſneaking *Brutus*,
Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Boſom, ſtabb'd his Father.
This is a Blot which *Tully*'s Eloquence
Could ne'er wipe off, tho the miſtaken Man
Makes bold to call thoſe Traytors, Men Divine.
Alph. *Tully* was wiſe, but wanted Conſtancy.
Enter Queen-Mother, *Abbot* Delbene.
Q. M. Good-even, Sir; 'tis juſt the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees. *King.* Oh, Madam *Q. M.* Sir.
King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.
Q. M. Speak then, for Speech is morning to the Mind,
It ſpreads the Beauteous Images abroad,
Which elſe lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.
King. You would Embark me in a Sea of Blood.
Q. M. You ſee the Plot directly on your Perſon;
But give it o'er, I did but ſtate the Caſe.
Take *Guiſe* into your Heart, and drive your Friends,
Let Knaves in Shops preſcribe you how to ſway,
And when they read your Acts with their vile Breath,
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that,
Then in a drove come Lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'll have it mended, that they will;
Or you ſhall be no King. *King.* 'Tis true, the People
Ne'er know a Mean, when once they get the Power;
But O, if the Deſign we lay ſhould fail
Better the Traytors never ſhould be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.
Q. M. No Sir; you cannot fear the ſure Deſign;
But I have liv'd too long, ſince my own Blood
Dares not Confide in her that gave him Being.
King. Stay, Madam, ſtay, come back, forgive my fears;
Where all our thoughts ſhould creep like deepeſt ſtreams,
Know then I hate aſpiring *Guiſe* to Death,
Whor'd *Margerite*, Plots upon my life, And ſhall I not Revenge?
Q. M. Why this is *Harry*; *Harry* at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He ſaw the Admiral *Colligny's* Back.
King. O this Whale *Guiſe*, with all the *Lorrain* Fry
Might I but view him after his Plots and Plunges,
Strook on thoſe Cowring Shallows that await him,
This were a *Florence* Maſter-piece indeed.
Q. M. He comes to take his leave.
King. Then for *Champagne*; But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in, all that I beg you now,
Is to be huſh'd upon the Conſultation,
As Urns that never blab. *Q. M.* Doubt not your Friends;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.
Enter Grillon.
King. Welcome, my Honeſt-Man, my old try'd Friend.
Why doſt thou flye me, *Grillon*, and Retire?
Grill. Rather let me demand your Majeſty,
Why fly you from your ſelf? I've heard you ſay,
You'd Arm againſt the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of ſuch as you, are Starts Divine,
And when you mould with ſecond Caſt the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the Golden Vapour's gone.
King. Soft, my Old Friend, *Guiſe* Plots upon my life,
Polin ſhall tell thee more; haſt thou not heard
Th'unſufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treaſure on the *Hugonots*,

While

While I am forc'd againſt my bent of Soul,
Againſt all Laws, all Cuſtom, Right, Succeſſion,
To caſt *Navarre* from the Imperial Line.
Grill. Why do you, Sir? Death, let me tell the Traytor?
King. Peace, *Guiſe* is going to his Government;
You are his Foe of Old: Go to him, *Grillon*;
Viſit him as from me, to be Employ'd
In this great War againſt the *Hugonots*;
And prethee tell him roundly of his Faults;
No farther, Honeſt *Grillon*. *Grill.* Shall I fight him?
King. I charge thee not. *Grill.* If he provokes me, ſtrike him?
You'll Grant me that? *King.* Not ſo, my Honeſt Souldier.
Yet ſpeak to him. *Grill.* I will by Heav'n to th' purpoſe,
And if he force a beating, who can help it. [*Exit.* Grill.
King. Follow, *Alphonſo*, when the ſtorm is up,
Call me to part 'em. *Q. M. Grillon*, to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guiſe* know, we are not in the Dark.
King. You hit the Judgment; yet, O yet, there's more,
Some thing upon my heart, after theſe Counſels,
So ſoft, and ſo unworthy to be nam'd.
Q. M. They ſay that *Grillon*'s Niece is come to Court,
And means to kiſs Your Hand. [*Exit.* Q. Mother.
King. Could I but hope it.
O my Dear Father pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can ſuffer;
But ſure the Powers above will take our Tears
For ſuch a fault, Love is ſo like themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

Sence 2. The Louvre.

Enter Guiſe *attended with his Family*, Marmoutier *meeting him New Dreſt, attended*, &c.

Guiſe. Furies, ſhe keeps her Word, and I am loſt;
Yet let not thy Ambition ſhew it to her,
For after all ſhe does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Deſign: Madam, I ſee
You're come to Court; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Meen, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will Kill at leaſt your thouſand in a day.
Mar. What, a whole day, and kill but one poor thouſand?
An hour you mean, and in that hour ten thouſand.
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curle. *Guiſe.* Woman! *Mar.* You ſee, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you: I ſwear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place; but O my Heart,
I know not why that ſigh ſhould come uncall'd;
Perhaps 'twas for your going; yet I ſwear
I never was ſo mov'd, O *Guiſe*, as now;
Juſt as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I ſaw the King. *Guiſe.* Woman, all over Woman.
The World confeſſes, Madam, *Henry*'s Form
Is Noble and Majeſtick.
Mar. O you grudge The extorted Praiſe, and ſpeak him but by halfs.
Guiſe. Prieſt, *Corſo*, Devils! how ſhe carries it!
Mar. I ſee, my Lord, you are come to take your leave;
And were it not to give the Court Suſpicion,
I would Oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King. *Guiſe.* Death and the Devil!
Mar. But ſince that cannot be, I'll take my leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey ſafe.
Farewell once more. Not ſtir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition ſwell into your Eyes?
Jealouſie by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guiſe*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to thoſe that are,

And leave you to the Curſe of Boſom-War [*Exit.*
May. Is this the Heavenly? *Guiſe.* Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at firſt ſhe caught the Heav'nly Form.
But now Ambition ſets her on her Head,
By Hell, I ſee the Cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! ſome New Court-Trick upon me.
Enter Grillon.
Grill. Sir, I have buſineſs for your Ear.
Guiſe. Retire. [*Exeunt his Followers.*
Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court. *Guiſe.* The King
Still loads me with New Honours, but none greater
Than this, the laſt. *Grill.* There is one greater yet,
Your High Commiſſion againſt the *Hugonots*;
I and my Family ſhall ſhortly wait you,
And 'twill be Glorious Work. *Guiſe.* If you are there,
There muſt be Action. *Grill.* O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whoſe Life is one continued Broyl
What will not your triumphant Arms accompliſh!
You, that were form'd for Maſtery in War,
That, with a ſtart, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horſe, and ſlaughter'd forty thouſand *Germans*.
Guiſe. Let me beſeech you, Colonel, no more.
Grill. But, Sir, ſince I muſt make at leaſt a Figure
In this great Buſineſs, let me underſtand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon ſo dangerous an Expedition.
Guiſe. Sir, I intend the greatneſs of the King,
The Greatneſs of all *France*, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Buſineſs, Aim, and Glory,
And where ſo proper, as upon thoſe Rebels
That covered all the State with Blood and Death?
Grill. Stor'd Arſenals and Armories, Fields of Horſe,
Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
Sound Infantry, not Harraſs'd and Diſeas'd,
To meet the fierce *Navarre*, ſhould firſt be thought on.
Guiſe, I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
Therefore, thus much, and I have done: I go
To joyn the Holy League in this great War,
In which no place of Office, or Command,
Not of the Greateſt, ſhall be bought or ſold;
Whereas too often Honours are Confer'd
On Souldiers, and no Souldiers: This Man Knighted
Becauſe he Charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
And ſculk'd behind a Hedge i'th' Afternoon:
I will have ſtrict Examination made
Betwixt the Meritorious and the Baſe.
Grill. You have Mouth'd it bravely, and there is no doubt
Your Deeds would anſwer well your haughty words;
Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
Curſe on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
That better would become the great Battalion;
That when he Shines in Arms, and Suns the Field,
Moves, Speaks, and Fights, and is himſelf a War.
Guiſe. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarre*;
But yet; ——
Grill. No Yet, my Lord of *Guiſe*, no Yet;
By Arms, I bar you that; I ſwear, No Yet:
For never was his like, nor ſhall again,
Tho' voted from his Right by your Curs'd League.
Guiſe. Judge not too raſhly of the Holy League,
But look at home. *Grill.* Ha! dar'ſt thou juſtifie

Thoſe

Thoſe Villains? *Guiſe.* I'll not juſtify a Villain
More than your ſelf; but if you thus proceed,
If every heated Breath can puff away,
On each ſurmiſe, the Lives of Free-born People,
What need that Awful General Convocation,
The Aſſembly of the States? Nay let me urge,
If thus they vilifie the Holy League,
What may their Heads expect? *Grill.* What if I cou'd,
They ſhould be certain of, whole Piles of Fire.
Guiſe. Colonel, 'tis very well I know your Mind,
Which, without fear, or flattery to your Perſon,
I'll tell the King, and then, with his permiſſion,
Proclaim it for a warning to our People.
Grill. Come, you're a Murderer your ſelf within,
A Traytor. *Guiſe.* Thou a---hot old Hair-brain'd Fool.
Grill. You were Complotter with the Curſed League,
The black Abettor of our *Harry*'s Death. *Guiſe.* 'Tis falſe.
Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double-hearted:
Thou double Traytor, to Conſpire ſo baſely,
And when found out, more baſely to deny't.
Guiſe. O Gracious *Harry*, let me ſound thy name,
Leſt this old ruſt of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raiſe me to extreams. *Grill.* If thou'rt a Man,
That did'ſt refuſe the Challenge of *Navarre*, Come forth.
Guiſe. Go on, ſince thou'rt reſolv'd on Death,
I'll follow thee, and rid thy ſhaking Soul.
Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonſo, Abbot, *&c.*
But ſee, the King: I ſcorn to ruin thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.
King. Ha, Colonel, is this your Friendly viſit?
Tell me the truth, how happen'd this diſorder?
Thoſe ruffl'd Hands, red Looks, and Port of Fury?
Grill. I told him, Sir, ſince you will have it ſo,
He was the Author of the Rebel League,
Therefore a Traytor, and a Murderer.
King. Is't poſſible?
Guiſe. No matter, Sir, no matter;
A few hot words, no more upon my Life;
The old Man rowz'd, and ſhook himſelf a little:
So if your Majeſty will do me Honour,
I do beſeech you let the buſineſs die.
King. Grillon, ſubmit your ſelf, and ask his pardon.
Grill. Pardon me, I cannot do't.
King. VVhere are the Guards?
Guiſe. Hold, Sir; come Colonel, I'll ask Pardon for you:
This Souldierly Embrace makes up the breach;
VVe will be ſorry, Sir, for one another.
Grill. My Lord, I know not what to anſwer you,
I'm friends, and I am not, and ſo farewel. [*Exit.*
King. You have your Orders; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace: I court you for my Friend,
Tho' *Grillon* wou'd not.
Guiſe. I thank you on my Knees,
And ſtill while Life ſhall laſt, will take ſtrict care
To juſtify my Loyalty to your Perſon. [*Exit.*
Q. M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!
King. I ſee even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I muſt ſay the *Guiſe* has Beauties,
But they are ſet in Night, and foul Deſign:
He was my Friend when young, and might be ſtill.
Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow accents at the parting?
Q. M. Graves in his Smiles.
King. Death in his bloodleſs hands.
O *Marmoutier*! now I will haſte to meet thee;

The

The Face of Beauty, on this riſing Horrour,
Looks like the midnight-Moon upon a Murder;
It gilds the dark deſign that ſtays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon *and* Polin.

Grill. HAve then this Pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Diſcovery of the Plot?
Pol. Not as from me, for ſtill I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the moſt deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Againſt the King, his Government and Laws;
VVhereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Proceſſion, ſeize him,
And clap the *Chilperic* in a Monaſtry;
Thus it was fix'd, as I before diſcover'd:
But when, againſt his Cuſtom, they perceiv'd
The King abſented, ſtreight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone. *Grill.* O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; fleſh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if ſome crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy.
Pol. But *Malicorn*, ſagacious on the point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raiſe you above hope,
The *Guiſe* my Maſter will be here to day,
For, on bare gueſs of what has been revealed,
He wing'd a Meſſenger to give him notice;
Yet ſpight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they ſlunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But ſee, they come,

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'll have among'ſt 'em;
Fly to the King, warn him of *Guiſe*'s coming,
That he may ſtraight diſpatch his ſtrict Commands
To ſtop him.
1. *Sher.* Nay, this is Colonel *Grillon*,
The Blunderbuſs o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his Face.
Grill. Hark, you my Friends, if you are not in haſte,
Becauſe you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a general Ruin.
2. *Sher.* Ruine to the City! marry, Heaven forbid!
Grill. Amen, I ſay; for look you, I'm your Friend:
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To ſeize him, if not kill him; for who knows,
When once your Conſcience yields, how far 'twill ſtretch;
Next, quite to daſh your firmeſt hopes in pieces,
The Duke of *Guiſe* is dead. 1. *Sher.* Dead, Colonel!
2. *Sher.* Undone, undone!
Grill. The World cannot redeem you;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at laſt,
Should joyn the *Spaniard*, and ſhou'd fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a moſt Venomous one,
Which muſt be blooded? 1. *Sher.* Blooded, Colonel!
Grill. Ay, blooded, thou moſt Infamous Magiſtrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the *Louvre*;
But 'ere that be, fall million miſcreant Souls,
Such Earth-born minds as yours; for, mark me, Slaves,

Did

Did you not Ages paſt conſign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes, to Imperial hands
Made 'em the Guardians of your ſickly Years,
And now you're grown up to a Boobies Greatneſs,
What, wou'd you wreſt the Scepter from his Hand?
Now, by the Majeſty of Kings I ſwear,
You ſhall as ſoon be ſav'd for packing Juries.
1. *Sher.* Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be ſav'd? *Grill.* Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hanged, burnt, broke o'th' Wheel.
1. *Sher.* Colonel, you ſpeak us plain.
Grill. A Plague confound you,
Why ſhould I not? what is there in ſuch Raſcals
Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my tongue?
Now, in the Devils name, what make you here,
Dawbing the inſide of the Court like Snails,
Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City
To ſpread your monſtrous Lyes, and ſow Sedition?
Wild-fire choak you. 1. *Sher.* Well, we'll think of this,
And ſo we take our leaves? *Grill.* Nay, ſtay, my Maſters;
For I'm a thinking now juſt whereabouts
Grow the two talleſt Trees in *Arden* Foreſt.
1. *Sher.* For what pray, Colonel, if we may be ſo bold?
Grill. Why to hang you upon the higheſt Branches;
Fore-God it will be ſo; and I ſhall laugh
To ſee you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
With the honeſt Crows pecking your Traytors Limbs.
All. Good Colonel!
Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
You moving Dirt, you rank ſtark Muck o'th' World,
You Oven Bats, you things ſo far from Souls,
Like Dogs, you're out of Providence's reach,
And only fit for hanging; but be gone,
And think of Plunder —— You right Elder Sheriff,
Who Carv'd our *Henry*'s Image on a Table,
At your Club-Feaſt, and after ſtabb'd it through.
1. *Sher.* Mercy, good Colonel.
Grill. Run with your Noſe to Earth,
Run Blood-hound, run, and ſcent out Royal Murder.
You ſecond Rogue, but equal to the firſt,
Plunder, Go hang, nay take your tackling with you,
For theſe ſhall hold you faſt, your Slaves ſhall hang you
To the mid Region in the Sun: { *Exeunt Sheriffs* }
Plunder, be gone Vipers, Aſps, and Adders. { *and People.* }

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that ſoars above,
A Prince o'th' Air, that ſets the Mud a moving.
Mal. Colonel, a word. *Grill.* I hold no ſpeech with Villains.
Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.
Grill. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
Than live by ſuch a Villains help as thine.
Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treaſon.
Grill. Why, are not you a Villain? *Mal.* 'Tis confeſs'd.
Grill. Then in the Name of all thy Brother Devils,
What wou'dſt thou have with me? *Mal.* I know you're honeſt,
Therefore it is my buſineſs to diſturb you.
Grill. Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.
Mal. Why tho' you ſhou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The pleaſure I ſhall take in your vexation Will heal my Bruiſes.
Grill. Wert thou definite Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I ſhould give thee hearing;
But ſuch a boundleſs Villany as thine, Admits no Patience.
Mal. Your Neice is come to Court,

And

And yields her Honour to our *Henry*'s Bed.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, damn'd Villain. [*Strikes him.*
Mal. So, why this I look'd for:
But yet I ſwear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.
Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain!
And name Revenge! O wert thou *Grillon*'s Match,
And worthy of my Sword, I ſwear by this
One had been paſt an Oath; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee darſt not turn again.
Mal. 'Tis falſe, I dare like you, but cannot act;
There is no force in this Enervate Arm.
Blaſted I was e're born, Curſe on my Stars,
Got by ſome dotard in his pithleſs Years,
And ſent a wither'd Saplin to the world.
Yet I've Brain, and there is my Revenge;
Therefore I ſay agen theſe Eyes have ſeen
Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summers Morn,
When all the Heaven is ſtreak'd with dappl'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Bluſhes like a rifl'd Maid;
Nay, by the Gleamy Fires that melted from her
Faſt Sighs and Smiles, ſwoln Lips and heaving Breaſts,
My Soul preſages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.
Grill. Again thou ly'ſt; and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottl'd Spider, into thy Primitive Earth,
Unleſs thou ſwear thy very Thought's a Lye.
Mal. I ſtand in Adamant, and thus defie thee;
Nay draw, and with the edge betwixt my Lips,
Even while thou rak'ſt it through my Teeth, I'll ſwear
All I have ſaid is true, as thou art honeſt
Or I a Villain. *Grill.* Damn'd infamous Wretch,
So much below my ſcorn, I dare not kill thee:
And yet ſo much my hate, that I muſt fear thee.
For ſhould it be as thou haſt ſaid, not all
The Trophies of my Laurell'd Honeſty
Shou'd bar me from forſaking this bad World,
And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.
Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am Reveng'd.
I was in hopes thou would'ſt have utter'd Treaſon,
And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.
Grill. Haſt thou Compacted for a Leaſe of Years
With Hell, that thus thou ventur'ſt to provoke me?
Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Block-head hits.)
Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
Thy Neice has been before the *Guiſe*'s Miſtreſs.
Grill. Hell-hound, avant.
Mal. Forgive my honeſt meaning. [*Exit.*
Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine honour,
And thus he lays his Baits to Catch my Soul:
Ha! but the Preſence Opens, who comes here!
By Heaven my Neice, led by *Alphonſo Corſo*!
Ha, *Malicorn*, is't poſſible, Truth from thee!
'Tis plain, and I in Juſtifying Woman
Have done the Devil wrong.
Alph. Madam, the King,
Pleaſe you to ſit, will inſtantly attend you.
Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, ſhe comes to ſeek him,
O Proſtitute, and on her prodigal Fleſh
She has laviſh'd all the Diamonds of the *Guiſe*
To ſet her off, and ſell her to the King.
Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
An Enterpriſe like mine? I that reſolv'd
Never to leave thoſe dear delightfull Shades,
But act the little part that Nature gave me,

On

On the Green Carpets of ſome guiltleſs Grove,
And having finiſh'd it forſake the World,
Unleſs ſometimes my Heart might entertain
Some ſmall remembrance of the taking *Guiſe*:
But that far, far from any dark'ning Thought,
To Cloud my Honour, or Eclipſe my Virtue.
Grill. Thou ly'ſt, and if thou hadſt not glanc'd aſide,
And ſpy'd me coming, I had had it all.
Mar. By Heav'n, by all that's good——
Grill. Thou haſt loſt thy Honour,
Give me this Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
From the bold Ruffian in the Maſſacre,
That would have ſtain'd thy almoſt Infant Honour,
With Luſt, and Blood, doſt thou remember it?
Mar. I do, and bleſs the Godlike Arm that ſav'd me.
Grill. 'Tis falſe, thou haſt forgot my generous Action;
And now thou laugh'ſt to think how thou haſt cheated,
For all his kindneſs, this old griſl'd Fool.
Mar. Forbid it Heaven! *Grill.* But oh that thou hadſt died
Ten thouſand Deaths, e're blaſted *Grillon*'s Glory,
Grillon that ſav'd thee from a barbarous World
Where thou hadſt ſtarv'd, or ſold thy ſelf for Bread,
Took thee into his Boſom, foſter'd thee
As his own Soul, and laid thee in his *Heart-ſtrings*;
And now for all my Cares, to ſerve me thus!
O 'tis too much, ye Powers! double Confuſion
On all my Wars; and oh, out, ſhame upon thee,
It wrings the *Iron Tears* from *Grillon*'s *Heart*,
And melts me to a *Babe*. *Mar.* Sir, Father, hear me;
I come to Court, to ſave the Life of *Guiſe*.
Grill. And proſtiture thy Honour to the King.
Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my Sex,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State;
And to advance this dangerous Inquiſition,
I liſtn'd to the Love of daring *Guiſe*.
Grill. By Arms, by Honeſty, I ſwear thou lov'ſt him.
Mar. By Hoav'n, that gave thoſe Arms ſucceſs, I ſwear
I do not, as you think, but take it all.
I've heard the *Guiſe*, not with an Angels temper,
Some thing beyond the tenderneſs of pity,
And yet not Love.
Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all;
Nor ſhould the World have wrought this cloſe Confeſſion,
But to rebate your jealouſie of Honour.
Grill. I know not what to ſay, nor what to think;
There's Heaven ſtill in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Womans Tongue his riſing Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever.
Mar. You muſt not go. *Grill.* Tho' I have Reaſon plain
As day, to judge thee falſe, I think thee true:
By Heaven, methinks I ſee a Glory round thee;
There's ſomething ſays thou wilt not loſe thy Honour:
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honeſty:
My fooliſh open Nature, that would have
All like my ſelf; but off; I'll hence and Curſe thee.
Mar. O ſtay! *Grill.* I wo'n not.
Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Souls quiet,
And for the everlaſting reſt of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Hearts deſign.
Grill. Angel, or Devil, I will—— nay, at this rate
She'll make me ſhortly bring him to her Bed,
Bawd for him? No, he ſhall make me run my Head

Into a Cannon, when 'tis Firing, firſt. That's honourable ſport; but I'll retire,
And if ſhe plays me falſe, here's that ſhall mend her

[Marmoutier *Sits. Song and Dance.*

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-ſick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.
Mar. I diſcompoſe you, Sir. *King.* Thou doſt, by Heaven;
But with ſuch Charming pleaſure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view. *Mar.* Love me, my Lord?
King. Who ſhou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and ſelf are vile,
While you are by, try me upon deſpair;
My Kingdom at the ſtake, Ambition ſtarv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aſpire,
So once a day I may have leave——
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.
Mar. Fear you, Sir, what is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can Crown Mankind:
Yet wear 'em ſo, as if you did not know 'em:
So ſtainleſs, fearleſs, free in all your actions,
As if Heaven lent you to the World to Pattern.
King. Madam, I find you're no Petitioner;
My people would not treat me in this ſort;
Tho' 'twere to gain a part of their Deſign:
But to the *Guiſe* they deal their faithleſs Praiſe
As faſt, as you your flattery to me;
Tho' for what end I cannot gueſs, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.
Mar. Forgive you, Heaven! that thought: no, mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the Good, and wonder of the Great;
I ſwear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you;
King. O, Madam, riſe *Mar.* Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this Seditious Rout that dare deſpiſe you;
Blaſt all my days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;
Nay, let the Miſery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cauſe like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims through the World.
Grill. Sound Wind, and Limb, fore-God a gallant Girl. [*Aſide.*
King. What ſhall I anſwer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart;
For, ſo I ſwear I will be to my Laſt,
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry*'s Angel,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown ſit eaſie.
Mar. O never, Sir. *King.* What ſaid you, *Marmoutier?*
Why doſt thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?
Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impoſſible, no more.
King. No more —— and with that ſtern reſolv'd behaviour:
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Prieſt
Shou'd urge my laſt Confeſſion, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutier*, and yet thou ſay'ſt, no more.
Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have loſt my aim, farewll.
King. Come back, O ſtay, my Life flows after you.
Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit. *King.* You Cannot go,
You ſha'not ——O your ſuit, I kneel to grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.
Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or proſtrate, if you pleaſe,
Let me intreat for *Guiſe*. *King.* Ha, Madam, what!
For *Guiſe*; for *Guiſe*! that ſtubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, ſlights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life:
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World

Is ſworn to *Henry*'s Death: does Beauty too,
And Innocence it ſelf, conſpire againſt me;
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my laſt drop of Blood? Come, *Guiſe*, come Cardinal,
All you lov'd Traytors, come——I ſtrip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in Curſt *Henry*'s Heart.

Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majeſty.
Perhaps you'll be more Calm. *King.* See, I'm huſh'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you Command?

Mar. Not to proceed to laſt Extremities
Before the Wound is deſperate, think alone,
For no Man Judges like your Majeſty;
Take your own Methods, all the heads of *France*
Cannot ſo well adviſe you, as your ſelf:
Therefore reſume, my Lord, your Godlike temper,
Yet do not bear more than a Monarch ſhould:
Believe it, Sir, the more your Majeſty
Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it Carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect Model
Of Heaven it ſelf, and abſtract of the Angels,
Forgive the late diſturbance of my Soul,
I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockleſs Stream,
But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart,
And raiſe the Mud of Paſſions up to cloud me,
Therefore let me conjure you do not go;
'Tis ſaid the *Guiſe* will come in ſpight of me;
Suppoſe it poſſible, and ſtay to adviſe me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal word, no more.

King. I will be eaſie
To my laſt gaſp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
And never dare to breathe my Paſſion more;
Yet you'll allow me now and then to Sigh
As we diſcourſe, and Court you with my Eyes.

Enter Alphonſo.

Why do you wave your Hand, And warn me hence?
So looks the poor Condemn'd,
When Juſtice beck'ns, there's no hope of Pardon.
Sternly, like you, the Judge the Victim eyes,
And thus, like me, the Wretch deſpairing dies. [*Exit with* Alph.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. O Rare, rare Creature, by the Power that made me:
Were't poſſible we cou'd be damn'd again,
By ſome new *Eve*, ſuch Virtue might redeem us;
Oh I cou'd claſp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
And kiſs thy Beauties to a diſſolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Uncle, Brother, all the Kin,
The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
Believe, dear Sir, what-e're my actions ſeem,
I will not loſe my Virtue for a Throne.

Grill. Why, I will Carve thee out a Throne my ſelf;
I'll hew down all the Kings in *Chriſtendom*,
And ſeat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear. *Mar.* By theſe whiſpering Councils,
My Soul preſages that the *Guiſe* is coming:
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd ſacrifice him in the City's ſight.
O Heavens! what was't I ſaid? Were I a Man,
I know not that, but, as I am a Virgin, If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guiſe*,
It ſhou'd be kneeling to the Throne of Mercy.
Ha! then thou lov'ſt, that thou art thus concern'd,

Down, riſing miſchief, down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cauſe, and ſtrangle new born pity:
Yet, if he were not married! ha, what then?
His Charms prevail, no, let the Rebel die.
I faint beneath this ſtrong oppreſſion here,
Reaſon and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and ſtill let Virtue Conquer;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But reaſon over-winds and Cracks the String. [*Exit.*

Abb. The King diſpatches Order upon Order,
With poſitive Command to ſtop his coming.
Yet there is notice given to the City;
Beſides *Belleure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guiſe* reply'd he would obey
His Maieſty in all, yet if he might Have leave to juſtify himſelf before him,
He doubted not his Cauſe. *Grill.* The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Pleuriſie,
And it muſt bleed. [*Shout within.*

Abbot. Hark, what a ſhout was there!
I'll to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpoſe thus. Let there be Truth or Lies
In this mad Fame, I'll bring you inſtant word. [*Exit* Abbot.

Manet Grillon: *Enter* Guiſe, Cardinal, Mayenne, Malicorn, *Attendants*, &c. *Shouts again.*

Grill. Death, and thou Devil, *Malicorn*, is that Thy Maſter?

Guiſe. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guiſe*,
One that wou'd Court you for a Friend. *Grill.* A Friend,
Traytor, thou mean'ſt, and ſo I bid thee welcome;
But ſince thou art ſo inſolent, thy blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied.

Guiſe. The bruiſes of his Loyalty have craz'd him. [*Shouts louder.*

Spirit within Sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, *ho!*
If the Guiſe *reſolves to go,*
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his head may lie too low.

Guiſe. Why, *Malicorn?*

Mal. [*ſtarting.*] Sir, do not ſee the King. *Guiſe.* I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous. *Guiſe.* Therefore I will ſee him,
And ſo report my danger to the People.
Halt to your Judgment, let him, if he dare
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again?
I thought a look with us had been a Language;
I'll talk my mind on any point but this
By Glances; ha, not yet, thou makeſt me bluſh
At thy delay; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown. *Mal.* What, *Marmoutier!*

Guiſe. Ay, there a Generals Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head, and Breaſt,
Ake, as I'd been a Horſe-back forty hours. *Mal.* She has ſeen the King.

Guiſe. I thought ſhe might. A trick upon me, well.

Mal. Paſſion o' both ſides. *Guiſe.* His thou meaneſt.

Mal. On hers. Down on her Knees.

Guiſe. And up again, no matter.

Mal. Now all in Tears, now ſmiling, ſad at parting.

Guiſe. Diſſembl'd, for ſhe told me this before,
'Twas all put on that I might hear and rave.

Mal. And ſo, to make ſure work on't, by Conſent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawde. *Guiſe.* Away.

Mal. She's lodg'd at Court. *Guiſe.* 'Tis falſe, they do belye her.

Mal. But, Sir, I ſaw the Apartment. *Guiſe.* What, at Court?

Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven,
I never play'd you foul, why ſhould you doubt me?

Guiſe.

Guiſe. I wou'd thou hadſt, e're thus unmann'd my Heart,
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death, I run, I run.
With this laſt blow, he drives me like a Coward;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the thought of theſe irregular Vapours,
The blood han't burſt my Lips. *Card.* Peace, Brother.
Guiſe. By Heaven, I took thee for my Souls Phyſician,
And doſt thou vomit me with this loath'd peace?
'Tis contradiction; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho' Fire, arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd croſs my way. O Jealouſie of Love!
Greater than Fame: Thou eldeſt of the Paſſions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where-e're thou'rt Thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.
Card. Have you no temper? *Guiſe.* Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A moments thought; ha, but I ſweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, 'twill not fix
On ought but vengeance; *Malicorn*, call the People: [*Shouts within*
But hark, they ſhout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards;
Yet more, on ſuch exalted Cauſes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without
The people ſhout him dead with their alarms,
And make his Miſtreſs tremble in his Arms. [*Exeunt.*

Scence *the Third.*

Enter King and Council. [*Shouts without.*

King. What mean theſe Shouts? *Abb.* I told your Majeſty,
The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer. [*Shouts again.*
King Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder; ſee, *Alphonſo*, what's the Cauſe.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guiſe* is come.
King. Is't poſſible! ha *Grillon*, ſaid'ſt thou, come?
Grill. Why droops the Royal Majeſty? O Sir——
King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying;
But peace, thou feſtring thought, and hide thy Wound;
Where is he? *Grill.* With her Majeſty, your Mother;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thouſand Rebels at his heels.
King. What's to be done? No pall upon my Spirit;
But he that loves me beſt, and dares the moſt,
On this nice point of Empire, let him ſpeak.
Alph. I would adviſe you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him inſtantly upon the Spot.
Abb. I like *Alphonſo*'s Counſel, ſhort, ſure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q. M. Sir, the *Guiſe* waits. *King.* He enters on his Fate.
Q. M. Not ſo; forbear, the City's up in Arms:
Nor doubt, if in their heat you cut him off,
That they will ſpare the Royal Majeſty.
Once, Sir, let me adviſe, and rule your Fury.
King. You ſhall, I'll ſee him, and I'll ſpare him now.
Q. M. What will you ſay? *King.* I know not;
Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guard, and ſtrictly charge the *Swits*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traytor. [*Exit* Grill.

My

My Heart has ſet thee down, O *Guiſe*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne'er to be blotted out.
Q. M. Yet you'll relent when this hot fit is over.
King. If I forgive him, may I ne'er to be forgiv'n;
No, if I tamely bear ſuch Inſolence,
What act of Treaſon will the Villains ſtop at?
Seize me, they've ſworn, Impriſon me's the next,
Perhaps Arraign me, and then doom me dead;
But e're I ſuffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on their ſlaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch; which implies alone
To weild the Scepter, and depend on none. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *the Louvre.*

A Chair of State plac'd; the King appears ſitting in it; a Table by him, on which he leans; Attendants on each ſide of them: amongſt the reſt, Abbot, Grillon, *and* Bellieure. *The* Queen-Mother *enters led by the Duke of* Guiſe, *who makes his approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King riſes, and coming forward, ſpeaks.*

King. I Sent you word you ſhould not come.
Guiſe. Sir, that I came ——
King. Why, that you came, I ſee.
Once more, I ſent you word, you ſhould not come.
Guiſe. Not come to throw my ſelf, with all ſubmiſſion,
Beneath your Royal Feet: to put my Cauſe
And Perſon in the Hands of Soveraign Juſtice!
King. Now 'tis with all ſubmiſſion, that's the Preface,
Yet ſtill you came againſt my ſtrict Command,
You diſobey'd me, *Duke*, with all ſubmiſſion.
Guiſe. Sir, it was the laſt neceſſity that drove me
To clear my ſelf of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd, againſt my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your expreſs Command,
I ſhould not have approach'd.
King. 'Twas as expreſs, as words could ſignifie;
Stand forth *Bellieure*, it ſhall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this falſe Mans Face declare
Your Meſſage, word for word.
Bell. Sir, thus it was, I met him on the way,
And plain as I could ſpeak, I gave your Orders,
Juſt in theſe following Words ——
King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can ſtill be patient, and forgive.
Guiſe. And I can ask forgiveneſs, when I err;
But let my Gracious Maſter, pleaſe to know
The true intent of my miſ-conſtru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Conſtructions? And ——
King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd your Conſcience knows,
You were not wrong'd, were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to ſet your Foot in *Paris*,
You ſhou'd be held the cauſe of all Commotions,
That ſhou'd from thence enſue, and yet you came.

Guiſe.

Guiſe. Sir, will you pleaſe with patience but to hear me?
King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guiſe*,
To clear you to my ſelf. *Guiſe.* I had been told
There were in agitation here at Court,
Things of the higheſt note againſt Religion,
Againſt the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honeſt well affected men;
I therefore judg'd ——
King. Then you, it ſeems, are Judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion againſt me?
Guiſe. I fear'd it might be repreſented ſo,
And came Reſolv'd —— *King.* To head the Factious Crowd.
Guiſe. To clear my Innocence. *King.* The means for that,
Had been your abſence from this hot-brain'd Town ——
Where you, not I, are King ——
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dies.
Q. M. ſtopping the King. What mean you, Sir,
You tremble and look pale, for Heavens ſake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.
King. Had I ten thouſand Lives, I'll venture all.
Give me way, Madam. *Q. M.* Not to your deſtruction.
The whole *Pariſian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Crowd's a Name too ſmall, they are a Nation,
Numberleſs, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.
King. And that one Soul's the *Guiſe*, I'll rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.
Guiſe. (aſide.) My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy foreſight. *Q. M.* Your Guards oppoſe 'em.
King. Why not? a Multitude's a Bulky Coward.
Q. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your Guards,
For every one a Morſel. *King. Cæſar* quell'd 'em
But with a Look and Word. *Q. M.* So *Galba* thought.
King. But *Galba* was not *Cæſar*.
Guiſe. I muſt not give 'em time for Reſolution. [*Aſide.*
My Journey, Sir, has diſcompos'd my Health, [*To the King.*
I humbly beg your leave I may retire,
Till your Commands recall me to your Service. [*Exit* Guiſe.

Manet King, Queen-Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So, you have counſell'd well, the Traytors gone,
To mock the meekneſs of an injur'd King, [*To* Queen-Mother.
Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
Infuſe my Father ſtronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
You pall'd his generous Blood with the dull mixture
Of your *Italian* Food, and milk'd ſlow Arts
Of Womaniſh tameneſs in my Infant Mouth,
Why ſtood I ſtupid elſe, and miſs'd a blow,
Which Heaven and daring folly made ſo fair.
Q. M. I ſtill maintain, 'twas wiſely done to ſpare him.
Grill. A pox o'this unſeaſonable Wiſdom;
He was a Fool to come; if ſo, then they
Who let him go, were ſomewhat.
King. The event, th' event will ſhew us what we were,
For like a blazing Meteor hence he ſhot,
And drew a ſweeping Fiery Train along.
O *Paris*, *Paris*, once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's misfortunes,
Ungrateful, perjur'd and Diſloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Preſence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hiſſes out,
And ſhakes his forked Tongue at Majeſty, While I——

Q. M.

Q. M. While you loſe time in idle talk,
And uſe no means for ſafety and prevention.
King. What can I do! O Mother, *Abbot*, *Grillon*!
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cauſe is deſperate.
Such an o'er-whelming ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redreſs were paſt. *Grill.* I'll go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the firſt Reverſion of a Rope;
Diſpatch is all my buſineſs, I'll hang for you.
Abbot. 'Tis not ſo bad, as vainly you ſurmiſe;
Some ſpace there is, ſome little ſpace, ſome ſteps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not Arm'd, nor Martiall'd into Order;
Believe it, Sir, the *Guiſe* will not attempt,
Till he have rowl'd his Snow-ball to a heap.
King. So, then, my Lord, we are a day off from Death,
What ſhall to morrow do? *Abbot.* To morrow, Sir,
If hours between ſlide not too idle by,
You may be Maſter of their Deſtiny,
Who now diſpoſe ſo loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are Quarter'd
Three thouſand *Swiſſe*, and two *French* Regiments.
King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their head.
Q. M. Send Mareſchal *Byron* to lead 'em up.
King. It ſhall be ſo, by Heaven there's Life in this,
The wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And ſhows a break of Sun-ſhine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And ſee your Souldiers well diſpos'd within,
For Safeguard of the Louvre *Q. Mother.* One thing more,
The *Guiſe* (his bu'sneſs yet not fully ripe,)
Will treat at leaſt for ſhow of Loyalty:
Let him be met with the ſame Arts he brings.
King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your part of me will come in play;
Th' *Italian* Soul ſhall teach me how to ſooth:
Even *Jove* muſt flatter with an empty hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Malicorn *ſolus. A Night-Scene.*

Mal. Thus far the Cauſe of God: but God's or Devils,
I mean my Maſter's Cauſe, and mine ſucceed:
What ſhall the *Guiſe* do next? [*A flaſh of Lightning.*

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mel. Firſt ſeize the King, and after murder him.
Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'ſt uncall'd to Night.
Mel. Always uncall'd and ſtill at hand for miſchief.
Mal. — But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil?
Thou look'ſt like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Goſpel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treaſon on thy Tongue. *Mel.* Thou haſt me right,
Ten thouſand Devils more are in this Habit,
Saintſhip and Zeal are ſtill our beſt diſguiſe:
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtleſs Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Gloſſes ban the holy Text,
And make it ſpeak Rebellion, Schiſm and Murder,
So turn the Arms of Heaven againſt it ſelf.
Mal. What makes the Curate of St. *Euſtace* here?
Mal. Thou art miſtaken Maſter, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has aſſum'd the Churchman's lucky ſhape,
To talk the Crowd to Madneſs and Rebellion.
Mel. O true Enthuſiaſtick Devil, true;
For lying is thy Nature, even to me:
Did'ſt thou not tell me, If my Lord the *Guiſe*

Enter'd

Enter'd the Court, his Head ſhould then lie low?
That was a Lye; he went, and is return'd.
Mel. 'Tis falſe; I ſaid, Perhaps it ſhould lie low.
And, but I chill'd the blood in *Henry*'s veins,
And, cram'd a thouſand ghaſtly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thruſt 'em foremoſt in his lab'ring Brain,
Even ſo it would have been. *Mal.* Thou haſt deſerv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; What do we next?
Mel. I ſaid, Firſt ſeize the King. *Mal.* Suppoſe it done:
He's clapt within a Covent, ſhorn a Saint,
My Maſter mounts the Throne. *Mel.* Not ſo faſt, *Malicorn*;
Thy Maſter mounts not, till the King be ſlain.
Mal. Not when depos'd? *Mel.* He cannot be depos'd:
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there ſhone a Regal Star.
Mal. My Maſter had a ſtronger.
Mel. No, not a ſtronger, but more popular.
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guiſe* now ſtrongeſt;
But if th' ill Influence paſs o'er *Harry*'s Head,
As in a year it will, *France* ne'er ſhall boaſt
A greater King than he, now cut him off
While yet his Stars are weak. *Mal.* Thou talk'ſt of Stars:
Canſt thou not ſee more deep into Events,
And by a ſurer way? *Mel.* No, *Malicorne*,
The ways of Heaven are brok'n ſince our Fall,
Gulph, beyond Gulph, and never to be ſhot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's mind,
As in a Chryſtal Mirror, ſee th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as, He is always.
Now ſhut below in this dark Sphere,
By Second cauſes dimly we may gueſs,
And peep far off on Heavens revolving Orbs,
Which caſt obſcure Reflections from the Throne.
Mal. Then tell me thy Surmiſes of the future.
Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Juſt when the Sun was entering in the Ram:
Th' aſcending Scorpion poyſon'd all the Sky,
A ſign of deep deceit and treachery.
Full on his Cuſp his angry Maſter ſate,
Conjoyn'd with Saturn, baleful both to Man:
Of ſecret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Maſſacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill omen'd Year.
Mal. Then flouriſh Hell, and mighty Miſchief reign,
Miſchief to ſome, to others muſt be good;
But hark, for now, tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When ſilence broods upon our darkned world,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow ſound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bell, in Steeples touch'd.
Mel. 'Tis truly gueſs'd:
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghoſt, nor hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo ſcape, but hither flies,
With leathern wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To ſacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but moſt the hallow'd Bells,
And ſoftly Toll for Souls departing Knells,
Each Chime thou hear'ſt, a future death foretells.
Now there they perch to have 'em in their Eyes,
Till all go loaded to the Nether Skies.
Mal. To morrow then. *Mel.* To morrow let it be:
Or thou deceiv'ſt thoſe hungry, gaping Fiends,
And *Beelzebub* will rage.
Mal. Why, *Beelzebub?* Haſt thou not often ſaid,

That *Lucifer*'s your King? *Mel.* I told thee true:
But *Lucifer*, as he who foremoſt fell,
So now lies loweſt in th' Abyſs of Hell.
Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
Sits *Beelzebub*, Vicegerent of the damn'd,
Who liſtning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his purpoſe, but no more:
The morning creeps behind yon Eaſtern hill,
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
And fooliſh Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And laſh the Laggers from the ſight of day. [*Deſcends.*

Enter Guiſe, Mayenne, *Cardinal, and Archbiſhop.*

May. Sullen, methinks, and ſlow the Morning breaks,
As if the Sun were liſtleſs to appear,
And dark deſigns hung heavy on the day.
Guiſe. Y'are an old Man too ſoon, y'are ſuperſtitious,
I'll truſt my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine,
Inviron'd with his Guards he durſt not touch me;
But aw'd and craven'd, as he had been ſpell'd
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guiſe*, and durſt not.
Card. We have him in our power, coopt in his Court,
Who leads the firſt Attack? Now by yond Heaven ——
That bluſhes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll d'off
This womaniſh Attire of godly peace,
And cry, Lie there Lord Cardinal of *Guiſe*.
Guiſe. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* too cool,
But 'tis the manlier fault o'th' two.
Biſhop. Have you not heard the King, preventing day,
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swiſſes* marching to their Fifes.
The Crowd ſtood gaping heartleſs, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their ſhops, and left the paſſage free.
Guiſe. I would it ſhould be ſo, 'twas a good horror,
Firſt let 'em fear for Rapes, and ranſackt Houſes;
That very fright when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their ſoft City Courages:
Cold Burghers muſt be ſtruck, and ſtruck like Flints,
Ere their hid Fire will ſparkle.
Biſhop. I am glad the king has introduc'd theſe Guards. *Card.* Your Reaſon.
Biſhop. They are too few for us to fear,
Our numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not caſt in, but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this Riſing paſs for juſt defence.
May. Suppoſe the City ſhould not riſe:
Guiſe. Suppoſe as well the Sun ſhould never riſe.
He may not riſe, for Heaven may play a trick;
But he has riſen from *Adam*'s time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to Noble Hazard?
No Venture made, but all dull Certainty;
By Heav'n I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather than have it on tame terms of yielding,
I ſcorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Guiſe.

A Lady, ſay'ſt thou, Young, and Beautiful,
Brought in a Chair? [*Exit Serv.*
Conduct her in ——
Card. You wou'd be left alone ——
Guiſe. I wou'd, Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, *and Exit.*

Starting back. Is't poſſible? I dare not truſt my Eyes,
You are not *Marmoutier*.
Mar. What am I then? *Guiſe.* Why, any thing but ſhe:

What

VVhat ſhould the Miſtreſs of a King do here?
Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Maſter of a King.
Guiſe. I ſent not for you, Madam,
Mar. I think my Lord the King ſent not for you.
Guiſe. Do you not fear your Viſit will be known?
Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traytors;
VVhere e're I go, my Virtue is my Guard.
Guiſe. VVhat Devil has ſent thee here to plague my Soul?
O that I could deteſt thee now as much
As ever I have lov'd, nay even as much
As yet in ſpite of all thy Crimes I love:
But 'tis a Love ſo mixt with dark Deſpair,
The Smoke andSoot ſmother the riſing flame,
And make my Soul a Furnace: VVoman, VVoman,
What can I call thee more, if Devil 'twere leſs,
Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,
But *Eve* play'd falſe engendring with the Serpent,
Her own part worſe than his.
Mar. Then they got Traytors.
Guiſe. Yes, Angel Traytors fit to ſhine in Palaces,
Fork'd into Ills, and ſplit into Deceits;
Two in their very frame: 'twas well, 'twas well
I ſaw not thee at Court, thou Baſilisk;
For if I had' thoſe Eyes, without his Guards
Had done the Tyrant's work. *Mar.* Why, then it ſeems
I was not falſe in all; I told you, *Guiſe*,
If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court:
You ſee I kept my Promiſe. *Guiſe.* Still thy Sex:
Once true in all thy Life, and that for Miſchief.
Mar. Have I ſaid I lov'd you? *Guiſe.* Stab on, Stab,
'Tis plain you love the King. *Mar.* Nor him, nor you,
In that unlawful way you ſeem to mean.
My Eyes had once ſo far betray'd my Heart,
As to diſtinguiſh you from Common Men,
VVhat e're you ſaid, or did, was Charming all.
Guiſe. But yet, it ſeems, you found a King more Charming.
Mar. I do not ſay more charming, but more Noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in wiſhes. *Guiſe.* May be ſo:
But Love has oyl'd your tongue to run ſo glib,
Curſe on your Eloquence.
Mar. Curſe not that Eloquence, that ſav'd your Life,
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandat, hurried you to Town;
VVhen over-weening pride of Popular Power
Had thruſt you headlong in the Louvre Toyls,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majeſty
Had doom'd you to the death you well deſerv'd.
Guiſe. Then was't not *Henry*'s fear preſerv'd my Life?
Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him;
He's born to give you fear, not to receive it.
Guiſe. Say this again, but add you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ranſom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.
Mar. And ſo it were. *Guiſe.* Why ſaid you, So it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.
Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of kindneſs,
If you acknowledge I have ſav'd your Life.
Be grateful in return, and do an Act
Your Honour, though unaskt by me requires.
Guiſe. By Heav'n and you, whom next to Heav'n I love,
(if I ſaid more, I fear I ſhould not lye,)
I'll do what e're my Honour will permit.

Mar. Go throw your ſelf at *Henry*'s Royal Feet,
And riſe not, till approv'd a Loyal Subject.
Guiſe. A Dutious Loyal Subject I was ever.
Mar. I'll put it ſhort, my Lord, depart from *Paris.* *Guiſe.* I cannot leave
My Country, Friends, Religion, all at ſtake;
Be wiſe, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forſake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a merit of your Love.
Mar. No, I'll return, and periſh in thoſe Ruines,
I find thee now ambitious, faithleſs *Guiſe*,
Farewel the baſeſt, and the laſt of Men.
Guiſe. Stay, or—O Heaven! I'll force you: Stay—
Mar. I do believe So ill of you, ſo villainouſly ill,
That if you durſt, you wou'd:
Honour you've little, Honeſty you've leſs; But Conſcience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and Mens Eſteem,
Preſerves me from your force, once more farewel:
Look on me *Guiſe*, thou ſeeſt me now the laſt;
Tho' Treaſon urge not Thunder on thy head,
This one departing Glance ſhall flaſh thee dead. [*Exits.*
Guiſe. Ha ſaid ſhe true? Have I ſo little Honour.
Why then a Prize ſo eaſie, and ſo fair,
Had never ſcap'd my Gripe; but mine ſhe is,
For that's ſet down as ſure as *Harry*'s Fall:
But my Ambition, that ſhe calls my Crime:
Falſe, falſe by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heaven confeſt it in my very frame;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thouſand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my ſingle Soul.

Enter Malicorn.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious hours away,
The Heavens look gaudily upon your greatneſs,
And the crown'd moments court you as they fly;
Briſac and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiſſe*,
And folded 'em like ſheep in holy ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They wait the word that dooms 'em all to die:
Come forth and bleſs the Triumph of the day.
Guiſe. So ſlight a Victory requir'd not me:
I but ſate ſtill, and Nodded like a God
My World into Creation, now 'tis time
To walk abroad, and careleſly ſurvey
How the dull Matter does the Form obey. [*Exit with* Malicorn.

Enter Citizens, and Melanax *in his Fanatick Habit, at the head of 'em.*

Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow Citizens, and you Gentlemen of the Rabble, a word of Godly Exhortation to ſtrengthen your hands, ere you give the Onſet
1 *Cit.* Is this a time to make Sermons? I wou'd not hear the Devil now, tho' he ſhould come in God's Name, to preach Peace to us.
2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be deſpis'd, We have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition, Let the precious man Hold-forth.
Omnes. Let him Hold-forth, let him Hold-forth.
Mel. To promote Sedition is my buſineſs: It has been ſo before any of you were born, and will be ſo when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.
1 *Cit.* That's a Lye, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both Old and Young, that's all Ages: A heavenly ſweet Man, I warrant him, I have ſeen him ſomewhere in a Pulpit.
Mel. I have ſown Rebellion every where.
1 *Cit.* How every where? That's another Lye: How far have you Travell'd Friend?
Mel. Over all the World. 1 *Cit.* Now that's a Rapper.
2 *Cit.* I ſay, No: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly ſays true, for he may lye by Authority.
Mel. That the Rabble may depoſe their Prince,

Has

Has in all Times, and in all Countries been accounted lawful.

1 *Cit.* That's the firſt true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depoſe him?

Mel. When ever they have more power to Depoſe, than he has to Oppoſe, and this they may do upon the leaſt Occaſion.

1 *Cit.* Sirra, you mince the Matter; you ſhould ſay, we may do it upon no Occaſion, for the leſs the better.

Mel. aſide. Here's a Rogue now will out-ſhoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 *Cit.* Some Occaſion in my mind, were not amiſs; For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occaſion, then whereby we have no Occaſion to depoſe him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I ſtick to thoſe Occaſions: for when they are gone, Goodnight to Godlineſs and Freedom.

Mel. When the moſt are of one ſide, as that's our caſe, we are always in the right; for they that are in power, will ever be the Judges: So that if we ſay White is Black, poor White muſt loſe the Cauſe, and put on Mourning, for White is but a ſingle Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on reſolutely for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any ſqueamiſh Conſcience who fears to fight againſt the King, tho I that have known you Citizens theſe thouſand years, ſuſpect not any, let ſuch underſtand, That his Majeſties Politick Capacity is to be diſtinguiſh'd from his Natural; and though you murder him in one, you may preſerve him in the other, and ſo much for this time, becauſe the Enemy is at hand.

2 *Cit. Looking out.*

Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis *Grillon* the fierce Colonel,
He that devours our Wives, and raviſhes our Children.

1 *Cit.* He looks ſo Grum, I don't care to have to do with him, Wou'd I were ſafe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 *Cit.* And wou'd I were under my Wives Petticoats,
Look you, Gentlemen.

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter yeſterday, paid a Bill of Exchange in Glaſs, *Louisdors*, and you Friend, that cry, Look you Gentlemen, this very morning was under another Womans Petticoats, and not your Wives.

2 *Cit.* How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight luſtily for the Cauſe of Heaven, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conſcience, I abſolve you both, and all the reſt of you: Now go on merrily, for thoſe that eſcape ſhall avoid killing; and thoſe who do not eſcape, I will provide for in another world.

[*Cry within on the other ſide of the Stage,*
Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, *and his Party.*

Grill. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, *Commilitones*, that's my word, as 'twas *Julius Cæſar*'s of *Pagan* memory; 'fore God I am no Speech maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a word and a blow; we muſt either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure neceſſity for your comfort: Now if any Man can be ſo unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to ſtand ſtill like a good Chriſtian, and offer his Weeſon to a Butcher's Whittle, I ſay no more but that he may be ſav'd, and that's the beſt can come on him.

[*Cry on both ſides,* Vive le Roy, Vive Guiſe. *The Fight.*

Mel. Hey for the Duke of *Guiſe* and Property, Up with Religion and the Cauſe, and down with thoſe Arbitrary Rogues there: Stand to't you Aſſociated Cuckolds. [*Citizens go back.* O Rogues, O Cowards, Damn theſe Half-ſtrain'd Shop-keepers, Got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how Naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers, Twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em. [*They all run off*, Melanax *with them, the* 1 *and* 2 *Cit. taken.*

Grill. Poſſeſs your ſelves of the place, *Maubert*,
And hang me up thoſe two Rogues for an example.

1 *Cit.* O ſpare me, ſweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new ſet up.

Grill. I'll be your Cuſtomer, and ſet you up a little better, Sirrah, Go hang him at the next Sign-poſt.
What have you to ſay for your ſelf, Scoundrel?
Why were you a Rebel?

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my VVife.

Grill. Nay, if thou haſt a VVife that wears the Breeches,
Thou ſhalt be condemn'd to live:
Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traytor ——
What, Are we encompaſs'd? Nay then, Faces this way;
We'll ſell our Skins to the faireſt Chapmen.

Enter Aumale *and Soldiers on the one ſide, Citizens on the other,* Grillon *and his Party are diſarm'd.*

1 *Cit.* Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel,
And hang him up at the next Sign-poſt:
Nay, when I am in power, I can make examples too.

Omnes. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal. [*Pull and hale him.*

Grill. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traytors, Cuckolds,
'Swounds, What do you make of a Man? Do you think
Legs and Arms are ſtrung upon a Wire, like a Jointd Baby?
Carry me off quickly, you were beſt, and hang me decently, according to my firſt Sentence.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden:
Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby
I'll carry it for a Token to my Soveraign Lady.

Grill. 'Tis too little, in all Conſcience, for her,
Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I ſav'd,
O the Conſcience of a Shop-keeper!

2. *Cit.* Look you, Colonel, for your ſaving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt's paid; but for ſpeaking Treaſon againſt my anointed Wife, that's a new Reck'ning between us.

Enter Guiſe *with a General's Staff in his hand,* Mayenne, *Cardinal, Archbiſhop,* Malicorn, *and Attendants.*

Omnes. Vive Guiſe.

Guiſe, bowing and Bare-headed.

I thank you Country-men, the hand of Heaven
In all our Safeties has appear'd this day,
Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,
But ſtain your Triumph with no Chriſtian blood,
French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this godly talk?
Of ſparing Chriſtian Blood, why theſe are Dogs;
Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear,
Meer Dogs that neither can be ſav'd nor damn'd.

Archbiſhop. Where have you learnt to ſpare inveterate Foes?

Guiſe. You know the Book, *Archbiſhop.* And can expound it too:
But Chriſtian Faith was in the Nonage then,
And *Roman* Heathens lorded o'er the World,
What madneſs were it for the weak and few,
To fight againſt the many and the ſtrong;
Grillon muſt dye, ſo muſt the Tyrant's Guards,
Leaſt gathering head again, they make more work.

Mal. My Lord, the People muſt be fleſh'd in Blood,
To teach 'em the true Reliſh, dip 'em with you ——
Or they'll perhaps repent.

Guiſe. You are Fools, to kill 'em were to ſhew I fear'd 'em;
The Court diſarm'd, diſheartned, and beſieg'd,
Are all as much within my power, as if
I grip'd 'em in my Fiſt. *May.* 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a popular Cauſe,
Muſt proſecute that Cauſe by Popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no, You muſt affect to be.

Guiſe. Diſmiſs thoſe Priſoners, *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be ſtill my Foe.

Grill. I will be ſo: But let me tell you, *Guiſe*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;
I'll give you back your life when next we meet,

Till

Till then I am your Debtor.
Guiſe. That's till Dooms-day. [Grillon *and his Exeunt one way, Rabble the other.*
Haſte Brother, draw out Fifteen thouſand Men,
Surround the *Louvre*, leaſt the Prey ſhould ſcape,
I know the King will ſend to treat,
We'll ſet the Dice on him in high demands,
No leſs than all his Offices of Truſt,
He ſhall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clip'd,
So long he ſhall not paſs.
Card. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and ſuch tedious work,
Like thoſe that hang their Noſes o'er a Potion and Qualm, and keck, and take it down by Sipps.
Archbiſhop. Beſt make advantage of this Popular Rage,
Let in th' orewhelming Tyde on *Harry*'s head,
In that promiſcuous Fury who ſhall know
Among a thouſand Swords who kill'd the King.
Mal. O my dear Lord, upon this onely day
Depends the ſeries of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has aſſum'd my ſhape
In this Prophetick doom.
Guiſe. Peace croaking Raven,
I'll ſeize him firſt, then make him a led Monarch;
I'll be declar'd Lieutenant General
Amidſt the Three Eſtates that repreſent
The glorious, full, majeſtick Face of *France*,
Which in his own deſpight the King ſhall call:
So let him reign my Tenant during life,
His Brother of *Navarre* ſhut out for ever,
Branded with Hereſie, and barr'd from Sway,
That when *Valois* conſum'd in Aſhes lies,
The *Phœnix* Race of *Charlemain* may riſe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *The* LOUVRE.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Diſmiſt with ſuch Contempt?
Grill. Yes, Faith, we paſt like beaten *Romans* underneath the Fork.
King. Give me my Arms. *Grill.* For what?
King. I'll lead you on.
Grill. You are a true Lyon, but my Men are Sheep;
If you run firſt, I'll ſwear they'll follow you.
King. What, all turn'd Cowards? Not a Man in *France*
Dares ſet his Foot by mine, and periſh by me.
Grill. Troth I can't find 'em much inclin'd to periſhing.
King. What can be left in danger, but to dare?
No matter for my Arms, I'll go Bare-fac'd,
And ſeize the firſt bold Rebel thatI meet.
Abbot. There's ſomething of Divinity in Kings
That ſits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.
Grill. True, Abbot, but the miſchief is, you Churchmen
Can ſee that ſomething further than the Crowd;
Theſe Musket Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice diſtinctions:
[*One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, ſhe reads*
One of 'em poſſibly may hit the King
In ſome one part of him that's not Divine,
And ſo the mortal part of his Majeſty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another world, ſweet Abbot.
Q. Mother. 'Tis equal madneſs to go out or ſtay,
The Reverence due to Kings is all transfer'd
To haughty *Guiſe*, and when new Gods are made,
The old muſt quit the Temple; you muſt fly.

King.

King. Death, Had I wings, yet I would ſcorn to fly.
Grill. Wings or no VVings, is not the Queſtion:
If you won't fly for't, you muſt ride for't,
And that comes much to one.
King. Forſake my Regal Town?
Q. Mother. Forſake a Bedlam:
This Note informs me, Fifteen thouſand Men
Are marching to incloſe the Louvre round.
Abbot. The buſineſs then admits no more diſpute,
You, Madam, muſt be pleas'd to find the *Guiſe*,
Seem eaſie, fearful, yielding, what you will,
But ſtill prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more time for his Eſcape.
Q. Mother. I'll undertake it —— Nay, no thanks, my Son,
My bleſſing ſhall be given in your deliverance;
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd,
And *Guiſe* is to begin his work again. [*Exit Q. Mother.*
King. I go this minute.

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another minute muſt be given.
O how I bluſh, that thou ſhouldſt ſee thy King
Do this low Act that leſſens all his Fame:
Death muſt a Rebel force me from my Love!
If it muſt be ——
Mar. It muſt not, cannot be.
Grill. No, nor ſhall not Wench, as long as my Soul wears a Body.
King. Secure in that, I'll truſt thee; Shall I truſt thee?
For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty:
Farewel, Thou may'ſt behold me King agen,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then farewel,
I'll ſay't as comfortably as I can:
But O curs'd *Guiſe*, for preſſing on my time,
And cutting off Ten thouſand more Adieu's.
Mar. The moments that retard your Flight are Traytors,
Make haſte my Royal Maſter to be ſafe,
And ſave me with you, for I'll ſhare your Fate.
King. Wilt thou go too?
Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again:
O welcome thou good Angel of my way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my ſafe Return;
Not *Greece*, nor hoſtile *Juno* could deſtroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,
He ſcap'd the dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt King, leading her.*

ACT. V.

SCENE, *The Caſtle of* Bloiſe.

Enter Grillon, Alphonſo Corſo.

Grill. WElcome, Colonel, welcome to *Bloiſe*.
Alph. Since laſt we parted at the Barricadoes,
The World's turn'd upſide down.
Grill. No, Faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downſide up,
Our part o'th' wheel is riſing, tho but ſlowly.
Alph. VVho look'd for an Aſſembly of the States?
Grill. VVhen the King was eſcap'd from *Paris*, and got out of the Toyls, 'twas time for the *Guiſe* to take 'em down, and pitch others: That is, to treat for the Calling of a Parliament, where being ſure of the major part, he might get by Law, what he had miſs'd by Force.

Alph.

Alph. But why ſhould the King aſſemble the States, to Satisfie the *Guiſe* after ſo many Affronts?

Grill. For the ſame reaſon that a Man in a Duel ſays, he has received ſatisfaction when he is firſt wounded, and afterwards diſarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris?*

Grill. Becauſe no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: This *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw it after him. But *Paris* is a damn'd, unweildy Bulk, and when the Preachers draw againſt the King, a Parſon in a Pulpit is a deviliſh Fore-horſe. Beſides, I found in that Inſurrection, what dangerous Beaſts theſe Townſmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal with ten of their Wives, than with one zealous Citizen:
O your inſpir'd Cuckold is moſt implacable.

Alph. Is there any ſeeming kindneſs between the King, and the Duke of *Guiſe?*

Grill. Yes moſt wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Uſurer and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very Loyal to the *Guiſe*, and the *Guiſe* is very gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guiſe*, and the Archbiſhop of *Lyons*, are the two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear; They eaſe His Majeſty of all the Spiritual buſineſs, and the *Guiſe* of all the Temporal, ſo that the King is certainly the happieſt Prince in *Chriſtendom*, without any care upon him: ſo yielding up every thing to his Loyal Subjects that he's infallibly in the way of being the greateſt, and moſt glorious King in all the world.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a ſharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the opening of the Parliament, admoniſh'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was paſt, but ſeem'd to threaten Vengeance, if they perſiſted for the future.

Grill. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: He promiſing to unite himſelf to them, and they to obey him according to the Laws; yet the very next morning they went on, in purſuance of their old Commonwealth deſigns, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now am I dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Grill. I but you are but one private Man, and they are the three States; And if they Vote that they have not broken their Oaths, Who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's One above.

Grill. I hope you mean in Heaven, or elſe you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament-time; but here comes the Maſter and my Niece.

Alph. Heaven preſerve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treaſon.

Grill. O Yes, You may pray for him; the Preachers of the *Guiſes* ſide, do that moſt formally: Nay, You may be ſuffer'd Civilly to drink his Health, be of the Court, and keep a place of Profit under him: For, in ſhort, 'tis a judg'd Caſe of Conſcience, to make your beſt of the King, and to ſide againſt him.

Enter King and Marmoutier.

King. Grillon, Be near me,
There's ſomething for my ſervice to be done,
Your Orders will be ſudden, now withdraw.

Grill. aſide.] Well, I dare truſt my niece, even tho' ſhe comes of my own Family; but if ſhe Cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honeſty, there's a whole Sex fall'n under a General Rule without one Exception. [*Exeunt* Grill. *and* Alph.

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Some thing of moment hangs upon this hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next and next,
My time is all ta'ne up on Uſury;
I never am before hand with my hours,
But every one has work before it comes.

Mar. There's ſomething for my ſervice to be done,
Thoſe were your words.

King. And you deſire their meaning.

Mar. I dare not aſk, and yet perhaps may gheſs.

King. 'Tis ſearching there where Heaven can only pry,
Not Man who knows not Man but by ſurmiſe;
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mould,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Tought,
I tell thee, *Marmoutier*, I never ſpeak
Not when alone, for fear ſome Fiend ſhould hear,

And blab my Secrets out.
Mar. You hate the *Guiſe.*
King. True, I did hate him.
Mar. And you hate him ſtill.
King. I am reconcil'd.
Mar. Your Spirit is too high,
Great Souls forgive not injuries, till time
Has put their Enemies into their power,
That they may ſhew Forgiveneſs is their own;
For elſe 'tis fear to puniſh that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.
King. He has ſubmitted.
Mar. In ſhow, for in effect he ſtill inſults.
King. Well, Kings muſt bear ſometimes.
Mar. They muſt, till they can ſhake their burden off
And that's, I think your aim.
King. Miſtaken ſtill:
All Favours, all Preferments, paſs through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they pleaſe.
Mar. Theſe are your Arts to make 'em more ſecure,
Juſt ſo your Brother us'd the Admiral,
Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.
King. What ſaid you, ha! what mean you *Marmoutier?*
Mar. Nay, what mean you? That Start betray'd you, Sir.
King. This is no Vigil of St. *Bartholmew*,
Nor is *Blois Paris.*
Mar. 'Tis an open Town.
King. What then!
Mar. Where you are ſtrongeſt.
King. Well, what then?
Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.
King. O! Thou haſt ſet thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will ſting thee dead.
Mar. Can I unknow it?
King. No, but keep it ſecret.
Mar. Think, Sir, your Thoughts are ſtill as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breaſt:
But ſince you let me in, I find it fill'd
With Death and Horror; you would murder *Guiſe.*
King. Murder! what Murder! uſe a ſofter word,
And call it Soveraign Juſtice.
Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:
But Juſtice bears the Godlike ſhape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, and equal Plea
Betwixt th' Offender, and the righteous Judge.
King. Yes when th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws,
But when his Greatneſs overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Juſtice in the laſt Appeal:
And forc'd by ſtrong Neceſſity may ſtrike,
In which indeed th'y aſſert the Publick Good,
And, like ſworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
Unpleaſant wholſom work
Mar. If this be needful.
King. Ha, didſt not thou thy ſelf in fathoming
The depth of my deſigns, drop there the Plummet?
Didſt thou not ſay Affronts, ſo Great, ſo Publick,
I never could forgive?
Mar. I did, but yet——
King. What means, But yet? 'Tis Evidence ſo full,
If the laſt Trumpet ſounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I ſhould meet the Saints half way:
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.
Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me
Do you love me?
King. Can you doubt it?
Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:
Love begs once more this great Offender's life,
Can you forgive the man you juſtly hate,
That hazards both your Life and Crown to ſpare him?
One whom you may ſuſpect I more than pity,
(For I would have you ſee that what I ask,
I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
Can you be thus extravagantly Good?
King. What then? For I begin to fear my firmneſs:
And doubt the ſoft deſtruction of your tongue.

Mar.

Mar. Then in Return, I ſwear to Heaven, and you,
To give you all the Preference of my Soul:
No Rebel Rival to diſturb you there,
Let him but live that he may be my Convert.
[*King walks awhile, then wipes his Eyes, and ſpeaks.*
King. You've Conquer'd, all that's paſt ſhall be forgiv'n,
My laviſh Love has made a laviſh Grant:
But know this Act of Grace ſhall be my laſt.
Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
Let him deſiſt, and tempt Revenge no further:
For by yond Heaven that's Conſcious of his Crimes,
I will no more by Mercy be betray'd. [*Deputies appearing at the Door.*
The Deputies are entring, You muſt leave me:
Thus Tyrant Buſineſs all my Hours uſurps,
And makes me live for others.
Mar. Now Heaven reward you with a proſperous Reign,
And grant you never may be good in vain. [*Exit.*
Enter Deputies of the Three States: Cardinal of Guiſe, *and Archbiſhop of* Lyons, *at the Head of 'em.*
King. Well, my good Lords, what matters of importance
Employ'd the States this Morning?
Archb. One high Point was warmly convaſs'd in the Commons Houſe,
And will be ſoon Reſolv'd.
King. What was't? *Card.* Succeſſion.
King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
So warmly canvaſs'd, or ſo ſoon Reſolv'd.
Card. Things neceſſary muſt ſometimes be ſudden.
King. No ſudden Danger threatens you, my Lord.
Archb. What may be ſudden, muſt be counted ſo;
We hope, and wiſh Your Life: But Yours, and Ours,
Are in the Hand of Heaven.
King. My Lord, they are:
Yet in a Natural way I may live long,
If Heaven and You my Loyal Subjects pleaſe.
Archb. But ſince good Princes, like Your Majeſty,
Take care of Dangers meerly poſſible,
Which may concern their Subjects whoſe they are,
And for whom Kings are made.
King. Yes, we for them, and they for us;
The Benefits are mutual, and ſo the Tyes are too.
Card. To cut things ſhort,
The Commons will Decree to exclude *Navarre*
From the Succeſſion of the Realm of *France*.
King. Decree, my Lord! What, one Eſtate Decree?
Where then are the other two, and what am I?
The Government is caſt up ſomewhat ſhort,
The Clergy and Nobility Caſheer'd,
Five Hundred Popular Figures on a row,
And I my Self that am, or ſhould be King,
An o'ergrown Cypher ſet before the Sum:
What Reaſons urge our Sovereigns for th'Excluſion?
Archb. He ſtands ſuſpected, Sir, of Hereſie.
King. Has he been call'd to make his juſt Defence?
Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.
King. To whom? *Card.* The Commons.
King. What is't thoſe Gods the Commons do not know?
But Hereſie you Church-men teach us Vulgar,
Suppoſes obſtinate and ſtiff perſiſting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected, has this Courſe been us'd?
Archb. We grant it has not, but——
King. Nay, give me leave,
I urge from your own Grant, it has not been:
If then in proceſs of a petty Sum,

Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be given:
Much leſs in the Succeſſion of a Crown,
Which after my deceaſe, by Right Inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of *Navarre*.
Card. The Right of Souls is ſtill to be preferr'd,
Religion muſt not ſuffer for a Claim.
King. If Kings may be Excluded, or Depos'd,
When e'er you cry Religion to the Crowd,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion Orthodox,
And Subjects muſt be Traytors to be ſav'd.
Archb. Then Hereſie's entail'd upon the Throne.
King. You would entail Confuſion, Wars and Slaughters:
Thoſe ills are Certain, what you name Contingent.
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis Sincere,
Above Deceit, no crookedneſs of Thought,
Says, what he means, and what he ſays, performs:
Brave, but not Raſh; Succeſsful, but not Proud.
So much acknowledging, that he's uneaſie
Till every petty Service be o'er paid.
Archb. Some ſay revengeful.
King. Some then Libel him:
But that's what both of us have learn'd to bear.
He can forgive, but you diſdain Forgiveneſs:
Your Chiefs are they no Libel muſt profane:
Honour's a Sacred Thing in all but Kings;
But when your Rhimes Aſſaſſinate our Fame,
You hug your nauſeous, blund'ring Ballad-Wits,
And pay 'em as if Nonſence were a Merit,
If it can mean but Treaſon.
Archb. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge ——
King. And I have more to Anſwer, let 'em know
My Royal Brother of *Navarre* ſhall ſtand
Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
God, and good Men will never fail his Cauſe,
And all the bad ſhall be conſtrain'd by Laws.
Archb. Since gentle means t' exclude *Navarre* are vain,
To morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd,
To make the Duke of *Guiſe* Lieutenant-General,
Which Power moſt graciouſly confirm'd by you,
Will ſtop this headlong Torrent of Succeſſion,
That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it,
In hope you'll not oppoſe what muſt be done,
We wiſh you, Sir, a long and proſperous Reign. [*Exeunt Omnes, but the King.*
King. To morrow *Guiſe* is made Lieutenant-General,
Why then to morrow I no more am King;
'Tis time to puſh my ſlack'ned Vengeance home,
To be a King, or not to be at all;
The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
Till Lightning flaſhes round to guard the Throne,
And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.
Enter Grillon *to him.*
Grill. 'Tis juſt the pointed Hour you bid me wait.
King. So juſt, as if thou wert inſpir'd to come;
As if the Guardian-Angel of my Throne,
Who had o'erſlept himſelf ſo many Years,
Juſt now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my reſcue.
Grill. I hear the *Guiſe* will be Lieutenant-General.
King. And canſt thou ſuffer it?
Grill. Nay, if you will ſuffer it, then well may I.
If Kings will be ſo civil to their Subjects, to give up all things tamely, they firſt turn Rebels to themſelves, and that's a fair Example for their Friends; 'Slife, Sir, 'tis a dangerous matter to be Loyal on the wrong ſide, to ſerve my Prince

in

in ſpight of him; if you'll be a Royalliſt your ſelf, there are Millions of honeſt Men will fight for you; but if you wo'n not, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more: I am reſolv'd,
The courſe of things can be with-held no longer
From breaking forth to their appointed end:
My Vengeance, ripen'd in the Womb of Time,
Preſſes for Birth, and longs to be diſclos'd.
Grillon, the *Guiſe* is doom'd —— to ſudden Death:
The Sword muſt end him; Has not thine an Edge?

Grill. Yes, and a Point too; I'll challenge him.

King. —— I bid thee kill him. [*Walking.*

Grill. —— So I mean to do.

King. —— Without thy hazard.

Grill. Now I underſtand you, I ſhou'd Murder him:
I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King. —— Doſt thou not hate him? *Grill.* —— Yes.

King. Haſt thou not ſaid,
That he deſerves it?

Grill. Yes, but how have I
Deſerv'd to do a Murder?

King. 'Tis no Murder:
'Tis Sovereign Juſtice urg'd from Self-Defence.

Grill. 'Tis all confeſt, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go, Thou art a Coward.

Grill. You are my King.

King. Thou ſay'ſt thou dar'ſt not kill him.

Grill. Were I Coward, I had been a Villain,
And then I durſt ha' don't.

King. Thou haſt done worſe in thy long courſe of Arms,
Haſt thou ne'er kill'd a Man?

Grill. Yes, when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Haſt thou not plunder'd from the helpleſs Poor?
Snatch'd from the ſweating Labourer his Food?

Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own defence,
When I was Hungry and Thirſty.
I have plunder'd,
When you have not paid me ——
I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,
When a better Whore was not to be had.
As for Cutting off a Traytor, I'll execute him lawfully
In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field;
But for your Chamber-Practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge Unjuſt, or Tyrannous?
Heaven knows, I love not Blood.

Grill. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice.
You may diſpatch a Rebel lawfully,
But the Miſchief is, that Rebel
Has given me my Life at the Barricadoes,
And till I have return'd his Bribe,
I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy Hand, I love thee not the worſe;
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conſcience,
Thou ſhalt not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good;
But keep my Secret, for that's Conſcience too.

Grill. When I diſcloſe it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one:
Call *Lognac* hither ſtraight, and St. *Malin*;
Bid *Larchant* find ſome unſuſpected means
To keep Guards doubled at the Council-Door,
That none paſs in or out, but thoſe I call:
The reſt I'll think on further, ſo farewel.

Grill. Heaven bleſs Your Majeſty!
Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'll defend you when he's kill'd,
For the honeſt part of the Jobb let me alone. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Men and Women at a Banquet, Malicorne *ſtanding by.*

Mal. This is the Solemn Annual Feaſt I keep,
As this day Twelve Year on this very hour
I ſign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleaſure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet moſt.
And, Faith, I over-ſold it to the Fiend:
What, One and twenty Years, Nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth ſo much to Devils?
O how I hug my ſelf, to out-wit theſe Fools of Hell!
And yet a ſudden damp, I know not why,
Has ſeiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy weight
Hangs on their active Springs, I want a Song
To rouze me, my Blood freezes: Muſick there?

A SONG.

Shepherdeſs.

TEll me Thirſis, *tell your Anguiſh,*
Why you Sigh, and why you Languiſh;
When the Nymph whom you Adore,
Grants the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing,
What can Love and I do more?

Shepherd.

Think its Love beyond all meaſure,
Makes me faint away with Pleaſure;
Strength of Cordial may deſtroy,
And the Bleſſing of Poſſeſſing
Kills with me Exceſs of Joy.

Shepherdeſs.

Thirſis, *how can I believe you?*
But confeſs, and I'll forgive you;
Men are Falſe, and ſo are you,
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy and yet be true.

Shepherd.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever ſhining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

Chorus together.

Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still poſſeſſing, ſtill deſiring,
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown;
Ever ſhining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

After a Song and Dance, loud knocking at the Door. Enter Servant.

What noiſe is that?

Serv. An ill-look'd ſurly Man,
With a hoarſe Voice, ſays he muſt ſpeak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this Day to Pleaſure,
I neither have, nor will have Buſineſs with him. [*Exit Servant.*
What, louder yet, what ſawcy Slave is this? [*Knock louder.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He ſays you have, and muſt have Buſineſs with him,
Come out, or he'll come in, and ſpoil your Mirth.

Mal. I wo'n not.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him ſo, [*Knock again more fiercely.*
My Hair ſtands up in Briſtles when I ſee him:
The Dogs run into Corners; the Spade Bitch
Bayes at his back, and howls.

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy ſelf. *Exit. Servant.*

Scene cloſes upon the Company.

Enter Melanax, *an Hour-glaſs in his hand almoſt empty.*

How dar'ſt thou interrupt my ſofter Hours?
By Heaven I'll ram thee in ſome knotted Oak,
Where thou ſhalt ſigh and groan to whiſtling Winds,
Upon the lonely Plain:
Or I'll confine thee deep in the Red Sea grov'ling on the Sands,
Ten thouſand Billows rowling o'er thy Head.

Mel. Hoh, hoh, hoh.

Mal. Laugh'ſt thou, malicious Fiend?
I'll ope my Book of Bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment on a flame.

Mel. Thou canſt not do't,
Behold this Hour-glaſs.

Mal. Well, and what of that?

Mel. See'ſt thou theſe ebbing Sands?
They run for thee, and when their Race is run,

Thy

Thy Lungs, the Bellows of thy mortal Breath,
Shall ſink for ever down, and heave no more.
Mal. What, reſty Fiend?
Nine Years thou haſt to ſerve.
Mel. Not full Nine Minutes.
Mal. Thou ly'ſt, look on thy Bond, and view the Date.
Mel. Then wilt thou ſtand to that without Appeal?
Mal. I will ſo, help me Heav'n.
Mel. So take thee Hell. [*Gives him the Bond.*
There, Fool, behold, who lyes, the Devil or thou?
Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are ſhrunk to Twelve,
Do my Eyes dazle?
Mel. No, they ſee too true:
They dazl'd once, I caſt a Miſt before 'em,
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull ſight
Appear'd full Twenty one.
Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.
Mel. Fool, thou haſt quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,
To ſtand to this. *Mal.* Then I am loſt for ever.
Mel. Thou art. *Mal.* O why was I not warn'd before?
Mel. Yes, to repent, then thou hadſt cheated me.
Mal. Add but a Day, but half a Day, an Hour:
For ſixty Minutes I'll forgive nine Years.
Mel. No not a Moments thought beyond my time:
Diſpatch, 'tis much below me to attend for one poor ſingle Fare.
Mal. So pitileſs? But yet I may command thee, and I will:
I love the *Guiſe* even with my lateſt breath,
Beyond my Soul, and my loſt hopes of Heav'n;
I charge thee by my ſhort-liv'd power, diſcloſe
What Fate attends my Maſter.
Mel. If he goes to Council when he next is call'd, he dies.
Mal. Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my laſt adieu,
Say I ſhall never ſee his Eyes again:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him belive my lateſt breath, he dies. [*Exit Servant.*
The Sands run yet, O do not ſhake the Glaſs: [*Devil ſhakes the Glaſs.*
I ſhall be thine too ſoon, cou'd I repent,
Heaven's not confin'd to Moments, Mercy, Mercy.
Mel. I ſee thy Prayers diſperſt into the Winds,
And Heaven has puft 'em by:
I was an Angel once of foremoſt Rank,
Stood next the ſhining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almoſt gaz'd I glory in the Face
That I could bear it, and ſtar'd farther in,
'Twas but a Moments Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever Fell; but Man, baſe Earth-born Man,
Sins paſt a Sum, and might be pardon'd more,
And yet 'tis juſt; for we were perfect Light,
And ſaw our Crimes, Man in his Body's mire,
Half Soul, half Clod, ſinks blindfold into ſin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Luſts within.
Mal. Then I have hope.
Mel. Not ſo, I preach'd on purpoſe
To make thee loſe this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low, Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair.
Mal. Where am I now? Upon the brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me on,
And Heaven behind me cloſing all its Doors.
A Thouſand Years for ev'ry Hour I've paſt,
O cou'd I 'ſcape ſo cheap! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endleſs round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell?

Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthy Subſtance endleſs Flames endure?
Or when one Body wears, and flits away,
Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay,
To fence and guard their tender forms from fire——
I feel my Heart-ſtrings rend, I'm here, I'm gone:
Thus Men too careleſs of their future State,
Diſpute, know nothing, and believe too late. [*A flaſh of Lightning, they ſink together.*

Duke of Guiſe, *Cardinal*, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Meſſage from a dying Man,
A Propheſie indeed!
For Souls juſt quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make ſwift Acquaintance with their Kindred Forms,
And Partners of Immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the ſecurer ſide:
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbiſhop.

Guiſe. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sovereign paſt a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me:
Then if he dares but to be juſt, I die,
'Tis too much odds againſt me, I'll depart,
And finiſh Greatneſs at ſome ſafer time.

Archb. By Heaven 'tis *Harry*'s Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forſake your Friends.

Guiſe. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne*.

Archb. Yes, ſome Court-Devil, no doubt:
If you depart, conſider, good my Lord,
You are the Maſter-ſpring that move our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Preſence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will ſink beneath a Royal Name:
Th' inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will ſoon be ſhaken off; Things done, repeal'd;
And Things undone, paſt future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taſte his Reaſons.

Archb. Nay, were the danger certain of your ſtay,
An Act ſo mean would loſe you all your Friends,
And leave you ſingle to the Tyrant's Rage:
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Guiſe. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll ſtand the ſhock:
Where e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful and united,
He will not venture on ſo raſh a deed:
And now I wonder I ſhould fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to Conquer and Contemn.

Enter Marmoutier.

Archb. Tour Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the Scale,
And warn you not to go.

Guiſe. O fear her not, I will be there. [*Exeunt Archbiſhop and Cardinal.*
What can ſhe mean, Repent?
Or is it caſt betwixt the King and her
To ſound me; Come what will, it warms my Heart
With ſecret joy, which theſe my ominous Stateſmen
Left dead within me; ha! ſhe turns away.

Mar. Do you not wonder at this Viſit, Sir?

Guiſe. No, Madam, I at laſt have gain'd the Point
Of mightieſt Minds to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. —— Believe me, *Guiſe*, 'twere gallantly reſolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the inſide too.
Why came that Sigh uncall'd? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for Thirſt of Glory,

Which

Which now again dilates it ſelf in Smiles,
As if you ſcorn'd that I ſhould know your purpoſe.
Guiſe. I change 'tis true, becauſe I love you ſtill,
Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own deſpight;
I tell you all even at that very moment,
I know you ſtraight betray me to the King.
Mar. O *Guiſe*, I never did, but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. The King's at *Blois*, and you have reaſon for't,
Therefore what am I to expect from Pity?
From yours, I mean, when you behold me ſlain.
Mar. Firſt anſwer me, and then I'll ſpeak my heart:
Have you, O *Guiſe*, ſince your laſt Solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you ſwore? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er awhile, becauſe again
I tell you I muſt never ſee you more.
Guiſe. Never! She's ſet on by the King to ſift me,
Why by that Never then, all I have ſworn
Is true, as that the King deſigns to end me.
Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.
Guiſe. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white in Council,
This very day he means to cut me off.
Mar. By Heaven then you're forſworn, you've broke your Vows.
Guiſe. ——By you the Juſtice of the Earth I have not.
Mar. — By you Diſſembler of the World you have,
I know the King. *Guiſe.* —I do believe you, Madam.
Mar. —I have try'd you both. *Guiſe.* —Not me, the King you mean.
Mar. —— Do theſe o'erboiling Anſwers ſuit the *Guiſe*?
But go to Council, Sir, there ſhew your Truth,
If you are Innocent you're ſafe, but O
If I ſhou'd chance to ſee you ſtretch'd along,
Your Love, O *Guiſe*, and your Ambition gone,
That Venerable Aſpect pale with Death,
I muſt conclude you merited your end.
Guiſe. — You muſt, you will, and ſmile upon my Murder.
Mar. Therefore if you are conſcious of a Breach,
Confeſs it to me: Lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,
And place you next him; therefore if you're right,
Make me not fear it by Aſſeverations:
But ſpeak your Heart, and O reſolve me truly.
Guiſe. ----Madam, I ha' thought, and truſt you with my Soul;
You ſaw but now my parting with my Brother,
The Prelate too of *Lyons*, 'twas debated
Warmly againſt me that I ſhould go on.
Mar. ------Did I not tell you, Sir?
Guiſe. -----True, but in ſpight
Of thoſe Imperial Arguments they urg'd,
I was not to be work'd from ſecond thought,
There we broke off; And, mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.
Mar. Go then, O Heaven! Why muſt I ſtill ſuſpect you?
Why heaves my Heart? And why o'erflow my Eyes?
Yet if you live, O *Guiſe*, there, there's the Cauſe,
I never ſhall converſe, nor ſee you more.
Guiſe. O ſay not ſo, for Once again I'll ſee you,
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet ſay not Never; for I hope by Virtue
To merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.
Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluſe for ever.
Guiſe. Ha! Stay till Morning Tapers are too dim;
Stay till the Sun riſes to ſalute you;
Stay till I lead you to that diſmal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and ſtay for Ever.

Mar. Alas! Your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it:
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed ſtains of my ſuſpected Honour.
Guiſe. Hear me a word, one Sigh, one Tear, at parting,
And one laſt Look; for, O my earthly Saint,
I ſee your Face pale, as the Cherubins at *Adam*'s Fall.
Mar. O Heaven, I now confeſs,
My Heart bleeds for thee, *Guiſe.*
Guiſe. Why Madam, why?
Mar. Becauſe by this Diſorder,
And that ſad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.
Guiſe. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death could make me tremble thus:
Be pitiful to thoſe Infirmities
Which thus Unman me, ſtay till the Council's o'er,
If you are pleas'd to grant an hour or two
To my laſt Prayer, I'll thank you as my Saint;
If you refuſe me, Madam, I'll not murmur.
Mar. Alas, my *Guiſe*! O Heav'n what did I ſay?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pardon it, ſince it is my laſt.
Guiſe. O let me crawl, Vile as I am, and kiſs [*She gives him her hand.*
Your Sacred Robe: Is't poſſible, your Hand!
O that it were my laſt expiring Moment,
For I ſhall never taſte the like again.
Mar. Farewel my Proſelyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.
Guiſe. I have none but you,
Muſt I ne'er ſee you more?
Mar. I have ſworn you muſt not:
Which Thought thus roots me here, melts my Reſolves, [*Weeps.*
And makes me loiter when the Angels call me,
Guiſe. O ye Celeſtial Dews! O Paradiſe!
O Heav'n! O Joys! Ne'er to be taſted more.
Mar. Nay take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temperate, devoted *Marmoutier*,
Is gone, a laſt Embrace I muſt bequeath you.
Guiſe. And O let me return it with another.
Mar. Farewel for ever; Ah, *Guiſe*, though now we part
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls ſhall meet-----Farewel-----and Io's ſing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier Spirits prove,
But all are bleſt, and all enjoy an everlaſting Love. [*Exit.* Mar.

Guiſe *ſolas.*

Guiſe. Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Metal, and my Spirits gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wiſh my Fleſh were off: What now! Thou bleed'ſt
Three, and no more! What then? And why what then?
But juſt three drops! And why not juſt three drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty.

Enter a Page.

Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbiſhop wait you.
Guiſe. I come, down Devil, ha! Muſt I ſtumble too?
Away ye Dreams; what if it thunder'd now?
Or if a Raven croſs'd me in my way:
Or now it comes, becauſe laſt Night I dreamt
The Council-Hall was hung with Crimſon round,
And all the Ceiling plaiſter'd o'er with black.
No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,
Fathomleſs Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
Fantoms be gone, if I muſt die, I'll fall
True Politician, and defie you all.

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Court before the Council-Hall.*

Grillon, Larchant, *Soldiers plac'd, People crowding.*

Grill. Are your Guards doubled, Captain?
Larch. Sir, They are.
Grill. When the *Guiſe* comes, remember your Petition,
Make way there for his Eminence; Give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter two Cardinals, Councellors, the Cardinal of Guiſe, *Archbiſhop of* Lyons, *laſt the* Guiſe.

Guiſe. Well, Colonel, Are we Friends?
Grill. Faith, I think not.
Guiſe. Give me your Hand.
Grill. No, for that gives a Heart.
Guiſe. Yet we ſhall claſp in Heaven.
Grill. By Heaven we ſhall not,
Unleſs it be with Gripes.
Guiſe. True *Grillon* ſtill. *Larch.* My Lord.
Guiſe. Ha Captain, you are well attended,
If I miſtake not, Sir, your Number's doubled.
Larch. All theſe have ſerv'd againſt the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds, and loſt Arrears.
Guiſe. It ſhall be done.
Again my heart, there is a weight upon thee,
But I will ſigh it off. Captain, farewel. [*Exeunt Cardinal*, Guiſe, &c.
Grill. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Caſtle-Gates,
March, March there cloſer yet. Captain to the Door. [*Ex.*

SCENE III. *Council-Hall.*

Guiſe. I do not like my ſelf to day.
Archb. -----A Qualm, he dares not.
Card. ------That's one Man's thought: he dares, and that's anothers.

Enter Grillon.

Guiſe. O *Marmoutier*, Ha! Never ſee thee more;
Peace my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood?
I'll ſtand it while I may; O Mighty Nature!
Why this Alarm, why doſt thou call me on
To fight, yet robſt my Limbs of all their uſe? [*Swoons.*
Card. Ha! He's fall'n, chaſe him: He comes again.
Guiſe. I beg your Pardons: Vapours, no more.
Grill. Th' Effect of laſt Nights Lechery with ſome working Whore.

Enter Revol.

Revol. My Lord of *Guiſe*, the King would ſpeak with you.
Guiſe. O Cardinal, O *Lyons*, but no more,
Yes, one word more, thou haſt a Privilege [*To the Cardinal.*
To ſpeak with a Recluſe. O therefore tell her,
If never thou behold'ſt me breath again,
Tell her I ſigh'd it laſt——O *Marmoutier*. [*Exit bowing.*
Card. You will have all things your own way, my Lord,
By Heav'n, I have ſtrange Horrour on my Soul.
Arch. I ſay again, that *Henry* dares not do't.
Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he ſcorns to ſtoop to mean Revenge;
But when ſome mightier Miſchief ſhocks his Toure,
He ſhoots at once with Thunder on his Wings,
And makes it Air: But hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.
Guiſe within.] Murderers, Villains!
Archb. I hear your Brother's voice, run to the Door.
Card. Help, help, the *Guiſe* is murder'd.
Archb. Help, help.

Grill. Ceaſe your vain Crys, you are the King's Priſoners,
Take 'em *Dugaſt* into your Cuſtody.
Card. We muſt obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene draws, behind it a Traverſe.

The Guiſe *is aſſaulted by Eight, they ſtab him in all Parts, but moſt in the Head.*

Guiſe. O Villains! Hell Hounds! Hold: [*Half draws his Sword, is held.*
Murder'd, O baſely, and not draw my Sword.
Dog, *Logniac*, but my own Blood choaks me: [*Flings himſelf upon him.*
Down, Villain, Down, I'm gone, O *Marmoutier*. [*Dies.*

The Traverſe is drawn.

The King riſes from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet Council.

King. Open the Cloſet, and let in the Council;
Bid *Dugaſt* Execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the Factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be anſwer'd on your Lives.
Enter Queen-Mother, followed by the Councellors.
O, Madam, you are welcom, how goes your Health?
Queen-M. A little mended, Sir; What have you done?
King. That which has made me King of *France*, for there
The King of *Paris* at your Feet lies dead.
Queen-M. You have cut out dangerous work, but make it up
With ſpeed and reſolution.
King. Yes, I'll wear
The Fox no longer, but put on the Lyon;
And ſince I could reſolve to take the Heads
Of this great Inſurrection, you the Members
Look to't, Beware, turn from your Stubbornneſs,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.
Grill. S'death, how the Traytors lowre and quake, and droop,
And gather to the wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cauſe.
King, looking upon Guiſe.] Be witneſs, Heaven, I gave him treble warning.
He's gone; no more, diſperſe, and think upon't;
Beware my Sword, which if I once unſheath,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought ſhall atone the Vows of ſpeedy Juſtice,
Till Fate to Ruin every Traytor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of indulgent Kings.

THE PREFACE.

IF Wit has truly been defin'd a Propriety of Thoughts and Words, then that Definition will extend to all ſorts of Poetry; and amongſt the reſt, to this preſent Entertainment of an *Opera*. Propriety of Thought is that Fancy which ariſes naturally from the Subject, or which the Poet adapts to it. Propriety of Words, is the cloathing of thoſe Thoughts with ſuch Expreſſions, as are naturally proper to them: And from both theſe, if they are judiciouſly perform'd, the delight of Poetry reſults. An *Opera* is a Poetical Tale, or Fiction, repreſented by Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, and Dancing. The ſuppos'd Perſons of this Muſical *Drama*, are generally Supernatural, as Gods, and Goddeſſes, and Heroes, which at leaſt are deſcended from them, and are in due time to be adopted into their Number. The Subject therefore being extended beyond the Limits of Humane Nature, admits of that ſort of marvellous and ſurpriſing Conduct, which is rejected in other Plays. Humane Impoſſibilities are to be receiv'd, as they are in Faith; becauſe where gods are introduc'd, a Supreme Power is to be underſtood, and ſecond Cauſes are out of Doors: Yet Propriety is to be obſerv'd even here. The gods are all to manage their peculiar Provinces; and what was attributed by the Heathens to one Power, ought not to be perform'd by any other. *Phœbus* muſt foretel, *Mercury* muſt charm with his *Caduceus*, and *Juno* muſt reconcile the Quarrels of the Marriage-Bed. To conclude, they muſt all act according to their diſtinct and peculiar Characters. If the Perſons repreſented were to ſpeak upon the Stage, it would follow of neceſſity, That the Expreſſions ſhould be Lofty, Figurative, and Majeſtical: But the Nature of an *Opera* denies the frequent uſe of thoſe Poetical Ornaments: For Vocal Muſick, though it often admits a Loftineſs of Sound; yet always exacts an harmonious Sweetneſs: Or to diſtinguiſh yet more juſtly, The recitative Part of the *Opera* requires a more Maſculine Beauty of Expreſſion and Sound: The other, which (for want of a proper Engliſh Word) I muſt call *The Songiſh Part*, muſt abound in the Softneſs and Variety of Numbers; it's principal Intention being to pleaſe the Hearing, rather than to gratifie the Underſtanding. It appears indeed prepoſterous at firſt ſight, That Rhime, on any conſideration ſhould take place of Reaſon. But in order to reſolve the Problem, this fundamental Propoſition muſt be ſetled, That the firſt Inventors of any Art or Science, provided they have brought it to perfection, are, in reaſon, to give Laws to it; and according to their Model, all after-undertakers are to build. Thus in Epique Poetry, no Man ought to diſpute the Authority of *Homer*, who gave the firſt Being to that Maſter-piece of Art, and endued it with that Form of Perfection in all its Parts, that nothing was wanting to its Excellency. *Virgil* therefore, and thoſe very few who have ſucceeded him, endeavour'd not to introduce or innovate any thing in a Deſign already perfected, but imitated the Plan of the Inventor; and are only ſo far true Heroick Poets, as they have built on the Foundations of *Homer*. Thus *Pindar*, the Author of thoſe Odes (which are ſo admirably reſtor'd by Mr. *Cowley* in our Language) ought for ever to be the Standard of them; and we are bound according to the practice of *Horace* and Mr. *Cowley*, to Copy him. Now, to apply this Axiom to our preſent purpoſe, whoſoever undertakes the Writing of an *Opera*, (which is a modern Invention, though built, indeed, on the Foundations of Ethnick Worſhip,) is obliged to imitate the Deſign of the *Italians*, who have not only invented, but brought to Perfection, this ſort of Dramatick Muſical Entertainment. I have not been able, by any ſearch, to get any light either of the time, when it began, or of the firſt Author. But I have probable Reaſons, which induce me to believe, that ſome *Italians* having curiouſly obſerv'd the Gallantries of the *Spaniſh Moors* at their *Zambra*'s, or Royal Feaſts, where Muſick, Songs and Dancing were in Perfection; together with their Machines, which are uſual at their *Sortia*'s, or running at the Ring, and other Solemnities, may poſſibly have refin'd upon thoſe Moreſque Divertiſements, and produc'd this delightful Entertainment, by leaving out the Warlike Part of the Carouſels, and forming a Poetical Deſign for the uſe of the Machines, the Songs, and Dances. But however it began, (for this is only conjectural,) we know that for ſome Centuries, the knowledge of Muſick has flouriſh'd principally in *Italy*, the Mother of Learning and of Arts; that Poetry and Painting have been there reſtor'd, and ſo cultivated by *Italian* Maſters, That all *Europe* has been enrich'd out of their Treaſury, and the other Parts of it in relation to thoſe delightful Arts, are ſtill as much Provincial to *Italy*, as they were in the time of the *Roman* Empire. Their firſt *Opera*'s ſeem to have been intended for the Celebration of the Marriages of their Princes, or for the Magnificence of ſome general time of Joy. Accordingly the Expences of them were from the Purſe of the Sovereign, or of the Republick,

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as they are ſtill practis'd at *Venice*, *Rome*, and other Places at their Carnavals. *Savoy* and *Florence* have often us'd them in their Courts, at the Weddings of their Dukes: And at *Turin* particularly, was perform'd the *Paſtor Fido*, written by the famous *Guarini*, which is a Paſtoral *Opera* made to ſolemnize the Marriage of a Duke of *Savoy*. The Prologue of it has given the Deſign to all the *French*, which is a Complement to the Sovereign Power by ſome God or Goddeſs; ſo that it looks no leſs than a kind of Embaſſie from Heaven to Earth. I ſaid in the beginning of this Preface, that the Perſons repreſented in *Opera*'s, are generally Gods, Goddeſſes, and Heroes deſcended from them, who are ſuppos'd to be their peculiar Care; which hinders not, but that meaner Perſons may ſometimes gracefully be introduc'd, eſpecially if they have relation to thoſe firſt Times, which Poets call the *Golden-Age*: Wherein by reaſon of their Innocence, thoſe happy Mortals were ſuppos'd to have had a more familiar Intercourſe with Superiour Beings; and therefore Shepherds might reaſonably be admitted, as of all Callings, the moſt innocent, the moſt happy, and who by reaſon of the ſpare Time they had, in their almoſt idle Employment, had moſt leiſure to make Verſes, and to be in Love; without ſomewhat of which Paſſion, no *Opera* can poſſibly ſubſiſt.

'Tis almoſt needleſs to ſpeak any thing of that noble Language, in which this Muſical *Drama* was firſt invented and perform'd. All, who are converſant in the *Italian*, cannot but obſerve, that it is the ſofteſt, the ſweeteſt, the moſt harmonious, not only of any modern Tongue, but even beyond any of the Learned. It ſeems indeed to have been invented for the ſake of Poetry and Muſick; the Vowels are ſo abounding in all Words, eſpecially in the Terminations of them, that excepting ſome few Monoſyllables, the whole Language ends in them. Then the Pronunciation is ſo Manly, and ſo Sonorous, that their very Speaking has more of Muſick in it than *Dutch Poetry*, and *Song*. It has withal deriv'd ſo much Copiouſneſs and Eloquence from the *Greek* and *Latin*, in the Compoſition of Words, and the Formation of them, that (if after all we muſt call it Barbarous) 'tis the moſt Beautiful and moſt Learned of any Barbariſm in Modern Tongues. And we may, at leaſt, as juſtly praiſe it, as *Pyrrhus* did the *Roman* Diſcipline and Martial Order, that it was of *Barbarians*, (for ſo the *Greeks* call'd all other Nations,) but had nothing in it of Barbarity. This Language has in a manner been refin'd and purified from the *Gothick*, ever ſince the time of *Dante*; which is above Four Hundred Years ago; and the *French*, who now caſt a longing Eye to their Country, are not leſs ambitious to poſſeſs their Elegance in Poetry and Muſick; in both which they labour at Impoſſibilities. 'Tis true indeed, they have reform'd their Tongue, and brought both their Proſe and Poetry to a Standard; the Sweetneſs, as well as the Purity is much improv'd, by throwing off the unneceſſary Conſonants, which made their Spelling tedious, and their Pronunciation harſh: But after all, as nothing can be improv'd beyond its own *Species*, or farther than its original Nature will allow; as an ill Voice, though never ſo throughly inſtructed in the Rules of Muſick, can never be brought to ſing harmoniouſly, nor many an honeſt Critick ever arrive to be a good Poet; ſo neither can the natural Harſhneſs of the *French*, or their perpetual ill Accent, be ever refin'd into perfect Harmony like the *Italian*. The *Engliſh* has yet more natural Diſadvantages than the *French*; our original *Teutonick* conſiſting moſt in Monoſyllables, and thoſe incumbred with Conſonants, cannot poſſibly be freed from thoſe Inconveniences. The reſt of our Words, which are derived from the *Latin* chiefly, and the *French*, with ſome ſmall Sprinklings of *Greek*, *Italian* and *Spaniſh*, are ſome relief in Poetry, and help us to ſoften our uncouth Numbers; which, together with our *Engliſh Genius*, incomparably beyond the trifling of the *French*, in all the nobler Parts of Verſe, will juſtly give us the Preheminence. But, on the other hand, the Effeminacy of our Pronunciation, (a Defect common to us, and to the *Danes*,) and our Scarcity of Female Rhimes, have left the Advantage of Muſical Compoſition for Songs, though not for Recitative, to our Neighbours.

Through theſe Difficulties I have made a ſhift to ſtruggle, in my part of the performance of this *Opera*; which, as mean as it is, deſerves at leaſt a Pardon, becauſe it has attempted a Diſcovery beyond any former Undertaker of our Nation; only remember, that if there be no North-Eaſt Paſſage to be found, the Fault is in Nature, and not in me. Or, as *Ben. Johnſon* tells us in the *Alchymiſt*, when Projection had fail'd, and the Glaſſes were all broken, there was enough however in the Bottoms of them to cure the Itch; ſo I may thus be poſitive, That if I have not ſucceeded, as I deſire, yet there is ſomewhat ſtill remaining, to ſatisfie the Curioſity or Itch of Sight and Hearing. Yet I have no great reaſon to deſpair; for I may without Vanity, own ſome Advantages, which are not common to every Writer; ſuch as are the knowledge of the *Italian* and *French* Language, and the being converſant with ſome of their beſt Performances in this kind; which have furniſh'd me with ſuch variety of Meaſures, as have given the Compoſer Monſieur *Grabut* what occaſions he cou'd wiſh, to ſhew his extraordinary Talent, in diverſifying the Recitative, the Lyrical Part, and the Chorus: In all which, (not to attribute any thing to my own Opinion,) the beſt Judges, and thoſe too of the beſt Quality, who have honour'd his Rehearſals with their Preſence, have no leſs commended the Happineſs of his Genius than his Skill. And let me have the Liberty to add one thing; that he has ſo exactly expreſs'd my Senſe, in all Places, where I intended to move the Paſſions, that he ſeems to have enter'd into my Thoughts, and to have been the Poet as well as the Compoſer. This I ſay, not to flatter him, but to do him Right; becauſe amongſt ſome *Engliſh* Muſicians, and their Scholars, (who are ſure to judge after them,) the imputation of being a *French-man*, is enough to make a Party, who maliciouſly endeavour to decry him. But the Knowledge of *Latin* and *Italian* Poets, both

which

which he poſſeſſes, beſides his Skill in Muſick, and his being acquainted with all the Performances of the *French Opera's*, adding to theſe the good Senſe to which he is born, having raiſed him to a degree above any Man, who ſhall pretend to be his Rival on our Stage. When any of our Country-men excel him, I ſhall be glad, for the ſake of old *England*, to be ſhewn my Errour; in the mean time, let Vertue be commended, though in the Perſon of a Stranger.

If I thought it convenient, I cou'd here diſcover ſome Rules which I have given to my ſelf in Writing of an *Opera* in general; and of this *Opera* in particular: But I conſider, that the Effect would only be, to have my own performance meaſur'd by the Laws I gave; and conſequently to ſet up ſome little Judges, who not underſtanding throughly, wou'd be ſure to fall upon the Faults, and not to acknowledge any of the Beauties; (an hard meaſure which I have often found from falſe Criticks.) Here therefore, if they will Criticize, they ſhall do it out of their own *Fond*; but let them be firſt aſſur'd, that their Ears are nice; for there is neither Writing nor Judging on this Subject, without that good quality. 'Tis no eaſie Matter in our Language to make Words ſo ſmooth, and Numbers ſo harmonious, that they ſhall almoſt ſet themſelves, and yet there are Rules for this in Nature: and as great a certainty of Quantity in our Syllables, as either in the *Greek* or *Latin:* But let Poets and Judges underſtand thoſe firſt, and then let them begin to ſtudy *Engliſh.* When they have chaw'd a while upon theſe Preliminaries, it may be they will ſcarce adventure to tax me with want of Thought, and Elevation of Fancy in this Work; for they will ſoon be ſatisfied, That thoſe are not of the nature of this ſort of Writing: The neceſſity of double Rhimes, and ordering of the Words and Numbers for the ſweetneſs of the Voice, are the main Hinges on which an *Opera* muſt move; and both of theſe are without the compaſs of any Art to teach another to perform; unleſs Nature in the firſt place has done her part, by enduing the Poet with that nicety of Hearing, that the Diſcord of Sounds in Words ſhall as much offend him, as a Seventh in Muſick would a good Compoſer. I have therefore no need to make Excuſes for Meanneſs of Thought in many places: The *Italians*, with all the Advantages of their Language, are continually forc'd upon it; or rather they affect it. The chief Secret is in the choice of Words; and by this Choice I do not here mean Elegancy of Expreſſion; but Propriety of Sound, to be varied according to the Nature of the Subject. Perhaps a time may come, when I may treat of this more largely, out of ſome Obſervations which I have made from *Homer* and *Virgil*, who amongſt all the Poets, only underſtood the Art of Numbers, and of that which was properly call'd *Rithmus* by the Ancients.

The ſame Reaſons which depreſs Thought in an *Opera*, have a ſtronger Effect upon the Words; eſpecially in our Language: For there is no maintaining the Purity of *Engliſh* in ſhort Meaſures, where the Rhime returns ſo quick, and is ſo often Female, or double Rhime, which is not natural to our Tongue, becauſe it conſiſts too much of Monoſyllables, and thoſe too, moſt commonly clogg'd with Conſonants; for which reaſon I am often forc'd to Coin new Words, revive ſome that are antiquated, and botch others; as if I had not ſerv'd out my Time in Poetry, but was bound 'Prentice to ſome Doggrel Rhimer, who makes Songs to Tunes, and ſings them for a Livelihood. 'Tis true, I have not been often put to this Drudgery; but where I have, the Words will ſufficiently ſhew, that I was then a Slave to the Compoſition, which I will never be again: 'Tis my part to Invent, and the Muſician's to Humour that Invention. I may be counſelled, and will always follow my Friend's Advice, where I find it reaſonable; but will never part with the Power of the *Militia.*

I am now to acquaint my Reader with ſomewhat more particular concerning this *Opera*, after having begg'd his Pardon for ſo long a Preface to ſo ſhort a Work. It was originally intended only for a Prologue to a Play, of the Nature of the *Tempeſt*; which is a Tragedy mix'd with *Opera*; or a *Drama* written in blank Verſe, adorn'd with Scenes, Machines, Songs, and Dances: So that the Fable of it is all ſpoken and acted by the beſt of the Comedians; the other part of the Entertainment to be perform'd by the ſame Singers and Dancers, who are introduc'd in this preſent *Opera.* It cannot properly be called a Play, becauſe the Action of it is ſuppoſed to be conducted ſometimes by ſupernatural Means, or Magick; nor an *Opera*, becauſe the Story of it is not ſung. But more of this at its proper time: But ſome intervening Accidents having hitherto deferr'd the performance of the main Deſign, I propos'd to the Actors, to turn the intended Prologue into an Entertainment by it ſelf, as you now ſee it, by adding two Acts more to what I had already written. The Subject of it is wholly Allegorical; and the Allegory it ſelf ſo very obvious, that it will no ſooner be read than underſtood. 'Tis divided according to the plain and natural Method of every Action, into Three Parts. For even *Ariſtotle* himſelf is contented to ſay ſimply, That in all Actions there is a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; after which Model, all the *Spaniſh* Plays are built.

The Deſcriptions of the Scenes, and other Decorations of the Stage, I had from Mr. *Betterton*, who has ſpar'd neither for Induſtry nor Coſt, to make this Entertainment perfect, nor for Invention of the Ornaments to beautifie it.

To conclude, Though the Enemies of the Compoſer are not few, and that there is a Party form'd againſt him, of his own Profeſſion, I hope, and am perſuaded, that this Prejudice will turn in the end to his Advantage. For the greateſt part of an Audience is always unintereſs'd, though ſeldom knowing; and if the Muſick be well compos'd, and well perform'd, they who find themſelves pleas'd, will be ſo wiſe as not to be impos'd upon, and fool'd out of their Satisfaction. The newneſs of the Undertaking is all the hazard: When *Opera's* were firſt ſet up in *France*, they were not follow'd over eagerly; but they gain'd daily upon their Hearers, till they grew to that height of Reputation, which they

now

now enjoy. The *Engliſh*, I confeſs, are not altogether ſo Muſical as the *French*; and yet they have been pleas'd already with the *Tempeſt*, and ſome Pieces that follow'd, which were neither much better Written, nor ſo well compos'd as this. If it finds encouragement, I dare promiſe my ſelf to mend my Hand, by making a more pleaſing Fable: In the mean time, every Loyal *Engliſhman* cannot but be ſatisfied with the Moral of this, which ſo plainly repreſents the double Reſtoration of his Sacred Majeſty.

POSTSCRIPT.

THIS Preface being wholly Written before the Death of my late Royal Maſter (quem ſemper acerbum, ſemper honoratum, ſic Dii voluiſtis, habebo,) *I have now lately review'd it, as ſuppoſing I ſhou'd find many Notions in it, that would require correction on cooler Thoughts. After Four Months lying by me, I look'd on it as no longer mine, becauſe I had wholly forgotten it: but, I confeſs, with ſome ſatisfaction, and perhaps a little Vanity, that I found my ſelf entertain'd by it; my own Judgment was new to me, and pleas'd me when I look'd on it as another Man's. I ſee no Opinion that I wou'd retract or alter, unleſs it be, that poſſibly the* Italians *went not ſo far as* Spain, *for the Invention of their* Opera's. *They might have it in their own Country; and that by gathering up the Shipwrecks of the* Athenian *and* Roman *Theatres; which we know were adorn'd with Scenes, Muſick, Dances and Machines, eſpecially the* Grecian. *But of this the Learned Monſieur* Voſſius, *who has made our Nation his ſecond Country, is the beſt, and perhaps the only Judge now living: As for the* Opera *it ſelf, it was all compos'd, and was juſt ready to have been perform'd, when he, in Honour of whom it was principally made, was taken from us.*

He had been pleas'd twice or thrice to command, that it ſhould be practis'd before him, eſpecially the Firſt and Third Acts of it; and publickly declar'd more than once, That the Compoſition and Chorus's were more Juſt, and more Beautiful, than any he had heard in England. *How nice an Ear he had in Muſick, is ſufficiently known; his Praiſe therefore has eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of it, above Cenſure, and made it in a manner Sacred. 'Tis therefore humbly and religiouſly dedicated to his Memory.*

It might reaſonably have been expected, that his Death muſt have chang'd the whole Fabrick of the Opera; *or at leaſt a great part of it. But the Deſign of it originally was ſo happy, that it needed no alteration, properly ſo call'd; for the Addition of Twenty or Thirty Lines in the Apotheoſis of* Albion, *has made it entirely of a Piece. This was the only way which cou'd have been invented, to ſave it from a Botch'd Ending; and it fell luckly into my Imagination: As if there were a kind of Fatality, even in the moſt trivial things concerning the Succeſſion; a Change was made, and not for the worſe, without the leaſt confuſion or Diſturbance: And thoſe very Cauſes which ſeem'd to threaten us with Troubles, conſpir'd to produce our laſting Happineſs.*

Names of the PERSONS, Repreſented in the ſame Order as they appear firſt upon the STAGE.

Mercury.
Auguſta, London.
Thameſis.
Democracy.
Zelota, Feign'd Zeal.
Archon. The General.
Juno.
Iris.
Albion.
Albanius.
Pluto.
Alecto.
Apollo.
Neptune.
Nereids.
Acacia, Innocence.
Tyranny.
Aſebia; Atheiſm, or *Ungodlineſs.*
Proteus.
Venus.
Fame.
A Chorus of Cities.
A Chorus of Rivers.
A Chorus of the People.
A Chorus of Furies.
A Chorus of Nereids and *Tritons.*
A Grand Chorus of Hero's, Loves and Graces.

THE

THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE Curtain riſes, and a new Frontiſpiece is ſeen, join'd to the great Pylaſters, which are on each ſide of the Stage: on the Flat of each Baſis is a Shield, adorn'd with Gold: In the middle of the Shield on one ſide, are two Harts, a ſmall Scrowl of Gold over 'em, and an Imperial Crown over the Scrowl; on the other, in the Shield are two Quivers full of Arrows Saltyre, &c. Upon each Baſis ſtands a Figure bigger than the Life; one repreſents Peace, with a Palm in one, and an Olive-Branch in the other hand; t'other Plenty, holding a Cornucopia, and reſting on a Pillar. Behind theſe Figures are large Columns of the Corinthian Order, adorn'd with Fruit and Flowers: Over one of the Figures on the Trees is the King's Cypher, over the other, the Queen's: Over the Capitals, on the Cornice, ſits a Figure on each ſide; one preſents Poetry, crown'd with Laurel, holding a Scrowl in one Hand, the other with a Pen in it, and reſting on a Book; the other, Painting, with a Pallat and Pencils, &c. On the Sweep of the Arch lies one of the Muſes, playing on a Baſe-Voyal; another of the Muſes, on the other ſide, holding a Trumpet in one Hand, and the other on a Harp. Between theſe Figures, in the middle of the Sweep of the Arch, is a very large Pannel in a Frame of Gold; in this Pannel is painted on one ſide a Woman repreſenting the City of London, leaning her Head on her Hand in a dejected poſture, (ſhewing her Sorrow and Penitence for her Offences;) the other Hand holds the Arms of the City, and a Mace lying under it: On the other ſide, is a Figure of the Thames, with his Legs ſhackl'd, and leaning on an empty Urn: Behind theſe, are Two Imperial Figures; one repreſenting His preſent Majeſty; and the other, the Queen: By the King ſtands Pallas, (or Wiſdom and Valour,) holding a Charter for the City, the King extending his Hand, as raiſing her drooping Head, and reſtoring her to her ancient Honour and Glory: Over the City are the envious devouring Harpies flying from the Face of Majeſty: By the Queen ſtand the Three Graces, holding Garlands of Flowers, and at her Feet Cupids bound, with their Bows and Arrows broken, the Queen pointing with her Scepter to the River, and commanding the Graces to take off their Fetters. Over the King, in a Scrowl, is this Verſe of Virgil,

Diſcite Juſtitiam, moniti, & non temnere Divos.

Over the Queen, this of the ſame Author.

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.

ALBION,
AND
ALBANIUS.
An Opera.

Decorations of the Stage in the First Act.

THE Curtain rises, and there appears on either side of the Stage, next to the Frontispiece, a Statue on Horse-back of Gold, on Pedestals of Marble, enrich'd with Gold, and bearing the Imperial Arms of England. *One of these Statues is taken from that of the late King at* Charing-Cross; *the other, from that Figure of his Present Majesty (done by that Noble Artist Mr.* Gibbons) *at* Windsor.

The Scene, is a Street of Palaces, which lead to the Front of the Royal Exchange; *the great Arch is open, and the view is continued through the open part of the* Exchange, *to the Arch on the other side, and thence to as much of the Street beyond, as could properly be taken.*

Mercury descends in a Chariot drawn by Ravens.

He comes to Augusta, *and* Thamesis. *They lie on Couches, at a distance from each other in dejected Postures; She attended by Cities, He by Rivers.*

On the side of Augusta's *Couch are Painted Towers falling, a Scarlet Gown, and Gold Chain, a Cap of maintenance thrown down, and a Sword in a Velvet Scabbard thrust through it, the City Arms, a Mace with an old useless Charter, and all in disorder. Before* Thamesis *are broken Reeds, Bull-Rushes, Sedge, &c. with his Urn Reverst.*

ACT. V.

Mercury *descends.*

Merc. THou glorious Fabrick! stand for ever, stand:
Well Worthy Thou to entertain
The God of Traffick, and of Gain,
To draw the Concourse of the Land,
And Wealth of all the Main,
But where the Shoals of Merchants meeting?
Welcome to their Friends repeating,
Busie Bargains deafer sound!
Tongues confus'd of every Nation?
Nothing here but Desolation,
Mournful silence reigns around.

Aug. O *Hermes!* pity me!
I was, while Heav'n did smile,
The Queen of all this Isle,
Europe's Pride,
And *Albion*'s Bride;
But gone my plighted Lord! ah, gone is He!
O *Hermes!* pity me!

Tham. And I the Noble Flood, whose tributary Tide
Does on her Silver Margent smoothly glide;
But Heav'n grew jealous of our happy State:
And bid revolving Fate,

Our

Our Doom decree;
No more the King of Floods am I, } *Theſe two Lines are ſung by Repriſes, betwixt*
No more the Queen of *Albion*, She! } Auguſta *and* Thameſis.
Aug. O *Hermes!* pity me! } *Sung by* Auguſta *and* Thameſis *together.*
Tham. O *Hermes!* pity me!
Aug. Behold! *Tham.* Behold!
Aug. My Turret's on the Ground
That once my Temples crown'd!
Tham. The Sedgy Honours of my Brow's diſpers'd!
My Urn revers'd!
Merc. Riſe, riſe, *Auguſta*, riſe!
And wipe thy weeping Eyes:
Auguſta! for I call thee ſo;
'Tis lawful for the God's to know
Thy future Name,
And growing Fame.
Riſe, riſe, *Auguſta*, riſe.
Aug. O never, never will I riſe!
Never will I ceaſe my mourning,
Never wipe my weeping Eyes,
Till my plighted Lord's returning,
Never, never will I riſe!
Merc. What brought thee, Wretch, to this Deſpair?
The Cauſe of thy Misfortune ſhow.
Aug. It ſeems the Gods take little Care
Of Humane Things below,
When even our Suffrings here they do not know!
Merc. Not unknowing came I down,
Diſloyal Town!
Speak! didſt not Thou
Forſake thy Faith, and break thy Nuptial Vow?
Aug. Ah 'tis too true! too true!
But what cou'd I, unthinking City, do?
Faction ſway'd me,
Zeal allur'd me,
Both aſſur'd me,
Both betray'd me!
Merc. Suppoſe me ſent
Thy *Albion* to reſtore,
Canſt thou repent?
Aug. My Falſhood I deplore!
Tham. Thou ſeeſt her mourn; and I
With all my Waters, will her Tears ſupply.
Merc. Then by ſome Loyal Deed regain
Thy long loſt Reputation,
To waſh away the Stain
That blots a Noble Nation;
And free thy famous Town again
From Force of Uſurpation.
Chorus of all. We'll waſh away the ſtain
That blots a Noble Nation;
And free this famous Town again
From Force of Uſurpation. [*Dance of the Followers of* Mercury.
Aug. Behold *Democracy* and *Zeal* appear;
She that allur'd my Heart away,
And He that after made a Prey.
Merc. Reſiſt, and do not fear.
Chorus of all.] Reſiſt, and do not fear.
Enter Democracy *and* Zeal *attended by* Archon.
Democ. Nymph of the City, bring thy Treaſures,
Bring me more to waſte in Pleaſures.
Aug. Thou haſt exhauſted all my Store, and I can give no more.
Zeal. Thou Horny Flood, for *Zeal* provide
A new Supply; and ſwell thy Moony Tide,

That on thy buxom Back the floating Gold may glide.
Tham. Not all the Gold the Southern Sun produces,
Or Treaſures of the fam'd *Levant*,
Suffice for Pious Uſes,
To feed the ſacred hunger of a Saint!
Democ. Woe to the Vanquiſh'd, woe
Slave as thou art, Thy Wealth impart,!
And me thy Victor know!
Zeal. And me thy Victor know;
Reſiſtleſs Arms are in my hand,
Thy Bars ſhall burſt at my Command,
Thy Towry Head lie low.
Woe to the Vanquiſh'd, woe!
Aug. Were I not bound by Fate
For ever, ever here,
My Walls I would tranſlate
To ſome more happy Sphere,
Remov'd from ſervile fear.
Tham. Remov'd from ſervile fear,
Would I could diſappear
And ſink below the Main;
For Common-wealth's a Load,
My old Imperial Flood
Shall never, never bear again.
A Common-wealth's a Load,
Our old Imperial Flood } Thameſis *and* Auguſta *together.*
Shall never, never, never bear again.
Democ. Pull down her Gates, Expoſe her bare;
I muſt enjoy the proud diſdainful Fair.
Haſte, *Archon*, haſte
To lay her waſte!
Zeal. I'll hold her faſt to be embrac'd!
Democ. And ſhe ſhall ſee
A Thouſand Tyrants are in thee,
A Thouſand Thouſand more in me!
Archon to *Aug.*] From the *Caledonian* Shore
Hither am I come to ſave thee,
Not to force, or to enſlave thee!
But thy *Albion* to reſtore:
Hark! the Peals the People ring.
Peace, and Freedom, and a King.
Chor.] Hark! the Peals the People ring,
Peace, and Freedom, and a King.
Aug. Tham. To Arms, to Arms!
Archon. I lead the way!
Merc. Ceaſe your Alarms!
And ſtay, brave *Archon*, ſtay!
'Tis Doom'd by Fates Decree!
'Tis Doom'd that *Albion*'s Dwelling,
All other Iſles excelling,
By Peace ſhall Happy be!
Archon. What then remains for me?
Merc. Take my *Caduceus!* Take this awful Wand,
With this th'Infernal Ghoſts I can command,
And ſtrike a Terror through the *Stygian* Land.
Common-wealth will want Pretences,
Sleep will creep on all his Senſes;
Zeal that lent him her Aſſiſtance [Archon *touches* Democracy *with a Wand.*
Stand amaz'd without Reſiſtance.
Democ. I feel a lazy Slumber lays me down!
Let *Albion*, let him take the Crown!
Happy let him Reign, Till I wake again. [*Falls aſleep.*
Zeal. In vain I rage, In vain
I rouze my Powers;

But

But I ſhall wake again;
I ſhall to better Hours.
Ev'n in Slumber I will vex him;
Still perplex him,
Still incumber:
Know you that have ador'd him,
And Sovereign Power afford him,
We'll reap the Gains of all your Pains
And ſeem to have reſtor'd him. [Zeal *falls aſleep.*
Aug. and *Tham.* A ſtupifying ſadneſs
Leaves her without motion;
But Sleep will cure her Madneſs,
And cool her to Devotion.

A double Pedeſtal riſes: On the Front of it is painted in Stone-Colour, two Women; one holding a double-fac'd Vizor; the other, a Book, repreſenting Hypocriſie *and* Phanaticiſm. *When* Archon *has charm'd* Democracy *and* Zeal *with the* Caduceus *of* Mercury, *they fall aſleep on the Pedeſtal, and it ſinks with them.*

Merc. CEaſe, *Auguſta!* Ceaſe thy Mourning,
Happy Days appear,
God-like *Albion* is returning
Loyal Hearts to Chear!
Every Grace his Youth adorning,
Glorious as the Star of Morning,
Or the Planet of the Year.
Chorus. God-like *Albion* is returning, *&c.*
Merc. to *Archon.*] Haſte away, Loyal Chief, haſte away.
No delay, but obey:
To receive thy lov'd Lord! haſt away. [*Exit* Archon.
Tham. *Medway* and *Iſis*, you that augment me,
Tides that encreaſe my Watry Store,
And you that are Friends to Peace and Plenty,
Send my Merry Boys all aſhore;
Sea-Men Skipping,
Mariners Leaping,
Shouting Tripping,
Send my Merry Boys all aſhore!

A Dance of Water-Men in the King's and Duke's Liveries.

The Clouds divide, and Juno *appears in a Machine drawn by Peacocks; while a Symphony is playing, it moves gently forward, and as it deſcends, it opens and diſcovers the Tail of the Peacock, which is ſo large, that it almoſt fills the opening of the Stage between Scene and Scene.*

Merc. THE Clouds divide, what Wonders,
What Wonders do I ſee!
The Wife of *Jove!* 'Tis She,
That Thunders more than Thundring He!
Juno. No, *Herme*, No;
'Tis Peace above
As 'tis below:
For *Jove* has left his wandring Love.
Tham. Great Queen of gathering Clouds;
Whoſe Moiſture fills our Floods;
See, we fall before Thee,
Proſtrate we adore Thee!
Aug. Great Queen of Nuptial Rites,
Whoſe Pow'r the Souls unites,
And fills the Genial Bed with chaſte Delights;
See, we fall before Thee,
Proſtrate we adore Thee!
Juno. 'Tis ratify'd above by every God,
And *Jove* has firm'd it with an awful Nod;

That

That *Albion* ſhall his Love renew:
But oh, ungrateful Fair,
Repeated Crimes beware,
And to his Bed be true!

Iris *appears on a very large Machine. This was really ſeen the* 18*th. of* March, 1684. *by Capt.* Chriſtopher Gunman, *on Board his R. H. Yacht, then in* Calais Pierre: *He drew it as it then appear'd, and gave a Draught of it to us. We have only added the Cloud where the Perſon of* Iris *ſits.*

Juno. SPeak *Iris*, from *Batavia*, ſpeak the News!
Has ſhe perform'd my dread Command,
Returning *Albion* to his longing Land,
Or dares the Nymph refuſe?
Iris. *Albion*, by the Nymph attended,
Was to *Neptune* recommended,
Peace and Plenty ſpread the Sails:
Venus in her Shell before him,
From the Sands in Safety bore him,
And ſupply'd *Eteſian* Gales. [*Retornella.*
Archon on the Shore commanding,
Lowly met him at his Landing,
Crowds of People ſwarm'd around;
Welcome, rang like Peals of Thunder;
Welcome, rent the Skies aſunder;
Welcome, Heav'n and Earth reſound.
Juno. Why ſtay we then on Earth,
When Mortals laugh and love?
'Tis time to mount above
And ſend *Aſtræa* down,
The Ruler of his Birth,
And Guardian of his Crown.
'Tis time to mount above,
And ſend *Aſtræa* down,
Mer. Jun. Iris. 'Tis time to mount above,
And ſend *Aſtræa* down. [Mer. Ju. *and* Iris *aſcend.*
Aug. and *Tham.* The Royal Squadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches,
For *Albion* and *Albanius:*
Rejoice at their returning,
The Paſſages adorning:
The Royal Squadron marches,
Erect Triumphal Arches
For *Albion* and *Albanius.*

Part of the Scene diſappears, and the Four Triumphal Arches erected at his Majeſty's Coronation are ſeen.

Albion *appears*, Albanius *by his Side, preceded by* Archon, *follow'd by a Train*, &c.
Full HAil, Royal *Albion*, Hail.
Chor. *Aug.* Hail Royal *Albion.* Hail to thee,
Thy longing Peoples Expectation:
Tham. Sent from the God's to ſet us free
From Bondage and from Uſurpation!
Aug. To pardon and to pity me,
And to forgive a guilty Nation!
Tham. Behold the differing Climes agree,
Rejoicing in thy Reſtauration.

Entry. *Repreſenting the Four Parts of the World, rejoicing at the Reſtauration of* Albion.

ACT.

ACT. II.

The Scene is a Poetical Hell. The Change is Total. *The Upper Part of the Houſe, as well as the Side Scenes. There is the Figure of* Prometheus *chain'd to a Rock, the Vulture gnawing his Liver.* Siſiphus *rowling the Stone, the* Belides, &c. *beyond, abundance of Figures in various Torments. Then a great Arch of Fire. Behind this three Pyramids of Flames in perpetual Agitation. Beyond this, glowing Fire, which terminates the Proſpect.*

Pluto, *the Furies*; *with* Alecto, Democracy, *and* Zelota.

Plut. INfernal Offspring of the Night,
Debarr'd of Heav'n your Native Right,
And from the glorious Fields of Light,
Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,
And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain:
Since Pleaſures here are none below,
Be Ill our Good, our Joy be Woe;
Our Work t'embroil the Worlds above,
Diſturb their Union, diſunite their Love,
And blaſt the Beauteous Frame of our Victorious Foe.
Democ. & *Zelot.* together. Oh thou for whom thoſe Worlds are made,
Thou Sire of all things and their end,
From hence they ſpring, and when they fade,
In ſhuffled Heaps they hither tend;
Here Humane Souls receive their Breath,
And wait for Bodies after Death.
Democ. Hear our Complaint, and grant our Pray'r.
Pluto. Speak what you are,
And whence you fell?
Democ. I am thy firſt begotten Care,
Conceiv'd in Heav'n; but born in Hell,
When Thou didſt bravely undertake in fight
Yon Arbitrary Pow'r,
That Rules by Sovereign Might,
To ſet thy Heav'n-born Fellows free
And leave no difference in Degree,
In that Auſpicious Hour
Was I begot by Thee.
Zelota. One Mother bore us at a Birth,
Her Name was *Zeal* before ſhe fell;
No fairer Nymph in Heav'n or Earth,
Till Saintſhip taught her to Rebel:
But looſing Fame, and changing Name,
She's now the *Good Old Cauſe* in Hell.
Pluto. Dear Pledges of a Flame not yet forgot,
Say, What on Earth has been your Lot?
Dem. and *Zel.* The Wealth of *Albion*'s Iſle was ours,
Auguſta ſtoop'd with all her ſtately Tow'rs.
Democ. Democracy kept Nobles under.
Zel. Zeal from the Pulpit roar'd like Thunder.
Democ. I trampled on the State.
Zelot. I Lorded o'er the Gown.
Democ. and *Zel.* We both in Triumph ſate
Uſurpers of the Crown.
But oh prodigious Turn of Fate!
Heav'n controuling,
Sent us rowling, rowling, down.
Pluto. I wonder'd how of late our Acherontick Shore
Grew thin, and Hell unpeopl'd of her Store;
Charon, for want of Uſe, forgot his Oar,
The Souls of Bodies dead flew all ſublime,
And hither none return'd to purge a Crime:

But

But now I ſee ſince *Albion* is reſtor'd,
Death has no Bus'neſs, nor the vengeful Sword.
'Tis too too much that here I lie
From glorious Empire hurl'd;
But *Jove* excluded from the Sky,
By *Albion* from the World.
Democ. Were Common-wealth reſtor'd again,
Thou ſhould'ſt have Millions of the ſlain
To fill thy dark Abode.
Zel. For He a Race of Rebels ſends,
And *Zeal* the Path of Heav'n pretends;
But ſtill miſtakes the Rode.
Pluto. My lab'ring Thought
At length hath wrought
A bravely bold Deſign,
In which you both ſhall join;
In borrow'd Shapes to Earth return:
Thou *Commonwealth*, a Patriot ſeem,
Thou *Zeal*, like true Religion burn,
To gain the giddy Crowd's Eſteem.
Alecto, thou to fair *Auguſta* go,
And all thy Snakes into her Boſom throw.
Democ. Spare ſome to fling
Where they may ſting
The Breaſt of *Albion*'s King.
Zel. Let Jealouſies ſo well be mix'd,
That great *Albanius* be unfix'd!
Pluto. Forbear your vain Attempts, forbear;
Hell can have no admittance there:
The Peoples Fear will ſerve as well,
Make him ſuſpected, then rebel.
Zel. Y've all forgot
To forge a Plot
In ſeeming Care of *Albion*'s Life;
Inſpire the Crowd
With Clamours loud
T'involve his Brother and his Wife.
Alecto. Take off a Thouſand Souls at thy Command,
The baſeſt, blackeſt of the Stygian Band:
One that will ſwear to all they can invent,
So throughly Damn'd that he can ne'er repent:
One often ſent to Earth,
And ſtill at every Birth
He took a deeper ſtain:
One that in *Adam*'s time was *Cain:*
One that was burnt in *Sodom*'s Flame,
For Crimes ev'n here too black to name:
One, who through every form of ill has run:
One, who in *Naboth*'s days, was *Belial*'s Son:
One, who has gain'd a Body fit for Sin;
Where all his Crimes
Of former Times
Lie crowded in a Skin.
Pluto. Take him;
Make him
What you pleaſe;
For he can be
A Rogue with eaſe.
One for mighty Miſchief born:
He can Swear, and be Forſworn.
Pluto and *Alecto.* } Take him, make him what you pleaſe;
Take him, *&c.* } For he can be a Rogue with eaſe.
Plut. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our Woes,
The Wretch that is damn'd has nothing to loſe.

Ye Furies advance
With the *Ghosts* in a Dance,
'Tis a Jubilee when the World is in Trouble.
When People rebel
We frolick in Hell;
But when the King falls, the Pleasure is double:
A single Entry of a Devil follow'd by an Entry of twelve Devils.
Chorus. Let us laugh, let us laugh, let us laugh at our Woes,
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The Scene changes to a Prospect taken from the middle of the Thames; *one side of it begins at* York-Stairs, *thence to* Whitehall, *and the* Mill-Bank, &c. *The other from the* Saw-Mill, *thence to the* Bishop's Palace, *and on as far as can be seen in a clear Day.*

Enter Augusta; *She has a Snake in her Bosom, hanging down.*

Aug. O Jealousie, thou raging Ill,
Why hast thou found a Room in Lovers Hearts,
Afflicting what thou canst not kill,
And poisoning Love himself, with his own Darts?
I find my *Albion*'s Heart is gone,
My first Offences yet remain,
Nor can Repentance Love regain;
One writ in Sand, alas, in Marble one.
I rave, I rave, my Spirits boil
Like Flames increas'd, and mounting high with pouring Oil:
Disdain and Love succeed by turns;
One freezes me, and t'other burns; it burns.
Away soft Love, thou Foe to rest,
Give Hate the full Possession of my Breast.
Hate is the nobler Passion far
When Love is ill repay'd;
For at one blow it ends the War,
And cures the Love-sick Maid.

Enter Democracy *and* Zelota; *one represents a* Patriot, *the other* Religion.

Democ. Let not thy generous Passion waste its Rage,
But once again restore our Golden Age;
Still to weep and to complain,
Does but more provoke Disdain.
Let Publick Good
Inflame thy Blood;
With Crowds of warlike People thou art stor'd,
And heaps of Gold;
Reject thy old,
And to thy Bed receive another Lord.

Zel. Religion shall thy Bonds release,
For Heav'n can loose, as well as tie all;
And when 'tis for the Nation's Peace,
A King is but a King on Tryal;
When Love is lost, let Marriage end,
And leave a Husband for a Friend.

Democ. With Jealousie swarming
The People are Arming
And frights of Oppression invade them.

Zelot. If they fall to relenting,
For fear of repenting,
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To bend my Will;
How hard a Task 'tis to refuse
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A modest show will jealous Eyes deceive,
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A modest show will jealous Eyes deceive,
Affect a fear for hated *Albion*'s Life,
And for imaginary Dangers grieve.

Zelot. His Foes already ſtand protected,
His Friends by Publick Fame ſuſpected,
Albanius muſt forſake his Iſle:
A Plot contriv'd in happy hour
Bereaves him of his Royal Pow'r,
For Heav'n to mourn and Hell to ſmile.

The former Scene continues.

Enter Albion *and* Albanius *with a Train.*

Then Zeal and Common-wealth infeſt
My Land again;
The fumes of madneſs that poſſeſt
The Peoples giddy Brain,
Once more diſturb the Nation's reſt,
And dye Rebellion in a deeper Stain.

2.

Will they at length awake the ſleeping Sword,
And force revenge from their offended Lord?
How long, ye Gods, how long
Can Royal Patience bear
Th'Inſults and Wrong
Of mad Men's jealouſies, and cauſleſs fear?

3.

I thought their Love by mildneſs might be gain'd,
By Peace I was Reſtor'd, in Peace I Reign'd:
But Tumults, Seditions,
And haughty Petitions,
Are all the effects of a merciful Nature;
Forgiving and granting,
E'er Mortals are wanting,
But leads to Rebelling againſt their Creator.

Mercury *deſcends.*

Merc. With pity *Jove* beholds thy State,
But *Jove* is circumſcrib'd by Fate;
Th' o'erwhelming Tide rowls on ſo faſt,
It gains upon this Iſlands waſt:
And is oppos'd too late! too late!
Albion. What then muſt helpleſs *Albion* do?
Merc. Delude the Fury of the Foe,
And to preſerve *Albanius*, let him go;
For 'tis decreed,
Thy Land muſt bleed,
For Crimes not thine, by wrathful *Jove*;
A Sacred Flood
Of Royal Blood,
Cries Vengeance, Vengeance loud above.

Mercury *aſcends.*

Albion. Shall I, t'aſſwage
Their Brutal Rage,
The Regal Stem deſtroy;
Or muſt I loſe,
(To pleaſe my Foes,)
My ſole remaining Joy?
Ye Gods what worſe,
What greater Curſe,
Can all your Wrath employ?
Alban. Oh *Albion!* hear the Gods and me!
Well, am I loſt in ſaving Thee.
Not Exile or Danger can fright a brave Spirit
With Innocence guarded,

With Vertue rewarded ;
I make of my ſufferings a Merit.
Albion. Since then the Gods, and Thou wilt have it ſo ;
Go : (can I live once more to bid Thee ?) go,
Where thy Misfortunes call Thee and thy Fate :
Go, guiltleſs Victim of a guilty State,
In War my Champion to defend,
In peaceful Hours, when Souls unbend,
My Brother, and what's more my Friend !
Born where the Foamy Billows raor,
On Seas leſs dang'rous than the Shore :
Go, where the Gods thy Refuge have aſſign'd :
Go from my ſight ; but never from my Mind.
Alban. Whatever Hoſpitable Ground
Shall be for me, unhappy Exile, found,
Till Heav'n vouchſafe to ſmile ;
What Land ſo e'er,
Though none ſo dear,
As this ungrateful Iſle ;
O think ! O think ! no diſtance can remove
My vow'd Allegiance, and my loyal Love.
Albion and *Alban.* The Roſie finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle ſhakes her Tears,
In promiſe of a glorious Day :
The Sun, returning, Mortals chears,
And drives the riſing Miſts away,
In promiſe of a glorious Day. [*Ritornelle.*

The farther part of the Heaven opens and diſcovers a Machine ; as it moves forwards the Clouds which are before it divide, and ſhew the Perſon of Apollo, *holding the Reins in his Hand. As they fall lower, the Horſes appear with the Rays and a great Glory about* Apollo.

Apollo. All Hail ye Royal Pair !
The Gods peculiar Care :
Fear not the Malice of your Foes ;
Their dark deſigning
And combining,
Time and Truth ſhall once expoſe :
Fear not the Malice of your Foes.

2.

My ſacred Oracles aſſure,
The Tempeſt ſhall not long indure ;
But when the Nations Crimes are purg'd away,
Then ſhall you both in Glory ſhine ;
Propitious both, and both Divine :
In Luſtre equal to the God of Day.
} Apollo *goes forward out of ſight.*

Neptune *riſes out of the Water, and a Train of Rivers, Tritons, and Sea-Nymphs attend him.*

Thames. Old Father Ocean calls my Tyde :
Come away, come away ;
The Barks upon the Billows ride,
The Maſter will not ſtay ;
The merry Boſon from his ſide,
His Whiſtle takes to check and chide
The lingring Lads delay,
And all the Crew aloud has cry'd,
Come away, come away.

See the God of Seas attends Thee,
Nymphs Divine, a Beauteous Train :
All the calmer Gales befriend Thee

In thy paſſage o'er the Main:
Every Maid her Locks is binding,
Every *Triton*'s Horn is winding,
Welcome to the watry Plain.

Chacon.

Two Nymphs and Triton *ſing.*

YE Nymphs, the Charge is Royal,
Which you muſt convey;
Your Hearts and Hands employ all,
Haſten to obey;
When Earth is grown diſloyal,
Shew there's Honour in the Sea.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus of Nymphs and Tritons *repeat the ſame Verſes.*

The Chacon *continues.*

Two Nymphs and Tritons.

Sports and Pleaſures ſhall attend you.
Through all the watry Plains,
Where *Neptune* Reigns:
Venus ready to defend you,
And her Nymphs to eaſe your Pains.
No Storm ſhall offend you,
Paſſing the Main;
Nor Billow threat in vain,
So Sacred a Train,
Till the Gods that defend you,
Reſtore you again.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus repeat the ſame Verſes, Sports and Pleaſure, *&c.*

The Chacon *continues.*

The two Nymphs and Triton *Sing.*

See at your bleſt returning
Rage diſappears;
The Widow'd Iſle in Mourning
Dries up her Tears,
With Flowers the Meads adorning
Pleaſure appears,
And Love diſpels the Nations cauſeleſs Fears.

The Chacon *continues.*

The Chorus of Nymphs and Triton *repeat the ſame Verſes,* See at your bleſt returning, *&c.*

The Chacon *continues.*

Then the Chorus repeat, See the God of Seas, *&c. And this Chorus concludes the Act.*

ACT III.

The Scene is a View of Dover, *taken from the Sea: A row of Cliffs fill up each ſide of the Stage, and the Sea the middle of it, which runs into the* Peer: *Beyond the* Peer, *is the Town of* Dover: *On each ſide of the Town is ſeen a very high Hill; on one of which is the Caſtle of* Dover; *on the other, the great Stone which they call the* Devils drop. *Behind the Town ſeveral Hills are ſeen at a great diſtance, which finiſh the View.*

Enter Albion *bare-headed:* Acacia, *or* Innocence, *with him.*

Albion. BEhold ye Powers! from whom I own
A Birth immortal, and a Throne:
See a Sacred King uncrown'd,
See your Off-ſpring, *Albion*, bound:

The

The Gifts you gave with laviſh hand,
Are all beſtow'd in vain:
Extended Empire on the Land,
Unbounded o'er the Main.
Acacia. Empire o'er the Land and Main,
Heav'n that gave can take again;
But a mind that's truly brave,
Stands deſpiſing,
Storms ariſing,
And can ne'er be made a Slave.
Albion. Unhelp'd I am, who pity'd the diſtreſs'd,
And none oppreſſing, am by all oppreſs'd;
Betray'd, forſaken, and of hope bereft:
Acacia. Yet ſtill the Gods and Innocence are left.
Albion. Ah! what canſt thou avail
Againſt Rebellion arm'd with Zeal,
And fac'd with Publick Good?
O Monarchs ſee
Your Fate in me!
To rule by Love,
To ſhed no Blood,
May be extoll'd above;
But here below,
Let Princes know
'Tis fatal to be good.
Chorus of both. To rule by Love, *&c.*
Acacia. Your Father *Neptune* from the Seas,
Has *Nereids* and blue *Tritons* ſent,
To charm your Diſcontent.

Nereids *riſe out of the Sea and ſing,* Tritons *Dance.*

FRom the low Palace of old Father Ocean,
Come we in pity your Cares to deplore:
Sea-racing Dolphins are train'd for our Motion,
Moony Tydes ſwelling to rowl us a-ſhore.

2.

Ev'ry Nymph of the Flood, her Treſſes rending,
Throws off her Armlet of Pearl in the Main;
Neptune in anguiſh his Charge unattending,
Veſſels are foundring, and Vows are in vain.

Enter Tyranny, Democracy, *repreſented by Men, attended by* Aſebia, Zelota, *Women.*

Tyran. Ha, ha, 'tis what ſo long I wiſh'd and vow'd,
Our Plots and Deluſions,
Have wrought ſuch Confuſions,
That the Monarch's a Slave to the Crowd.
Democ. A Deſign we fomented,
Tyran. By Hell it was new!
Democ. A falſe Plot invented,
Tyran. To cover a true.
Democ. Firſt with promis'd Faith we flatter'd,
Tyran. Then Jealouſies and Fears we ſcatter'd,
Aſebia. We never valu'd right and wrong,
But as they ſerv'd our Cauſe;
Zelot. Our Buſineſs was to pleaſe the Throng,
And court their wild applauſe:
Aſebia. For this we brib'd the Lawyers Tongue,
And then deſtroy'd the Law.
Chorus. For this, *&c.*
Tyran. To make him ſafe, we made his Friends our Prey;
Democ. To make him great, we ſcorn'd his Royal Sway,
Tyran. And to confirm his Crown, we took his Heir away.

Democ.

Democ. T'encreaſe his Store,
We kept him poor:
Tyran. And when to Wants we had betray'd him,
To keep him low,
Pronounc'd a Foe,
Who e'er preſum'd to aid him.
Aſebia. But you forget the nobleſt part,
And Maſter-piece of all your Art,
You told him he was ſick at Heart.
Zelot. And when you could not work belief
In *Albion* of the imagin'd Grief;
Your perjur'd Vouchers in a breath,
Made Oath that he was ſick to Death;
And then five hundred Quacks of Skill
Reſolv'd 'twas fit he ſhould be ill.
Aſebia. Now heigh for a Common-wealth,
We merrily Drink and Sing,
'Tis to the Nation's Health,
For every Man's a King.
Zelot. Then let the Mask begin,
The *Saints* advance,
To fill the Dance,
And the property Boys comes in.

The Boys in White begin a Fantaſtick Dance.

Chorus. Let the Saints aſcend the Throne.
Democ. Saints have Wives, and Wives have Preachers,
Gifted Men, and able Teachers;
Theſe to get, and thoſe to own;
Chorus. Let the Saints aſcend the Throne.

Aſebia. Freedom is a bait alluring;
Them betraying, us ſecuring,
While to Sovereign Pow'r we ſoar.
Zelota. Old Deluſions new repeated,
Shews them born but to be cheated,
As their Fathers were before.

Six Sectaries begin a formal affected Dance, the two graveſt whiſper the other Four, and draw 'em into the Plot: They pull out and deliver Libels to them, which they receive.

Democ. See Friendleſs *Albion* there alone,
Without Defence
But Innocence;
Albanius now is gone.
Tyran. Say then, What muſt be done?
Democ. The Gods have put him in our Hand.
Zelota. He muſt be ſlain!
Tyran. But who ſhall then Command?
Democ. The People: for the Right returns to thoſe,
Who did the Truſt impoſe.
Tyran. 'Tis fit another Sun ſhou'd riſe,
To chear the World, and light the Skies.
Democ. But when the Sun,
His Race has run,
And neither chears the World, nor lights the Skies;
'Tis fit a Common-wealth of Stars ſhou'd riſe.
Aſebia. Each noble Vice,
Shall bear a Price,
And Vertue ſhall a Drug become:
An empty Name,
Was all her Fame,
But now ſhe ſhall be Dumb.

Zelota.

Zelota. If open Vice be what you drive at,
A Name ſo broad we'll ne'er connive at.
Saints love Vice, but more refin'dly,
Keep her cloſe, and uſe her kindly.
Tyran. Fall on.
Democ. Fall on: E'er *Albion's* Death we'll try,
If one or many ſhall his room ſupply.

The white Boys dance about the Saints: The Saints draw out the Aſſociation, and offer it to them: They refuſe it and quarrel about it: Then the white Boys and Saints fall into a confus'd Dance, imitating fighting. The white Boys at the end of the Dance, being driven out by the Sectaries with Proteſtant Flails.

Albion. See the Gods my Cauſe defending,
When all humane help was paſt!
Acacia, Factions mutually contending,
By each other fall at laſt.
Albion. But is not yonder *Proteus* Cave,
Below that Steep,
Which riſing Billows brave?
Acacia. It is: and in it lies the God aſleep:
And ſnorting by,
We may deſcry,
The Monſters of the Deep.
Albion. He knows the paſt,
And can reſolve the future too.
Acacia. 'Tis true!
But hold him faſt,
For he can change his Hew.

The Cave of Proteus *riſes out of the Sea, it conſiſts of ſeveral Arches of Rock-work, adorn'd with Mother of Pearl, Coral, and abundance of Shells of various kinds: Through the Arches is ſeen the Sea, and parts of* Dover Peer: *In the middle of the Cave is* Proteus *aſleep on a Rock adorn'd with Shells,* &c. *like the Cave.* Albion *and* Acacia *ſeize on him; and while a Symphony is playing, he ſinks as they are bringing him forward, and changes himſelf into a Lyon, a Crocodile, a Dragon, and then to his own ſhape again: He comes toward the Front of the Stage, and Sings.*

Symphony.

Proteus. Albion lov'd of Gods and Men,
Prince of Peace too mildly Reigning.
Ceaſe thy Sorrow and complaining;
Thou ſhalt be reſtor'd agen:
Albion, lov'd of God's and Men.

2.

Still thou art the Care of Heav'n,
In thy Youth to Exile driv'n:
Heav'n thy ruin then prevented,
Till the guilty Land repented:
In thy Age, when none could aid Thee,
Foes conſpir'd, and Friends betray'd Thee;
To the brink of Danger driv'n,
Still thou art the Care of Heav'n.
Albion. To whom ſhall I my Preſervation owe?
Proteus. Ask me no more! for 'tis by *Neptune's* Foe.

Proteus *deſcends.*

Democracy *and* Zelota *return with their Faction.*

Democ. Our ſeeming Friends, who join'd alone,
To pull down one, and build another Throne,
Are all diſpers'd and gone:
We brave Republick Souls remain.

Zelot.

Zelot. And 'tis by us that *Albion* muſt be Slain:
Say, whom ſhall we employ
The Tyrant to deſtroy?
Democ. That Archer is by Fate deſign'd,
With one Eye clear, and t'other blind.
Zelota. He ſeems inſpir'd to do't.
Omnes. Shoot Holy *Cyclop*, ſhoot.

The one Ey'd Archer advances, the reſt follow: A Fire ariſes betwixt them and Albion. [*Ritornel.*

Democ. Lo! Heav'n and Earth combine,
To blaſt our bold Deſign.
What Miracles are ſhown?
Nature's alarm'd,
And Fires are arm'd,
To guard the Sacred Throne.
Zelota. What help, when jarring Elements conſpire
To puniſh our audacious Crimes?
Retreat betimes,
To ſhun th' avenging Fire.
Chorus. To ſhun the avenging Fire. [*Ritor.*

As they are going back, a Fire ariſes from behind: They all ſink together.

Albion. Let our tuneful Accents upwards move,
Till they reach the vaulted Arch of thoſe above;
Let us adore 'em;
Let us fall before 'em:
Acacia. Kings they made, and Kings they love.
When they protect a rightful Monarch's Reign,
The Gods in Heav'n, the Gods on Earth maintain.
Both. When they protect, *&c.*
Albion. But ſee what Glories gild the Main.
Acacia. Bright *Venus* brings *Albanius* back again,
With all the Loves and Graces in her Train.

A Machine riſes out of the Sea: It opens and diſcovers Venus *and* Albanius *ſitting in a great Scallop-ſhell, richly adorn'd:* Venus *is attended by the Loves and Graces,* Albanius *by* Heroes: *The Shell is drawn by Dolphins: It moves forward, while a Symphony of Fluts-Doux,* &c. *is playing, till it Lands 'em on the Stage, and then it cloſes and ſinks.*

Venus *Sings.*

Albion, Hail; The Gods preſent Thee,
All the richeſt of their Treaſures,
Peace and Pleaſures,
To content Thee,
Dancing their eternal Meaſures. [*Graces and Loves Dance an Entry.*

Venus. But above all humane Bleſſing;
Take a Warlike Loyal Brother,
Never Prince had ſuch another:
Conduct, Courage, Truth expreſſing,
All Heroick Worth poſſeſſing. [*Here the Heroes Dance is performed*
Chorus of all. But above all, *&c.* [*Ritor.*

Whilſt a Symphony is playing; a very large, and a very glorious Machine deſcends: The figure of it Oval, all the Clouds ſhining with Gold, abundance of Angels and Cherubins flying about 'em, and playing in 'em; in the midſt of it ſits Apollo *on a Throne of Gold: He comes from the Machine to* Albion.

Phœb. From *Jove*'s Imperial Court,
Where all the God's reſort;
In awful Council met,

Surpriſing

Surpriſing News I bear:
Albion the Great,
Muſt change his Seat,
For He's adopted there.
Venus. What Stars above ſhall we diſplace?
Where ſhall he fill a Room Divine?
Neptune. Deſcended from the Sea God's Race,
Let him by my *Orion* ſhine.
Phœb. No, not by that Tempeſtuous Sign:
Betwixt the *Balance* and the *Maid*,
The Juſt,
Auguſt,
And peaceful Shade,
Shall ſhine in Heav'n with Beams diſplay'd,
While great *Albanius* is on Earth obey'd:
Venus. Albanius Lord of Land and Main,
Shall with fraternal Vertues Reign;
And add his own,
To fill the Throne;
Ador'd and fear'd, and lov'd no leſs:
In War Victorious, mild in Peace,
The Joy of Men, and *Jove*'s increaſe.
Acacia. O Thou! who mount'ſt th' Æthereal Throne,
Be kind and happy to thy own;
Now *Albion* is come,
The People of the Sky,
Run gazing and cry,
Make Room, make Room,
Make Room for our New Deity.

Here Albion *mounts the Machine, which moves upward ſlowly.*

A full Chorus of all that Acacia *ſung.*

Venus. Behold what Triumphs are prepar'd to grace
Thy glorious Race,
Where Love and Honour claim an equal place;
Already they are fix'd by Fate,
And only ripening Ages wait.

The Scene changes to a walk of very high Trees: At the end of the Walk is a view of that part of Windſor *which faces* Eaton: *In the midſt of it is a row of ſmall Trees, which lead to the Caſtle-Hill: In the firſt Scene, part of the Town and part of the Hill: In the next the Terrace Walk, the King's Lodgings, and the upper part of St.* Georges's *Chappel, then the Keep; and laſtly, that part of the Caſtle beyond the Keep.*

In the Air is a Viſion of the Honours of the Garter; the Knights in Proceſſion, and the King under a Canopy: Beyond this, the upper end of St. George's *Hall.*

Fame *riſes out of the middle of the Stage, ſtanding on a Globe; on which is the Arms of* England: *The Globe reſts on a Pedeſtal: On the Front of the Pedeſtal is drawn a Man with a long, lean, pale Face, with Fiends Wings, and Snakes twiſted round his Body: He is incompaſs'd by ſeveral Phanatical Rebellious Heads, who ſuck Poiſon from him, which runs out of a Tap in his Side.*

Fame. Renown, aſſume thy Trumpet!
From Pole to Pole reſounding:
Great *Albion*'s Name;
Great *Albion*'s Name ſhall be
The Theme of Fame, ſhall be great *Albion's* Name.
Great *Albion's* Name, Great *Albion*'s Name.
Record the Garters Glory:
A Badge for Heroes, and for Kings to bear:
For Kings to bear!
And ſwell th' Immortal Story,

With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
And ſwell th' Immortal Story,
With Songs of Gods, and fit for Gods to hear;
For Gods to hear.

A full Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments: Trumpets and Hoit-Buoys make Ritornelloes of all Fame *ſings; and Twenty four Dancers are all the time in a Chorus, and Dance to the end of the* Opera.

PROLOGUE
To the OPERA.

By Mr. Dryden.

FULL twenty Years and more, our lab'ring Stage
Has loſt, on this Incorrigible Age:
Our Poets, the John Ketches *of the Nation,*
Have ſeem'd to Laſh ye, ev'n to Excoriation:
But ſtill no ſign remains; which plainly notes,
You bore like Heroes, or you brib'd like Oates.
What can we do, when mimicking a Fop,
Like beating Nut-trees, makes a larger Crop?
Faith we'll e'en ſpare our Pains; and to content you,
Will fairly leave you what your Maker meant you.
Satyr was once your Phyſick, Wit your Food;
One nouriſh'd not, and t'other drew no Blood.
We now preſcribe, like Doctors in Deſpair,
The Diet your weak Appetites can bear.
Since hearty Beef and Mutton will not do,
Here's Julep Dance, Ptiſan of Song and Show:
Give you ſtrong Senſe, the Liquor is too heady;
You're come to Farce, that's Aſſes Milk, already.
Some hopeful Youths there are, of callow Wit,
Who one day may be Men, if Heav'n think fit;
Sound may ſerve ſuch, e'er they to Senſe are grown;
Like Leading-ſtrings, till they can walk alone.
But yet to keep our Friend in Count'nance, know,
The Wiſe Italians *firſt invented Show;*
Thence, into France *the Noble Pageant paſt;*
'Tis England's *Credit to be Cozen'd laſt.*
Freedom and Zeal have chous'd you o'er and o'er;
'Pray give us leave to Bubble you once more;
You never were ſo cheaply Fool'd before;
We bring you Change, to humour your Diſeaſe;
Change for the worſe has ever us'd to pleaſe:
Then 'tis the Mode of France, *without whoſe Rules,*
None muſt preſume to ſet up here for Fools:
In France. *the oldeſt Man is always young,*
See Opera's *daily, learns the Tunes ſo long,*
Till Foot, Hand, Head, keep Time with ev'ry Song.
Each ſings his part, echoing from Pit and Box,
With his hoarſe Voice, half Harmony, half Pox.
Le plus grand Roy du Monde, *is always ringing;*
They ſhow themſelves good Subjects by their ſinging.
On that Condition, ſet up every Throat;
You Whiggs may ſing, for you have chang'd your Note,
Cits and Citeſſes, raiſe a joyful Strain,
'Tis a good Omen to begin a Reign:
Voices may help your Charter to reſtoring,
And get by Singing, what you loſt by Roaring.

EPILOGUE
To the OPERA.

By Mr. Dryden.

AFter our Æſop's Fable ſhown to day,
I come to give the Moral of the Play.
Feign'd Zeal, you ſaw, ſet out the ſpeedier pace;
But, the laſt Heat, Plain Dealing *won the Race:*
Plain Dealing *for a Jewel has been known;*
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown.
When Heaven made Man, to ſhow the Work Divine,
Truth was his Image, ſtamp'd upon the Coin.
And, when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he ſays and does, he ſtamps his Mind:
This proves a Soul without allay, and pure;
Kings, like their Gold, ſhould every touch endure.
To dare in Fields is Valour; but how few
Dare be ſo throughly Valiant to be true?
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect:
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct.
His Subjects know him now, and truſt him more,
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.
What ſafety could their publick Acts afford?
Thoſe he can break; but cannot break his Word.
So great a Truſt to him alone was due;
Well have they truſted whom ſo well they knew.
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, ſecurely trod,
While he believ'd the beckning of his God;
But, when his Faith no longer bore him out,
Began to ſink, as he began to doubt.
Let us our native Character maintain,
'Tis of our growth to be ſincerely plain.
T' excel in Truth, we Loyally may ſtrive;
Set Privilege againſt Prerogative:
He plights his Faith, and we believe him juſt;
His Honour is to promiſe, ours to truſt,
Thus Britain's *Baſis on a Word is laid,*
As by a Word the World it ſelf was made.

TO

To the Right Honourable

PHILIP

EARL OF

LEICESTER, &c.

FAR be it from me (My moſt Noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my meanneſs can produce, ſhould be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can ſay of you ſhou'd recommend you farther to the Eſteem of good Men in this preſent Age; or to the Veneration which will certainly be paid you by Poſterity. On the other ſide, I muſt acknowledge it a great Preſumption in me, to make you this Addreſs; and ſo much the greater, becauſe by the Common Suffrage, even of contrary Parties, you have been always regarded, as one of the firſt Perſons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you ſo: Whether we have been all conſcious to our ſelves, that it was a needleſs Labour to give this notice to Mankind; as all Men are aſham'd to tell ſtale News, or that we were juſtly diffident of our own Performances, as even *Cicero* is obſerv'd to be in awe when he writes to *Atticus*; where, knowing himſelf over-match'd in good Senſe and Truth of Knowledge, he drops the gawdy Train of Words, and is no longer the Vain-glorious Orator. From whatſoever reaſon it may be, I am the firſt bold Offender of this kind: I have broken down the Fence, and ventur'd into the Holy Grove; how I may be puniſh'd for my prophane attempt, I know not; but I wiſh it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordſhip; and that a crowd of bad Writers, do not ruſh into the quiet of your Receſſes after me. Every Man in all Changes of Government, which have been, or may poſſibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my Incenſe, where it cou'd be ſo well deſerv'd. For you, my Lord, are ſecure in your own Merit; and all Parties, as they riſe uppermoſt, are ſure to Court you in their turns; 'tis a Tribute which has ever been paid your Virtue: The leading Men ſtill bring their Bullion to your Mint, to receive the Stamp of their intrinſick Value, that they may afterwards hope to paſs with Humane kind. They riſe and fall in the variety of Revolutions; and are ſometimes great, and therefore Wiſe in Men's Opinions, who muſt court them for their intereſt: But the Reputation of their Parts moſt commonly follows their Succeſs; few of 'em are Wiſe, but as they are in Power; becauſe indeed, they have no Sphere of their own, but like the Moon in the Copernican Syſtem of the World, are whirl'd about by the motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever buſie; neither to give reſt to their Fellow Creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themſelves: Tho' truly, the latter is a kind of Juſtice, and giving Mankind a due revenge, that they will not permit their own Hearts to be at quiet, who diſturb the repoſe of all beſide them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to ſet themſelves upon the Wing; and taking every occaſion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not conſidering that they have no more time allow'd them for their mounting, than the ſhort revolution of a day; and that when the light goes from them, they are of neceſſity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not ſay, for there is but one Phœnix in an Age,) who centring on himſelf, remains immoveable, and ſmiles at the Madneſs of the Dance about him. He poſſeſſes the midſt, which is the portion of Safety and Content: He will not be higher, becauſe he needs it not; but by the Prudence of that Choice, he puts it out of Fortunes Power to throw him down. 'Tis confeſt, that if he had not ſo been born, he might have been too high for Happineſs; but not endeavouring to aſcend, he ſecures the native height of his ſtation from Envy; and cannot deſcend from what he is, becauſe he depends not on another. What a Glorious Character was this once in *Rome*, I ſhould ſay in *Athens*, when in the diſturbances of a State as Mad as ours, the Wiſe *Pomponius* tranſported all the remaining Wiſdom and Virtue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But I wou'd ask the World, (for you, my Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cauſe) whether there may not yet be found, a Character of a Noble Engliſhman, equally ſhining with that illuſtrious *Roman*. Whether I need to name a ſecond *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my naming. Not a ſecond, with a *Longo ſed proximus intervallo*; not a Young *Marcellus*, flatter'd by a Poet, into a reſemblance of the firſt, with a *frons læta parum, & dejecto lumina vultu*, and the reſt that

follows, *ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas Tu Marcellus eris*: But a Perſon of the ſame Stamp and Magnitude, who owes nothing to the former, beſides the Word *Roman*, and the Superſtition of Reverence, devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years. One who walks by him with equal paces, and ſhares the Eyes of Beholders with him: One, who had been firſt, had he firſt liv'd; and in ſpight of doating Veneration is ſtill his equal: Both of them born of Noble Families, in unhappy Ages of Change and Tumult; both of them retiring from Affairs of State; yet not leaving the Commonwealth, till it had left it ſelf; but never returning to Publick Buſineſs, when they had oncequitted it; tho' courted by the Heads of either Party: But who wou'd truſt the Quiet of their Lives with the Extravagancies of their Countrymen, when they were juſt in the giddineſs of their Turning, when the Ground was tottering under them at every moment, and none cou'd gueſs whether the next heave of the Earthquake wou'd ſettle them on the firſt Foundation, or ſwallow it? Both of 'em knew Mankind exactly well; for both of them began that ſtudy in themſelves; and there they found the beſt part of Humane Compoſition, the worſt they learn'd by long experience of the Folly, Ignorance, and Immorality of moſt beſide them. Their Philoſophy, on both ſides, was not wholly ſpeculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of Things which cannot poſſibly be known; or if they cou'd, yet wou'd only terminate in the Underſtanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philoſophy, which exerted it ſelf in all the offices of pity, to thoſe who were unfortunate, and deſerv'd not ſo to be. The Friend was always more conſidered by them than the Cauſe: And an *Octavius* or an *Anthony* in diſtreſs, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Caſſius*; for the lowermoſt Party to a Noble Mind, is ever the fitteſt Object of Good Will. The eldeſt of them, I will ſuppoſe for his Honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatiſt nor Stoick; if he were not, I am ſure he ought in common Juſtice, to yield the precedency to his younger Brother: For ſtiffneſs of Opinion is the effect of Pride, and not of Philoſophy: 'Tis a miſerable Preſumption of that knowledge which Humane Nature is too narrow to contain. And the ruggedneſs of a Stoick is only a ſilly affectation of being a God: To wind himſelf up by Pulleys, to an inſenſibility of ſuffering; and at the ſame time to give the lye to his own Experience, by ſaying he ſuffers not what he knows he feels. True, Philoſophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to Humane uſe; *Homo ſum, humani à me nihil alienum puto*: A Wiſe Man will never attempt an impoſſibility; and ſuch it is to ſtrain himſelf beyond the Nature of his Being; either to become a Deity, by being above ſuffering, or to debaſe himſelf into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in our ſelves the Weakneſſes and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is ſurely the moſt reaſonable ſtep we can make towards the Compaſſion of our Fellow Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the ſecond *Atticus*. In every turn of State, without meddling on either ſide, he has always been favourable and aſſiſting to oppreſt Merit. The Praiſes which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother, on her rebuilding *Somerſet Palace*, one part of which was fronting to the mean Houſes on the other ſide of the Water, are as juſtly his:

For, the diſtreſt, and the afflicted lie
Moſt in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.

Neither has he ſo far forgot a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whoſe beſt proſpect is on the Garden of *Leiceſter Houſe*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Misfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* ſtill remaining, tho' there can never be another *Spencer* to deſerve the Favour. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unask'd. Thus, whether as a ſecond *Atticus*, or a ſecond Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter in all reſpects, will not have the worſe of the Compariſon; and if he will take up with the ſecond place, the World will not ſo far flatter his Modeſty, as to ſeat him there, unleſs it be out of a deference of Manners; that he may place himſelf where he pleaſes at his own Table.

I may therefore ſafely conclude, that he, who by the conſent of all Men, bears ſo eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleneſs, forgive the Preſumption of this Addreſs. 'Tis an unfiniſh'd Picture, I confeſs; but the Lines and Features are ſo like, that it cannot be miſtaken for any other; and without writing any Name under it, every beholder muſt cry out, at the firſt ſight, this was deſign'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artiſt has caſt too much of him into ſhades. But I have this Excuſe, that even the greateſt Maſters commonly fall ſhort of the beſt Faces. They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the Excellencies of Nature, can have no right done to them: For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome by the Dignity of the Subject; as our admirable *Waller* has expreſſed it:

The Hero's Race tranſcends the Poets Thought.

There are few in any Age who can bear the load of a Dedication; for where Praiſe is undeſerv'd, 'tis Satyr: Tho' Satyr on Folly is now no longer a Scandal to any one Perſon, where a whole Age is dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multitude one way, than a ſingle *Atticus* the other; for 'tis eaſier to deſcend, than 'tis to climb. I ſhould have gone aſham'd out of the World, if I had not at leaſt attempted this Addreſs, which I have long thought owing; and if I had never attempted I might have been vain enough to think I might have ſucceeded in it: Now I have made the Experiment, and have fail'd, through my Unworthineſs, I may reſt ſatisfied, that either the Adventure is not to be atchiev'd, or that it is reſerv'd for ſome other hand.

Be pleaſed therefore, ſince the Family of the *Attici* is and ought to be above the common Forms of Concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in the Words of *Cicero* to the firſt of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valde pœnitet vivere: tantùm te oro, ut quoniam me ipſe ſemper amâſti, ut eodem amore ſis; ego nimirum, idem ſum. Inimici mei mea mihi non meipſum adenerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

THE

THE PREFACE.

WHether it happen'd through a long diſuſe of Writing, that I forgot the uſual compaſs of a Play; or that by crowding it with Characters and Incidents, I put a neceſſity upon my ſelf of lengthening the main Action, I know not; but the firſt days Audience ſufficiently convinc'd me of my error; and that the Poem was inſupportably too long. 'Tis an ill Ambition of us Poets, to pleaſe an Audience with more than they can bear: And, ſuppoſing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine our ſelves to write; yet we ought to conſider, that no Man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauſeouſneſs in a City Feaſt when we are to ſit four hours after we are cloy'd. I am, therefore, in the firſt place, to acknowledge with all manner of gratitude, their civility, who were pleaſed to endure it with ſo much patience, to be weary with ſo much good nature and ſilence, and not to explode an entertainment, which was deſign'd to pleaſe them; or diſcourage an Author, whoſe misfortunes have once more brought him, againſt his will, upon the Stage. While I continue in theſe bad circumſtances, (and truly I ſee very little probability of coming out) I muſt be obliged to write; and if I may ſtill hope for the ſame kind uſage, I ſhall the leſs repent of that hard neceſſity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pityed; for I have Enemies enough to wiſh me yet in a worſe condition; but give me leave to ſay, that if I can pleaſe by writing, as I ſhall endeavour it, the Town may be ſomewhat obliged to my misfortunes, for a part of their diverſion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having obſerv'd how difficult it was to pleaſe; that the humours of Comedy were almoſt ſpent, that Love and Honour (the miſtaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theaters cou'd not ſupport their charges, that the Audience forſook them, that young Men without Learning ſet up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudeſt, who underſtood the leaſt; all theſe diſcouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had alſo given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: The difficulties continue; they increaſe, and I am ſtill condemn'd to dig in thoſe exhauſted Mines. Whatever fault I next commit, reſt aſſur'd it ſhall not be that of too much length: Above twelve hundred lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, ſince it was firſt deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed ſo judiciouſly lopt by *Mr.* Betterton, to whoſe care and excellent Action I am equally obliged, that the connexion of the Story was not loſt: But on the other ſide, it was impoſſible to prevent ſome part of the Action from being precipitated, and coming on without that due preparation, which is requir'd to all great Events; as, in particular, that of raiſing the Mobile, in the beginning of the fourth Act; which a Man of Benducar's Cool Character, cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all thoſe precautions, which he foreſaw wou'd be neceſſary to render his deſign ſucceſsful. On this conſideration, I have replac'd thoſe lines, through the whole Poem; and thereby reſtor'd it, to that clearneſs of Conception, and (if I may dare to ſay it) that luſtre, and maſculine vigour, in which it was firſt written. 'Tis obvious to every underſtanding Reader, that the moſt Poetical parts, which are Deſcriptions, Images, Similitudes, and Moral Sentences, are thoſe which of neceſſity were to be par'd away, when the Body was ſwoln into too large a bulk for the repreſentation of the Stage. But there is a vaſt difference betwixt a publick Entertainment on the Theatre, and a private Reading in the Cloſet: In the firſt we are confin'd to time, and tho' we talk not by the hour-glaſs, yet the Watch often drawn out of the Pocket, warns the Actors, that their Audience is weary; in the laſt, every Reader is judge of his own convenience; he can take up the Book, and lay it down at his pleaſure; and find out thoſe beauties of propriety, in thought and writing, which eſcap'd him in the tumult and hurry of repreſenting. And I dare boldly promiſe for this Play, that in the roughneſs of the numbers and cadences, (which I aſſure was not caſual, but ſo deſign'd) you will ſee ſomewhat more maſterly ariſing to your view, than in moſt, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the Figures, and more ſutable to the loftineſs of the Subject; and beſides this ſome newneſſes of Engliſh, tranſlated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the Elegancies of the Latin; and here and there ſome old words are ſprinkled, which for their ſignificance and ſound, deſerv'd not to be antiquated; ſuch as we often find in Saluſt amongſt the Roman Authors, and in Milton's Paradiſe amongſt ours; though perhaps the latter inſtead of ſprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even ſometimes to the obſcuring of his ſenſe.

As for the ſtory or plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely fiction; for I take it up where the Hiſtory has laid it down. We are aſſur'd by all Writers of thoſe times, that Sebaſtian, a young Prince of great Courage and Expectation, undertook that War partly upon a Religious Account, partly at the ſolicitation of Muley-Mahomet, who had been driven out of his Dominions, by Abdelmelech, or as others call him Muley-Moluch his nigh Kinſman, who deſcended from the ſame Family of the Xeriff's; whoſe Fathers Hamet and Mahomet had conquer'd that Empire with joynt Forces; and ſhared it betwixt them after their Victory: That the Body of Don Sebaſtian was never found in the Field of Battle; which gave occaſion for many to believe, that he was not ſlain; that ſome years after, when the Spaniards with a pretended Title, by force of Arms had Uſurp'd the Crown of Portugal from the Houſe of Braganza, a certain Perſon who call'd himſelf Don Sebaſtian, and had all the Marks of his Body, and Features of his Face, appear'd at Venice, where he was own'd by ſome of his Country-men; but being ſeiz'd by the Spaniards was firſt impriſon'd, then ſent to the Gallies, and at laſt put to Death in private. 'Tis

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most certain, that the Portugueſes *expected his return for almoſt an Age together after that Battle; which is at leaſt a proof of their extream love to his Memory; and the uſage which they had from their new Conquerors, might poſſibly make them ſo extravagant in their hopes and wiſhes for their old Maſter.*

This Ground-work the Hiſtory afforded me, and I deſire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the event of a great action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Maſter: He may raiſe what he pleaſes on that Foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only oblig'd, that Sebaſtian *ſhou'd return to* Portugal *no more; but at the ſame time I had him at my own diſpoſal, whether to beſtow him in* Affrick, *or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his death; and the laſt of theſe was certainly the moſt eaſie, but for the ſame reaſon the leaſt artful; becauſe as I have ſomewhere ſaid, the Poiſon and the Dagger are ſtill at hand, to Butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the Brains to ſave him. It being therefore only neceſſary, according to the Laws of the* Drama, *that* Sebaſtian *ſhou'd no more be ſeen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have diſpos'd of him according to art, or have bungled up the concluſion of his Adventure. In the drawing of his Character I forgot not Piety, which any one may obſerve to be one principal Ingredient of it; even ſo far as to be a habit in him; though I ſhew him once to be tranſported from it by the violence of a ſudden Paſſion, to endeavour a Self-murder. This being preſuppos'd, that he was Religious, the horror of his Inceſt, though innocently committed, was the beſt reaſon which the Stage cou'd give for hindring his return. 'Tis true, I have no right to blaſt his Memory with ſuch a Crime; but declaring it to be Fiction, I deſire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are ſeeing it repreſented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have reaſon to preſume he is. On this ſuppoſition, it was unreaſonable to have kill'd him? For the Learned Mr.* Rymer *has well obſerv'd, that in all Puniſhments we are to regulate our ſelves by Poetical Juſtice; and according to thoſe meaſures an involuntary Sin deſerves not Death; from whence it follows, that to divorce himſelf from the beloved Object, to retire into a Deſert, and deprive himſelf of a Throne, was the utmoſt puniſhment which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was alſo the utmoſt reparation which* Sebaſtian *cou'd make. For what relates to* Almeyda, *her part is wholly fictious: I know it is the Surname of a Noble Family in* Portugal, *which was very Inſtrumental in the Reſtauration of* John de Braganza, *Father to the moſt Illuſtrious and moſt Pious Princeſs, our Queen* Dowager. *The* French *Author of a Novel, call'd* Don Sebaſtian, *has given that Name to an* African *Lady of his own invention, and makes her Siſter to* Muley-Mahomet: *But I have wholly chang'd the accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the ſuppoſition, that ſhe was belov'd by the King of* Portugal. *Tho' if I had taken the whole Story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly, according to the practice of almoſt all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being Plagiaries, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus* Auguſtus Cæſar *wrot an* Ajax, *which was not the leſs his own, becauſe* Euripides *had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late years* Corneille *writ an* Oedipus *after* Sophocles; *and I have deſign'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr.* Lee, *yet neither the* French *Poet ſtole from the* Greek, *nor we from the* Frenchman. *'Tis the contrivance, the new turn, and new Characters, which alter the property and make it ours. The* Materia Poetica *is as common to all Writers, as the* Materia Medica *to all Phyſicians. Thus in our* Chronicles, Daniel's *Hiſtory is ſtill his own, though* Matthew Paris, Stow, *and* Hollingſhed *writ before him; otherwiſe we muſt have been content with their dull relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and write his own Account, after a new and better manner.*

I muſt further declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three Mechanick Rules of Unity: I knew them and had them in my Eye, but follow'd them only at a diſtance; for the Genius of the Engliſh *cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of Pleaſure. My Scenes are therefore ſometimes broken, becauſe my Under-plot requir'd them ſo to be; though the General Scene remains of the ſame Caſtle; and I have taken the time of two days, becauſe the variety of accidents, which are here repreſented, cou'd not naturally be ſuppos'd to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to ſuperſede a leſs.*

I muſt likewiſe own, that I have ſomewhat deviated from the known Hiſtory, in the death of Muley-Moluch, *who, by all relations, dyed of a Fever in the Battle, before his Army had wholly won the Field; but if I have allow'd him another day of Life, it was becauſe I ſtood in need of ſo ſhining a Character of brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the ſame with that of the preſent Emperor* Muley-Iſhmael, *as ſome of our* Engliſh *Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.*

I have been liſtning what Objections had been made againſt the Conduct of the Play, but found them all ſo trivial, that if I ſhou'd Name them, a true Critick wou'd imagine that I play'd booty, and only rais'd up phantoms for my ſelf to conquer. Some are pleas'd to ſay the Writing is dull; but ætatem habet, de ſe loquatur. *Others that the double Poyſon is unnatural; let the common receiv'd Opinion, and* Auſonius *his famous Epigram anſwer that. Laſtly, a more ignorant ſort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of* Dorax, *is not only unnatural, but inconſiſtent with it ſelf; let them read the Play and think again; and if yet they are not ſatisfied, caſt their Eyes on that Chapter of the Wiſe* Montaigne, *which is intitled,* De l'Inconſtance des actions humaines. *A longer reply, is what theſe Cavillers deſerve not; but I will give them and their Fellows to underſtand, that the Earl of* Dorſet *was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted; and did me the favour to ſend me word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays; and that he was diſpleaſed any thing ſhou'd be cut away. If I have not reaſon to prefer his ſingle judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be judge; for the oppoſition is the ſame with that of* Lucan's *Heroe againſt an Army;* concurrere bellum, atque virum. *I think I may modeſtly conclude, that whatever Errors there may be, either in the Deſign or Writing of this Play, they are not thoſe which have been objected to it. I think alſo, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of doating; and that I have given*

ſo

ſo much application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many groſs abſurdities; which may caution my Enemies from too raſh a cenſure; and may alſo encourage my Friends, who are many more than I cou'd reaſonably have expected, to believe their kindneſs has not been very undeſervedly beſtow'd on me. This is not a Play that was huddled up in haſte; and to ſhew it was not, I will own, that beſide the general Moral of it, which is given in the four laſt lines, there is alſo another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters, which a judicious Critick will obſerve, tho' I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be alſo ſome ſecret Beauties in the Decorum of Parts, and Uniformity of Deſign, which my puny Judges will not eaſily find out; let them conſider in the laſt Scene of the fourth Act, whether I have not preſerv'd the rule of decency, in giving all the advantage to the Royal Character; and in making Dorax *firſt ſubmit: Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was through indigence of Characters, that I have given the ſame to* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda; *and conſequently made them alike in all things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this Identity of Character in the Greatneſs of their Souls; was intended for a preparation of the final diſcovery, and that the likeneſs of their nature, was a fair hint to the proximity of their Blood.*

To avoid the imputation of too much Vanity (for all Writers, and eſpecially Poets, will have ſome) I will give but one other inſtance, in relation to the Uniformity of the Deſign. I have obſerv'd, that the Engliſh *will not bear a thorough Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it ſhou'd be lightned with underparts of mirth. It had been eaſie for me to have given my Audience a better courſe of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of* Antonio *and* Morayma. *But I dare appeal, even to my Enemies, if I, or any Man, cou'd have invented one which had been more of a piece, and more depending on the ſerious part of the Deſign: For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the Members of a Captive Court, the Subject of a Comical Entertainment? To prepare this Epiſode, you ſee* Dorax *giving the Character of* Antonio, *in the beginning of the Play, upon his firſt ſight of him at the Lottery; and to make the dependence,* Antonio *is engaged in the Fourth Act, for the deliverance of* Almeyda; *which is alſo prepared, by his being firſt made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.*

I ſhou'd beg Pardon for theſe inſtances; but perhaps they may be of uſe to future Poets, in the conduct of their Plays: At leaſt, if I appear too poſitive; I am growing old, and thereby, in poſſeſſion of ſome Experience, which Men in Years will always aſſume for a right of talking. Certainly, if a Man can ever have reaſon to ſet a value on himſelf, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation. And therefore, for once, I will make bold to take the Counſel of my Old Maſter, Virgil.

Tu, ne cede malis; ſed contra audentior ito.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

1	Don Sebaſtian King of Portugal,	By Mr. *Williams.*
2	Muley-Moluch, Emperor of Barbary,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
3	Dorax, a Noble Portugueſe, now a Renegade, formerly Don Alonzo de Sylvera Alcalde, or Governour of Alcazar,	Mr. *Betterton.*
4	Benducar, Chief Miniſter and Favourite to the Emperor,	Mr. *Sandford.*
5	The Mufti Abdalla,	Mr. *Underhill.*
6	Muley-Zeydan, Brother to the Emperor,	Mr. *Powel*, Jun.
7	Don Antonio, a Young Noble amorous Portugueſe, now a Slave,	Mr. *Montford.*
8	Don Alvarez, an old Councellor to Don Sebaſtian, now a Slave alſo,	Mr. *Bowman.*
9	Muſtapha, Captain of the Rabble,	Mr. *Liegh.*
10	Almeyda, a Captive Queen of Barbary,	Mrs. *Barry.*
11	Morayma, Daughter to the Mufti,	Mrs. *Montford.*
12	Johayma, Chief Wife to the Mufti,	Mrs. *Leigh.*

Two Merchants.
Rable.
A Servant to Benducar.
A Servant to the Mufti.
Scene in the Caſtle of Alcazar.

Don

Don *SEBASTIAN* King of Portugal.

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene at Alcazar, *repreſenting a Market-Place under the Caſtle.*

Muley-Zeydan, Benducar.

Mul. Zeyd. NOW *Africa*'s long Wars are at an end;
And our parch'd Earth is drench'd in Chriſtian Blood,
My Conquering Brother will have Slaves enough,
To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.
What hear you of *Sebaſtian*, King of *Portugal?*

Benducar. He fell among a heap of ſlaughter'd Moors;
Though yet his mangled Carcaſe is not found.
The Rival of our threatned Empire, *Mahumet*,
Was hot purſued; and in the general Rout,
Miſtook a ſwelling Current for a Ford;
And in *Mucazer*'s Flood was ſeen to riſe;
Thrice was he ſeen; at length his Courſer plung'd,
And threw him off; the Waves whelm'd over him,
And helpleſs in his heavy arms he drown'd.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguiſh'd:
Thus *Moluch*, ſtill the Favourite of Fate.
Swims in a ſanguine Torrent to the Throne.
As if our Prophet only work'd for him;
The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants.
As *Muley Zeyden* were not worth their care,
And younger Brothers but the draff of Nature.

Bend. Be ſtill, and learn the ſmoothing Arts of Court;
Adore his Fortune, mix with flattering Crowds,
And when they praiſe him moſt, be you the loudeſt;
Your Brother is luxurious, cloſe, and cruel,
Generous by fits, but permanent in miſchief.
The ſhadow of a Diſcontent wou'd ruin us;
We muſt be ſafe before we can be great:
Theſe things obſerv'd, leave me to ſhape the reſt.

Mul. Zeyd. You have the Key, he opens inward to you.

Bend. So often try'd, and ever found ſo true,
Has given me truſt, and truſt has given me means
Once to be falſe for all. I truſt not him:
For now his ends are ſerv'd, and he grown abſolute,
How am I ſure to ſtand who ſerv'd thoſe ends?
I know your Nature open, mild and grateful;
In ſuch a Prince the People may be bleſt,
And I be ſafe.

Mul. Zey. My Father! [*Embracing him.*

Bend. My future King? (auſpicious *Muley Zeydan*:
Shall I adore you? No, the place is publick;
I worſhip you within; the outward act
Shall be reſerv'd till Nations follow me,
And Heaven ſhall envy you the kneeling World.
You know th' Alcade of *Alcazar*, *Dorax?*

Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renagade you mean?

Bend.

Bend. The ſame:
That gloomy outſide, like a ruſty Cheſt,
Contains the ſhining Treaſure of a Soul,
Reſolv'd and brave; he has the Souldiers hearts,
And time ſhall make him ours. *Mul.* He's juſt upon us.
Bend. I know him from afar,
By the long ſtride, and by the ſullen port:
Retire, my Lord.
Wait on your Brothers Triumph, yours is next,
His growth is but a wild and fruitleſs Plant,
I'll cut his barren branches to the ſtock,
And graft you on to bear.
Mul-Zeyd. My Oracle! [*Exit* Muley-Zeyd.
Bend. Yes, to delude your hopes, poor credulous Fool,
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit
Of ſo much toil, ſuch guilt and ſuch damnation;
If I am damn'd it ſhall be for my ſelf:
This eaſie Fool muſt be my Stale, ſet up
To catch the People's Eyes; he's tame and merciful,
Him I can manage, till I make him odious
By ſome unpopular act, and then dethrone him. Enter *Dorax.*
Now *Dorax!*
Dorax. Well *Bemboucar*!
Bend. Bare *Bemboucar*!
Dor. Thou wouldeſt have Titles, take 'um then, Chief Miniſter,
Firſt Hangman of the State.
Bend. Some call me Favourite.
Dorax. What's that his Minion?
Thou art too old to be a Catamite!
Now prithee tell me, and abate thy Pride,
Is not *Benducar* Bare, a better Name
In a Friend's mouth, than all thoſe gawdy Titles,
Which I diſdain to give the Man I love?
Bend. But always out of humour,——
Dor. I have cauſe:
Tho all mankind is cauſe enough for Satyr.
Bend. Why then thou haſt reveng'd thee on mankind,
They ſay, in fight, thou hadſt a thirſty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.
Dor. I ſpitted Frogs, I cruſh'd a heap of Emmets,
A hundred of 'em to a ſingle Soul,
And that but ſcanty weight too; the great Devil
Scarce thank'd me for my pains; he ſwallows Vulgar
Like whip'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.
Bend. Brave Renegade! cou'dſt thou not meet *Sebaſtian*?
Thy Maſter had been worthy of thy Sword.
Dor. My Maſter? By what title,
Becauſe I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be King? And yet I ſerv'd him:
Nay, I was Fool enough to love him too.
You know my ſtory, how I was rewarded,
For fifteen hard Campaigns, ſtill hoop'd in Iron,
And why I turn'd Mahometan: I'm grateful,
But whoſoever dares to injure me,
Let that man know, I dare to be reveng'd.
Bend. Still you run off from biaſs; ſay, what moves
Your preſent ſpleen?
Dor. You mark'd not what I told you;
I kill'd not one that was his Makers Image;
I met with none but vulgar two-leg'd Brutes.
Sebaſtian was my aim; he was a Man,
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I muſt do him right; he was a Man,
Above man's height, even tow'ring to *Divinity.*

Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal:
Juſt as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seaſons,
He lov'd his People, him they Idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all beſides
He err'd to me alone:
His Goodneſs was difus'd to Humane Kind,
And all his Cruelty confin'd to me.
Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?
Dor. No, though I ſought
Where Ranks fell thickeſt; 'twas indeed the place
To ſeek *Sebaſtian*: Through a track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Foes,
But ſtill I came too late, for he was flown
Like Lightning, ſwift before me to new Slaughters,
I mow'd a-croſs, and made Irregular Harveſt,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battel, but in vain,
For he was ſtill ſupplying Death elſewhere:
This mads me, that perhaps ignoble hands
Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:
Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone
Had right to ſlay; I too wou'd have been ſlain,
That catching hold upon his flitting Ghoſt
I might have rob'd him of his opening Heav'n;
And drag'd him down with me, ſpight of Predeſtination.
Bend. 'Tis of as much import as *Africa*'s worth
To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*
The Siſter of the Vanquiſh'd *Mahomet*,
Whoſe Fatal Beauty to her Brother, drew
The Land's third part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'ns
Dor. I hope ſhe dy'd in her own Female Calling,
Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumciſion.
As for *Sebaſtian*, we muſt ſearch the Field,
And where we ſee a Mountain of the Slain,
Send one to climb, and looking down below,
There he ſhall find him at his Manly length,
With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,
Which his true Sword has digg'd.
Bend. Yet we may poſſibly here farther news;
For while our *Africans* purſu'd the Chaſe,
The Captain of the Rabble iſſued out,
With a black ſhirtleſs train to ſpoil the dead,
And ſeize the living.
Dor. Each of 'em an Hoaſt,
A Million ſtrong of Vermine, every Villain:
No part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
Chaos of Power, and privileg'd Deſtruction.
Bend. Yet I muſt tell you Friend, the Great muſt uſe 'em,
Sometimes as neceſſary Tools of Tumult.
Dor. I wou'd uſe 'em
Like Dogs in times of Plague, Outlaws of Nature,
Fit to be ſhot and brain'd, without a proceſs,
To ſtop Infection, that's their proper death.
Bend. No more,
Behold the Emperor coming to ſurvey
The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.
Enter Muley-Moluch *the Emperor*, *with Attendants.* *The* Mufti, *and* Muley-Zeydan.
Moluch. Our Armours now may ruſt, our idle Scymiters
Hang by our ſides, for Ornament not uſe:
Children ſhall beat our Atabals and Drums,
And all the noiſie Trades of War, no more
Shall wake the peaceful Morn: The *Xeriff*'s Blood
No longer in divided Channels runs,

The

The younger Houſe took end in *Mahomet.*
Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian*'s formidable Name,
Be longer uſed to lull the crying babe!
Muf. For this Victorious Day our mighty Prophet
Expects your gratitude, The Sacrifice
Of Chriſtian Slaves, devoted, if you won.
Mol. The Purple Preſent ſhall be richly paid:
That Vow perform'd, Faſting ſhall be aboliſhed:
None ever ſerv'd Heav'n well with a ſtarv'd Face:
Preach Abſtinence no more; I tell thee, *Mufti*
Good Feaſting is devout; and thou our Head,
Haſt a Religious, ruddy Countenance:
We will have learned Luxury; our lean Faith
Gives ſcandal to the Chriſtians; they feed high:
Then look for ſhoals of Converts, when thou haſt
Reform'd us into Feaſting.
Muf. Faſting is but the Letter of the Law:
Yet it ſhews well to Preach it to the Vulgar.
Wine is againſt our Law, that's litteral too,
But not denied to Kings and to their Guides,
Wine is an Holy Liquor, for the Great. [Dorax *aſide.*
This *Mufti* in my Conſcience is ſome *Engliſh*
Renegade, he talks ſo ſavourly of toping.
Mol. Bring forth th'unhappy Relicks of the War.
Enter Muſtapha *Captain of the Rabble, with his Followers of the Black-Guard,* &c. *and other Moors: With them a Company of* Portugueſe *Slaves without any of the chief Perſons.*
M. Mol. Theſe are not fit to pay an Emperor's Vow;
Our Bulls and Rams had been more Noble Victims;
Theſe are but Garbidge not a Sacrifice.
Muf. The Prophet muſt not pick and chooſe his Offerings;
Now he has given the Day, 'tis paſt recalling:
And he muſt be content with ſuch as theſe.
M. Mol. But are theſe all? Speak you that are their Maſters.
Muſta. All upon my Honour: If you'll take 'em as their Fathers got 'em, ſo. If not, you muſt ſtay till they get a better Generation: Theſe Chriſtians are meer bunglers; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives; and theſe have all the looks of eldeſt Sons
M. Mol. Pain of your lives let none conceal a Slave.
Muſt. Let every Man look to his own Conſcience, I am ſure mine ſhall never hang me.
Bend. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if thou wert privy to Concealments; then thou art an Accomplice.
Muſt. Nay, if Accomplices muſt ſuffer, it may go hard with me; but here's the Devil on't, there's a Great Man, and a Holy Man too, concern'd with me. Now, if I confeſs, he'll be ſure to 'ſcape, between his Greatneſs and his Holineſs, and I ſhall be murder'd, becauſe of my Poverty and Raſcality.
Mufti *winking at him.*
Then if thy ſilence ſave the Great and Holy,
'Tis ſure thou ſhalt go ſtraight to Paradiſe.
Muſt. 'Tis a fine Place they ſay; but Doctor I am not worthy on't; I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for ſuch a poor raſcally Muſulman as I am: Beſides, I have learnt ſo much good manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be ſerv'd before me.
M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if the *Mufti* were concern'd.
Muſt. Your Majeſty may lay your Soul on't: But for my part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I ſcorn to be trick'd into Paradiſe, I wou'd he ſhou'd know it. The troth on't is, an't like you, his Reverence bought of me the Flower of all the Market; theſe —— theſe are but Dogs meat to 'em, and a round price he pay'd me too, I'll ſay that for him; but not enough for me to venture my neck for: If I get Paradiſe when my time comes I can't help my ſelf; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.
M. Mol. Where are thoſe Slaves? produce 'em.
Muf. They are not what he ſays.

M. Mol. No more Excuſes. [*One goes out to fetch them.*
Know thou may'ſt better dally
With a dead Prophet, than a living King.
Muf. I but reſerv'd 'em to preſent thy Greatneſs,
An Off'ring worthy thee.
Muſt. By the ſame token, there was a dainty Virgin, (Virgin ſaid I! but I won't be too poſitive of that neither) with a Roguiſh leering Eye! he paid me down for her upon the Nail a thouſand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her, I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay ſo dear for ſuch a delicious Morſel, and give it away out of his own mouth; when it had ſuch a farewel with it too?

Enter Sebaſtian *conducted in mean habit, with* Alvarez, Antonio, *and* Almeyda; *her Face veil'd with a* Barnus.

M. Mol. Ay; Theſe look like the Workmanſhip of Heav'n:
This is the Porcelain Clay of Humane Kind,
And therefore caſt into theſe Noble Moulds.

Dorax *aſide while the Emperor whiſpers* Benducar.

By all my Wrongs
'Tis he; damnation ſeize me, but 'tis he!
My heart heaves up and ſwells; he's poyſon to me;
My injur'd honour, and my raviſh'd love,
Bleed at their Murderers ſight. Bend. *to* Dor. *aſide.*
The Emperor would learn theſe Pris'ners Names;
You know 'em.
Dor. Tell him, no.
And trouble me no more. — I will not know 'em.
Shall I truſt Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd, [*aſide.*
With my Revenge? Then, where's my Satisfaction?
No, it muſt be my own; I ſcorn a Proxy.
M. Mol. 'Tis decreed,
Theſe of a better Aſpect, with the reſt
Shall ſhare one common Doom, and Lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a Ball
Into an Urn; three only black be there,
The reſt, all white, are ſafe.
Muf. Hold Sir, the Woman muſt not draw.
M. Mol. O *Mufti*!
We know your reaſon, let her ſhare the danger.
Muf. Our Law ſays plainly Women have no Souls.
M. Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, ſet her by:
Yet were *Almeyda* here, though Fame reports her
The faireſt of her Sex, ſo much unſeen,
I hate the Siſter of our Rival Houſe,
Ten thouſand ſuch dry Notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her Life; if not Immortal:
Dye as ſhe cou'd, all of a piece, the better,
That none of her remain.

Here an Urn is brought in; the Pris'ners approach with great concernment; and amongſt the reſt Sebaſtian, Alvarez, *and* Antonio; *who come more cheerfully.*

Dor. Poor abject Creatures how they fear to dye! [*aſide.*
Theſe never knew one happy hour in Life,
Yet ſhake to lay it down: Is Load ſo pleaſant?
Or has Heav'n hid the Happineſs of Death,
That Men may dare to live? —— Now for our Heroes. [*The Three approach.*
Oh, theſe come up with Spirits more reſolv'd!
Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,
The Fav'rite once of this *Sebaſtian*'s Father;
Now Miniſter; (too honeſt for his Trade)
Religion bears him out, a Thing taught Young;
In Age ill practis'd, yet his prop in Death.
Oh! he has drawn a Black, and ſmiles upon't,
As who ſhould ſay, my Faith and Soul are White
Tho' my Lot ſwarthy: Now if there be hereafter
He's bleſt; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas'd.

Anton.

Anton. *holding his Lot in his clench'd hand.*

Here I have thee,
Be what thou wilt: I will not look too ſoon.
Thou haſt a colour; if thou prov'ſt not right,
I have a minute good e'er I behold thee.
Now, let me rowl and grubble thee,
Blind Men ſay white feels ſmooth, and black feels rough;
Thou haſt a rugged skin; I do not like thee.
Dor. There's the Amorous airy ſpark, *Antonio*;
The wittieſt Woman's Toy in *Portugal*.
Lord what a loſs of Treats and Serenades!
The whole She Nation will be in Mourning for him.
Antonio. I've a moiſt ſweaty palm; the more's my Sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd Natural Ebony; there's hope in rubbing
To waſh this Ethiope white.——(Looks) Pox of the Proverb!
As black as Hell: Another lucky ſaying!
I think the Devil's in me: ——Good again,
I cannot ſpeak one ſyllable, but tends
To Death, or to Damnation. [*Holds up his Ball.*
Dor. He looks uneaſie at his future Journey, [*Aſide.*
And wiſhes his Boots off again; for fear
Of a bad Road, and a worſe Inn at Night.
Go to bed Fool, and take ſecure repoſe,
For thou ſhalt wake no more. (Sebaſtian *comes up to draw.*
M. Mol. to *Ben.* Mark him who now approaches to the Lott'ry,
He looks ſecure of Death, Superior Greatneſs,
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and ſaid thou art
The Slave of my Creation; I admire him.
Bend. He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
That ſcorns his brittle Corps, and ſeems aſham'd
He's not all Spirit, his Eyes with a dumb Pride,
Accuſing Fortune that he fell not warm:
Yet now diſdains to live. (Sebaſt. *draws a black.*)
M. Mol. He has his wiſh;
And I have fail'd of mine!
Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance! [*Aſide.*
Fine Work above, that their Anointed care
Shou'd die ſuch little Death: Or, did his Genius
Know mine the ſtronger *Dæmon*, fear'd the grapple,
And looking round him, found this nook of Fate
To skulk behind my Sword: Shall I diſcover him?
Still he wou'd not die mine; no thanks to my
Revenge; reſerv'd but to more Royal Shambles.
'Twere baſe too; and below thoſe Vulgar Souls,
That ſhar'd his danger, yet not one diſclos'd him:
But ſtruck with Reverence kept an awful ſilence.
I'll ſee no more of this: Dog of a Prophet! [*Exit* Dorax.
M. Mol. One of theſe Three is a whole Hecatomb;
And therefore only one of 'em ſhall die.
The Reſt are but mute Cattle; and when Death
Comes, like a ruſhing Lion, couch like Spaniels,
With lolling Tongues, and tremble at the Paw,
Let Lots again decide it.

(*The Three draw again*; *and the Lot falls on* Sebaſtian.)

Sebaſt. Then there's no more to manage! If I fall
It ſhall be like my ſelf; a ſetting Sun
Shou'd leave a track of Glory in the Skies.
Behold *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal*.
M. Mol. Sebaſtian! Ha! it muſt be he; no other
Cou'd repreſent ſuch ſuffering Majeſty:
I ſaw him, as he terms himſelf, a Sun
Strugling in dark Eclipſe, and ſhooting day

On

On either ſide of the black Orb that veil'd him.
Sebaſt. Not leſs, ev'n in this deſpicable now,
Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with affrights,
And froze your hearts beneath your Torrid Zone.
Bend. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! Even to an Impudence
Of Greatneſs.
Sebaſt. Here Satiate all your fury;
Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield
Can take in all; and verge enough for more.
I wou'd have conquer'd you; and ventur'd only
A narrow neck of Land for a third World;
To give my looſen'd Subjects room to play.
Fate was not mine,
Nor am I Fates: Now I have pleas'd my Longing,
And trod the Ground which I beheld from far,
I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay:
For if you give it Burial there it takes
Poſſeſſion of your Earth:
If burnt and ſcatter'd in the Air; the Winds
That ſtrow my Duſt, diffuſe my Royalty,
And ſpread me o'er your Clime; for where one Atome
Of mine ſhall light, know there *Sebaſtian* Reigns.
M. Mol What ſhall I do to conquer thee?
Sebaſt. Impoſſible!
Souls know no Conquerors.
M.Mol. I'll ſhew thee for a Monſter through my *Africk*.
Seb. No, thou canſt only ſhew me for a Man:
Africk is ſtor'd with Monſters: Man's a Prodigy,
Thy Subjects have not ſeen.
M. Mol. Thou talk'ſt as if
Still at the head of Battel.
Seb. Thou miſtak'ſt,
For then I would not talk.
Bend. Sure he wou'd ſleep.
Sebaſt. Till Doomſday; when the Trumpet ſounds to riſe;
For that's a Soldier's call.
M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late:
Thou ſhould'ſt have dy'd in Battle like a Souldier.
Sebaſt. I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me;
I wanted weight of feeble Moors upon me,
To cruſh my Soul out.
M. Mol. Still untameable!
In what a ruine has thy head-ſtrong Pride,
And boundleſs thirſt of Empire plung'd thy People?
Sebaſt. What ſay'ſt thou, ha! No more of that.
M. Mol. Behold,
What Carcaſes of thine thy Crimes have ſtrew'd,
And left our *Africk* Vultures to devour.
Bend. Thoſe Souls were thoſe thy God intruſted with thee,
To cheriſh not deſtroy.
Sebaſt. Witneſs, O Heaven, how much
This ſight concerns me! Wou'd I had a Soul
For each of theſe; how gladly wou'd I pay
The Ranſom down: But ſince I have but one,
'Tis a King's Life, and freely 'tis beſtow'd.
Not your falſe Prophet, but Eternal Juſtice
Has deſtin'd me the Lot, to die for theſe:
'Tis fit a Sovereign ſo ſhou'd pay ſuch Subjects;
For Subjects ſuch as they are ſeldom ſeen,
Who not forſook me at my greateſt need;
Not for baſe lucre ſold their Loyalty,
But ſhar'd my dangers to the laſt Event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own: Theſe Thanks I pay you: [*Wipes his Eyes.*

And

And know, that when *Sebaſtian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood.
M. Mol. They plead too ſtrongly
To be withſtood: My Clouds are gath'ring too,
In kindly mixture with his Royal ſhower:
Be ſafe, and owe thy Life, not to my Gift,
But to the Greatneſs of thy Mind, *Sebaſtian*:
Thy Subjects too ſhall live; a due Reward
For their untainted Faith, in thy concealment.
Muſt. Remember, Sir, your Vow. [*A general ſhout.*
M. Mol. Do thou remember
Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not Blood.
Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too ſtrong to laſt. [*Aſide to* Benducar.
Bend. The *Mufti* reddens, mark that holy Cheek. [*To him.*
He frets within, froths Treaſon at his Mouth,
And churns it through his Teeth; leave me to work him.
Sebaſt. A Mercy unexpected, undeſir'd,
Surprizes more: You've learnt the art to vanquiſh:
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you, Sir)
Have given me Life, but in my Subjects ſafety:
Kings, who are Fathers, Live but in their People.
M. Mol. Still Great and Grateful, that's thy Character.
Unveil the Woman; I wou'd view the Face
That warm'd our *Mufti*'s Zeal:
Theſe pious Parrots peck the faireſt Fruit:
Such Taſters are for Kings.
Officers go to Almeyda *to unveil her.*
Almeyda. Stand off ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.
M. Mol. Slave is thy Title: Force her.
Seb. On your lives approach her not.
M. Mol. How's this!
Seb. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me ſpeak.——
Almeyda. Hear me; I will be heard;
I am no Slave; the nobleſt Blood of *Africk*
Runs in my Veins; a purer ſtream than thine;
For, tho' deriv'd from the ſame Source, thy Current
Is puddl'd and defil'd with Tyranny.
M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here!
Almeyda. I ſhou'd be one,
Becauſe of kin to thee: Would'ſt thou be touch'd
By the preſuming hands of ſawcy Grooms?
The ſame reſpect, nay more, is due to me:
More for my Sex; the ſame for my deſcent.
Theſe hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.
Now, if thou dar'ſt behold *Almeyda*'s Face. [*Unveils her ſelf.*
Bend. Wou'd I had never ſeen it! [*Aſide.*
Almeyda. She whom thy *Mufti* tax'd to have no Soul;
Let *Africk* now be judge;
Perhaps thou think'ſt I meanly hope to 'ſcape,
As did *Sebaſtian* when he own'd his Greatneſs.
But to remove that ſcruple, know, baſe Man,
My murder'd Father, and my Brother's Ghoſt
Still haunt this Breaſt, and prompt it to revenge.
Think not I cou'd forgive, nor dar'ſt thou pardon.
M. Mol. Would'ſt thou revenge thee, Trait'reſs, had'ſt thou Power?
Alm. Traytor, I wou'd: The Name's more juſtly thine:
Thy Father was not more than mine, the Heir
Of this large Empire; but with Arms united
They fought their way, and ſeiz'd the Crown by force:
And equal as their danger was their ſhare:
For where was Elderſhip, where none had right,
But that which Conqueſt gave? 'Twas thy Ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful Father, what his Sword

Help'd

Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,
No provocation given, no War declared. *M. Mol.* I'll hear no more.
Alm. This is the living Coal that burning in me
Wou'd flame to Vengeance, cou'd it find a vent:
My Brother too, that lies yet ſcarcely cold
In his deep watry bed: My wandring Mother,
Who in Exile died.
O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee work; ſtill, ſtill, thou Tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt.
M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over me:
Whether the Toyls of Battle, unrepar'd
With due repoſe, or other ſudden qualm.
Benducar do the reſt. [*Goes off, the Court follows him.*
Bend. Strange; in full health! This pang is of the Soul;
The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct theſe Royal Captives to the Caſtle;
Bid *Dorax* uſe 'em well, till farther order. [*Going off, ſtops.*
The inferior Captives their firſt Owners take,
To ſell, or to diſpoſe. —— You *Muſtapha*,
Set ope the Market for the ſale of Slaves. [*Exit* Benducar.

The Maſters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of ſeveral Qualities come in and chaffer about the ſeveral Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.

Muſt. My Chattels are come into my hands again, and my Conſcience will ſerve me to ſell 'em twice over; any price now, before the *Mufti* come to claim 'em.

Firſt Merchant to Muſtapha.

What do'ſt hold that old Fellow at? [*Pointing to* Alvarez.
He's tough, and has no Service in his Limbs.
Muſt. I confeſs he's ſomewhat tough; but I ſuppoſe you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thouſand Crowns.
Firſt Mer. Thou mean'ſt a thouſand Marvedi's.
Muſt. Prithee Friend, give me leave to know my own meaning.
Firſt Mer. What Virtues has he to deſerve that price?
Muſt. Marry come up Sir? Virtues quoth ah! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich, What other Virtues wouldſt thou have in a Nobleman?
Firſt Mer. I buy him with another Man's Purſe, that's my comfort. My Lord *Dorax* the Governor will have him at any rate. —— There's Handſel. Come old Fellow, to the Caſtle.
Alvar. To what is miſerable Age reſerv'd! *Aſide.*
But oh the King! And oh the fatal Secret!
Which I have kept thus long to time it better,
And now I wou'd diſcloſe, 'tis paſt my Power. [*Exit with his Maſter.*
Muſt. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter: A Pimp I warrant him, for I am ſure he is an old Courtier. Now to put off t'other remnant of my Merchandiſe. ——
Stir up, Sirrah. [*To* Antonio.
Anton. Dog, what would'ſt thou have!
Muſt. Learn better manners, or I ſhall ſerve you a Dog-trick; Come, down upon all four immediately;
I'll make you know your Rider.
Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horſe of me?
Muſt. Horſe or Aſs, that's as thy Mother made thee. ——But take earneſt in the firſt place for thy Sawcineſs. [*Laſhes him with his Whip.*
Be adviſ'd Friend, and buckle to thy Geers: Behold my Enſign of Royalty diſplay'd over thee.
Ant. I hope one day to uſe thee worſe in *Portugal.*
Muſt. Ay, and good reaſon, Friend, if thou catcheſt me a conquering on thy ſide of the Water, lay me on luſtily, I'll take it as kindly as thou doſt this. ——
Holds up his Whip, Antonio *lying down.*
Hold my dear Thrum-cap: I obey thee chearfully:

I ſee

I ſee the Doctrine of Non-Reſiſtance is never practis'd throughly, but when a Man cant help himſelf.

Enter a Second Merchant.

Second Mer. You, Friend, I wou'd ſee that Fellow do his Poſtures.

Muſtapha *bridling* Antonio.

Now Sirrah follow, for you have Rope enough:
To your paces, Villain, amble, trot, and gallop:——
Quick about there.—— Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your credit.

Antonio *follows, at the end of the Bridle, on his hands and feet, and does all his Poſtures.*

Second Mer. He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good back; that's half in half. [*To* Muſtapha.] I wou'd ſee him ſtrip, has he no Diſeaſes about him?

Muſt. He's the beſt piece of Man's-fleſh in the Market, not an Eye-ſore in his whole Body. Feel his Legs, Maſter, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gall. [*Claps him on the Shoulder.*

Merchant *feeling about him, and then putting his hand to his ſide.*

Out upon him, how his flank heaves! The Whorſon's broken-winded.

Muſt. Thick-breath'd a little: Nothing but a ſorry cold with lying out a Nights in Trenches; but ſound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.
Try him at a looſe trot a little. [*Puts the Bridle into his hand, he ſtroakes him.*

Ant. For Heaven's ſake Owner ſpare me; you know I am but new broken.

Second Mer. 'Tis but a waſhy Jade, I ſee: What do you ask for this Bauble?

Muſt. Bauble do you call him; he's a ſubſtantial true-bred Beaſt; bravely fore-handed; mark but the cleanneſs of his ſhapes too; his Dam may be a Spaniſh Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no skill in Horſe-fleſh. —— Marry I ask Six Hundred Xeriffs for him.

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Muſt. Marry I ask your Reverence Six Hundred Pardons; I was doing you a ſmall piece of Service here, putting off your Chattle for you.

Mufti. And putting the Money into your own Pocket.

Muſt. Upon vulgar reputation, no, my Lord, it was for your profit and emolument. What wrong the Head of my Religion? I was ſenſible you wou'd have damn'd me, or any Man that ſhou'd have injur'd you in a ſingle Farthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Mufti. Sacrilege you mean, Sirrah, —— and damning ſhall be the leaſt part of your puniſhment: I have taken you in the Manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Muſt. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor Man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Mufti. No Sirrah, ſo you may repent, and 'ſcape puniſhment: Did not you ſell this very Slave amongſt the reſt to me, and take Money for him.

Muſt. Right my Lord.

Mufti. And ſelling him again? Take Money twice for the ſame Commodity? Oh, Villain!
But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

Muſt. Why ſhou'd I lye to your Honour, I did know him; and thereupon ſeeing him wander about; took him up for a Stray, and impounded him, with intention to reſtore him to the right Owner.

Mufti. And yet at the ſame time was ſelling him to another: How rarely the ſtory hangs together.

Muſt. Patience, my Lord,
I took him up, as your Heriot, with intention to have made the beſt of him, and then have brought the whole product of him in a Purſe to you; for I know you wou'd have ſpent half of it upon your Pious Pleaſures, have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

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Mufti *to* Antonio. Follow me home Sirrah: [*To* Muſt.] I ſhall remember you ſome other time. [*Exit* Mufti *with* Antonio.

Muſt. I never doubted your Lordſhips Memory, for an ill turn: And I ſhall remember him too in the next riſing of the Mobile, for this act of Reſumption, and more eſpecially for the Ghoſtly Counſel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my ſelf in ſilence, to have ſav'd his Reverence. The beſt on't is, I am beforehand with him, for ſelling one of his Slaves twice over. And if he had not come juſt in the nick, I might have pocketed up t'other: For what ſhould a poor Man do, that gets his living by hard labour, but pray for bad times when he may get it eaſily. Oh, for ſome incomparable Tumult! Then ſhou'd I naturally wiſh, that the beaten Party might prevail, becauſe we have plunder'd t'other ſide already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both rich and poor for their own Int'reſt pray,
'Tis ours to make our Fortunes while we may;
For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every day. } *Exit* Muſtapha.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Suppos'd to be a Terrace Walk, on the ſide of the Caſtle of Alcazar.

Enter Emperor, Benducar.

Emp. AND think'ſt thou not it was diſcover'd?
Bend. No:
The Thoughts of Kings are like Religious Groves,
The Walks of muffled Gods: Sacred retreat,
Where none but whom they pleaſe t'admit, approach.
Emp. Did not my Conſcious Eyes flaſh out a Flame
To lighten thoſe brown horrours, and diſcloſe
The ſecret path I trod?
Bend. I cou'd not find it, 'till you lent a Clue
To that cloſe Labyrinth; how then ſhou'd they?
Emp. I wou'd be loath they ſhou'd; it breeds contempt
For Herds to liſten, or preſume to pry,
When the hurt Lyon groans within his Den:
But is't not ſtrange?
Bend. To love? not more than 'tis to live; a Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in kind,
Familiar as our being.
Emp. Still 'tis ſtrange
To me: I know my Soul as wild as Winds,
That ſweeps the Deſerts of our moving Plains;
Love might as well be ſow'd upon our Sands,
As in a breſt ſo barren:
To love an Enemy, the only One
Remaining too, whom yeſter Sun beheld,
Muſt'ring her Charms, and rolling as ſhe paſt,
By every Squadron her alluring Eyes:
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my ruine.
The ſhouts of Soldiers, and the burſt of Cannon,
Maintain even ſtill a deaf and murm'ring noiſe;
Nor is Heav'n yet recover'd of the ſound
Her Battle rows'd: Yet ſpite of me I love.
Bend. What Then controuls you?
Her Perſon is as proſtrate as her Party.
Emp. A thouſand things controul this Conqueror,
My Native Pride to own th'unworthy Paſſion,
Hazard of Int'reſt, and my People's love:
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd!
What if I had her murder'd? 'tis but what
My Subjects all expect, and ſhe deſerves.

Wou'd

Wou'd not the impoſſibility
Of ever, ever ſeeing, or poſſeſſing
Calm all this rage, this Hurricane of Soul?
Bend. That ever, ever,
I mark'd the double, ſhows extream reluctance
To part with her for ever.
Emp. Right, thou haſt me,
I wou'd but cannot kill: I muſt enjoy her:
I muſt and what I muſt be ſure I will.
What's Royalty but power to pleaſe my ſelf?
And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
And my own Slaves the Sovereigns,——'tis reſolv'd,
Weak Princes flatter when they want the power
To curb their People; tender Plants muſt bend:
But when a Government is grown to ſtrength,
Like ſome old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,
It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to ſullen State.
Bend. Then you reſolve
T'implore her pity, and to beg relief?
Emp. Death, muſt I beg the pity of my Slave?
Muſt a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King;
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that poſſeſſes me:
He tunes the Organs of my Voice, and ſpeaks
Unknown to me within me; puſhes me,
And drives me on by force. —
Say I ſhou'd wed her, wou'd not my wiſe Subjects
Take check, and think it ſtrange? perhaps revolt?
Bend. I hope they wou'd not.
Emp. Then thou doubt'ſt they wou'd? *Bend.* To whom.
Emp. To her
Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to thee.
Bend. [*in diſorder*] To me! me did you mention? how I tremble!
The Name of Treaſon ſhakes my honeſt Soul.
If I am doubted, Sir,
Secure your ſelf this moment, take my Life,
Emp. No more: If I ſuſpected thee —— I would.
Bend. I thank your kindneſs: Guilt had almoſt loſt me! [*Aſide.*
Emp. But clear my doubts: Think'ſt thou they may Rebel.
Bend. [*Aſide.*] This goes as I wou'd wiſh: —— (*To the Emp.*) 'Tis poſſible,
A ſecret Party ſtill remains, that lurks
Like Embers rak'd in Aſhes —— wanting but
A breath to blow aſide th'involving duſt,
And then they blaze abroad.
Emp. They muſt be trampled out. *Bend.* But firſt be known.
Emp. Torture ſhall force it from 'em.
Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the Rack?
Emp. Yes, the whole World; ſo I be ſafe, I care not.
Bend. Our Limbs and Lives
Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.
Emp. All may be Foes; or how to be diſtinguiſh'd,
If ſome be Friends?
Bend. They may with eaſe be winnow'd:
Suppoſe ſome one who has deſerv'd your truſt,
Some one who knows Mankind, ſhould be employ'd
To mix among 'em, ſeem a Malecontent,
And dive into their Breaſts, to try how far
They dare oppoſe your Love?
Emp. I like this well; 'tis wholeſome wickedneſs.
Bend. Whomever he ſuſpects, he faſtens there,
And leaves no cranny of his Soul unſearch'd:
Then like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd venome,
He brings it to your Hive; if ſuch a Man
So able, and ſo honeſt may be found;

If not my project dies.——
Emp. By all my hopes thou haſt deſcrib'd thy ſelf.——
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine,
Thou only could'ſt contrive.
Bend. Sure I could ſerve you;
I think I cou'd: but here's the difficulty,
I'm ſo entirely yours,
That I ſhou'd ſcurvily diſſemble hate;
The cheat wou'd be too groſs.
Emp. Art thou a Stateſman
And canſt not be a Hypocrite? Impoſſible:
Do not diſtruſt thy Virtues.
Bend. If I muſt perſonate this ſeeming Villain,
Remember 'tis to ſerve you.
Emp. No more Words:
Love goads me to *Almeyda*, all Affairs
Are troubleſome but that; and yet that moſt. [*Going.*
Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebaſtian* like a King;
I had forgot him;—— but this Love mars all,
And takes up my whole Breaſt. [*Exit Emperour.*
Bend. (to the *Emp.*) Be ſure I'll tell him.—— [*Alone.*
With all the aggravating Circumſtances
I can, to make him ſwell at that Command,
The Tyrant firſt ſuſpected me:
Then, with a ſudden guſt, he whirl'd about,
And truſted me too far: Madneſs of Pow'r!
Now, by his own conſent I ruine him.
For, ſhou'd ſome feeble Soul, for fear or gain,
Bolt out t'accuſe me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,
And thinks he's in the Secret.
How ſweet is Treaſon when the Traytor's ſafe!
(*Sees the* Mufti *and* Dorax *entring and ſeeming to confer.*)
The *Mufti*, and with him my ſullen *Dorax*,
That firſt is mine already.
'Twas eaſie work to gain a covetous Mind,
Whom rage to loſe his Pris'ners had prepared:
Now, caught himſelf,
He wou'd ſeduce another; I muſt help him:
For Church-men, though they itch to govern all,
Are ſilly, woful, awkward Politicians;
They make lame miſchief, tho' they mean it well:
Their Int'reſt is not finely drawn, and hid,
But ſeams are coarſly bungled up, and ſeen.
Muf. He'll tell you more.
Dor. I've heard enough already
To make me loath thy Morals.
Bend. (to *Dor.*) You ſeem warm:
The Good Man's Zeal, perhaps, has gone too far.
Dor. Not very far; not farther than Zeal goes
Of courſe; a ſmall days journey ſhort of Treaſon.
Muf. By all that's Holy, Treaſon was not nam'd:
I ſpar'd the Emperor's broken Vows to ſave
The Slaves from Death; tho' it was cheating Heav'n,
But I forgave him that.
Dor. And ſlighted o'er [*ſcornfully.*
The Wrongs himſelf ſuſtain'd in Property:
When his bought Slaves were ſeiz'd by force, no loſs
Of his conſider'd, and no coſt repaid.
Muf. Not wholly ſlighted o'er, not abſolutely:
Some modeſt hints of Private Wrongs I urg'd.
Dor. Two thirds of all he ſaid; there he began;
To ſhew the fulneſs of his Heart, there ended:
Some ſhort excurſions of a broken Vow,
He made indeed but flat inſipid ſtuff:

But when he made his loſs the Theme, he flouriſh'd,
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,
And thunder'd at oppreſſing Tyranny.
Muf. Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd ſeize
My Property, 'tis an affront to Heav'n,
Whoſe Perſon, though unworthy, I ſuſtain.
Dor. You've made ſuch ſtrong Alliances above,
That 'twere Profaneneſs in us Laity
To offer Earthly Aid.
I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wiſe,
They wou'd not wag one Finger in your Quarrels.
Your Heav'n you Promiſe, but our Earth you covet.
The Phaetons of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were ſent, by Preaching, but to warm.
Bend. This goes beyond the mark.
Muf. No, let him rail;
His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare Convert.
Dor. Now his Zeal yearns,
To ſee me burnt; he damns me from his Church,
Becauſe I wou'd reſtrain him to his Duty;
Is not the care of Souls a load ſufficient?
Are not your Holy Stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred a-part from worldly noiſe,
To ſtudy Souls, their Cures and their Diſeaſes?
If this be ſo, we ask you but our own:
Give us your whole Imployment, all your care:
The Province of the Soul is large enough
To fill up every Cranny of your time,
And leave you much to anſwer, if one Wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect,
Bend. (to the *Muſti.*) He ſpeaks but reaſon.
Dor. Why then theſe Foreign Thoughts of State-Employments,
Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding?
Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
Bred in the Fellowſhip of bearded Boys,
What wonder is it if you know not Men?
Yet there you live demure, with down-caſt Eyes,
And humble as your Diſcipline requires:
But, when let looſe from thence to live at large,
Your little tincture of Devotion dies:
Then Luxury ſucceeds, and ſet agog
With a new Scene of yet untaſted Joys,
You fall with greedy hunger to the Feaſt.
Of all your College Vertues, nothing now
But your Original Ignorance remains;
Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,
You ſwell, to Counſel Kings and Govern Kingdoms.
Muf. He prates, as if Kings had not Conſciences,
And none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.
Dor. As private Men they want you, not as Kings;
Nor wou'd you care t'inſpect their publick Conſcience,
But that it draws dependencies of Pow'r
And Earthly Intereſt which you long to ſway.
Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
And let this little hanging Ball alone;
For give you but a Foot of Conſcience there
And you, like *Archimedes*, toſs the Globe.
We know your thoughts of us, that Laymen are
Lag Souls, and Rubbiſh of remaining Clay,
Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect work,
Set upright with a little puff of Breath,
And bid us paſs for Men.
Muſt. I will not anſwer,

Baſe foul-mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee
To ſhew my Charity. [*Exit* Mufti.
Dor. Do; but forget not him who needs it moſt:
Allow thy ſelf ſome ſhare: He's gone too ſoon;
I had to tell him of his holy jugglings,
Things that wou'd ſtartle Faith, and make us deem
Not this, or that, but all Religion's falſe.
Bend. Our Holy Orator has loſt the Cauſe: [*Aſide.*
But I ſhall yet redeem it.—(to *Dorax*) let him go;
For I have ſecret Orders from the Emperour,
Which none but you muſt hear: I muſt confeſs
I cou'd have wiſh'd ſome other hand had brought 'em.
When did you ſee your Pris'ner Great *Sebaſtian*?
Dor. You might as well have ask'd me when I ſaw
A creſted Dragon, or a Baſilisk;
Both are leſs Poiſon to my Eyes and Nature.
He knows not I am I; nor ſhall he ſee me
Till time has perfected a lab'ring thought,
That rowls within my Breaſt,
Bend. 'Twas my miſtake:
I gueſs'd indeed that time, and his misfortunes,
And your returning Duty had effac'd
The Mem'ry of paſt Wrongs; they wou'd in me;
And I judg'd you as tame and as forgiving.
Dor. Forgive him! No, I left my fooliſh Faith
Becauſe it would oblige me to forgiveneſs.
Bend. I can but grieve to find you obſtinate:
For you muſt ſee him; tis our Emp'rours will,
And ſtrict Command.
Dor. I laugh at that Command.
Bend. You muſt do more than ſee; ſerve, and reſpect him.
Dor. See, ſerve him, and reſpect, and after all
My yet uncancell'd wrongs, I muſt do this!
But I forget my ſelf.
Bend. Indeed you do.
Dor. The Emp'rour is a ſtranger to my wrongs;
I need but tell my ſtory to revoke
This hard Commiſſion.
Bend. Can you call me Friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to ſpeak, at full
Th'Affronts you had from your ungrateful Maſter?
Dor. And yet enjoyn'd my Service and Attendance?
Bend. And yet enjoyn'd 'em both; wou'd that were all;
He ſcrew'd his Face into a harden'd ſmile,
And ſaid *Sebaſtian* knew to govern Slaves.
Dor. Slaves are the growth of *Africk*, not of *Europe*:
By Heav'n I will not lay down my Commiſſion;
Not at his Foot, I will not ſtoop ſo low;
But if there be a part in all his Face
More Sacred than the reſt, I'll throw it there.
Bend. You may; but then you loſe all future means
Of Vengeance on *Sebaſtian*, when no more
Alcalde of this Fort.
Dor. That thought eſcap'd me.
Bend. Keep your Command, and be reveng'd on both:
Nor ſooth your ſelf; you have no pow'r t'affront him;
The Emp'rour's Love protects him from inſults.
And he, who ſpoak that proud ill-natur'd Word,
Following the bent of his impetuous temper,
May force your reconcilement to *Sebaſtian*:
Nay, bid you kneel, and kiſs th'offending Foot,
That kick'd you from his Preſence.
But think not to divide their puniſhment;
You cannot touch a Hair of loath'd *Sebaſtian*,

While *Muley-Moluch* lives.
Dor. What means this Riddle?
Bend. 'Tis out; there needs no *Oedipus* to ſolve it.
Our Emp'rour is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated;
I ſcarce remember in his Reign, one day
Paſs guiltleſs o'er his execrable head.
He thinks the Sun is loſt that ſees not Blood:
When none is ſhed we count it Holiday.
We, who are moſt in favour, cannot call
This hour our own:——you know the younger Brother
Mild *Muley-Zeydan*.——
Dor. Hold, and let me think.
Bend. The Soldiers Idolize you,
He truſts you with the Caſtle,
The Key of all his Kingdam.
Dor. Well; and he truſts you too.
Bend. Elſe I were mad,
To hazard ſuch a daring Enterprize.
Dor. He truſts us both; mark that, ſhall we betray him?
A Maſter who repoſes Life and Empire
On our fidelity: I grant he is a Tyrant,
That hated Name my Nature moſt abhors;
More, as you ſay, has loaded me with ſcorn:
Ev'n with the laſt contempt, to ſerve *Sebaſtian*.
Yet more I know he vacates my revenge,
Which but by this revolt I cannot compaſs:
But, while he truſts me were ſo baſe a part
To fawn and yet betray, I ſhou'd be hiſs'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.
Bend. Conſider well what I have done for you.
Dor. Conſider thou what thou would'ſt have me do.
Bend. You've too much Honour for a Renegade.
Dor. And thou too little Faith to be a Fav'rite.
Is not the Bread thou eat'ſt, the Robe thou wear'ſt,
Thy Wealth and Honours, all the pure indulgence
Of him thou would'ſt deſtroy?
And wou'd his Creature, nay, his Friend betray him?
Why then no Bond is left on Humane Kind:
Diſtruſts, Debates, immortal Strifes enſue;
Children may Murder Parents, Wives their Husbands;
All muſt be Rapine, Wars, and Deſolation,
When Truſt and Gratitude no longer bind.
Bend. Well have you argued in your own defence:
You, who have burſt aſunder all thoſe Bonds,
And turn'd a Rebel to your Native Prince.
Dor. True, I rebell'd; but when did I betray?
Indignities, which Man cou'd not ſupport,
Provok'd my Vengeance to this Noble Crime,
But he had ſtrip'd me firſt of my Command,
Diſmiſs'd my Service, and abſolv'd my Faith;
And, with diſdainful Language, dar'd my worſt,
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd,
Elſe had you ſeen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonza*,
With his couch'd Lance againſt your foremoſt *Moors*
Perhaps too turn'd the Fortune of the Day;
Made *Africk* Mourn, and *Portugal* Triumph.
Bend. Let me Embrace thee.
Dor. Stand off Sycophant,
And keep Infection diſtant.
Bend. Brave and honeſt. *Dor.* In ſpight of thy Temptations.
Bend. Call 'em Tryal's;
They were no more; thy Faith was held in Balance,
And nicely weigh'd by jealouſie of Pow'r;
Vaſt was the Truſt of ſuch a Royal Charge;

And our wiſe Emperour, might juſtly fear
Sebaſtian might be freed and reconcil'd,
By new Obligements to thy former Love.
Dor. I doubt thee ſtill; thy Reaſons were too ſtrong,
And driven too near the Head, to be but Artifice.
And after all I know thou art a Stateſman,
Where Truth is rarely found.
Bend. Behold the Emperour;
Enter Emp. Seb. *and* Almeyda.
Ask him, I beg thee, to be juſtified,
If he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul,
And try the footing whether falſe or firm.
Dor. Death to my Eyes, I ſee *Sebaſtian* with him!
Muſt he be ſerv'd! Avoid him, if we meet,
It muſt be like the cruſh of Heav'n and Earth,
T'involve us both in ruine. [*Exit* Dorax.
Bend. 'Twas a bare ſaving Game I made with *Dorax*,
But better ſo than loſt; he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd; I muſt ruine him.
But now this Love; ay, there's the gath'ring Storm!
The Tyrant muſt not wed *Almeyda*; no,
That ruines all the Fabrick I am raiſing.
Yet ſeeming to approve it gave me time,
And gaining time gains all.
(Benducar *goes and waits behind the* Emperour.)
(*The* Emperour, Sebaſtian, *and* Almeyda *advance to the Front of the Stage.*)
Guards and Attendants.
Emp. to *Seb.* I bad 'em ſerve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my Lyons keen within their Dens,
To ſtop their Maws with diſobedient Slaves.
Seb. If I had Conquer'd,
They cou'd not have with more obſervance waited:
Their Eyes, Hands, Feet,
Are all ſo quick, they ſeem t'have but one motion,
To catch my flying Words. Only the *Alcade*
Shuns me, and with a grim Civility,
Bows, and declines my Walks.
Emp. A Renegade:
I know not more of him; but that he's brave,
And hates your Chriſtian Sect. If you can frame
A farther wiſh, give wing to your deſires,
And name the thing you want.
Seb. My Liberty:
For were ev'n Paradiſe it ſelf my Priſon,
Still I ſhou'd long to leap the Chryſtal Walls.
Emp. Sure our two Souls have ſomewhere been acquainted,
In former Beings; or ſtruck out together,
One ſpark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal.*
Expect a quick deliverance; (turning to *Alm.*) here's a third,
Of kindred Soul to both: Pity our Stars
Have made us Foes! I ſhou'd not wiſh her Death.
Alm. I ask no pity; if I thought my Soul
Of kin to thine, ſoon wou'd I rend my Heart-ſtrings,
And tear out that Alliance: But thou Viper
Haſt cancell'd Kindred, made a rent in Nature,
And through her Holy Bowels gnaw'd thy way,
Through thy own Blood to Empire.
Emp. This again;
And yet ſhe lives; and only lives t'upbraid me.
Seb. What Honour is there in a Woman's Death!
Wrong'd, as ſhe ſays, but helpleſs to revenge;
Strong in her Paſſion, impotent of Reaſon,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be deſtroy'd.
Mark her Majeſtick Fabrick; She's a Temple

Sacred

Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands Divine;
Her Soul's the Deity, that lodges there:
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.
Emp. She's all that thou canſt ſay, or I can think.
But the perverſeneſs of her clam'rous Tongue
Strikes Pity deaf.
Seb. Then only hear her Eyes;
Though they are mute they plead; nay more, command;
For Beauteous Eyes have Arbitrary Power.
All Females have Prerogative of Sex,
The She's even of the Salvage Herd are ſafe:
All when they ſnarl or bite, have no return
But Courtſhip from the Male.
Emp. Were She not She, and I not *Muley-Moluch*,
She's Miſtreſs of Inevitable Charms,
For all but me; nor am I ſo exempt,
But that-----I know not what I was to ſay------
But I am too obnoxious to my Friends;
And ſway'd by your Advice.
Seb. Sir, I advis'd not.
By Heav'n, I never Counſel'd Love but Pity.
Emp. By Heav'n thou didſt; deny it not, thou didſt:
For what was all that prodigality
Of praiſe, but to enflame me!
Seb. Sir------ *Emp.* No more:
Thou haſt convinc'd me, that ſhe's worth my Love.
Seb. Was ever Man ſo ruin'd by himſelf! [*Aſide.*
Alm. Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd
To ſpeak a Word ſo ſoft:
Name Death again, for that thou canſt pronounce
With horrid Grace, becoming of a Tyrant.
Love is for Humane Hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute Beaſt extinguiſhes the Man.
Emp. Such, if I were, yet rugged Lyons love,
And grapple, and compel their ſavage Dames--------
Mark, my *Sebaſtian*, how that ſullen frown, [*She frowns.*
Like flaſhing Lightning opens angry Heaven;
And while it kills delights. But yet, inſult not
Too ſoon, proud Beauty, I confeſs no love.
Seb. No, Sir, I ſaid ſo, and I witneſs for you,
Not Love, but Noble Pity, mov'd your Mind:
Int'reſt might urge you too to ſave her Life;
For thoſe who wiſh her Party loſt, might murmur
At ſhedding Royal Blood.
Emp. Right, thou inſtruct'ſt me;
Int'reſt of State requires not Death, but Marriage;
T'unite the jarring Titles of our Line.
Seb. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Aſide.*
Like Wild-fire thrown againſt the Wind, returns
With double force to burn me.
Emp. Cou'd I but bend to make my beauteous Foe
The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed.
Alm. Still thou diſſembleſt, but I read thy Heart,
And know the Power of my own Charms; thou lov'ſt,
And I am pleas'd for my revenge thou doſt.
Emp. And thou haſt cauſe.
Alm. I have; for I have power to make thee wretched.
Be ſure I will, and yet deſpair of freedom.
Emp. Well then, I love,------
And 'tis below my Greatneſs to diſown it:
Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too;
Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,
Through the parch'd Deſarts, and the ſcorching Sands,
T'enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd to kill thee.

Alm. 'Tis a falſe Courage, when thou threat'neſt me;
Thou canſt not ſtir a hand to touch my Life:
Do not I ſee thee tremble while thou ſpeak'ſt?
Lay by the Lyon's Hide, vain Conqueror,
And take the Diſtaff; for thy Soul's my Slave.
Emp. Confuſion! How thou vieweſt my very Heart!
I cou'd as ſoon,
Stop a Spring-Tide blown in, with my bare hand,
As this impetuous Love:------Yes, I will wed thee;
In ſpight of thee, and of my ſelf I will.
Alm. For what? to People *Africk* with Monſters,
Which that unnatural mixture muſt produce?
No, were we joyn'd, ev'n tho' it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided Flame ſhou'd break from thine.
Emp. Serpent I will engender Poyſon with thee;
Joyn Hate with Hate, add Venome to the Birth;
Our Off-ſpring, like the Seed of Dragons Teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death.
Alm. I'm calm again thou canſt not marry me.
Emp. As gleams of Sun-ſhine ſoften ſtorms to ſhowers,
So if you ſmile, the Loudneſs of my Rage
In gentle Whiſpers ſhall return, but this------
That nothing can divert my Love, but Death.
Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Chriſtian;
'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief,
Wrongs I reſent, nor pardon yet with eaſe:
Thoſe Fruits come late, and are of ſlow encreaſe
In haughty Hearts, like mine: Now tell thy ſelf
If this one Word deſtroy not thy Deſigns:
Thy Law permits thee not to marry me.
Emp. 'Tis but a ſpecious Tale, to blaſt my hopes,
And baffle my pretenſions. Speak, *Sebaſtian*,
And as a King ſpeak true.
Seb. Then, thus adjur'd,
On a King's Word 'tis Truth, but Truth ill-tim'd;
For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;
Unleſs you wholly can put on Divinity,
And graciouſly forgive.
Alm. Now learn by this,
The little value I have left for Life,
And trouble me no more.
Emp. I thank thee, Woman,
Thou haſt reſtor'd me to my Native Rage;
And I will ſeize my happineſs by force.
Seb. Know *Muley-Moluch* when thou dar'ſt attempt.
Emp. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to uſe
A Conqueror's right, and therefore charge thy ſilence.
If thou wou'd'ſt merit to be thought my Friend,
I leave thee to perſwade her to compliance:
If not, there's a new guſt in Raviſhment,
Which I have never try'd.
Bend. They muſt be watch'd; [*Aſide.*
For ſomething I obſerv'd creates a doubt. [*Exit* Emp. *and* Bend.
Seb. I've been too tame, have baſely born my Wrongs,
And not exerted all the King within me;
I heard him, O ſweet Heavens, he threat'ned Rape;
Nay inſolently urg'd me to perſwade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;
For whom I ſuffer Life, and drag this Being.
Alm. You turn my Priſon to a Paradiſe;
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Priſon:
In all your Wars good Fortune flew before you;

Sublime

Sublime you ſate in Triumph on her Wheel;
Till in my fatal Cauſe your Sword was drawn;
The weight of my misfortunes drag'd you down.
Seb. And is't not ſtrange, that Heav'n ſhou'd bleſs my Arms
In common Cauſes, and deſert the beſt?
Now in your greateſt, laſt extremity,
When I wou'd aid you moſt, and moſt deſire it,
I bring but Sighs, the Succors of a Slave.
Alm. Leave then the Luggage of your Fate behind,
To make your flight more eaſie, leave *Almeyda*.
Nor think me left a baſe, ignoble Prey,
Expos'd to this inhumane Tyrant's Luſt;
My Virtue is a Guard beyond my ſtrength:
And Death, my laſt defence within my call.
Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants can tye him up from your relief:
Nor has a Chriſtian privilege to die.
Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith;
Brutus and *Cato* might diſcharge their Souls,
And give Furlo's for another World:
But we, like Centry's, are oblig'd to ſtand
In Starleſs nights, and wait the pointed hour.
Alm. If ſhunning ill be good
To thoſe who cannot ſhun it but by Death:
Divines but peep on undiſcover'd Worlds,
And draw the diſtant Landſhape as they pleaſe:
But who has e'er return'd from thoſe Bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws?
I'll venture Landing on that happy Shore
With an unſully'd Body and white Mind;
If I have err'd, ſome kind Inhabitant
Will pity a ſtray'd Soul, and take me home.
Seb. Beware of Death, thou canſt not die unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccompliſh'd Love behind:
Thy Vows are mine; nor will I quit my claim:
The tye of Minds are but imperfect Bonds,
Unleſs the Bodies joyn to Seal the Contract.
Alm. What Joys can you poſſeſs, or can I give?
Where groans of Death ſucceed the ſighs of Love.
Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe;
But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds
His dropping Torch, extinguiſh'd with his Tears.
Sebaſt. The God of Love ſtands ready to revive it
With his Æthereal breath.
Alm. 'Tis late to joyn, when we muſt part ſo ſoon.
Seb. Nay, rather let us haſte it, e'er we part:
Our Souls for want of that acquaintance here,
May wander in the Starry Walks above,
And, forc'd on worſe Companions, miſs our ſelves.
Alm. The Tyrant will not long be abſent hence;
And ſoon I ſhall be raviſh'd from your Arms.
Seb. Wilt thou thy ſelf become the greater Tyrant,
And give not Love, while thou haſt Love to give?
In dangerous Days when Riches are a Crime,
The Wiſe betimes make over their Eſtates:
Make o'er thy Honour, by a Deed of Truſt,
And give me Seizure of the mighty Wealth.
Alm. What ſhall I do! O teach me to refuſe!
I wou'd; and yet I tremble at the grant.
For dire Preſages 'fright my Soul by day,
And boding Viſions haunt my nightly Dreams:
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the groans of Ghoſts;
Thin, hollow ſounds, and lamentable ſcreams;
Then like a dying Echo, from afar,

My Mothers Voice, that crys, Wed not *Almeyda!*
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.
Seb. Some envious *Dæmon*, to delude our Joys;
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis Sinful Love.
Alm. Mine is a Flame ſo Holy and ſo clear,
That the white Taper leaves no ſoot behind;
No ſmoak of Luſt; but chaſt as Siſters Love,
When coldly they return a Brother's Kiſs,
Without the Zeal that meets at Lovers Mouths.
Seb. Laugh then at fond Preſages; I had ſome;
Fam'd *Noſtradamus*, when he took my Horoſcope,
Foretold my Father I ſhou'd Wed with Inceſt:
E'er this unhappy War my Mother died;
And Siſters I had none: Vain Augury!
A long Religious Life, a Holy Age,
My Stars aſſign'd me too; impoſſible.
For how can Inceſt ſuit with Holineſs,
Or Prieſtly Orders with a Princely State?
Alm. Old venerable *Alvarez!*-----(ſighing.)
Seb. But why that ſigh in naming that Good Man?
Alm. Your Father's Counſellor and Confident-----
Seb. He was; and, if he lives, my ſecond Father.
Alm. Mark'd our farewel, when going to the fight,
You gave *Almeyda* for the Word of Battle;
'Twas in that fatal moment, he diſcover'd
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it; though my Eyes ſtood full of Tears,
Yet through the Miſt I ſaw him ſtedfaſt gaze;
Then knock'd his aged breaſt, and inward groan'd;
Like ſome ſad Prophet, that foreſaw the doom
Of thoſe, whom beſt he lov'd, and cou'd not ſave.
Seb. It ſtartles me! and brings to my remembrance,
That, when the ſhock of Battle was begun,
He wou'd have much complain'd (but had not time)
Of our hid Paſſion; then, with lifted hands,
He beg'd me by my Fathers Sacred Soul,
Not to eſpouſe you, if he died in fight;
For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerors,
He had ſuch things to urge againſt our Marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my Sword in Battle;
And daſtardize my Courage.
Alm. My Blood cruddles;
And cakes about my Heart.
Seb. I'll breath a ſigh, ſo warm into thy Boſom,
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not
Thou art a Chriſtian, that produc'd his fear;
Leſt thou ſhou'd'ſt ſooth my Soul with Charms ſo ſtrong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak.
Alm. There muſt be more;
This cou'd not blunt your Sword.
Seb. Yes, if I drew it, with a curſt intent,
To take a Misbeliever to my Bed,
It muſt be ſo.
Alm. Yet------
Seb. No, thou ſhalt not plead
With that fair Mouth, againſt the Cauſe of Love.
Within this Caſtle is a Captive Prieſt,
My Holy Confeſſor, whoſe free acceſs
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd;
This happy hour his hands ſhall make us one.
Alm. I go, with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,
To lead my way; half loath and half conſenting.
If, as my Soul forebodes, ſome dire event
Purſue this Union, or ſome Crime unknown,

Forgive

Forgive me Heav'n, and all ye Bleſt above,
Excuſe the frailty of unbounded Love. [*Exeunt Ambo.*

SCENE II.

Suppos'd a Garden, with Lodging Rooms behind it; or on the ſides.

Enter Mufti, Antonio *as a Slave, and* Johayma *the* Mufti's *Wife.*

Muf. And how do you like him, look upon him well; he's a perſonable Fellow, of a Chriſtian Dog. Now I think you are fitted, for a Gardiner: Ha, what ſay'ſt thou *Johayma?*

Joh. He may make a ſhift to ſow Lettice, raiſe Melons, and water a Garden-Plat. But otherwiſe a very filthy Fellow; how odiouſly he ſmells of his Country Garlick! fough, how he ſtinks of *Spain.*

Muf. Why Honey-bird I bought him a purpoſe for thee: Didſt not thou ſay thou Long'dſt for a Chriſtian Slave?

Joh. Ay, but the ſight of that loathſome Creature has almoſt cur'd me: And how can I tell that he's a Chriſtian? And he were well ſearch'd he may prove a *Jew* for ought I know.

And beſides, I have always long'd for an Eunuch; for they ſay that's a Civil Creature, and almoſt as harmleſs as your ſelf, Husband: Speak Fellow, are not you ſuch a kind of peaceable thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own Country; and not very peaceable neither when I am well provok'd.

Muf. To your Occupation Dog; bind up the Jeſſamines in yond Arbor, and handle your pruning Knife with dexterity; tightly I ſay, go tightly to your buſineſs; you have coſt me much, and muſt earn it in your work; here's plentiful Proviſion for you, Raſcal, Sallating in the Garden, and Water in the Tank, and on Holydays the licking of a platter of Rice, when you deſerve it.

Joh. What have you been bred up to, Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my Service?

Antonio *making Legs.*

Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Ladies Service.

I can play upon the Flute, and Sing; I can carry your Umbrella, and fan your Ladyſhip, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no Service either by day or night ſhall come amiſs to me; and beſides, am of ſo quick an apprehenſion, that you need but wink upon me at any time, to make me underſtand my duty. [*She winks at him.*

Ant. Very fine, ſhe has tip't the wink already.----- [*Aſide.*

Joh. The Whelp may come to ſomething in time, when I have enter'd him into his buſineſs.

Muf. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his fawning, you muſt be taught your diſtance, Sirrah. [*Strikes him.*

Joh. Hold, hold.———

He has deſerv'd it I confeſs; but for once let his ignorance plead his pardon; we muſt not diſcourage a beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity, ev'n to Birds and Beaſts; here you filthy brute you;-----take this little Alms to buy you plaiſters. [*Gives him a piece of Money.*

Ant. Money and a Love-pinch in the inſide of my palm into the bargain. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Benducar* is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace-Gate.

Muf. Come in, *Johayma*, regulate the reſt of my Wives and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his work.

Joh. How ſtupidly he ſtares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I ſhall teach you, Sirrah, to know your buſineſs a little better.——This way you aukward Raſcal, here lies the Arbour, muſt I be ſhewing you eternally? [*Turning him about.*

Muf. Come away Minion; you ſhall ſhew him nothing.

Joh. I'll but bring him into the Arbour, where a Roſe-tree and a Myrtle are juſt falling for want of a prop; if they were bound together they wou'd help to keep up one another.——He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him.

Muf.

Muf. No more deeds of Charity to day; come in, or I ſhall think you a little better diſpos'd than I could wiſh you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my Paſtor.

Muf. So you may caſt a ſheeps-eye behind you: In before me. And you Sawcineſs, mind your pruning Knife; or I may chance to uſe it for you.

Exeunt Mufti *and* Johayma.

Ant. (*alone.*) Thank you for that; but I am in no ſuch haſte to be made a Muſulman. For his Wedlock, for all her haughtineſs, I find her coming. How far a Chriſtian ſhou'd reſiſt, I partly know; but how far a lewd young Chriſtian can reſiſt is another queſtion. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily neceſſity: Now have I a ſtrange temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family: I am not far from the Women's apartment I am ſure; and if theſe Birds are within diſtance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. (*Pulls out his Flute.*) If there be variety of Moors-fleſh in this Holy Market, 'twere madneſs to lay out all my Money upon the firſt Bargain. [*He Plays.*

A Grate opens, and Morayma, *the* Mufti's *Daughter, appears at it.*

Ant. Ay, there's an Apparition! This is a Morſel worthy of a *Mufti*; this is the reliſhing Bit in ſecret; this is the Myſtery of his Alcoran, that muſt be reſerv'd from the knowledge of the prophane Vulgar. This is his Holyday Devotion; ſee, ſhe beckons too. — [*She beckons to him.*

Mor. Come a little nearer, and ſpeak ſoftly.

Ant. I come, I come, I warrant thee; the leaſt twinckle had brought me to thee; ſuch another kind ſyllable or two, wou'd turn me to a Meteor and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not ſpeak, for fear of being over heard; but if you think my Perſon worth your hazard, and can deſerve my Love —— the reſt this Note ſhall tell you — (*throws down a Handkerchief*) No more, my Heart goes with you. [*Exit from the Grate.*

Ant. O thou pretty little Heart, art thou flown hither? I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the new Neſt: But now for my Treaſure-trove, that's wrapt up in the Handkerchief: No peeping here, though I long to be ſpelling her *Arabick* Scrawls and Pot-hooks. But I muſt carry off my Prize, as Robbers do; and not think of ſharing the Booty, before I am free from danger, and out of eye-ſhot from the other Windows. If her Wit be as poynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave. Our Northern Beauties are meer dough to theſe; inſipid white Earth, meer Tobacco-pipe-clay; with no more Soul and Motion in 'em than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens, and ſublimes
The well-bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes.
Our Cupid's but a Bungler in his Trade;
His keeneſt Arrows are in *Africk* made. [*Exit* Antonio.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Terras-walk; or ſome other Publick Place in the Caſtle of Alcazar.

Enter Emperor Muley-Moluch, Benducar.

Emp. MArry'd! I'll not believe it; 'tis impoſture;
Improbable they ſhou'd preſume t'attempt,
Impoſſible they ſhou'd effect their wiſh.

Bend. Have patience till I clear it.

Emp. I have none:
Go bid our moving Plains of Sand lie ſtill,
And ſtir not, when the ſtormy South blows high:
From top to bottom thou haſt toſs'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the madneſs of the Whirl,
Requir'ſt a ſudden ſtop? unſay thy lye,
That may in time do ſomewhat.

Bend. I have done:
For, ſince it pleaſes you it ſhou'd be forg'd
'Tis fit it ſhou'd: Far be it from your Slave,

To

To raiſe diſturbance in your Sacred Breaſt.
Emp. *Sebaſtian* is my Slave as well as thou;
Nor durſt offend my Love, but that Preſumption-----
Bend. Moſt ſure he ought not.
Emp. Then all means were wanting;
No Prieſt, no Ceremonies of their Sect:
Or, grant we theſe defects cou'd be ſupply'd,
How cou'd our Prophet do an act ſo baſe,
So to reſume his Gifts, and Curſe my Conqueſts.
By making me unhappy! No the Slave
That told thee ſo abſurd a ſtory, ly'd.
Bend. Yet till this moment I have found him faithful:
He ſaid he ſaw it too.
Emp. Diſpatch; what ſaw he?
Bend. Truth is, conſidering with what earneſtneſs,
Sebaſtian pleaded for *Almeyda*'s Life,
Inhanc'd her Beauty, dwelt upon her praiſe,——
Emp. O ſtupid, and unthinking as I was!
I might have mark'd it too; 'twas groſs and palpable!
Bend. Methought I trac'd a Love ill-diſguiſed;
And ſent my ſpy, a ſharp obſerving Slave,
T'inform me better, if I gueſs'd aright.
He told me, that he ſaw *Sebaſtian*'s Page
Run croſs the Marble Square; who ſoon return'd,
And after him there lag'd a puffing Fryar;
Cloſe wrap'd he bore ſome ſecret Inſtrument
Of Chriſtian Superſtition in his hand:
My Servant follow'd faſt, and through a chink,
Perceiv'd the Royal Captives hand in hand;
And heard the hooded Father mumbling charms,
That make thoſe Misbelievers Man and Wife.
Which done, the Spouſes kiſs'd with ſuch a fervour,
And gave ſuch furious earneſt of their Flames,
That their Eyes ſparkled, and their mantling Blood
Flew fluſhing o'er their Faces.
Emp. Hell confound 'em!
Bend. The Reverend Father, with a Holy leer,
Saw he might well be ſpar'd, and ſoon withdrew:
This forc'd my Servant to a quick retreat,
For fear to be diſcover'd; gueſs the reſt.
Emp. I do. My fancy is too exquiſite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd bliſs.
Some Earthquake ſhou'd have riſen and rent the ground,
Have ſwallow'd him, and left the longing Bride,
In Agony of unaccompliſh'd Love. [*Walks diſorderly.*

Enter the Mufti.

Bend. In an unlucky hour [*Aſide.*
That Fool intrudes, raw in this great Affair,
And uninſtructed how to ſtem the Tide.

Coming up to the Mufti. (*Aſide.*)

The Emp'ror muſt not marry, nor enjoy:
Keep to that Point; ſtand firm, for all's at ſtake.
Emp. (*ſeeing him.*) You, Druggerman of Heaven, muſt I attend
Your droaning Prayers? Why came you not before?
Doſt thou not know the Captive King has dar'd
To wed *Almeyda?* Cancel me that Marriage,
And make her mine; about the buſineſs, quick.
Expound thy *Mahomet*, make him ſpeak my Senſe,
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Mufti*,
Unleſs thou know'ſt the trick of thy Vocation,
To wreſt and rend the Law to pleaſe thy Prince.
Muf. Why, verily the Law is monſtrous plain;
There's not one doubtful Text in all the Alchoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your Project.

Emp.

Emp. Forge one, and foiſt it into ſome by-place,
Of ſome old rotten Roll; do't, I command thee:
Muſt I teach thee thy Trade?
Muf. It cannot be.
For Matrimony being the deareſt point
Of Law, the People have it all by Heart;
A Cheat on Procreation will not paſs.
Beſides the Offence is ſo exorbitant, [*In a higher Tone.*
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,
That ſpeedy Vengeance wou'd purſue your Crime,
And Holy *Mahomet* launch himſelf from Heav'n,
Before th'unready Thunderbolt were form'd.
Emperor taking him by the Throat with one hand, ſnatches out his Sword with the other, and points it to his Breaſt.
Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this Pomp and Pow'r
To Preach againſt my Will? Know, I am Law;
And thou, not *Mahomet*'s Meſſenger, but mine:
Make it, I charge thee, make my Pleaſure Lawful:
Or, firſt I ſtrip thee of thy Ghoſtly Greatneſs,
Then ſend thee Poſt, to tell thy Tale above;
And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet
Of Juſtice done below for Diſobedience.
Muft. For Heaven's ſake hold, the reſpite of a Moment,——
To think for you.
Emp. And for thy ſelf.-----
Muf. For both.
Bend. Diſgrace, and Death, and Avarice have loſt him! [*Aſide.*
Muf. 'Tis true our Law forbids to wed a Chriſtian;
But it forbids you not to Raviſh her.
You have a Conquerors right upon your Slave;
And then, the more deſpight you do a Chriſtian,
You ſerve the Prophet more who loaths that Sect.
Emp. Oh now it mends; and you talk reaſon, *Mufti.*
But ſtay! I promiſed freedom to *Sebaſtian.*
Now ſhou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul
Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.
Muf. Kill him, for then you give him Liberty,
His Soul is from his earthly Priſon freed.
Emp. How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman
So learn'd and plyant to expound his Laws.
Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your Prudence.
Emp. Be brief; but let not either thwart my Love.
Bend. Firſt, ſince our Holy Man has made Rape Lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to force:
Why ſhou'd you pluck the green diſtaſteful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it ſelf, and fall?
Emp. Grant her a day; though that's too much to give
Out of a Life which I devote to Love.
Bend. Then next, to bar
All future hopes of her deſir'd *Sebaſtian,*
Let *Dorax* be enjoyn'd to bring his head.
Emp. (to the *Muf.*) Go *Mufti,* call him to receive his Orders. [*Exit* Mufti.
I taſte thy Counſel, her deſires new rouz'd,
And yet unſlak'd, will kindle in her fancy,
And make her eager to renew the Feaſt.
Bend. (Aſide.) Dorax, I know before will diſobey:
There's a Foes head well cropt.——
But this hot Love precipitates my Plot;
And brings it to projection e'er its time.
Enter Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda, *hand in hand; upon ſight of the Emperor, they ſeparate and ſeem diſturb'd.*
Alm. He breaks at unawares, upon our Walks,
And like a mid-night Wolf invades the Fold:

Make

Make ſpeedy Preparation of your Soul,
And bid it arm a-pace: He comes for anſwer.
And brutal miſchief ſits upon his brow.
Seb. Not the laſt Sounding cou'd Surprize me more,
That Summons drowzy Mortals to their Doom,
When call'd in haſte they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their charge:
My Senſe has been ſo deeply plung'd in Joys,
The Soul out-ſlept her hour; and ſcarce awake,
Wou'd think too late, and cannot! But brave Minds
At worſt can dare their Fate. ——
Emperor coming up to them.
Emp. Have you perform'd
Your Embaſſy, and treated with ſucceſs?
Seb. I had not time.
Emp. No, not for my Affairs,
But for your own too much.
Seb. You talk in Clouds, explain your meaning, Sir.
Emp. Explain yours firſt: What meant you hand in hand,
And when you ſaw me, with a guilty ſtart,
You loos'd your hold, affrighted at my Preſence?
Seb. Affrighted? *Emp.* Yes, aſtoniſh'd, and confounded.
Seb. What mak'ſt thou of thy ſelf, and what of me?
Art thou ſome Ghoſt, ſome Demon, or ſome God,
That I ſhou'd ſtand aſtoniſh'd at thy ſight?
If thou cou'dſt deem ſo meanly of my Courage,
Why didſt thou not engage me Man for Man,
And try the Virtue of that *Gorgon* Face,
To ſtare me into Statue?
Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at firſt, as if ſurpriz'd
At unexpected baſeneſs brought to light.
For know, ungrateful Man, that Kings like Gods,
Are every where; walk in th'abyſs of Minds,
And view the dark receſſes of the Soul.
Seb. Baſe and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor till this turn of Fate, durſt thou have call'd me:
But, ſince thou boaſt'ſt th'Omniſcience of a God,
Say in what cranny of *Sebaſtian*'s Soul,
Unknown to me, ſo loath'd a Crime is lodg'd?
Emp. Thou haſt not broke my truſt repos'd in thee?
Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that falſhood.
Emp. Thou art not Marry'd to *Almeyda*? *Seb.* Yes.
Emp. And own'ſt the Uſurpation of my Love?
Seb. I own it in the Face of Heav'n and thee,
No Uſurpation, but a Lawful Claim,
Of which I ſtand poſſeſt.
Emp. Sh'has choſen well,
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.
Alm. Betwixt a Monſter and the beſt of Men.
He was the envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their ſighing Queens deſpis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters bluſh'd when he was nam'd.
To ſhare his Noble Chains is more to me,
Than all the Salvage Greatneſs of thy Throne.
Seb. Were I to chooſe again, and knew my Fate,
For ſuch a Night I wou'd be what I am.
The Joys I have poſſeſt are ever mine;
Out of thy reach, behind Eternity,
Hid in the Sacred Treaſure of the paſt;
But bleſt remembrance brings 'em hourly back.
Emp. Hourly indeed, who haſt but hours to live:
O mighty purchaſe of a boaſted Bliſs!
To dream of what thou had'ſt one Fugitive Night,

And never ſhalt have more.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canſt part us but a moment;——
We ſhall be one again in thy deſpight:
Life is but Air,
That yields a paſſage to the whiſtling Sword,
And cloſes when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better die than cloſe embrac'd,
Sucking each others Souls while we expire?
Which ſo transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The Saints deceiv'd, ſhall by a ſweet miſtake,
Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwiſt you:
I have occaſion for your ſtay on Earth:
Let him mount firſt, and beat upon the Wing,
And wait an Age for what I here detain.
Or ſicken at immortal Joys above,
And languiſh for the Heav'n he left below.

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has joyn'd?

Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten link,
And rivet one to laſt.
Think'ſt thou I come to argue Right and Wrong?
Why lingers *Dorax* thus? Where are my Guards,
[Benducar *goes out for the Guards, and returns.*
To drag that Slave to Death? [*Pointing to* Sebaſtian.
Now ſtorm and rage,
Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defie him
For wanting Power to ſave thee.

Seb. That were to gratifie thy Pride: I'll ſhew thee
How a Man ſhou'd, and how a King dare die:
So even, that my Soul ſhall walk with eaſe
Out of its fleſh, and ſhut out Life as calmly
As it does Words; without a ſigh to note
One ſtruggle in the ſmooth diſſolving frame.

Almeyda *to the* Emperor.

Expect Revenge from Heav'n, inhumane Wretch;
Nor hope t'aſcend *Sebaſtian*'s Holy Bed.
Flames, Daggers, Poyſons, guard the Sacred ſteps;
Thoſe are the promis'd Pleaſures of my Love.

Emp. And theſe might fright another, but not me.
Or me, if I deſign'd to give you pleaſure?
I ſeek my own, and while that laſts, you live.

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the Captive to a ſpeedy Death,
And ſet my Soul at eaſe.

Alm. I charge you hold; ye Miniſters of Death.
Speak my *Sebaſtian*;
Plead for thy Life: Oh, ask it of the Tyrant;
'Tis no diſhonour, truſt me, Love, 'tis none:
I wou'd die for thee, but I cannot plead;
My haughty Heart diſdains it, ev'n for thee.
Still ſilent! Will the King of *Portugal*
Go to his Death, like a dumb Sacrifice?
Beg him to ſave my Life in ſaving thine.

Seb. Farewel, my Life's not worth another Word.

Emp. (to the Guards.) Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay take my farewel too:
Farewel the Greatneſs of *Almeyda*'s Soul!
Look Tyrant, what exceſs of Love can do,
It pulls me down thus low, as to thy Feet; [*Kneels to him.*
Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing Hands,
Which bliſter when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,
Thus far I can to ſave *Sebaſtian*'s Life.

Emp. A ſecret Pleaſure trickles through my Veins;
It works about the inlets of my Soul!

To feel thy touch; and pity tempts the paſs;
But the tough mettle of my Heart reſiſts;
'Tis warm'd with the ſoft Fire, not melted down.
Alm. A flood of ſcalding Tears will make it run,
Spare him; Oh ſpare; can you pretend to Love,
And have no pity? Love and that are Twins.
Here will I grow;
Thus compaſs you with theſe ſupplanting Cords,
And pull ſo long till the proud Fabrick falls.
Emp. Still kneel, and ſtill embrace; 'tis double pleaſure
So to be hugg'd and ſee *Sebaſtian* die.
Alm. Look Tyrant, when thou nam'ſt *Sebaſtian*'s death,
Thy very Executioners turn pale,
Rough as they are, and harden'd in the Trade
Of Death, they ſtart at an anointed Head,
And tremble to approach:-----He hears me not;
Nor minds th'impreſſion of a God on Kings;
Becauſe no ſtamp of Heav'n was on his Soul:
But the reſiſting Maſs drove back the Seal.
Say, though thy Heart be rock of Adamant,
Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Bribes:
Inſtruct me how to bribe thee: Name thy price;
Lo, I reſign my Title to the Crown;
Send me to Exile with the Man I love,
And Baniſhment is Empire.
Emp. Here's my claim; [*Clapping his Hand to his Sword.*
And this extinguiſh'd thine; thou giv'ſt me nothing.
Alm. My Fathers, Mothers, Brothers Death I pardon:
That's ſomewhat ſure; a mighty Summ of Murder,
Of innocent and kindred Blood ſtruck off.
My Prayers and Pennance ſhall diſcount for theſe,
And beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me:
Behold what price I offer, and how dear
To buy *Sebaſtian*'s Life.
Emp. Let after reck'nings trouble fearful Fools;
I'll ſtand the trial of thoſe trivial Crimes:
But, ſince thou beg'ſt me to preſcribe my Terms,
The only I can offer are thy Love;
And this one day of reſpite to reſolve.
Grant or deny, for thy next Word is Fate;
And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.
Alm. May Heav'n be ſo [*Riſing up.*
At thy laſt breath to thine; I curſe thee not;
For who can better Curſe the Plague or Devil,
Than to be what they are? That Curſe be thine.
Now, do not ſpeak *Sebaſtian*, for you need not,
But die, for I reſign your Life: Look Heav'n,
Almeyda dooms her dear *Sebaſtian*'s Death!
But is there Heav'n, for I begin to doubt;
The Skyes are huſh'd; no grumbling Thunders rowl:
Now take your ſwing, ye impious; Sin unpuniſh'd;
Eternal Providence ſeems overwatch'd,
And with a ſlumb'ring Nod aſſents to Murder.

Enter Dorax *attended by three Soldiers.*

Emp. Thou mov'ſt a Tortoiſe-pace to my relief.
Take hence that, once a King; that ſullen Pride,
That ſwells to Dumbneſs; lay him in the Dungeon,
And ſink him deep with Irons; that when he wou'd
He ſhall not groan to hearing, when I ſend
The next Commands are Death.
Alm. Then Prayers are vain as Curſes.
Emp. Much at one
In a Slave's Mouth, againſt a Monarch's Pow'r.
This day thou haſt to think;

At night, if thou wilt Curſe, thou ſhalt Curſe kindly;
Then I'll provoke thy Lips, lay Seige ſo cloſe,
That all thy ſallying breath ſhall turn to Bleſſings.
Make haſte, ſeize, force her, bear her hence.
Alm. Farewel, my laſt *Sebaſtian!*
I do not beg, I challenge Juſtice now;
O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar care,
Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative?
Now flaſh him dead, now crumble him to aſhes;
Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace;
And look not idly out upon a World
That is no longer yours.
(*She is carried off ſtrugling*, Emperor *and* Benducar *follow.*)
Sebaſtian *ſtruggles in his Guards Arms, and ſhakes off one of them, but two others come in, and hold him; he ſpeaks not all the while.*
Dor. I find I'm but a half-ſtrain'd Villain yet; [*Aſide.*
But mungril-miſchievous; for my Blood boyl'd,
To view this brutal act; and my ſtern Soul
Tug'd at my Arm to draw in her defence.
Down thou rebelling Chriſtian in my Heart;
Redeem thy Fame on this *Sebaſtian* firſt; [*Walks a turn.*
Then think on others wrongs, when thine are righted.
But how to right 'em? on a Slave diſarm'd;
Defenceleſs, and ſubmitted to my rage?
A baſe revenge is vengeance on my ſelf; [*Walks again.*
I have it; and I thank thee honeſt head,
Thus preſent to me at my great neceſſity:—— [*Comes up to* Seb.
You know me not?
Seb. I hear Men call thee *Dorax.*
Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once; you ſpeak too;
You were ſtruck mute before.
Seb. Silence became me then.
Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.
Seb. Hereafter is not mine:——
Diſpatch thy Work, good Executioner.
Dor. None of my Blood were Hangmen; add that falſhood
To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.
Seb. A King and thou can never have a reckoning.
Dor. A greater ſumm perhaps than you can pay.
Mean time I ſhall make bold t'increaſe your Debt, [*Gives him his Sword.*
Take this and uſe it at your greateſt need.
Seb. This hand and this have been acquainted well; [*Looks on it.*
It ſhou'd have come before into my graſp,
To kill the Raviſher.
Dor. Thou heard'ſt the Tyrants Orders; Guard thy Life
When 'tis attack'd, and Guard it like a Man.
Seb. I'm ſtill without thy meaning, but I thank thee.
Dor. Thank me when I ask thanks; thank me with that.
Seb. Such ſurly kindneſs did I never ſee!
(Dorax *to the Captain of his Guards.*)
Muza, draw out a File, pick Man by Man,
Such who dare die, and dear will ſell their Death.
Guard him to th'utmoſt; now conduct him hence,
And treat him as my Perſon.
Seb. Something like
That Voice methinks I ſhou'd have ſomewhere heard:
But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off;
Beyond my kenn of Soul. [*Exit* Sebaſtian *with the Soldiers.*
Dor. But I ſhall bring him back, ungrateful Man, [*Solus.*
I ſhall, and ſet him full before thy ſight,
When I ſhall front thee, like ſome ſtaring Ghoſt,
With all my wrongs about me.——What ſo ſoon
Return'd? this haſt is boding.
Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, Mufti.

Emp.

Emp. She's ſtill inexorable, ſtill imperious;
And loud, as if, like *Bacchus*, born in Thunder.
Be quick ye falſe Phyſicians of my Mind,
Bring ſpeedy Death or Cure.
Bend. What can be counſell'd while *Sebaſtian* lives?
The Vine will cling, while the tall Poplar ſtands.
But that cut down creeps to the next ſupport,
And twines as cloſely there.
Emp. That's done with eaſe, I ſpeak him dead; proceed.
Muf. Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next,
That Civil Wars may ceaſe; this gains the Crowd;
Then you may ſafely force her to your Will:
For People ſide with Violence and Injuſtice,
When done for Publick Good.
Emp. Preach thou that Doctrine.
Bend. Th'unreaſonable Fool has broach'd a Truth [*Aſide.*
That blaſts my hopes; but ſince 'tis gone ſo far,
He ſhall divulge *Almeyda* is a Chriſtian;
If that produce no Tumult I deſpair.
Emp. Why ſpeaks not *Dorax*?
Dor. Becauſe my Soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly ſay, you went too far,
To truſt the Preaching Pow'r on State Affairs,
To him or any Heavenly Demagogue.
'Tis a Limb lopt from your Prerogative,
And ſo much of Heav'ns Image blotted from you.
Muf. Sure thou haſt never heard of Holy Men
(So Chriſtians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs;
Such as in *Spain*, *Ximenes*, *Albornoz*;
In *England*, *Woolſey*; match me theſe with Laymen.
Dor. How you Triumph in one or two of theſe,
Born to be Stateſmen, hap'ning to be Churchmen:
Thou call'ſt 'em Holy; ſo their Function was:
But tell me *Mufti*, which of 'em were Saints?
Next, Sir, to you; the ſumm of all is this;
Since he claims Power from Heav'n, and not from Kings,
When 'tis his int'reſt, he can int'reſt Heav'n
To preach you down; and Ages oft depend
On hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.
Emp. I'll truſt his Preaching, while I rule his pay,
And I dare truſt my *Africans*, to hear
Whatever he dare Preach.
Dor. You know 'em not.
The Genius of your Moors is Mutiny;
They ſcarcely want a Guide to move their Madneſs:
Prompt to Rebel on every weak pretence;
Bluſtering when courted, crouching when oppreſt.
Wiſe to themſelves, and Fools to all the World.
Reſtleſs in Change, and Perjur'd to a Proverb.
They love Religion ſweeten'd to the Senſe;
A good luxurious palatable Faith.
Thus Vice and Godlineſs (Prepoſt'rous Pair!)
Ride Cheek by Jowl; but Churchmen hold the Reins.
And when e'er Kings would lower Clergy Greatneſs,
They learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
And whoſe the Subjects are; the *Mufti* knows it;
Nor dares deny what paſs'd betwixt us two.
Emp. No more; whate'er he ſaid was my Command.
Dor. Why then no more, ſince you will hear no more;
Some Kings are reſolute to their own ruine.
Emp. Without your medling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your Orders, and diſpatch *Sebaſtian*.
Dor. Truſt my revenge; be ſure I wiſh him dead.
Emp. What mean'ſt thou! what's thy wiſhing to my will.

Diſpatch him, rid me of the Man I loath.
Dor. I hear you, Sir, I'll take my time and do't——
Emp. Thy time? what's all thy time, what's thy whole Life
To my one hour of eaſe? No more replies,
But ſee thou doſt it; Or——
Dor. Choak in that threat: I can ſay Or as loud.
Emp. 'Tis well, I ſee my Words have no effect,
But I may ſend a Meſſage to diſpoſe you. [*Is going off.*
Dor. Expect an Anſwer worthy of that Meſſage.
Muf. The Prophet ow'd him this: [*Aſide.*
And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.
Bend. By Holy Alha, I conjure you ſtay,
And judge not raſhly of ſo brave a Man.
(*Draws the* Emperor *aſide and whiſpers him.*)
I'll give you Reaſons why he cannot execute
Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.
Muf. *Benducar* is a Fool to bring him off, [*Aſide.*
I'll work my own revenge, and ſpeedily.
Bend. The Fort is his, the Soldiers Hearts are his;
A thouſand Chriſtian Slaves are in the Caſtle,
Which he can free to reinforce his Pow'r;
Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,
Yet in the Chriſtians hands.
Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he muſt die.
Bend. He ſhall, by Poyſon;
'Tis here, the deadly Drug prepar'd in Powder,
Hot as Hell-fire: —— Then, to prevent his Soldiers
From riſing to revenge their Gen'rals Death,
While he is ſtruggling with his Mortal pangs,
The Rabble on the ſudden may be rais'd
To ſeize the Caſtle.
Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.
Bend. Yet more; but clear your brow; for he obſerves. [*They whiſper again.*
Dor. What, will the Fav'rite prop my falling Fortunes,
O Prodigy of Court! [*Aſide.*
Emperor *and* Benducar *return to* Dorax.
Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence;
I was too haſty to Condemn unheard,
And you perhaps too prompt in your replies.
As far as fits the Majeſty of Kings,
I ask Excuſe.
Dor. I'm ſure I meant it well.
Emp. I know you did:——This to our Love renew'd.—— [Emp. *drinks.*
Benducar fill to *Dorax.* [Benducar *turns and mixes a Powder in it.*
Dor. Let it go round, for all of us have need
To quench our Heats; 'tis the King's Health, *Benducar.*—— [*He drinks.*
And I wou'd Pledge it, though I knew 'twere Poyſon.
Bend. Another Bowl, for what the King has touch'd,
[*Drinks out of another Bowl.*
And you have Pledg'd, is Sacred to your Loves.——
Muf. Since Charity becomes my Calling, thus
Let me provoke your Friendſhip; and Heav'n bleſs it
As I intend it well. —
[*Drinks, and turning aſide, pours ſome drops out of a little Vial into the Bowl; then preſents it to* Dorax.
Dor. Heav'n make thee honeſt,
On that Condition we ſhall ſoon be Friends.—— [*Drinks.*
Muf. Yes, at our meeting in another World; [*Aſide.*
For thou haſt drunk thy Paſſport out of this.
Not the *Nonacrian* Fount, nor *Lethe*'s Lake,
Cou'd ſooner numb thy nimble Faculties
Than this, to ſleep Eternal.
Emp. Now farewel *Dorax*; this was our firſt quarrel,

And

And, I dare Propheſie, will prove our laſt.

Exit Emperor *with* Benducar *and the* Mufti.

Dor. It may be ſo: I'm ſtrangely diſcompos'd:
Quick ſhootings through my Limbs, and pricking Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulſions in my Nerves,
Shiv'rings of Cold, and Burnings of my Entrails
Within my little World, make medly War;
Loſe and regain, beat and are beaten back
As momentary Victors quit their Ground.
Can it be Poiſon! Poiſon's of one Tenour,
Or hot or cold; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly Draught, ſome Enemy of Life
Boyls in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.
Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry Clime;
Africk, the Scene remov'd, is *Portugal*.
Of all Court-Service learn the Common Lot;
To day 'tis done, to morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh were that all! my honeſt Corps muſt lie
Expos'd to ſcorn, and publick Infamy:
My ſhameful Death will be divulg'd alone;
The Worth and Honour of my Soul unknown. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Is a Night Scene of the* Mufti's *Garden, where an Arbour is diſcover'd.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. SHE Names her ſelf *Morayma*, the *Mufti*'s only Daughter, and a Virgin! This is the Time and Place that ſhe appointed in her Letter, yet ſhe comes not. Why thou ſweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with thy delay! Dar'ſt thou be falſe to thy Aſſignation? What, in the cool and ſilence of the Night, and to a new Lover? Pox on the Hypocrite, thy Father, for inſtructing thee ſo little in the ſweeteſt Point of his Religion. Hark, I hear the ruſtling of her Silk Mantle. Now ſhe comes, now ſhe comes; no hang't, that was but the whiſtling of the Wind through the *Orange* Trees. Now again, I hear the pit-a-pat of a pretty Foot through the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken looſe, and munching upon the Melons: ——Oh the Miſery of an expecting Lover! Well I'll e'en deſpair; go into my Arbour, and try to ſleep; in a Dream I ſhall enjoy her in deſpight of her.

[*Goes into the Arbour and lies down.*

Enter Johayma *wrapt up in a Mooriſh Mantle.*

Joh. Thus far my Love has carried me, almoſt without my knowledge whither I was going: Shall I go on, ſhall I diſcover my ſelf!——What an injury am I doing to my old Husband!—— Yet what injury, ſince he's old, and has three Wives and ſix Concubines beſides me! 'Tis but ſtealing my own Tythe from him. [*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*

Antonio *raiſing himſelf a little, and looking.*

At laſt 'tis ſhe; this is no illuſion I am ſure; 'tis a true She-devil of Fleſh and Blood; and ſhe cou'd never have taken a fitter time to tempt me.——

Joh. He's young and handſome.——

Ant. Yes, well enough, I thank Nature. [*Aſide.*

Joh. And I am yet neither old nor ugly; ſure he will not refuſe me.

Ant. No, thou may'ſt pawn thy Maiden-head upon't he wo'not. [*Aſide.*

Joh. The *Mufti* wou'd Feaſt himſelf upon other Women, and keep me Faſting.

Ant. O, the Holy Curmudgeon! [*Aſide.*

Joh. Wou'd Preach Abſtinence, and Practice Luxury! but I thank my Stars I have edified more by his Example than his Precept.

Ant. Moſt divinely argu'd; ſhe's the beſt Caſuiſt in all *Africk*. [*Aſide.*

He ruſhes out and Embraces her.

I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear *Morayma*, the old unconſcionable Whoreſon thy Father, cou'd he expect cold Chaſtity from a Child of his begetting?

Joh. What Nonſence do you talk? Do you take me for the *Mufti*'s Daughter?

Ant. Why, are you not, Madam? [*Throwing off her* Barhus.

Joh.

Joh. I find you had an Appointment with *Morayma.*

Ant. By all that's Good, the nauſeous Wife. [*Aſide.*

Joh. What, you are confounded, and ſtand mute?

Ant. Somewhat nonpluſt I confeſs; to hear you deny your Name ſo poſitively; Why are not you *Morayma* the *Mufti*'s Daughter? Did not I ſee you with him? Did not he preſent me to you? Were you not ſo charitable as to give me Money? Ay, and to tread upon my Foot, and ſqueeze my hand too, if I may be ſo bold to remember you of paſt Favours?

Joh. And you ſee I am come to make 'em good; but I am neither *Morayma*, nor the *Mufti*'s Daughter?

Ant. Nay, I know not that; but I am ſure he is old enough to be your Father; and either Father or Reverend Father, I heard you call him.

Joh. Once again, how came you to name *Morayma*?

Ant. Another damn'd miſtake of mine: For asking one of my Fellow Slaves, who were the Chief Ladies about the Houſe; he anſwer'd me *Morayma* and *Johayma*; but ſhe it ſeems is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Joh. Say, your beloved Miſtreſs, if you pleaſe; for that's the Title I deſire. This Moon-ſhine grows offenſive to my Eyes, Come, ſhall we walk into the Arbour? there we may rectifie all miſtakes.

Ant. That's cloſe and dark.

Joh. And are thoſe Faults to Lovers?

Ant. But there I cannot pleaſe my ſelf with the ſight of your Beauty.

Joh. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a breath of Air ſtirring.

Joh. The Breath of Lovers is the ſweeteſt Air; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am conſidering indeed, that if I am taken with you.—

Joh. The beſt way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be diſcover'd.

Ant. Where lodges your Husband?

Joh. Juſt againſt the face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has ſeen us already, for ought I know.

Joh. You make ſo many difficulties, I fear I am diſpleaſing to you.

Ant. (*Aſide.*) If *Morayma* comes and takes me in the Arbour with her, I have made a fine exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Joh. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the fury of your firſt Embrace.

Ant. I confeſs, I was ſomewhat too furious at firſt, but you will forgive the tranſport of my Paſſion; now I have conſider'd it better, I have a qualm of Conſcience.

Joh. Of Conſcience! why what has Conſcience to do with two young Lovers that have opportunity?

Ant. Why truly Conſcience is ſomething to blame for interpoſing in our Matters: But how can I help it, if I have a ſcruple to betray my Maſter?

Joh. There muſt be ſomething more in't; for your Conſcience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma.*

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter? For then I might have made you an honourable amends by Marriage.

Joh. You Chriſtians are ſuch peeking Sinners, you tremble at a ſhadow in the Moon-ſhine.

Ant. And you *Africans* are ſuch Termagants, you ſtop at nothing. I muſt be plain with you, you are Married, and to a Holy Man, the Head of your Religion: Go back to your Chamber, go back I ſay, and conſider of it for this night; as I will do on my part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next meeting, the ſweet Devil may have more power over me: I am true Fleſh and Blood, I can tell you that for your comfort.

Joh. Fleſh without Blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fiſhes. But I'll teach thee, to thy coſt, what Vengeance is in ſtore for refuſing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love:--- Help, help, there; will no Body come to my aſſiſtance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam, for Heaven's ſake peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deſerv'ſt no pity. Help, help, Husband, or I ſhall be raviſh'd; the Villain will be too ſtrong for me. Help, help, for pity of a poor diſtreſſed Creature.

Ant.

Ant. Then I have nothing but impudence to aſſiſt me: I muſt drown her clamour whate'er comes on't.

He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can poſſibly, and ſhe continues crying out.

Enter the Mufti *in his Night-Gown, and two Servants.*

Muf. O thou Villain, What horrible impiety art thou committing? What raviſhing the Wife of my Boſom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of ſuch a Monſter. [*Servants ſeize him.*

Ant. Mercy, dear Maſter, Mercy: Hear me firſt, and after, if I have deſerv'd hanging, ſpare me not: What have you ſeen to provoke you to this Cruelty?

Muf. I have heard the out-crys of my Wife; the bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: Seen nothing ſay'ſt thou? If I ſee the Lamb lie bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn and bloody, is not that Evidence ſufficient of the Murder? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in reaſon, Sir, is a Man to be put to Death for a Similitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: The Lamb's alive; and, if I durſt tell you ſo, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Joh. How's that, Villain, dar'ſt thou accuſe me?

Ant. Be patient, Madam, and ſpeak but Truth, and I'll do any thing to ſerve you: I ſay again, and ſwear it too, I'll do any thing to ſerve you.

Joh. (*Aſide.*) I underſtand him; but I fear 'tis now too late to ſave him:—— Pray hear him ſpeak Husband; perhaps he may ſay ſomething for himſelf; I know not.

Muf. Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed and thy Honour.

Joh. I forgive him freely for he has done nothing: What he will do hereafter, to make me ſatisfaction, himſelf beſt knows.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, ſweet Madam: I ſhall refuſe no Drudgery.

Muf. But did he mean no miſchief? Was he endeavouring nothing?

Joh. In my Conſcience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. 'Tis impoſſible; then what meant all thoſe out-crys?

Joh. I heard Muſick in the Garden, and at an unſeaſonable time of Night; and I ſtole ſoftly out of my Bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that *Johayma*? Imagining it was he, and yet you went?

Joh. Why not, my Lord? Am not I the Miſtreſs of the Family? And is it not my place to ſee good Orders kept in it? I thought he might have allur'd ſome of the Shee-ſlaves to him; and was reſolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them; when on the ſudden he ruſh'd out upon me, caught me in his Arms with ſuch a fury.——

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him.——

Joh. Miſtaking me, no doubt, for one of his Fellow Slaves: With that, affrighted as I was, I diſcover'd my ſelf, and cry'd aloud: But aſſoon as ever he knew me, the Villain let me go, and I muſt needs ſay, he ſtarted back, as if I were ſome Serpent; and was more affraid of me than I of him.

Muf. O thou Corrupter of my Family, that's cauſe enough of Death; once again away with him.

Joh. What, for an intended Treſpaſs? No harm has been done, whatever may be. He coſt you five hundred Crowns, I take it.

Muf. Thou ſay'ſt true, a very conſiderable Sum: He ſhall not die, though he had committed folly with a Slave; 'tis too much to loſe by him.

Ant. My only fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more ſhe cry'd, the more I play'd; that it might be ſeen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortifie your Fleſh, and conſider in whoſe Family you are.

Joh. And one thing more; remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf. (*Aſide.*) For all her ſmoothneſs, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealouſie; but I have thought of a way that will clear my doubts.

[*Exit* Mufti *with* Johayma *and Servants.*

Ant. I am mortified ſufficiently already, without the help of his Ghoſtly Counſel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conſcience wou'd have gone in two Months. I find my ſelf in a very dejected condition, all over me; poor Sin lies dormant, Concupiſcence is retir'd to his Winter Quarters; and if *Morayma* ſhou'd now appear, I ſay no more, but alas for her and me!

Morayma *comes out of the Arbour; ſhe ſteals behind him, and claps him on the back.*

Mor. And if *Morayma* ſhou'd appear, as ſhe does appear, alas you ſay for her and you!

Ant. Art thou there my ſweet Temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my all!

Mor. A mighty Complement, when all theſe, by your own Confeſſion, are juſt nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou cameſt to new create me; thou doſt not know the power of thy own Charms; let me embrace thee and thou ſhalt ſee how quickly I can turn wicked.

Mor. (*Stepping back.*) Nay, if you are ſo dangerous, 'tis beſt keeping you at a diſtance; I have no mind to warm a frozen Snake in thy Boſom; he may chance to recover, and ſting me for my pains.

Ant. Conſider what I have ſuffer'd for thy ſake already; and make me ſome amends; two diſappointments in a Night, O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your ſelf for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my time, through the back Walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a freſh-water Soldier, ſtood guarding the paſs before; if you miſs'd the Enemy, you may thank your own dulneſs.

Ant. Nay, if you will be uſing Stratagems, you ſhall give me leave to make uſe of my Advantages, now I have you in my power: We are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no Quarter.

Mor. By your favour, Sir, we meet upon Treaty now, and not upon defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you ſhall have *Carte blanche* immediately; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Johayma*: Any thing to ſerve you Madam, I ſhall refuſe no drudgery: Whoſe words were thoſe, Gentleman? Was that like a Cavalier of Honour?

Ant. Not very Heroick; but Self-preſervation is a Point above Honour and Religion too. —— *Antonio* was a Rogue I muſt confeſs; but you muſt give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your Life ſo baſely; and to preſent your Sword to your Enemy: Oh Recreant!

Ant. If I had died honourably, my Fame indeed wou'd have ſounded loud, but I ſhou'd never have heard the Blaſt: Come don't make your ſelf worſe natur'd than you are: To ſave my Life, you wou'd be content I ſhou'd promiſe any thing.

Mor. Yes, if I were ſure you wou'd perform nothing.

Ant. Can you ſuſpect I wou'd leave you for *Johayma*?

Mor. No, but I can expect you wou'd have both of us: Love is covetous, I muſt have all of you; Heart for Heart is an equal truck. In ſhort, I am Younger; I think Handſomer; and am ſure I love you better; ſhe has been my Step-mother theſe fifteen years: You think that's her Face you ſee, but 'tis only a dawb'd Vizard; ſhe wears an Armour of proof upon't; an inch thick of Paint, beſides the Waſh; her Face is ſo fortified, that you can make no approaches to it, without a Shovel. But for her Conſtancy, I can tell you, for your comfort, ſhe will Love till Death, I mean till yours; for when ſhe has worn you out, ſhe will certainly diſpatch you to another World, for fear of telling Tales; as ſhe has already ſerv'd three Slaves, your Predeceſſors of happy memory in her Favours. She has made my pious Father a three-pil'd Cuckold to my knowledge; and now ſhe wou'd be robbing me of my ſingle Sheep too.

Ant. Prithee prevent her then; and at leaſt take the ſhearing of me firſt.

Mor. No, I'll have a Butcher's Pen'worth of you; firſt ſecure the Carcaſe, and then take the Fleece in to the Bargain.

Ant. Why ſure, you did not put your ſelf and me to all this trouble; for a dry come-off; by this hand—— [*Taking it.*

Mor. Which you ſhall never touch; but upon better aſſurances than you imagine. [*Pulling her hand away.*

Ant. I'll Marry thee, and make a Chriſtian of thee, thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

Mor. I mean you ſhall; but no Earneſt, till the Bargain be made before Witneſs; there's Love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn to, never doubt, but all upon Honourable Terms.

Ant.

Ant. I vow and ſwear by Love; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mor. But never to be truſted in any; he has another Name too, of a worſe ſound. Shall I truſt an Oath, when I ſee your Eyes languiſhing, your Cheeks fluſhing, and can hear your Heart throbbing? No, I'll not come near you: He's a fooliſh Phyſician, who will feel the Pulſe of a Patient, that has the Plague-ſpots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little Moppet argue ſo perverſly, againſt ſo good a Cauſe! Come, prithee, let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

Mor. You wou'd fain be fingering your Rents before-hand; but that makes a Man an ill Husband ever after. Conſider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you ſhall prove it, manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you ſhall find a hard task on't, to make even at the years end, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Chriſtian intention, to revenge my ſelf upon thy Father; for being the Head of a falſe Religion.

Mor. And ſo you ſhall; I offer you his Daughter for your Second: But ſince you are ſo preſſing, meet me under my Window to morrow-night, Body for Body, about this hour; I'll ſlip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my hand.

Ant. How! thy Father!

Mor. I mean all that's good of him; his Pearls and Jewels, his whole Contents, his Heart and Soul; as much as ever I can carry! I'll leave him his Alcoran; that's Revenue enough for him; every page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Poſtern-gate, with two Horſes ready ſadled: No more, for I fear I may be miſs'd; and think I hear 'em calling for me,———if you have Conſtancy and Courage.———

Ant. Never doubt it; and Love, in abundance, to wander with thee all the World over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thouſand Crowns in a Casket!-----

Ant. A heavy burden, Heaven knows! But we muſt pray for Patience to ſupport it.

Mor. Beſides a willing Tit that will venture her Corps with you.-----Come, I know you long to have a parting blow with me; and therefore to ſhew I am in Charity.----- [*He kiſſes her.*

Ant. Once more for pity, that I may keep the flavour upon my Lips till we meet again.

Mor. No, frequent Charities make bold Beggars; and beſides, I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have him fly; that's enough-------but if you will be nibling, here's a Hand to ſtay your Stomach.

[*Kiſſing her hand.*

Ant. Thus Conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may ceaſe,
Are forc'd to give their Hands, and ſign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Chriſtians are out-witted by the Foe;
You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go.
If you releaſe my Hand, the Fault's not mine;
You ſhou'd have made me Seal as well as Sign.

[*She runs off, he follows her to the door; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Benducar's *Palace in the Caſtle of* Alcazar.

Bend. MY future Fate, the colour of my Life, [*Solus.*
My All depends on this important hour:
This hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales,
And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a Crown, have puſh'd me forward;
'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant muſt not raviſh her:
He and *Sebaſtian* ſtand betwixt my hopes;
He moſt, and therefore firſt to be diſpatch'd.
Theſe and a thouſand things are to be done
In the ſhort compaſs of this rowling Night,

And nothing yet perform'd,
None of my Emiſſaries yet return'd.
Enter Haly-----*Firſt Servant.*
Oh *Haly*, thou haſt held me long in pain.
What haſt thou learnt of *Dorax*? is he dead?
Haly. Two hours I warily have watch'd his Palace;
All doors are ſhut, no Servant peeps abroad;
Some Officers with ſtriding haſt paſs'd in,
While others outward went on quick diſpatch;
Sometimes huſh'd ſilence ſeem'd to reign within;
Then Cries confus'd, and a joint Clamour follow'd;
Then Lights went gliding by, from room to room,
And ſhot like thwarting Meteors croſs the Houſe:
Not daring farther to enquire: I came
With ſpeed to bring you this imperfect News.
Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying:
His mournful Friends, ſummon'd to take their leaves,
Are throng'd about his Couch, and ſit in Council.
What thoſe Caballing Captains may deſign,
I muſt prevent,
By being firſt in Action.
To *Muley-Zeydan* fly with ſpeed, deſire him
To take my laſt inſtructions, tell th'importance
And haſte his Preſence here. [*Exit* Haly.
How has this Poyſon loſt its wonted way?
It ſhou'd have burnt its paſſage, not have linger'd
In the blind Labyrinths and crooked turnings,
Of Humane Compoſition; now it moves
Like a ſlow Fire that works againſt the Wind,
As if his ſtronger Stars had interpos'd.
Enter Hamet.
Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?
From *Muſtapha* what Meſſage?
Hamet. What you wiſh:
The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night:
Than at the Mid-day Sun; a drowzy horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like fear not well awake,
All crowd in heaps, as at a Night Alarm
The Bees drive out upon each others backs,
T'imboſs their Hives in Cluſters; all ask news:
Their buſie Captain runs the weary round
To whiſper Orders; and commanding ſilence
Makes not noiſe ceaſe; but deafens it to murmurs.
Bend. Night waſtes a-pace: when, when will he appear?
Hamet. He only waits your Summons.
Bend. Haſte their coming.
Let Secrecy and Silence be enjoin'd
In their cloſe March: What News from the Lieutenant?
Hamet. I left him at the Gate, firm to your Intereſt,
T'admit the Townſmen at their firſt appearance.
Bend. Thus far 'tis well: Go haſten *Muſtapha.* [*Exit* Hamet.
Enter Orchan----*the third Servant.*
O, *Orchan*, did I think thy diligence
Wou'd lag behind the reſt? What from the *Mufti*?
Orchan, I ſought him round his Palace; made enquiry
Of all the Slaves; in ſhort, I us'd your Name
And urg'd th'importance home; but had for Anſwer,
That ſince the ſhut of Evening none had ſeen him.
Bend. O the curſt Fate of all Conſpiracies!
They move on many Springs, if one but fail
The reſtiff *Machine* ſtops-----In an ill hour he's abſent;
'Tis the firſt time, and ſure will be the laſt
That e'er a *Mufti* was not in the way,
When Tumult and Rebellion ſhou'd be broach'd.

Stay

Stay by me; thou art reſolute and faithful;
I have employment worthy of thy Arm. [*Walks.*

Enter Muley-Zeydan.

Muley-Zeyd. You ſee me come impatient of my hopes,
And eager as the Courſer for the Race:
Is all in readineſs?

Bend. All but the *Mufti.*

Muley-Zeyd. We muſt go on without him.

Bend. True, we muſt;
For 'tis ill ſtopping in the full Career,
Howe'er the leap be dangerous and wide.

Orch. (*Looking out*) I ſee the blaze of Torches from afar;
And hear the trampling of thick-beating Feet:
This way they move.

Bend. No doubt the Emperor.
We muſt not be ſurpriz'd in Conference.
Truſt to my management the Tyrant's Death;
And haſte your ſelf to join with *Muſtapha.*
The Officer who Guards the Gate is yours;
When you have gain'd that Paſs, divide your Force;
Your ſelf in Perſon Head one choſen half,
And march t'oppreſs the Faction in Conſult
With dying *Dorax*: Fate has driven 'em all
Into the Net; You muſt be bold and ſudden:
Spare none, and if you find him ſtruggling yet
With pangs of Death, truſt not his rowling Eyes
And heaving gaſps; for Poiſon may be falſe,
The home-thruſt of a friendly Sword is ſure.

Muley-Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct; they ſhall be ſurpriz'd:
Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,
At Morn I'll take her in. ——

Bend. Here lies your way,
You meet your Brother there.

Muley-Zeyd. May we ne'er meet:
For, like the twins of *Leda*, when I mount
He gallops down the Skies. —— [*Exit* Muley-Zeyd.

Bend. He comes: Now Heart
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one attempt:
Set ope thy Sluces, ſend the vigorous Blood
Through every active Limb for my relief:
Then take thy reſt within thy quiet Cell,
For thou ſhalt drum no more.

Enter Muley Moluch, *and Guards attending him.*

M. Mol. What News of our Affairs? And what of *Dorax*?
Is he no more? ſay that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your Enemies be like that Dog,
Whoſe parting Soul is labouring at the Lips.

M. Mol. The People, are they rais'd?

Bend. And Marſhall'd too;
Juſt ready for the March.

M. Mol. Then I'm at eaſe.

Bend. The Night is yours, the glitering Hoſt of Heav'n
Shines but for you; but moſt the Star of Love,
That twinkles you to fair *Almeyda*'s Bed.
Oh there's a Joy, to melt in her Embrace,
Diſſolve in Pleaſures;
And make the Gods curſe Immortality,
That ſo they cou'd not die.
But haſte, and make 'em yours.

M. Mol. I will; and yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my Heart;
My flagging Soul flies under her own pitch;
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lugs along,
As if ſhe were a Body in a Body,

And not a mounting Subſtance made of Fire.
My Senſes too are dull and ſtupified,
Their edge rebated; ſure ſome ill approaches,
And ſome kind Spirit knocks ſoftly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.
Bend. Meer Fancies all.
Your Soul has been beforehand with your Body,
And drunk ſo deep a Draught of promis'd bliſs,
She ſlumbers o'er the Cup; no danger's near,
But of a Surfeit at too full a Feaſt.
M. Mol. It may be ſo; it looks ſo like the Dream
That overtook me at my waking hour
This Morn; and Dreams they ſay are then Divine,
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
And ſome o'erpowering God continues ſleep.
'Twas then methought *Almeyda*, ſmiling, came
Attended with a Train of all her Race
Whom in the rage of Empire I had murder'd.
But now, no longer Foes, they gave me Joy
Of my new Conqueſt, and with helping hands
Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's Arms,
Who bore me in a Purple Cloud to Heav'n.
Bend. Good Omen, Sir, I wiſh you in that Heav'n
Your Dream portends you.
Which preſages Death. —— [*Aſide.*
M. Mol. Thou too wert there;
And thou methought did'ſt puſh me from below,
With thy full force to Paradiſe. *Bend.* Yet better.
M. Mol. Ha! What's that grizly Fellow that attends thee?
Bend. Why ask you, Sir?
M. Mol. For he was in my Dream;
And help'd to heave me up.
Bend. With Prayers and Wiſhes;
For I dare ſwear him honeſt.
M. Mol. That may be;
But yet he looks Damnation.
Bend. You forget
The Face wou'd pleaſe you better: Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?
M. Mol. I'll head my People;
Then think of Dalliance when the Danger's o'er.
My warlike Spirits work now another way;
And my Soul's tun'd to Trumpets.
Bend. You debaſe your ſelf,
To think of mixing with th'ignoble Herd.
Let ſuch perform the ſervile Work of War,
Such who have no *Almeyda* to enjoy,
What ſhall the People know their God-like Prince
Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmiſh? Stole a Conqueſt,
Headed a Rabble, and prophan'd his Perſon,
Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a Tide of Ordure,
And ſtifled with their rank offenſive Sweat?
M. Mol. I am off again: I will not proſtitute
The Regal Dignity ſo far, to head 'em.
Bend. There ſpoke a King.
Diſmiſs your Guards to be employ'd elſewhere
In ruder Combates; you will want no Seconds
In thoſe Alarms you ſeek.
M. Mol. Go join the Crowd; [*To the Guards.*
Benducar, thou ſhalt lead 'em in my place. [*Exeunt Guards.*
The God of Love once more has ſhot his Fires
Into my Soul; and my whole Heart receives him.
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms;
I feel her as ſhe glides along my Veins,

And dances in my Blood: So when our Prophet
Had long been ham'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, inſipid, tedious Paradiſe,
A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by;
Paſſing, ſhe caſt at him a ſide-long glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be purſu'd:
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying Fair:
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there. [*Exit* Mul. Mol.

Bend. That Paradiſe thou never ſhalt poſſeſs.
His Death is eaſie now, his Guards are gone;
And I can Sin but once to ſeize the Throne.
All after Acts are ſanctified by Power.

Orchan. Command my Sword and Life.

Bend. I thank thee, *Orchan*,
And ſhall reward thy Faith: This Maſter Key
Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Perſon:
And ſhou'd we miſs our blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures retreat: Leave open all behind us;
And firſt ſet wide the *Mufti*'s Garden Gate,
Which is his private paſſage to the Palace:
For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have aid. Now ſleep ye Stars
That ſilently o'erwatch the Fate of Kings;
Be all propitious Influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard. [*Exit with* Orchan.

A Night Scene of the Mufti's *Garden.*

Enter the Mufti *alone, in a Slave's habit, like that of* Antonio.

Muf. This 'tis to have a ſound Head-piece; by this I have got to be Chief of my Religion; that is, honeſtly ſpeaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe my ſelf. For what's *Mahomet* to me, but that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this Night: I have mew'd up my ſuſpected Spouſe in her Chamber. No more Embaſſies to that luſty young Stallion of a Gardener. Next my habit of a Slave, I have made my ſelf as like him as I can, but all his Youth and Vigour; which when I had, I paſs'd my time as well as any of my Holy Predeceſſors. Now walking under the Windows of my Seraglio, if *Johayma* look out, ſhe will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I ſhall know what Concupiſcence is working in her; ſhe cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my ſafety; but if ſhe peep, if ſhe put her Noſe abroad, there's demonſtration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the firſt preſident for a Churchman to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma *running to him with a Casket in her hand, and embracing him.*

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good Conſcience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didſt thou know me in this diſguiſe? And what Pearls and Jewels doſt thou mean!

Mor. (*Going back.*) What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, *Morayma*? *Mor.* I think you'll make me ſo.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy ſelf, and ſpeak ſenſe to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worſt of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten ſuch a Monſter? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor. You have been raking together a maſs of Wealth, by indirect and wicked means; the Spoils of Orphans are in theſe Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in theſe Pearls.

Muf. Thou amazeſt me!

Mor. I wou'd do ſo. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions; the Iniquity of thirty Years Muftiſhip, converted into Diamonds.

Muf.

Muf. Wou'd ſome rich railing Rogue wou'd ſay as much to me, that I might ſqueeze his Purſe for Scandal.

Mor. No, Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Raylers, when you inſinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies when they die. And do you think I'll be the Receiver of your Theft? I diſcharge my Conſcience of it: Here take again your filthy Mammon, and reſtore it, you had beſt, to the true Owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own Daughter.

Mor. And a great credit for me to be ſo: Do but think how decent a habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be diſguis'd like a Slave, and eves-dropping under the Women's Windows, to be ſaluted, as you deſerve it richly, with a Piſs-pot. If I had not known you caſually, by your ſhambling gate, and a certain reverend aukwardneſs, that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the laughter of your own Servants; who have been in ſearch of you through the whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Muf. Prithee Child reproach me no more of Humane Failings; they are but a little of the Pitch and Spots of the World, that are ſtill ſticking on me; but I hope to ſcour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou think'ſt; I am not the Man thou tak'ſt me for.

Mor. No, to my ſorrow, Sir, you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd beginning tho', methought, to ſee thee come running in upon me with ſuch a warm embrace; prithee what was the meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mor. I am ſure I meant nothing by it, but the Zeal and Affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Muf. But thou wilt not teach me, at this Age, the Nature of a cloſe Embrace?

Mor. No indeed; for my Mother-in-Law complains, that you are paſt teaching: But if you miſtook my innocent Embrace, for Sin; I wiſh heartily it had been given, where it wou'd have been more acceptable.

Muf. Why this is as it ſhou'd be now: Take the Treaſure again, it can never be put into better Hands.

Mor. Yes, to my knowledge but it might. I have confeſs'd my Soul to you, if you can underſtand me rightly; I never diſobey'd you till this Night; and now ſince through the violence of my Paſſion, I have been ſo unfortunate, I humbly beg your Pardon, your Bleſſing, and your leave, that upon the firſt opportunity I may go for ever from your ſight; for Heav'n knows, I never deſire to ſee you more.

Muf. (*Wiping his Eyes.*) Thou mak'ſt me weep at thy unkindneſs; indeed, dear Daughter, we will not part.

Mor. Indeed, dear Daddy, but we will.

Muf. Why, if I have been a little pilfering, or ſo, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; ſince it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without offence to his own Child: Here take the Jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mor. Well then, in vertue of Obedience, I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better hand.

Muf. Meaning mine, I know it.

Mor. Meaning his, whom I love better than my Life.

Muf. That's me again. *Mor.* I wou'd have you think ſo.

Muf. How thy Good Nature works upon me; well I can do no leſs than venture damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to riſe to Night.

Enter Antonio *in an* African *rich habit.*

Ant. What do you mean, my dear, to ſtand talking in this ſuſpicious place, juſt underneath *Johayma*'s Window? (*To the* Mufti) You are well met Comrade, I know you are the Friend of our flight? Are the Horſes ready at the Poſtern-Gate?

Muf. *Antonio!* and in diſguiſe! Now I begin to ſmell a Rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-ſtinks it; falſe *Morayma*, haſt thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my ſelf: He came diſguiſed like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his hands.

Muf.

Muf. In good time you did ſo; I laid a trap for a Bitch-Fox, and a worſe Vermine has caught himſelf in it; you wou'd fain break looſe now, though you left a Limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories, and in call of Company, that's my comfort.

Ant. (Taking him by the Throat.) No, I have a trick left to put thee paſt thy ſqueaking: I have given thee the Quinzey; that ungracious Tongue ſhall Preach no more falſe Doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? You will not throttle him? Conſider, he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide firſt for our own ſafety: If I do not conſider him, he will conſider us, with a Vengeance, afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my ſake give him back a little cranny of his Wind-pipe, and ſome part of Speech.

Ant. Not ſo much as one ſingle Interjection: Come away, Father-in-Law, this is no place for Dialogues, when you are in the Moſque you talk by hours, and there no Man muſt interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-Law; now I am in the Pulpit, 'tis your turn to hold your Tongue. [*He ſtruggles.* Nay if you will be hanging back, I ſhall take care you ſhall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the Stage with his Sword at his Reins.*

Mor. To'ther way to the Arbour with him; and make haſte before we are diſcover'd.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil uſage; he deſerves not ſo much favour by any action of his Life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Miſtreſs.

Ant. I wou'd, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in ſilence, my *Pythagorean* Father-in-Law.

Joh. (*At the Balcony.*) A Bird in a Cage may peep at leaſt; though ſhe muſt not fly: What buſtle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio*, by all my hopes, I know him by his habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and haſting hence? This is no time for ſilence: Who's within, call there, where are the Servants? Why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Haſſan*, and the reſt, make haſte and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; Arm all the Family and ſtop 'em.

Ant. (*Turning back.*) O that Skriech-Owl at the Window! We ſhall be purſued immediately; which way ſhall we take?

Mor. (*Giving him the Casket.*) 'Tis impoſſible to eſcape them; for the way to our Horſes lies back again by the Houſe; and then we ſhall meet 'em full in the Teeth; here take theſe Jewels; thou may'ſt leap the Walls, and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind Soul?

Mor. I muſt take my Fortune; when you are got ſafe into your own Country, I hope you will beſtow a ſigh on the Memory of her, who lov'd you!

Ant. It makes me Mad, to think how many a Good Night will be loſt betwixt us! Take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Casket without thee; beſides, I ſhou'd never leap well with the weight of all thy Father's Sins about me; Thou and They had been a Bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No, they'll ſerve to make thy Peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming; ſhift for your ſelf at leaſt; remember I am yours for ever. [*Servants crying this way, this way, behind the Scenes.*

Ant. And I but the empty ſhadow of my ſelf without thee! Farewel Father-in-Law, that ſhou'd have been, if I had not been curſt in my Mother's Belly—— Now which way Fortune—— [*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.*

(*Servants within.* Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.)

Ant. O here's a Gate open; but it leads into the Caſtle; yet I muſt venture it. [*Going out.*

(*A ſhout behind the Scenes, where* Antonio *is going out.*)

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny: What is the Devil up at Midnight!—— however, 'tis good herding in a Crowd. *Runs out.*

Muſti *runs to* Morayma *and lays hold on her, then ſnatches away the Casket.*

Muf. Now, to do things in order, firſt I ſeize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage; for thou art but my Fleſh and Blood, but theſe are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my Fleſh and Blood, and keep to your ſelf your Life and Soul.

Muſ. Both or none, come away to durance.

Mor. Well, if it muſt be ſo, agreed; for I have another tricke to play you and thank your ſelf for what ſhall follow.

Enter Servants.

Joh. (*From above.*) One of them took through the private way into the Caſtle; follow him be ſure, for theſe are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly *Omar Abedin*; I have hold on the Villain that ſtole my Jewels; but 'tis a luſty Rogue, and he will prove too ſtrong for me; what, help I ſay, do you not know your Maſter's Daughter?

Muſ. Now if I cry out, they will know my Voice; and then I am diſgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own begeting. [*The Servants ſeize him.*

Firſt Serv. What a glorious deliverance have you had, Madam, from this bloody-minded Chriſtian!

Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Malefactor to be puniſh'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot.

(*Takes the Jewels, and runs out after* Antonio *at the ſame Paſſage.*)

Firſt Serv. I long to be handſelling his hide, before we bring him to my Maſter.

Second Serv. Hang him for an old Covetous Hypocrite; he deſerves a worſe puniſhment himſelf for keeping us ſo hardly.

Firſt Serv. Ay, wou'd he were in this Villains place; thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus. [*Beats him.*

Second Serv. And thus wou'd I revenge my ſelf of my laſt beating.

[*He beats him too, and then the reſt.*

Muſ. Oh, oh, oh!

Firſt Serv. Now ſuppoſing you were the *Mufti*, Sir. —— [*Beat him again.*

Muſ. The Devil's in that ſuppoſing Raſcal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Mufti*: Now ſuppoſe your ſelves my Servants, and hold your hands; an anointed Halter take you all.

Firſt Serv. My Maſter! You will pardon the exceſs of our Zeal for you, Sir, indeed we all took you for a Villain, and ſo we us'd you.

Muſ. Ay, ſo I feel you did; my back and ſides are abundant Teſtimonies of your Zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my Fugitive Daughter: Run I ſay.

(*They run to the Gate, and the Firſt Servant runs back again.*)

Firſt Serv. Sir, the Caſtle is in a moſt terrible Combuſtion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muſ. 'Tis a laudable Commotion; the Voice of the Mobile, is the Voice of Heaven. I muſt retire a little, to ſtrip me of the Slave, and to aſſume the *Mufti*; and then I will return: For the Piety of the People muſt be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels, and my Daughter.

Exit Mufti, *and Servants.*

The Scene changes to the Caſtle-Yard,

And diſcovers Antonio, Muſtapha, *and the Rabble ſhouting, they come forward.*

Ant. And ſo at length, as I inform'd you, I 'ſcap'd out of his covetous Clutches; and now fly to your illuſtrious feet for my protection.

Muſt. Thou ſhalt have it, and now defie the *Mufti*. 'Tis the firſt Petition that has been made to me ſince my exaltation to Tumult; in this ſecond Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the year of the *Hegyra*; the Lord knows what year; but 'tis no matter; for when I am ſettled, the Learned are bound to find it out for me; for I am reſolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble, like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a longing to be yours again; though I cou'd not compaſs it before, and had deſign'd you a Casket of my Maſter's Jewels too; for I knew the Cuſtom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Perſon, as you are, without a Preſent; but he has defrauded my good intentions, and baſely robb'd you of 'em, 'tis a prize worth a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of Mark about you.

Muſt.

Muſt. I ſhall make bold with his Treaſure, for the ſupport of my new Government. [*The People gather about him.*

What do theſe vile Ragga-muffins ſo near our Perſon? Your ſavour is offenſive to us; bear back there, and make room for honeſt Men to approach us; theſe Fools and Knaves are always impudently crowding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deſerving; bear back I ſay. [*They make a wider Circle.*

That's dutifully done; now ſhout to ſhew your Loyalty. (*A great ſhout.*) Hear'ſt thou that, Slave *Antonio*? theſe obſtreperous Villains ſhout, and know not for what they make a noiſe. You ſhall ſee me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beaſts they are. For whom do you ſhout now? Who's to Live and Reign? Tell me that, the wiſeſt of you.

Firſt Rabble. Even who you pleaſe, Captain.

Muſt. La you there; I told you ſo.

Second Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to Live and Reign; our buſineſs is only to riſe upon Command, and Plunder.

Third Rabble. Ay, the richeſt of both Parties; for they are our Enemies.

Muſt. This laſt Fellow is a little more ſenſible than the reſt; he has enter'd ſomewhat into the Merits of the Cauſe.

Firſt Rabble. If a poor Man may ſpeak his Mind, I think Captain, that your ſelf are the fitteſt to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediately under the People; and thereupon I ſay, *A Muſtapha, A Muſtapha.*

(*All Cry, A Muſtapha, A Muſtapha.*)

Muſt. I muſt confeſs the ſound is pleaſing, and tickles the Ears of my Ambition: But alas, good People, it muſt not be: I am contented to be a poor ſimple Vice-Roy; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man: I ſhall take care to inſtruct him in the Arts of Government; and in his Duty to us all; and therefore mark my Cry, *A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.*

All Cry, A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan.

Muſt. You ſee, Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

Ant. I obſerve your Modeſty.

Muſt. But for a fooliſh Promiſe I made once to my Lord *Benducar*, to ſet up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter the Mufti *with his Servants.*

Ant. Here's the old Hypocrite again; now ſtand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the Rich and Glorious Jewels; they are deſign'd to be yours, by virtue of Prerogative.

Muſt. Let me alone to pick a quarrel, I have an old grudge to him upon thy account.

Muf. (*making up to the Mobile.*) Good People, here you are met together.

Firſt Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling, but why are we met together, Doctor? for that's it which no Body here can tell.

Second Rabble. Why to ſee one another in the dark; and to make Holyday at Midnight.

Muf. You are met, as becomes good Muſſelmen, to ſettle the Nation; for I muſt tell you, that though your Tyrant is a Lawful Emperor, yet your Lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant.

Ant. What ſtuff he talks!

Muſt. 'Tis excellent fine matter indeed, Slave *Antonio*; he has a rare Tongue; Oh, he wou'd move a Rock of Elephant!

Ant. (*Aſide.*) What a Block have I to work upon. (*To him.*) But ſtill remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels.

Muſt. Nay, that's true on t'other ſide; the Jewels muſt be mine; but he has a pure fine way of talking; my Conſcience goes along with him, but the Jewels have ſet my Heart againſt him.

Muf. That your Emperor is a Tyrant is moſt manifeſt; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you; and is taking your Religion away.

Second Rabble. We find that in our decay of Trade; I have ſeen for theſe hundred years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Muf. He is now upon the point of Marrying himſelf, without our Sovereign conſent; and what are the effects of Marriage?

Third Rabble. A ſcolding, domineering Wife, if ſhe prove honeſt; and if a Whore, a fine gawdy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and ſpends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Muſ. No, the Natural Effects of Marriage, are Children: Now on whom wou'd he beget theſe Children? Even upon a Chriſtian! O horible, how can you believe me, though I am ready to ſwear it upon the *Alcoran!* Yes, true Believers, you may believe me, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Muſt. That's fine in earneſt; I cannot forbear hearkening to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember.——

Muſt. Ay, ay, the Jewels! Now again I hate him; but yet my Conſcience makes me liſten to him.

Muſ. Therefore to conclude all, Believers pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant: Remember the Courage of your Anceſtors; remember the Majeſty of the People; remember your ſelves, your Wives and Children; and laſtly, above all, remember your Religion, and our Holy *Mahomet*; all theſe require your timous aſſiſtance; ſhall I ſay they beg it? No, they claim it of you, by all the neareſt and deareſt Ties of theſe three P's Self-Preſervation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now anſwer me with an unanimous cheerful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader, to a Glorious Deliverance.

All Cry, A Mufti, *A* Mufti, *and are following him off the Stage.*

Ant. Now you ſee what comes of your fooliſh Qualms of Conſcience: The Jewels are loſt, and they are all leaving you.

Muſt. What, am I forſaken of my Subjects! Wou'd the Rogue purloin my Liege People from me! I charge you, in my own Name, come back ye Deſerters, and here me ſpeak.

Firſt Rabble. What, will he come with his Balderdaſh, after the *Mufti*'s Eloquent Oration?

Second Rabble. He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up, and elected upon a Stall; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak Captain, for we will hear you.

Muſt. Do you remember the Glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed? Your breaking open and gutting of Houſes, your rummaging of Cellars, your demoliſhing of Chriſtian Temples, and bearing off in Triumph the Superſtitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Moveables were ſentenc'd for Idolatrous, and all that was Idolatrous was ſeiz'd? Anſwer firſt for your remembrance, of all theſe ſweetneſſes of Mutiny; for upon thoſe Grounds I ſhall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Muſt. Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to theſe Honey-Combs? Your *Mufti?* No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it; but durſt not lead you; he was but your Counſellor, but I was your Captain; he only loo'd you, but 'twas I that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Muſt. I think I was, Slave *Antonio.* Alas, I was ignorant of my own Talent.—Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Mufti*? Or a *Mufti* for your Captain? And further, to inſtruct you how to cry, will you have a *Mufti*, or no *Mufti*?

Omnes. No *Mufti*, no *Mufti.*

Muſt. That I laid in for 'em, Slave *Antonio.*——
Do I then ſpit upon your Faces? Do I diſcourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plundering? You may think I do, Believers; but Heaven forbid: No, I encourage you to all theſe laudable Undertakings; you ſhall plunder, you ſhall pull down the Government; but you ſhall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked inſtigation.

Third Rabble. Nay, when his turn is ſerv'd, he may Preach up Loyalty again, and Reſtitution, that he might have another Snack among us.

Firſt Rabble. He may indeed; for 'tis but his ſaying 'tis Sin, and then we muſt reſtore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Religion, where half the Commandments ſhou'd be taken away, the reſt mollified, and there ſhou'd be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes. Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Muſt. And that may eaſily be done, with the help of a little Inſpiration: For I muſt tell you, I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet*'s own breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Peaſe out of my Ear, reſt ſatisfied tell then, and you ſhall have

have another. But now I think on't, I am inſpir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depoſe the *Mufti*.

Ant. And good reaſon; for when Kings and Queens are to be diſcarded, what ſhou'd Knaves do any longer in the pack?

Omnes. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Muſt. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be Preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Bleſſing, 'tis but Juſtice they ſhou'd have the Firſt Fruits of it.—Slave *Antonio*, take him into Cuſtody; and doſt thou hear, Boy, be ſure to ſecure the little tranſitory Box of Jewels; if he be obſtinate, put a civil Queſtion to him upon the Rack, and he ſqueaks I warrant him.

Ant. (Seizing the Mufti) Come my *quondam* Maſter, you and I muſt change Qualities.

Muf. I hope you will not be ſo barbarous to Torture me, we may Preach Suffering to others, but alas, Holy Fleſh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Muſt. Now, late *Mufti*, not forgetting my firſt Quarrel to you, we will enter our ſelves with the Plunder of your Palace; 'tis good to ſanctifie a Work, and begin a God's Name.

Firſt Rabble. Our Prophet, let the Devil alone with the laſt *Mob*.

Mob. But he takes care of this himſelf.

As they are going out, enter Benducar *leading* Almeyda: *He with a Sword in one hand.* Benducar's *Slave follows with* Muley-Moluch's *Head upon a Spear.*

Muſt. Not ſo much haſte, Maſters; come back again; you are ſo bent upon miſchief, that you take a Man upon the firſt Word of Plunder. Here's a ſight for you; the Emperor is come upon his Head to viſit you. (*Bowing*) Moſt Noble Emperor, now I hope you will not hit us in the teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your Face, that we have exalted you.

[*They all ſhout.*

Bend. (to *Alm.* apart.) Think what I am, and what your ſelf may be,
In being mine: Refuſe not proffer'd Love
That brings a Crown.

Alm. (*to him.*) I have reſolv'd,
And theſe ſhall know my thoughts.

Bend. (*to her.*) On that I build. —— [*He comes up to the Rabble.*
Joy to the People for the Tyrant's Death!
Oppreſſion, Rapine, Baniſhment, and Blood
Are now no more; but ſpeechleſs as that Tongue
That lies for ever ſtill.
How is my Grief divided with my Joy,
When I muſt own I kill'd him! Bid me ſpeak,
For not to bid me, is to diſallow
What for your ſakes is done.

Muſt. In the Name of the People we command you ſpeak; but that pretty Lady ſhall ſpeak firſt; for we have taken ſomewhat of a liking to her Perſon, be not affraid Lady to ſpeak to theſe rude Raggamuffins: There's nothing ſhall offend you, unleſs it be their ſtink, an't pleaſe you. [*Making a Leg.*

Alm. Why ſhou'd I fear to ſpeak, who am your Queen?
My peaceful Father ſway'd the Scepter long;
And you enjov'd the Bleſſings of his Reign,
While you deſerv'd the Name of *Africans*.
Then not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearleſs I ſpeak: Know me for what I am.

Bend. How ſhe aſſumes! I like not this beginning. [*Aſide.*

Alm. I was not born ſo baſe, to flatter Crowds,
And move your pity by a whining tale:
Your Tyrant wou'd have forc'd me to his Bed;
But in th'attempt of that foul brutal Act,
Theſe Loyal Slaves ſecur'd me by his Death. [*Pointing to* Bend.

Bend. Makes ſhe no more of me, than of a Slave? [*Aſide.*
Madam, I thought I had inſtructed you [*To* Alm.
To frame a Speech more ſuiting to the Times:
The Circumſtances of that dire Deſign,
Your own Deſpair, my unexpected aid,

My

My Life endanger'd by his bold defence,
And after all, his Death, and your Deliverance,
Were Themes that ought not to be ſlighted o'er.

Muſt. She might have paſs'd over all your petty buſineſſes, and no great matter: But the raiſing of my Rabble is an Exploit of Conſequence; and not to be mumbled up in ſilence, for all her pertneſs.

Alm. When force invades the Gift of Nature, Life,
The eldeſt Law of Nature bids defend:
And if in that defence, a Tyrant fall, his Death's his Crime not ours.
Suffice it that he's Dead; all wrongs die with him;
When he can wrong no more I pardon him:
Thus I abſolve my ſelf; and him excuſe,
Who ſav'd my Life, and Honour; but praiſe neither.

Bend. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you wou'd not pay;
But what ſpeak I of payment and reward!
Ungrateful Woman, you are yet no Queen;
Nor more than a proud haughty Chriſtian Slave:
As ſuch I ſeize my right. [*Going to lay hold on her.*

Alm. (*drawing a Dagger.*) Dare not to approach me;
Now *Africans*,
He ſhows himſelf to you; to me he ſtood
Confeſt before, and own'd his Inſolence
T'eſpouſe my Perſon, and aſſume the Crown,
Claim'd in my Right; for this he ſlew your Tyrant;
Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worſe;
Imbas'd your Slavery by his own vileneſs,
And loaded you with more ignoble Bonds:
Then think me not ungrateful, not to ſhare,
Th'Imperial Crown with a preſuming Traytor.
He ſays I am a Chriſtian; true, I am,
But yet no Slave: If Chriſtians can be thought,
Unfit to Govern thoſe of other Faith,
'Tis left for you to judge.

Bend. I have not patience; ſhe conſumes the time
In idle talk, and owns her falſe Belief:
Seize her by force, and bear her hence unheard.

Alm. (*to the People.*) No, let me rather die your Sacrifice
Than live his Triumph;
I throw my ſelf into my People's Arms;
As you are Men compaſſionate my wrongs,
And as good Men protect me.

Ant. (*Aſide.*) Something muſt be done to ſave her.
(*To* Muſt.) This is all addreſs'd to you, Sir: She ſingled you out with her Eye, as Commander in Chief of the Mobility.

Muſt. Think'ſt thou ſo, Slave *Antonio*?

Ant. Moſt certainly, Sir; and you cannot in Honour but protect her, now look to your hits, and make your Fortune.

Muſt. Methought indeed ſhe caſt a kind leer towards me: Our Prophet was but juſt ſuch another Scoundrel as I am, till he rais'd himſelf to power, and conſequently to Holineſs, by marrying his Maſter's Widow: I am reſolv'd I'll put forward for my ſelf; for why ſhou'd I be my Lord *Benducar*'s Fool and Slave, when I may be my own Fool and his Maſter.

Bend. Take her into poſſeſſion, *Muſtapha*.

Muſt. That's better Council than you meant it: Yes, I do take her into Poſſeſſion, and into Protection too: What ſay you, Maſters, will you ſtand by me?

Omnes. One and all: One and all.

Bend. Haſt thou betray'd me, Traytor?

Muf. Speak and mind 'em of Religion. [Mufti *ſhakes his head.*

Muſt. Alas the poor Gentleman has gotten a cold with a Sermon of two hours long, and a Prayer of four; and beſides, if he durſt ſpeak, mankind is grown wiſer at this time of day, than to cut one anothers Throats about Religion. Our *Mufti* is a Green-coat, and the Chriſtian is a Black-coat; and we muſt wiſely go together by the Ears, whether Green or Black ſhall ſweep our Spoils.

Drums

Drums within and ſhouts.

Bend. Now we ſhall ſee whoſe Numbers will prevail:
The Conquering Troops of *Muley-Zeydan*, come
To cruſh Rebellion, and eſpouſe my Cauſe.

Muſt. We will have a fair Tryal of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have diſpatch'd with *Muley-Zeydan*, your Lordſhip ſhall march in equal proportions of your Body, to the four Gates of the City; and every Tower ſhall have a Quarter of you.

[Antonio *draws them up, and takes* Almeyda *by the hand.*

[*Shouts again and Drums.*

Enter Dorax *and* Sebaſtian *attended by* African *Soldiers, and* Portugueſes. (Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian *run into each others Arms, and both ſpeak together.*

Seb. and *Alm.* My *Sebaſtian*! My *Almeyda*!

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! *Dorax* and *Sebaſtian* ſtill alive!
The Moors and Chriſtians join'd! I thank thee, Prophet.

Dor. The Citadel is ours; and *Muley-Zeydan*
Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince.
Lay down your Arms: Such baſe Plebeian Blood
Wou'd only ſtain the brightneſs of my Sword,
And blunt it for ſome Nobler Work behind.

Muſt. I ſuppoſe you may put it up without Offence to any Man here preſent? For my part, I have been Loyal to my Sovereign Lady; though that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Mufti*, wou'd have corrupted me; but if thoſe two 'ſcape Publick Juſtice, then I and all my late honeſt Subjects here, deſerve hanging.

Bend. (*to* Dorax) I'm ſure I did my part to Poiſon thee,
What Saint ſoe'er has Sodder'd thee again.
A Doſe leſs hot had burſt through Ribs of Iron.

Muf. Not knowing that, I poiſon'd him once more,
And drench'd him with a Draught ſo deadly cold
That, had'ſt not thou prevented, had congeal'd
The channel of his Blood, and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interpoſing Fool to Mangle miſchief,
And think to mend the perfect work of Hell.

Dor. Thus when Heaven pleaſes double Poiſons cure.
I will not tax thee of Ingratitude
To me thy Friend, who has betray'd thy Prince:
Death he deſerv'd indeed, but not from thee.
But fate, it ſeems, reſerv'd the worſt of Men
To end the worſt of Tyrants.
Go, bear him to his Fate;
And ſend him to attend his Maſter's Ghoſt.
Let ſome ſecure my other Poiſoning Friend,
Whoſe double-diligence preſerv'd my Life.

Ant. You are fal'n into good Hands Father-in-law; your ſparkling Jewels, and *Morayma*'s Eyes may prove a better Bail than you deſerve.

Muf. The beſt that can come of me, in this condition, is to have my Life beg'd firſt, and then to be beg'd for a Fool afterwards.

[*Exit* Antonio *with the* Mufti, *and at the ſame time* Benducar *is carried off.*

Dor. (*to* Muſt.) You and your hungry Herd depart untouch'd;
For Juſtice cannot ſtoop ſo low, to reach
The groveling Sin of Crowds; but curſt be they
Who truſt Revenge with ſuch mad Inſtruments,
Whoſe blindfold buſineſs is but to deſtroy:
And like the Fire Commiſſion'd by the Winds,
Begins on Sheds, but rowling in a round,
On Palaces returns. Away ye skum,
That ſtill riſe upmoſt when the Nation boyls:
Ye Mungril Work of Heav'n, with Humane ſhapes,
Not to be damn'd, or ſav'd, but breath, and periſh,
That have but juſt enough of Senſe, to know

The

The Maſters voice when rated, to depart.

(*Exeunt* Muſtapha *and* Rabble.

(Almeyda *kneeling to him.*

With gratitude as low, as knees can pay
To thoſe beſt holy Fires, our Guardian Angels,
Receive theſe thanks; till Altars can be rais'd.

(Dorax *raiſing her up.*

Ariſe fair Excellence, and pay no thanks,
Till time diſcover what I have deſerv'd.

Seb. More than reward can anſwer.
If *Portugal* and *Spain* were joyn'd to *Afrique*,
And the main Ocean cruſted into Land,
If Univerſal Monarchy were mine,
Here ſhould the gift be plac'd.

Dorax. And from ſome hands I ſhou'd refuſe that gift:
Be not too Prodigal of Promiſes;
But ſtint your Bounty to one only grant,
Which I can ask with honour.

Seb. What I am
Is but thy gift, make what thou can'ſt of me.
Secure of no Repulſe.

Dorax to *Sebaſtian*: Diſmiſs your Train.
[*To* Almeyda.) You, Madam pleaſe one moment to retire.

Sebaſtian *ſigns to the Portugueſes to go off.* Almeyda *bowing to him, goes off alſo: The* Africans *follow her.*

Dorax to the Captain of his Guard.
With you one word in private. (*Goes out with the Captain.*

Sebaſtian Solus. Reſerv'd behaviour, open Nobleneſs,
A long myſterious Track of ſtern bounty.
But now the hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
And draws the Scene to ſight.

Re-enter Dorax, *having taken off his Turbant and put on a Peruque, Hat and Crevat.*

Dorax. Now do you know me?

Seb. Thou ſhould'ſt be *Alonzo.*

Dor. So you ſhou'd be *Sebaſtian:*
But when *Sebaſtian* ceas'd to be himſelf,
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo.*

Seb. As in a Dream,
I ſee thee here, and ſcarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it ſo ſtrange to find me where my wrongs,
And your Inhumane Tyranny have ſent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call ſo loud, that Lethargy ſhould wake;
And Death ſhou'd give you back to anſwer me.
A Thouſand Nights have bruſh'd their balmy wings
Over theſe eyes, but ever when they clos'd,
Your Tyrant Image forc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the dews they brought,
The long expected hour is come at length,
By manly Vengeance to redeem my Fame;
And that once clear'd, eternal ſleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a King;
Whoſe Royal Office is redreſs of Wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the firſt Juſtice thou haſt ever done me.
Then though I loath this Womans War of tongues,
Yet ſhall my cauſe of Vengeance firſt be clear;
And Honour be thou Judge.

Sebaſt. Honour befriend us both,
Beware, I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs.

In

In terms becoming Majeſty to hear:
I warn thus, becauſe I know thy temper
Is Inſolent and haughty to Superiours:
How often haſt thou brav'd my peaceful Court,
Fill'd it with noiſy brawls, and windy boaſts;
And with paſt ſervice, nauſeouſly repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince?
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heav'n in Kings: for puniſhment
Is hangmans work, and drudgery for Devils.
I muſt and will reproach thee with my ſervice,
Tyrant, (it irks me ſo to call my Prince,)
But juſt reſentment and hard uſage coyn'd
Th' unwilling word; and grating as it is
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How Tyrant?
Dor. Tyrant.
Seb. Traytor; that name thou canſt not Echo back:
That Robe of Infamy, that Circumciſion
I'll hid beneath that Robe, proclaim thee Traytor:
And, if a Name
More foul than Traytor be, 'tis Renegade.
Dor. If I'm a Traytor, think, and bluſh, thou Tyrant,
Whoſe Injuries betray'd me into treaſon.
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,
And hurry'd me from hopes of Heaven to Hell.
All theſe, and all my yet unfiniſh'd Crimes,
When I ſhall riſe to plead before the Saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning ſure.
Seb. Thy old preſumptuous Arrogance again,
That bred my firſt diſlike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.
Dor. Too well I know thee but for King no more;
This is not *Lisbonne*, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a Statue, thou haſt ſtood beſieg'd,
By Sycophants and Fools, the growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gawdy round,
Met nothing but a lye in every face;
And the groſs flattery of a gaping Crowd,
Envious who firſt ſhou'd catch, and firſt applaud
The Stuff or Royal Nonſence: when I ſpoke,
My honeſt homely words were carp'd, and cenſur'd.
For want of Courtly Stile: related Actions,
Though modeſtly reported, paſs'd for boaſts:
Secure of Merit if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread ſnatch'd from Pimps and Paraſites.
Henriquez anſwer'd, with a ready lye,
To ſave his King's, the boon was beg'd before.
Seb. What ſay'ſt thou of *Henriquez*? now by Heaven
Thou mov'ſt me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd ſcurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him:
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and ſmile;
That Woman but more daub'd; or if a Man,
Corrupted to a Woman; thy Man Miſtriſs.
Seb. All falſe as Hell or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as falſe
As that I ſerv'd thee fifteen hard Campagnes,
And pitch'd thy Standard in theſe Foreign Fields:
By me thy greatneſs grew; thy years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.
Seb. I ſee to what thou tend'ſt; but tell me firſt
If thoſe great Acts were done alone for me;

If Love produc'd not ſome, and Pride the reſt?
Dor. Why Love does all that's noble here below;
But all th'advantage of that Love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own:
(For *Violante*'s vows were mine before:)
Thy malice had prevention, er'e I ſpoke;
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Henriquez*.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where juſtice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd Paſſenger expect a Bounty,
From thoſe rapacious hands who ſtripp'd him firſt?
Seb. He had my promiſe, e're I knew thy love.
Dor. My Services deſerv'd thou ſhould'ſt revoke it.
Seb. Thy Inſolence had cancell'd all thy Service;
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,
Sacred to peace, and ſafe from all affronts;
Even to my face, as done in my deſpight,
Under the wing of awful Majeſty
To ſtrike the Man I lov'd!
Dor. Even in the face of Heaven, a place more Sacred,
Would I have ſtruck the Man, who propt by power,
Would ſeize my right, and rob me of my Love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy Injuſtice,
The haſty product of a juſt deſpair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou ſhoud'ſt make a Coward's Cauſe thy own!
Seb. He durſt; nay more deſir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy Challenge fairly; 'twas thy fault
To make it publique; but my duty, then,
To interpoſe; on pain of my diſpleaſure,
Betwixt your Swords.
Dor. On pain of Infamy
He ſhould have diſobey'd.
Seb. Th'Indignity thou didſt was meant to me;
Thy gloomy eyes were caſt on me, with Scorn,
As who ſhould ſay the blow was there intended;
But that thou didſt not dare to lift thy hands
Againſt Anointed power, ſo was I forc'd
To do a Soveraign juſtice to my ſelf;
And ſpurn thee from my preſence.
Dor. Thou haſt dar'd
To tell me, what I durſt not tell my ſelf:
I durſt not think that I was ſpurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boaſted to my face.
All my long Avarice of honour loſt,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age;
Has honours Fountain then ſuck'd back the ſtream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-ſhod paſs,
And gather pebbles from the naked Ford.
Give me my Love, my Honour; give 'em back: ——
Give me revenge; while I have breath to ask it. ——
Seb. Now by this honour'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'ſt ask it. —
Nor ſhall the Sacred Character of King
Be urg'd to ſhield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have Injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou haſt charg'd me with Ingratitude;
Haſt thou not charg'd me; ſpeak?
Dor. Thou know'ſt I have:
If thou diſown'ſt that Imputation, draw:
And prove my Charge a lye.

Seb.

Seb. No; to diſprove that lye I muſt not draw:
Be conſcious to thy worth, and tell thy Soul
What thou haſt done this day in my defence:
To fight thee, after this, what were it elſe,
Than owning that Ingratitude thou urgeſt?
That *Iſthmus* ſtands betwixt two ruſhing Seas;
Which mounting, view each other from afar;
And ſtrive in vain to meet.
Dor. I'll cut that *Iſthmus*.
Thou know'ſt I meant not to preſerve thy Life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I ſav'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I ſhould be loath to think thou dar'ſt not:
Beware of ſuch another vile excuſe.
Seb. O patience Heaven!
Dor. Beware of Patience too;
That's a ſuſpicious word: it had been proper
Before thy foot had ſpurn'd me; now 'tis baſe:
Yet, to diſarm thee of thy laſt defence,
I have thy Oath for my ſecurity:
The only boon I beg'd was this fare Combat:
Fight or be Perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
[*Seb.* Now I can thank thee as thou would'ſt be thank'd:
drawing:] Never was vow of honour better pay'd,
If my true Sword but hold, than this ſhall be.
The ſprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding Night,
More gladly enters not the liſts of Love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus.
Go: bear my Meſſage to *Henriquez* Ghoſt;
And ſay his Maſter and his Friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His Ghoſt! then is my hated Rival dead?
Seb. The queſtion is beſide our preſent purpoſe;
Thou ſeeſt me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's Life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead: make haſt, and thou may'ſt yet o'er take him.
Dor. When I was haſty thou delay'ſt me longer.
I prithee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promiſe: for thy life preſerv'd:
Be kind; and tell me how that Rival dy'd,
Whoſe Death next thine I wiſh'd.
Seb. If it would pleaſe thee thou ſhoud'ſt never know:
But thou, like Jealouſie, enquir'ſt a Truth,
Which found will torture thee: He dy'd in Fight:
Fought next my Perſon; as in conſort fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his Shield in my defence;
And on his naked ſide receiv'd my wound.
Then when he could no more, he fell at once:
But rowl'd his falling body croſs their way;
And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him ſuch a death!
Seb. I prophecy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.
Now judge thy ſelf, who beſt deſerv'd my Love.
I knew you both; (and durſt I ſay) as Heaven
Foreknew among the ſhining Angel hoſt,
Who would ſtand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted ſo, ſo had he fall'n;
And ſo had I been favour'd, had I ſtood.
Seb. What had been is unknown; what is appears:
Confeſs he juſtly was preferr'd to thee.
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.

O, worſe than Hell! What Glory have I loſt?
And what has he acquir'd by ſuch a death?
I ſhould have fall'n by *Sebaſtian*'s ſide;
My Corps had been the Bulwark of my King.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill ſorted with a ſoft effeminate life;
It ſuited better with my Life than his:
So to have dy'd, mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your Service, dying at your feet.

Seb. The more effeminate and ſoft his life,
The more his Fame, to ſtruggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: Confeſs, proud Spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better he deſerv'd my love than thou.

Dor. O, whither would you drive me! I muſt grant,
Yes I muſt grant, but with a ſwelling Soul,
Henriquez had your Love with more deſert:
For you he fought, and dy'd; I fought againſt you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field,
Hunted your Sacred Life; which that I miſs'd
Was the propitious errour of my fate,
Not of my Soul, my Soul's a Regicide.

Seb. Thou might'ſt have given it a more gentle name:
[*more calmly.*] Thou mean'ſt to kill a Tyrant not a King:
Speak, didſt thou not, *Alonzo*?

Dor. Can I ſpeak!
Alas, I cannot anſwer to *Alonzo:*
No, *Dorax* cannot anſwer to *Alonzo:*
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Arms,
In that bleſt Age I was the Man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into *Dorax*;
And loſt like *Lucifer* my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my Life to *Dorax.*

Dor. I ſav'd you but to kill you; there's my grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canſt be griev'd, thou canſt repent:
Thou coud'ſt not be a Villain, though thou woud'ſt:
Thou own'ſt too much in owning thou haſt err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.

Dor. O ſtop this headlong Torrent of your goodneſs:
It comes too faſt upon a feeble Soul,
Half drown'd in tears, before; ſpare my confuſion:
For pity ſpare, and ſay not, firſt you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and ſhame,
[*Falls at his* To throw my ſelf beneath your Royal feet.
feet.] Now ſpurn this Rebel, this proud Renegade:
'Tis juſt you ſhould, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou ſhould'ſt not ask forgiveneſs firſt,
[*taking him up.*] But thou prevent'ſt me ſtill, in all that's noble,
Yet I will raiſe thee up with better news:
Thy *Violante*'s heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, becauſe ſhe was my Ward,
Her Soul was abſent when ſhe gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his purſuing Courtſhip,
Effect the Conſumation of his Love:
So, ſtill indulging tears, ſhe pines for thee,
A Widow and a Maid.

Dor. Have I been curſing Heav'n while Heav'n bleſt me!
I ſhall run mad with extaſy of Joy:
What, in one moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my King, and to my Love!
But pity is my Friend and ſtops me ſhort,
For my unhappy Rival: poor *Henriquez!*

Seb. Art thou ſo generous too, to Pity him?

Nay,

Nay, then I was unjuſt to love him better.
[*Embracing him.*] Here let me ever hold thee in my arms:
And all our quarrels be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace:
Be what *Henriquez* was: be my *Alonzo.*
Dor. What, my *Alonzo* ſaid you? my *Alonzo*!
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot ſpeak:
And if I cou'd,
Words were not made to vent ſuch thoughts as mine.
Seb. Thou canſt not ſpeak, and I can ne'er be ſilent.
Some ſtrange reverſe of Fate muſt ſure attend
This vaſt profuſion, this extravagance
Of Heaven, to bleſs me thus. 'Tis Gold ſo pure
It cannot bear the Stamp, without allay.
Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away:
With eaſe the gifts of Fortune I reſign;
But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine.

Exeunt.

ACT. V. *The Scene is a Room of State.*

Enter Dorax *and* Antonio.

Dor. JOY is on every face, without a Cloud:
As, in the Scene of opening Paradiſe,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new being:
Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other.
Such Joy have I, both in my ſelf, and Friends:
And double Joy, that I have made 'em happy.
Ant. Pleaſure has been the bus'neſs of my life;
And every change of Fortune eaſie to me,
Becauſe I ſtill was eaſie to my ſelf.
The loſs of her I lov'd would touch me neareſt;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much;
And that's uneaſie Pleaſure.
Dor. If ſhe be fated
To be your Wife, your fate will find her for you:
Predeſtinated ills are never loſt.
Ant. I had forgot
T'enquire before, but long to be inform'd,
How, poiſon'd and betray'd and round beſet,
You could unwind your ſelf from all theſe dangers;
And move ſo ſpeedily to our relief!
Dor. The double poiſons, after a ſhort Combat,
Expell'd each other in their Civil War,
By natures benefit: and rous'd my thoughts
To Gaurd that life which now I found attack'd.
I ſummon'd all my Officers in haſt,
On whoſe experienced Faith I might rely.
All came reſolv'd to die in my defence,
Save that one villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our diligence prevented the ſurprize
We juſtly fear'd: ſo *Muley-Zeydan* found us
Drawn up in Battle, to receive the Charge.
Ant. But how the *Moors* and *Chriſtian* ſlaves were joyn'd
You have not yet unfolded.
Dor. That remains.
We knew their Intereſt was the ſame with ours:
And though I hated more than Death, *Sebaſtian*;
I could not ſee him die by Vulgar hands:
But prompted by my Angel, or by his,
Free'd all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my ſelf

Becauſe

Becauſe I would not have his Perſon known.
I need not tell the reſt, th'event declares it.

Ant. Your Conqueſt came of courſe; their men were raw,
And yours were diſciplin'd: one doubt remains,
Why you induſtriouſly conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men?

Dor. I would not hazard civil broils betwixt
His Friends and mine: which might prevent our combat:
Yet, had he fallen I had diſmiſs'd his Troops;
Or if Victorious, order'd his eſcape.
But I forgot a new increaſe of Joy,
To feaſt him with ſurprize; I muſt about it:
Expect my ſwift return. [*Exit* Dorax.

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Serv. Here's a Lady at the Door, that bids me tell you, ſhe is come to make an end of the game, that was broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of Woman is ſhe? Does ſhe not want two of the four Elements? Has ſhe any thing about her but air and fire?

Serv. Truly, ſhe flies about the room, as if ſhe had wings inſtead of legs; I believe ſhe's juſt turning into a Bird: a Houſebird I warrant her; and ſo haſty to fly to you, that rather than fail of entrance, ſhe wou'd come tumbling down the Chimney like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

[Antonio *running to her and Embracing her.*]

Look if ſhe be not here already: what, no denial it ſeems will ſerve your turn? Why! thou little dun, is thy debt ſo preſſing?

Mor. Little Devil if you pleaſe: your leaſe is out, good Mr. Conjurer; and I am come to fetch your Soul and Body; not an hour of lewdneſs longer in this world for you.

Ant. Where the Devil haſt thou been? and how the Devil didſt thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Caſtle-yard: but there was nothing but Tumult, and Confuſion: and I was bodily afraid of being pick'd up by ſome of the Rabble: conſidering I had a double charge about me,—— my Jewels and my Maiden-head.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worſhips ſole uſe and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthful a piece: 'twas too much odds in Conſcience.

Mor. So ſeeking for ſhelter, I naturally ran to the old place of Aſſignation, the Garden-houſe: where for want of inſtinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well for thy Comfort, I have ſecur'd thy Father; and I hope thou haſt ſecur'd his effects for us.

Mor. Yes truly I had the prudent foreſight to conſider that when we grow old, and weary of Solacing one another, we might have, at leaſt, wherewithal to make merry with the World; And take up with a worſe pleaſure of eating and drinking, when we were diſabled for a better.

Ant. Thy fortune will be e'en too good for thee: for thou art going into the Country of Serenades, and Gallantries; where thy ſtreet will be haunted every Night, with thy fooliſh Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be ſighing, and ſinging under thy inexorable Windows, lamentable Ditties, and call thee Cruel, and Goddeſs, and Moon, and Stars, and all the Poetical names of wicked Rhime: while thou and I, are minding our bus'neſs, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em; at leaſure minutes, which will be very few, take that by way of threatning.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff ſo much beforehand: but, they ſay, your Churches are fine places for Love-devotion: many a ſhe Saint is their worſhip'd.

Ant. Temples are there as they are in all other Countries, good conveniences for dumb enter-views: I hear the Proteſtants are not much reform'd in that point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the natural name of Meeting houſes. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of devotion than needs muſt, good future Spouſe; and always in a veil; for thoſe eyes of thine are damn'd enemies to mortification.

Mor.

Mor. The beſt thing that I have heard of Chriſtendom, is that we Women are allow'd the privilege of having Souls; and I aſſure you, I ſhall make bold to beſtow mine upon ſome Lover, when ever you begin to go aſtray, and if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will ſerve the turn.

Ant. When that day comes, I muſt take my revenge, and turn Gardener again: for I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take heed, in the mean time, that ſome young *Antonio* does not ſpring up in your own Family; as falſe as his Father, though of another mans planting.

Re-enter Dorax *with* Sebaſtian *and* Almeyda. Sebaſtian *enters ſpeaking to* Dorax, *while in the mean time* Antonio *preſents* Morayma *to* Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royal Pris'ner, *Muley Zeydan*?

Dor. Diſpos'd to grant whatever I deſire,
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: well I know him,
Of eaſie temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his word.

Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the meaſure of my happineſs
I'm ſtill in pain for poor *Alvarez*'s life.

Dor. Releaſe that fear; the good old man is ſafe:
I pay'd his Ranſome
And have already order'd his Attendance.

Seb. O bid him enter for I long to ſee him.

Enter Alvarez *with a Servant, who departs when* Alvarez *is enter'd.*

[Alvarez *falling down and embracing the Kings knees.*]

Now by my Soul, and by theſe hoary hairs,
I'm ſo o'er-whelm'd with pleaſure, that I feel
A latter ſpring within my with'ring Limbs,
That ſhoots me out again.

[*Sebaſtine raiſing him.*]

Thou good old Man!
Thou haſt deceiv'd me into more, more joys;
Who ſtood brim-full before.

Alv. O my dear Child!
I love thee ſo, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I ſo oft have dandled in theſe arms!
What, when I gave thee loſt to find thee living!
'Tis like a Father who himſelf had ſcap'd
A falling houſe, and after anxious ſearch,
Hears from afar, his only Son within:
And digs through rubbiſh, till he drags him out
To ſee the friendly light.
Such is my haſt, ſo trembling is my joy,
To draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.

Seb. The Tempeſt is o'er-blown; the Skies are clear,
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm ſo ſtill,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her ſmooth face.

Alv. Juſt ſuch ſhe ſhows before a riſing ſtorm:
And therefore am I come with timely ſpeed,
To warn you into Port.

Almeyda. My Soul fore-bodes [*aſide.*
Some dire event involv'd in thoſe dark words;
And juſt diſcloſing in a birth of fate.

Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vaſt Empire,
Who ſtill Survives of *Muley-Moluchs* branch?

Dor. Yes ſuch a one there is, a Captive here,
And Brother to the Dead.

Alv. The Pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: my prayers for my good Maſter
I hope are heard.

Seb. Thou haſt a right in Heaven,
But why theſe Prayers for me?

Alv. A door is open yet for your deliverance,
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,

Now

Now all of us, and you (my all in one)
May yet be happy in that Captives life.
Seb. We have him here an honourable Hoſtage
For terms of peace: what more he can Contribute
To make me bleſt, I know not.
Alv. Vaſtly more:
Almeyda may be ſettled in the Throne;
And you review your native Clime with fame:
A firm Alliance, and eternal Peace,
(The glorious Crown of honourable War,
Are all included in that Princes life:
Let this fair Queen be given to *Muley-Zeydan*;
And make her love the Sanction of your League.
Seb. No more of that: his Life's in my diſpoſe;
And Pris'ners are not to inſiſt on terms.
Or if they were, yet he demands not theſe.
Alv. You ſhould exact 'em.
Alm. Better may be made;
Theſe cannot: I abhor the Tyrants race;
My Parents Murtherers, my Throne's Uſurpers.
But, at one blow to cut off all deſpute,
Know this thou buſie, old, officious Man,
I am a Chriſtian; now be wiſe no more;
Or if thou woud'ſt be ſtill thought wiſe, be ſilent.
Alv. O I perceive you think your Int'reſt touch'd:
'Tis what before the Battel I obſerv'd:
But I muſt ſpeak, and will.
Seb. I prithee peace;
Perhaps ſhe thinks they are too near of blood.
Alv. I wiſh ſhe may not wed to blood more near.
Seb. What if I make her mine?
Alv. Now Heav'n forbid!
Seb. Wiſh rather Heav'n may grant.
For, if I cou'd deſerve, I have deſerv'd her:
My toyls, my hazards, and my Subjects lives,
(Provided ſhe conſent) may claim her love:
And, that once granted, I appeal to theſe,
If better, I cou'd chuſe a beauteous Bride.
Ant. The faireſt of her Sex.
Mor. The pride of Nature.
Dor. He only merits her; ſhe only him.
So pair'd, ſo ſuited in their minds and Perſons,
That they were fram'd the Tallies for each other.
If any Alien love had interpos'd
It muſt have been an eyeſore to beholders,
And to themſelves a Curſe.
Alv. And to themſelves
The greateſt Curſe that can be, were to joyn.
Seb. Did I not love thee, paſt a change to hate,
That word had been thy ruine; but no more,
I charge thee on thy life, perverſe old Man.
Alv. Know, Sir, I wou'd be ſilent if I durſt:
But, if on Shipboard, I ſhou'd ſee my Friend,
Grown frantique in a raging Calenture,
And he, imagining vain flowry fields,
Wou'd headlong plunge himſelf into the deep,
Shou'd I not hold him from that mad attempt,
Till his ſick fancy were by reaſon cur'd?
Seb. I pardon thee th'effects of doting Age;
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;
The ſecond Non-age of a Soul, more wiſe;
But now decay'd, and ſunk into the Socket,
Peeping by fits and giving feeble light.
Alv. Have you forgot?

Seb. Thou mean'ſt my Fathers Will,
In bar of Marriage to *Almeyda*'s bed:
Thou ſeeſt my faculties are ſtill entire,
Though thine are much impair'd, I weigh'd that Will,
And found 'twas grounded on our diff'rent Faiths;
But, had he liv'd to ſee her happy change,
He wou'd have cancell'd that harſh Interdict,
And joyn'd our hands himſelf.
Alv. Still had he liv'd and ſeen this change,
He ſtill had been the ſame.
Seb. I have a dark remembrance of my Father;
His reas'nings and his Actions both were juſt;
And, granting that, he muſt have chang'd his meaſures.
Alv. Yes, he was juſt, and therefore cou'd not change.
Seb. 'Tis a baſe wrong thou offer'ſt to the Dead.
Alv. Now Heav'n forbid,
That I ſhou'd blaſt his pious Memory:
No, I am tender of his holy Fame:
For dying he bequeath'd it to my charge.
Believe, I am; and ſeek to know no more,
But pay a blind obedience to his Will.
For to preſerve his Fame I wou'd be ſilent.
Seb. Craz'd fool, who woud'ſt be thought an Oracle.
Come down from of thy Tripos, and ſpeak plain;
My Father ſhall be juſtified, he ſhall:
'Tis a Son's part to riſe in his defence;
And to confound thy malice, or thy dotage.
Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd:
But, to be clear'd at my dead Maſters coſt.
O there's the wound! but let me firſt adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed Soul,
No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.
Seb. Not Heav'n and Earth combin'd can hinder it.
Alv. Then, witneſs Heav'n and Earth, how loath I am
To ſay, you muſt not, nay you cannot wed.
And ſince not only a dead Fathers fame,
But more a Ladies honour muſt be touch'd
Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;
Let all retire; that you alone may hear
What ev'n in whiſpers I wou'd tell your ear.

[*All are going out.*

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you ſtay.
And, were my voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the round of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations ſhou'd be ſummon'd to this place.
So little do I fear that fellows charge:
So ſhou'd my honour like a riſing Swan,
Bruſh with her Wings, the falling drops away,
And proudly Plough the Waves.
Seb. This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:
And I dare truſt my Fathers memory,
To ſtand the charge of that foul forging Tongue.
Alv. It will be ſoon diſcover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your Father in his youth,
When newly marry'd, travell'd into *Spain*,
And made a long abode in *Phillips* Court?
Seb. Why ſo remote a Queſtion? Which thy ſelf
Can anſwer to thy ſelf, for thou wert with him,
His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boaſt:
And neareſt to his Soul.
Alv. Too near indeed, forgive me gracious Heaven,
That ever I ſhould boaſt I was ſo near.
The Confident of all his young Amours.
[*to* Almeyda] And have not you, unhappy beauty, heard,

Have you not often heard, your Exil'd Parents
Were refug'd in that Court, and at that time?
Alm. 'Tis true: and often ſince, my Mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to eſpouſe her cauſe;
She Counſell'd, nay, Enjoyn'd me on her bleſſing
To ſeek the Sanctuary of your Court:
Which gave me firſt encouragment to come,
And, with my Brother, beg *Sebaſtian*'s aid.
Seb.] Thou help'ſt me well, to juſtifie my War:
to *Alm.*] My dying Father ſwore me, then a Boy,
And made me kiſs the Croſs upon his Sword,
Never to ſheath it, till that exil'd Queen
Were by my Arms reſtor'd.
Alv. And can you find
No myſtery, couch'd in this exceſs of kindneſs?
Were Kings e'er known in this degenerate Age,
So paſſionately fond of noble Acts,
Where Intereſt ſhar'd not more than half with honour?
Seb. Baſe groveling Soul, who know'ſt not honours worth?
But weigh'ſt it out in mercenary Scales;
The Secret pleaſure of a generous Act,
Is the great minds great bribe.
Alv. Show me that King, and I'll believe the Phœnix.
But knock at your own breaſt, and ask your Soul
If thoſe fair fatal eyes, edg'd not your Sword,
More than your Fathers charge, and all your Vows?
If ſo; and ſo your ſilence grants it is,
Know King, your Father had, like you, a Soul;
And Love is your Inheritance from him.
Almeyda's Mother too had eyes, like her,
And not leſs charming, and were charm'd no leſs
Than your's are now with her, and her's with you.
Alm. Thou ly'ſt Impoſtor, Perjur'd Friend, thou ly'ſt.
Seb. Wa'ſt not enough to brand my Father's fame,
But thou muſt load a Ladies memory?
O Infamous baſe, beyond repair:
And to what end this ill concerted lye,
Which palpable and groſs, yet granted true,
It barrs not my Inviolable Vows.
Alv. Take heed and double not your Fathers crimes;
To his Adult'ry, do not add your Inceſt.
Know, ſhe is the product of unlawful Love:
And 'tis your Carnal Siſter you wou'd wed.
Seb. Thou ſhalt not ſay thou wert condemn'd unheard.
Elſe, by my Soul, this moment were the laſt.
Alm. But think not Oaths ſhall juſtifie thy charge;
Nor Imprecations on thy curſed head:
For who dares lye to Heaven, think Heaven a Jeſt,
Thou haſt confeſs'd thy ſelf the Conſcious Pander
Of that pretended paſſion:
A Single Witneſs, infamouſly known,
Againſt two Perſons of unqueſtion'd fame.
Alv. What Int'reſt can I have, or what delight
To blaze their ſhame, or to divulge my own?
If prov'd you hate me, if unprov'd Condemn?
Not Racks or Tortures could have forc'd this ſecret,
But too much care, to ſave you from a Crime,
Which would have ſunk you both. For let me ſay,
Almeyda's beauty well deſerves your love.
Alm. Out baſe Impoſture, I abhor thy praiſe.
Dor. It looks not like Impoſture: but a truth,
On utmoſt need reveal'd.
Seb. Did I expect from *Dorax*, this return
Is this the love renew'd?

Dorax. Sir, I am ſilent;
Pray Heav'n my fears prove falſe.
Seb. Away; you all combine to make me wretched.
Alv. But hear the ſtory of that fatal love;
Where every Circumſtance ſhall prove another;
And truth ſo ſhine, by her own native light,
That if a lye were mixt, it muſt be ſeen.
Seb. No; all may ſtill be forg'd, and of a piece.
No; I can credit nothing thou canſt ſay.
Alv. One proof remains; and that's your Fathers hand:
Firm'd with his Signet; both ſo fully known,
That Plainer Evidence can hardly be,
Unleſs his Soul wou'd want her Heav'n a while,
And come on Earth to ſwear.
Seb. Produce that Writing.
[*Alv. Alonzo* has it in his Cuſtody.
to *Dorax*] The ſame, which when his nobleneſs redeem'd me,
And in a friendly viſit own'd himſelf,
For what he is, I then depoſited:
And had his Faith to give it to the King.

Dorax *giving a Seal'd Paper to the King.*

Untouch'd, and Seal'd, as when intruſted with me,
Such I reſtore it, with a trembling hand,
Leſt ought within diſturb your peace of Soul.

Sebaſtian *tearing open the Seals.*

Draw near *Almeyda:* thou art moſt concern'd.
For I am moſt in thee.
Alonzo, mark the Characters:
Thou know'ſt my Fathers hand, obſerve it well:
And if th'Impoſtors Pen, have made one ſlip,
That ſhews it Counterfeit, mark that and ſave me.
Dor. It looks indeed, too like my Maſters hand:
So does the Signet, more I cannot ſay;
But wiſh 'twere not ſo like.
Seb. Methinks it owns
The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda*'s birth;
But ſuch a miſt of grief comes o'er my eyes,
I cannot, or I wou'd not, read it plain.
Alm. Heav'n cannot be more true, than this is falſe.
Seb. O coud'ſt thou prove it, with the ſame aſſurance!
Speak, haſt thou ever ſeen my Father's hand?
Alm. No; but my Mothers honour has been read
By me, and by the World, in all her acts;
In Characters more plain, and legible
Than this dumb Evidence, this blotted lye.
Oh that I were a Man, as my Soul's one,
To prove thee Traytor, an Aſſaſſinate
Of her fame: thus mov'd I'd tear thee, thus — [*Tearing*
And ſcatter o'er the field thy Coward limbs, *the Paper.*
Like this foul offspring of thy foregoing brain. (*Scatt'ring the Paper.*)
Alv. Juſt ſo ſhalt thou be torn from all thy hopes.
For know, proud Woman, know in thy deſpight,
The moſt Authentique proof is ſtill behind.
Thou wear'ſt it on thy finger, 'tis that Ring,
Which match'd to that on his, ſhall clear the doubt.
'Tis no dumb Forgery: For that ſhall ſpeak;
And ſound a rattling peal to either's Conſcience:
Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold
And ſhaking hand, juſt in the pangs of Death,
Put on my finger; with a parting ſigh,
And wou'd have ſpoke; but falter'd in his ſpeech
With undiſtinguiſh'd ſounds.
Alv. I know it well:

For I was preſent: now, *Almeyda*, ſpeak:
And, truly tell us, how you come by yours?
Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her ſight
To go to *Portugal* bequeath'd it to me,
Preſaging ſhe ſhou'd never ſee me more:
She pull'd it from her finger, ſhed ſome tears,
Kiſs'd it, and told me 'twas a pledge of Love;
And hid a Myſtery of great importance
Relating to my Fortunes.
Alv. Mark me now,
While I diſcloſe that fatal Myſtery.
Thoſe rings when you were born and thought anothers,
Your Parents glowing yet in ſinful love,
Bid me beſpeak: a Curious Artiſt wrought 'em:
With joynts ſo cloſe, as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each others Counterpart.
Her part had *Juan* inſcrib'd, and his had *Zayda*.
(You know thoſe names are theirs: and in the midſt,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd,
Now if the rivets of thoſe Rings inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye:
But if they joyn, you muſt for ever part.

[Seb. *pulling off his Ring* Alm. *does the ſame, and gives it to* Alv. *who unſcrues both the Rings, and fits one half to the other.*]

Seb. Now life or death.
Alm. And either thine or ours.
Alm. I'm loſt for ever—— (*ſwoons*)
(*The Women and* Morayma *take her up and carry her off.*

[Seb. *Here ſtands amaz'd without motion, his eyes fixt upward.*]

Seb. Look to the Queen my Wife; For I am paſt
All pow'r of aid, to her or to my ſelf.
Alv. His Wife, ſaid he, his Wife! O fatal ſound!
For, had I known it, this unwelcome news
Had never reach'd their ears.
So they had ſtill been bleſt in Ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.
Dor. I knew it but too late: and durſt not ſpeak.

[Seb. *ſtarting out of his amazement.*]

I will not live: No not a moment more;
I will not add one moment more to Inceſt.
I'll cut it off, and end a wretched being.
For, ſhould I live, my Soul's ſo little mine,
And ſo much hers, that I ſhould ſtill enjoy.
Ye Cruel Powers,
Take me as you have made me, miſerable;
You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my fate
And you made that, not I. [*Draws his Sword.*

Antonio *and* Alv. *lay hold on him, and* Dorax *wreſts the Sword out of his hand.*

Ant. For Heave'ns ſake hold, and recollect your mind.
Alv. Conſider whom you puniſh, and for what;
Your ſelf unjuſtly: You have charg'd the fault,
On Heav'n that beſt may bear it.
Though Inceſt is indeed a deadly Crime,
You are not guilty, ſince unknown 'twas done,
And known, had been abhorr'd.
Seb. By Heav'n you're Traytors all, that hold my hands.
If death be but ceſſation of our thought,
Then let me die, for I would think no more.
I'll boaſt my Innocence above;
And let 'em ſee a Soul they cou'd not ſully:
I ſhall be there before my Fathers Ghoſt,
That yet muſt languiſh long in Froſts and Fires,
For making me unhappy by his Crime:

[*ſtrugling again.*]

Stand off, and let me take my fill of death:
For I can hold my breath in your deſpight,

And ſwell my heaving Soul out, when I pleaſe.
Alv. Heav'n comfort you!
Seb. What, art thou giving Comfort?
Woud'ſt thou give comfort, who haſt giv'n deſpair?
Thou ſee'ſt *Alonzo* ſilent; he's a Man,
He knows, that Men abandon'd of their hopes
Shou'd ask no leave, nor ſtay for ſuing out
A tedious Writ of eaſe, from lingering Heav'n,
But help themſelves, as timely as they cou'd,
And teach the Fates their Duty.
[Dorax *to* Alv. *and* Anto.] Let him go:
He is our King; and he ſhall be obey'd,
Alv. What to deſtroy himſelf, O Parricide!
Dor. Be not injurious in your fooliſh Zeal,
But leave him free; or by my Sword I ſwear,
To hew that arm away, that ſtops the paſſage
To his Eternal Reſt.
[Anto. *leting go his hold.*] Let him be guilty of his own death if he pleaſes; for I'll not be guilty of mine, by holding him.
The King ſhakes off Alvarez.]
Alvarez *to* Dorax.] Infernal Fiend,
Is this a Subject's part?
Dor. 'Tis a Friend's Office.
He has convinc'd me that he ought to die,
And rather than he ſhou'd not, here's my Sword
To help him on his Journey.
Seb. My laſt, my only Friend, how kind art thou,
And how inhumane theſe!
Dor. To make the Trifle Death a thing of moment!
Seb. And not to weigh the important cauſe I had,
To rid my ſelf of Life?
Dor. True; for a Crime
So horrid in the face of Men and Angels,
As wilful Inceſt is!
Seb. Not willful neither.
Dor. Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated Acts,
refreſh'd your Sin, and loaded Crimes with Crimes,
To ſwell your ſcores of Guilt.
Seb. True; if I liv'd. *Dor.* I ſaid ſo, if you liv'd.
Seb. For hitherto was fatal Ignorance:
And no intended Crime.
Dor. That you beſt know.
But the malicious World will judge the worſt.
Alv. O what a Sophiſter has Hell procur'd,
To argue for Damnation?
Dor. Peace, old Dotard.
Mankind that always judge of Kings with Malice,
Will think he knew this Inceſt, and purſu'd it.
His only way to rectifie miſtakes,
And to redeem her Honour, is to die.
Seb. Thou haſt it right, my dear, my beſt *Alonzo*!
And that but petty reparation too;
But all I have to give.
Dor. Your pardon, Sir;
You may do more, and ought.
Seb. What, more than Death!
Dor. Death! why that's Childrens ſport; a Stage-Play, Death.
We act it every Night we go to bed.
Death to a Man in Miſery is Sleep,
Wou'd you, who perpetrated ſuch a Crime,
As frighten'd Nature, made the Saints above
Shake Heav'ns Eternal Pavement with their trembling,
To view that act, wou'd you but barely die?
But ſtretch your Limbs, and turn on t'other ſide,

To

To lengthen out a black voluptuous ſlumber,
And dream you had your Siſter in your arms.
Seb. To expiate this, can I do more than die?
Dor. O yes; you muſt do more; you muſt be damn'd:
You muſt be damn'd to all Eternity.
And ſure Self-murder is the readieſt way.
Seb. How, damn'd? *Dor.* Why, is that News?
Alv. O, Horror! Horror!
Dor. What, thou a Stateſman,
And make a bus'neſs of Damnation,
In ſuch a World as this! Why, 'tis a Trade;
The Scrivener, Uſurer, Lawyer, Shop-keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live but by Damnation.
The Politician does it by advance,
And gives all gone before-hand.
Seb. O thou haſt given me ſuch a glimpſe of Hell,
So puſh'd me forward, even to the brink,
Of that irremeciable burning Gulph,
That looking in the *Abyſs*, I dare not leap.
And now I ſee what good thou mean'ſt my Soul,
And thank thy pious fraud: Thou haſt indeed
Appear'd a Devil, but did'ſt an Angel's work.
Dor. 'Twas the laſt Remedy, to give you leiſure;
For, if you cou'd but think, I knew you ſafe.
Seb. I thank thee, my *Alonzo*: I will live;
But never more to *Portugal* return:
For, to go back and reign, that were to ſhew
Triumphant Inceſt, and pollute the Throne.
Alv. Since Ignorance ——
Seb. O, palliate not my wound:
When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Inceſt:
No, 'tis reſolv'd, I charge you plead no more;
I cannot live without *Almeyda*'s ſight,
Nor can I ſee *Almeyda* but I ſin.
Heav'n has inſpir'd me with a ſacred Thought,
To live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.
Dor. Mean you to turn an Anchoret?
Seb. What elſe?
The World was once too narrow for my mind,
But one poor little nook will ſerve me now;
To hide me from the reſt of human kind.
Africk has Deſarts wide enough to hold
Millions of Monſters, and I am ſure, the greateſt.
Alv. You may repent, and wiſh your Crown too late.
Seb. O never, never: I am paſt a Boy,
A Sceptre's but a Play-thing, and a Globe
A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the reſt with eaſe.
Dor. O truly great!
A Soul fix'd high and capable of Heav'n.
Old as he is your Uncle Cardinal,
Is not ſo far enamour'd of a Cloyſter,
But he will thank you for the Crown you leave him.
Seb. To pleaſe him more, let him believe me dead;
That he may never dream I may return.
Alonzo, I am now no more thy King,
But ſtill thy Friend, and by that holy Name,
Adjure thee to perform my laſt Requeſt:
Make our Conditions with yon Captive King;
Secure me but my ſolitary Cell,
'Tis all I ask him for a Crown reſtor'd.
Dor. I will do more:
But fear not *Muley-Zeydan*; his ſoft metal
Melts down with eaſie warmth; runs in the mould,

And needs no farther forge. [*Exit* Dorax.

Re-enter Almeyda *led by* Morayma, *and follow'd by her Attendants.*

Seb. See where ſhe comes again.
By Heav'n when I behold thoſe beauteous eyes,
Repentance lags and Sin comes hurrying on.

Alm. This is too cruel!

Seb. Speak'ſt thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,
Or double Death, for we muſt part, *Almeyda.*

Alm. I ſpeak of all.
For all things that belong to us are cruel.
But what's moſt cruel, we muſt love no more.
O 'tis too much that I muſt never ſee you,
But not to love you is impoſſible:
No, I muſt love you: Heav'n may hate me that,
And charge that Sinful Sympathy of Souls;
Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well.

Seb. Good Heav'n, thou ſpeak'ſt my thoughts, and I ſpeak thine.
Nay, then there's Inceſt in our very Souls.
For we were form'd too like.

Alm. Too like indeed,
And yet not for each other.
Sure when we part (for I reſolv'd it too
Tho' you propos'd it firſt) however diſtant,
We ſhall be ever thinking of each other.
And, the ſame moment, for each other pray.

Seb. But if a wiſh ſhou'd come athwart our Prayers!

Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it, if we cou'd.

Seb. We cannot look upon each others face,
But, when we read our love, we read our guilt,
And yet methinks I cannot chuſe but love.

Alm. I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durſt for ſhame,
If ſtill you lov'd? You gave it Air before me.
Ah why were we not born both of a Sex;
For then we might have lov'd, without a Crime!
Why was not I your Brother? Though that wiſh
Involv'd our Parents, we had not parted;
We had been Friends, and Friendſhip is not Inceſt.

Seb. Alas, I know not by what name to call thee!
Siſter and Wife are the two deareſt Names;
And I wou'd call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that ſtill we muſt confound
The deareſt names into a common Curſe.

Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!

Seb. To have but one poor night of all our lives;
It was indeed a glorious, guilty night:
So happy, that, forgive me Heav'n, I wiſh
With all its guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know ſo ſoon, or why at all,
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in ſuch a bliſs?

Alm. Men have a larger privilege of words,
Elſe I ſhou'd ſpeak: but we muſt part, *Sebaſtian,*
That's all the name that I have left to call thee.
I muſt not call thee by the name I wou'd;
But when I ſay *Sebaſtian,* dear *Sebaſtian,*
I kiſs the name I ſpeak.

Seb. We muſt make haſte, or we ſhall never part,
I wou'd ſay ſomething that's as dear as this;
Nay, wou'd do more than ſay: one moment longer,
And I ſhou'd break through Laws Divine and Humane;
And think 'em Cobwebs, ſpred for little Men,
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks.
The vigorous young World was ignorant
Of theſe reſtrictions, 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout but more decay'd, and cold,

All this is impious; therefore we muſt part:
For gazing thus, I kindle at thy ſight,
And once burnt down to tinder, light again
Much ſooner than before.

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the ſad denouncer of my fate,
To toll the mournful knell of Separation:
While I as on my Death-bed, hear the ſound,
That warns me hence for ever.
[*Sebaſt.* to Now be brief,
Dor.] And I will try to liſten.
And ſhare the minute that remains, betwixt
The care I owe my Subjects and my Love.
Dor. Your fate has gratifi'd you all ſhe can;
Gives eaſie miſery, and makes Exile pleaſing.
I truſted *Muley-Zeydan*, as a friend,
But ſwore him firſt to ſecreſie: he wept
Your fortune, and with tears, not ſqueez'd by Art,
But ſhed from nature, like a kindly ſhower:
In ſhort, he proffer'd more than I demanded;
A ſafe retreat, a gentle Solitude,
Unvex'd with noiſe, and undiſturb'd with fears:
I choſe you one ——
Alm. O do not tell me where:
For if I knew the place of his abode,
I ſhou'd be tempted to purſue his ſteps,
And then we both were loſt.
Seb. E'en paſt redemption.
For, if I knew thou wert on that deſign,
(As I muſt know, becauſe our Souls are one)
I ſhou'd not wander but by ſure Inſtinct,
Shou'd meet thee juſt half way, in Pilgrimage
And cloſe for ever: For I know my love
More ſtrong than thine, and I more frail than thou.
Alm. Tell me not that: for I muſt boaſt my Crime,
And cannot bear that thou ſhoud'ſt better love.
Dor. I may inform you both: for you muſt go,
Where Seas, and Winds, and Deſarts will divide you.
Under the ledge of *Atlas*, lies a Cave,
Cut in the living Rock, by natures hands:
The Venerable Seat of holy Hermites.
Who there, ſecure in ſeparated Cells,
Sacred ev'n to the Moors, enjoy Devotion:
And from the purling Streams and ſavage Fruits,
Have wholeſome bev'rage, and unbloody Feaſts.
Seb. 'Tis penance too voluptuous for my Crime.
Dor. Your Subjects, conſcious of your life are few:
But all deſirous to partake your Exile;
And to do Office to your Sacred Perſon.
The reſt who think you dead, ſhall be diſmiſs'd
Under ſafe Convoy till they reach your Fleet.
Alm. But how am wretched I to be diſpos'd?
A vain Enquiry, ſince I leave my Lord:
For all the World beſide is Baniſhment!
Dor. I have a Siſter, Abbeſſe in *Tercera*'s,
Who loſt her Lover on her Bridal day ——
Alm. There, fate provided me a fellow-Turtle;
To mingle ſighs with ſighs, and tears with tears.
Dor. Laſt for my ſelf, if I have well fullfill'd
My ſad Commiſſion, let me beg the boon,
To ſhare the ſorrows of your laſt receſs;
And mourn the common loſſes of our Loves.
Alv. And what becomes of me? Muſt I be left,
(As Age and time had worn me out of uſe?)

Theſe Sinews are not yet ſo much unſtrung
To fail me when my Maſter ſhou'd be ſerv'd;
And when they are, then will I ſteal to death:
Silent and unobſerv'd, to ſave his tears.
Seb. I've heard you both; *Alvarez* have thy wiſh.
But thine *Alonzo*, thine, is too unjuſt.
I charge thee with my laſt Commands, return,
And bleſs thy *Violante* with thy vows.
Antonio, be thou happy too, in thine.
Laſt, let me ſwear you all to Secreſie,
And to conceal my ſhame, conceal my life.
Dor. Ant. Mor. We ſwear to keep it ſecret.
Alm. Now I wou'd ſpeak the laſt farewel, I cannot.
It wou'd be ſtill farewel, a thouſand times:
And, multiply'd in Echo's, ſtill farewel.
I will not ſpeak; but think a thouſand, thouſand;
And be thou ſilent too, my laſt *Sebaſtian*;
So let us part in the dumb pomp of grief.
My heart's too great; or I wou'd die this moment:
But Death I thank him, in an hour, has made
A mighty journey, and I haſt to meet him.

(*She ſtaggers and her Women hold her up*)

Seb. Help to ſupport this feeble drooping flower:
This tender Sweet, ſo ſhaken by the ſtorm.
For theſe fond arms muſt, thus be ſtretch'd in vain,
And never, never muſt embrace her more.
'Tis paſt: —— my Soul goes in that word; —— farewel.

Alvarez *goes with* Sabaſtian *to one end of the Stage Women with* Almeyda *to the other.*

Dorax *coming up to* Antonio *and* Morayma, *who ſtand on the middle of the Stage.*

Dor. Haſt to attend *Almeyda*: For your ſake
Your Father is forgiven: But to *Antonio*
He forfeits half his Wealth: Be happy both;
And let *Sebaſtian* and *Almeyda*'s Fate,
This dreadful Sentence to the World relate,
That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,
Are juſtly puniſh'd on their Childrens head

FINIS.

PROLOGUE.

TO

Don SEBASTIAN *King of* Portugal.

Spoken by a Woman.

THE *Judge remov'd, tho' he's no more* My Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board:
So may caſt Poets write; there's no Pretenſion,
To argue loſs of wit from loſs of Penſion.
Your looks are cheerful; and in all this place
I ſee not one, that wears a damning face.
The Britiſh *Nation is too brave to ſhow,*
Ignoble vengeance, on a vanquiſh'd foe;
At leaſt be civil to the wretch imploring;
And lay your Paws upon him, without roaring:
Suppoſe our Poet was your foe before;
Yet now, the buſ'neſs of the Field is o'er;
'Tis time to let your Civil Wars alone,
When Troops are into Winter-quarters gone.
Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian;
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.
Take good advice, and pleaſe your ſelves this day;
No matter from what hands you have the Play.
Among good Fellows ev'ry health will paſs,
That ſerves to carry round another glaſs:
When, with full bowls of Burgundy *you dine,*
Tho at the mighty Monarch you repine,
You grant him ſtill moſt Chriſtian, in his Wine.

Thus far the Poet, but his brains grow Addle;
And all the reſt is purely from this Noddle,
You've ſeen young Ladies at the Senate door,
Prefer Petitions, and your grace implore;
However grave the Legiſlators were,
Their Cauſe went ne'er the worſe for being fair.
Reaſons as weak as theirs, perhaps I bring;
But I cou'd bribe you, with as good a thing.
I heard him make advances of good Nature;
That he for once, wou'd ſheath his cutting Satyr:
Sign but his peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
The Sacred Names of Fops and Beaus profane,
Strike up the Bargain quickly; for I ſwear,
As times go now, he offers very fair.
Be not too hard on him, with Statutes neither,
Be kind; and do not ſet your Teeth together,
To ſtretch the Laws as Coblers do their Leather.
Horſes, by Papiſts are not to be ridden;
But ſure the Muſes Horſe was ne'er forbidden.
For in no rate-Book, it was ever found
That Pegaſus *was valued at Five-pound:*
Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing;
And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.

EPILOGUE.

TO

Don SEBASTIAN *King of* Portugal.

Spoken betwixt Antonio *and* Morayma.

Mor. I *Quak'd at heart for fear the Royal Faſhion*
Shou'd have ſeduc'd us two to Separation:
To be drawn in, againſt our own deſire,
Poor I to be a Nun, poor You a Fryar.
Ant. *I trembled when the Old Mans hand was in,*
He would have prov'd we were too near of kin:
Diſcovering old Intrigues of Love, like t'other,
Betwixt my Father, and thy ſinful Mother;
To make Us Siſter Turk and Chriſtian Brother.
Mor. *Excuſe me there; that League ſhou'd have been*
Betwixt your Mother and my Mufti *Father; (rather*
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit
Your Friends ſhou'd bear the Baſtard, mine ſhou'd get it.
Ant. *Suppoſe us two* Almeyda *and* Sebaſtian
With Inceſt prov'd upon us:——
Mor. *Without queſtion*
Their Conſcience was too queazy of digeſtion.
Ant. *Thou woud'ſt have kept the Council of thy Bro-*
And ſinn'd till we repented of each other. (ther

Mor. *Beaſt as you are on Natures Laws to trample;*
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example:
And ſince all Marriage in Repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends
To ſave a Maids Remorſes and Confuſions,
E'en leave me now before we try Concluſions.
Ant. *To copy their Example firſt make certain*
Of one good hour like theirs before our parting;
Make a debauch o'er Night of Love and Madneſs,
And marry when we wake in ſober ſadneſs.
Mor. *I'll follow no new Sects of your inventing,*
One Night might coſt me nine long months repenting;
Firſt wed, and if you find that life afetter,
Die when you pleaſe, the ſooner, Sir, the better.
My wealth wou'd get me love e'er I cou'd ask it:
Oh there's a ſtrange Temptation in the Caſket:
All theſe Young Sharpers wou'd my grace importune,
And make me thundring Votes of lives and fortune.

AMPHITRYON:

OR,

The Two Sosia's.

To the Honourable

Sir *WILLIAM LEVISON GOWER*, Bar.

THere is one kind of Vertue, which is inborn in the Nobility, and indeed in most of the Ancient Families of this Nation; they are not apt to insult on the Misfortunes of their Country-men. But you, Sir, I may tell it you without Flattery, have grafted on this natural Commiseration, and rais'd it to a Nobler Vertue: As you have been pleas'd to honour me, for a long time, with some part of your Esteem and your good Will; so in particular, since the late Revolution, you have increas'd the Proofs of your kindness to me; and not suffer'd the difference of Opinions, which produce such Hatred and Enmity in the brutal Part of Humane kind, to remove you from the settled Basis of your good Nature and good Sense. This Nobleness of yours, had it been exercis'd on an Enemy, had certainly been a Point of Honour, and as such I might have justly recommended it to the World: But that of Constancy to your former Choice, and the pursuance of your first Favours, are Vertues not overcommon amongst *English* Men. All things of Honour have, at best, somewhat of Ostentation in them, and Self-love; there is a Pride of doing more than is expected from us, and more than others would have done. But to proceed in the same Tract of Goodness, Favour, and Protection, is to shew that a Man is acted by a thorough Principle: It carries somewhat of Tenderness in it, which is Humanity in an Heroical Degree; 'tis a kind of unmovable good Nature; a word which is commonly Despis'd, because it is so seldom practis'd. But after all, 'tis the most generous Vertue, oppos'd to the most degenerate Vice, which is that of Ruggidness and Harshness to our Fellow Creatures.

'Tis upon this knowledge of you, Sir, that I have chosen you, with your permission, to be the Patron of this Poem. And, as since this wonderful Revolution, I have begun with the best Pattern of Humanity, the Earl of *Leicester*; I shall continue to follow the same Method, in all, to whom I shall Address, and endeavour to pitch on such only, as have been pleas'd to own me in this Ruin of my small Fortune; who, though they are of a contrary Opinion themselves, yet blame not me for adhering to a lost Cause; and judging for my self what I cannot chuse but judge; so long as I am a patient Sufferer, and no disturber of the Government. Which, if it be a severe Penance, as a great Wit has told the World, 'tis at least enjoyn'd me by my self: And *Sancho Panca*, as much a Fool as I, was observ'd to discipline his Body, no farther than he found he could endure the smart.

You see, Sir, I am not entertaining you, like *Ovid*, with a lamentable Epistle from *Pontus*; I suffer no more, than I can easily undergo; and so long as I enjoy my Liberty, which is the Birth-right of an *English* Man, the rest shall never go near my Heart. The merry Philosopher is more to my Humour than the Melancholick; and I find no disposition in my self to Cry, while the mad World is daily supplying me with such Occasions of Laughter. The more reasonable sort of my Country-men, have shewn so much favour to this Piece, that they give me no doubt of their Protection for the future.

As you, Sir, have been pleas'd to follow the Example of their Goodness, in favouring me: So give me leave to say, That I follow yours in this Dedication, to a Person of a different Perswasion. Though I must confess withal, that I have had a former Encouragement from you for this Address; and the warm Remembrance of your noble Hospitality to me at *Trentham*, when some years ago I visited my Friends and Relations in your Country, has ever since given me a violent Temptation to this boldness.

'Tis true, were this Comedy wholly mine, I should call it a Trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your Patronage; but when the Names of *Plautus* and *Moliere* are joyn'd in it; that is, the two greatest Names of Ancient and Modern Comedy, I must not presume so far on their Reputation, to think their best and most unquestion'd Productions can be term'd Little. I will not give you the trouble of acquainting you what I have added, or alter'd in either of them, so much it may be for the worse; but only that the difference of our Stage from the *Roman* and the *French* did so require it. But I am afraid, for my own Interest, the World will too easily discover, that more than half of it is mine; and that the rest is rather a lame Imitation of their Excellencies, than a just Translation. 'Tis enough, that the Reader know by you, that I neither deserve nor desire any Applause from it: If I have perform'd any thing, 'tis the Genius of my Authors that inspired me; and if it has pleas'd in Representation, let the Actors share the Praise amongst themselves. As for *Plautus* and

Moliere, they are dangerous People; and I am too weak a Gameſter to put my ſelf into their Form of Play. But what has been wanting on my Part, has been abundantly ſupplied by the Excellent Compoſition of Mr. *Purcell*; in whoſe Perſon we have at length found an *Engliſh* Man, equal with the beſt abroad. At leaſt my Opinion of him has been ſuch, ſince his happy and judicious Performances in the late *Opera*; and the Experience I have had of him, in the ſetting my three Songs for this *Amphitryon*: To all which, and particularly to the Compoſition of the *Paſtoral Dialogue*, the numerous Quire of Fair Ladies gave ſo juſt an Applauſe on the Third Day. I am only ſorry, for my own ſake, that there was one Star wanting, as Beautiful as any in our Hemiſphere; that young *Berenice*, who is miſimploying all her Charms on ſtupid Country Souls, that can never know the Value of them; and loſing the Triumphs, which are ready prepar'd for her in the Court and Town. And yet I know not whether I am ſo much a loſer by her abſence; for I have reaſon to apprehend the ſharpneſs of her Judgment, if it were not allay'd with the ſweetneſs of her Nature; and after all, I fear ſhe may come time enough, to diſcover a Thouſand Imperfections in my Play, which might have paſs'd on Vulgar Underſtandings. Be pleas'd to uſe the Authority of a Father over her, on my behalf; enjoyn her to keep her own Thoughts of *Amphitryon* to her ſelf; or at leaſt not to compare him too ſtrictly with *Moliere*'s. 'Tis true, I have an Intereſt in this Partiality of hers; but withal, I plead ſome ſort of Merit for it, in being ſo Particularly as I am,

SIR,

October 24. 1690.

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

TO

Amphitryon; Or, The Two *Soſia*'s.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

THE lab'ring Bee, when his ſharp Sting is gone,
Forgets his Golden Work, and turns a Drone:
Such is a Satyr, when you take away
That Rage, in which his Noble Vigour lay.
What gain you, by not ſuffering him to teeze ye?
He neither can offend you, now, nor pleaſe ye.
The Honey-bag, and Venome, lay ſo near,
That both, together, you reſolv'd to tear;
And loſt your Pleaſure, to ſecure your Fear.
How can he ſhow his Manhood, if you bind him
To box, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind him?
This is plain levelling of Wit; in which
The Poor has all th' advantage, not the Rich.
The Blockhead ſtands excus'd for wanting Senſe;
And Wits turn Blockheads in their own defence.
Yet, though the Stages Traffick is undone,
Still Julian's *interloping Trade goes on:*
Though Satyr on the Theatre you ſmother,
Yet in Lampoons, you Libel one another.
The firſt produces ſtill a ſecond Fig;
You whip 'em out, like School-boys, till they gig:
And, with the ſame ſucceſs, we Readers gueſs;
For, ev'ry one ſtill dwindles to a leſs.
And much good Malice, is ſo meanly dreſt,
That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the Jeſt.
If no advice your Rhiming Rage can ſtay,
Let not the Ladies ſuffer in the Fray.
Their tender Sex is privileg'd from War;
Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the Fair.
What Fame expect you from ſo mean a Prize?
We wear no murd'ring Weapons, but our Eyes.
Our Sex, you know, was after yours deſign'd;
The laſt Perfection of the Maker's mind:
Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and left your Droſs
Beauty, for Valour's beſt Reward, He choſe; (behind
Peace, after War; and after Toil, Repoſe.
Hence ye prophane, excluded from our ſights;
And charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain delights,
Go, make your beſt of ſolitary Nights.
Recant betimes, 'tis prudence to ſubmit:
Our Sex is ſtill your Overmatch in Wit:
We never fail, with new, ſucceſsful Arts,
To make fine Fools of you, and all your Parts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jupiter,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Mercury,	Mr. *Lee.*
Phœbus,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Amphitryon,	Mr. *Williams.*
Soſia,	Mr. *Nokes.*
Gripus,	Mr. *Sandford.*
Polidas,	Mr. *Bright.*
Tranio,	Mr. *Bowen.*
Alcmena,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Phædra,	Mrs. *Mountford.*
Bromia,	Mrs. *Corey.*
Night,	Mrs. *Butler.*

AMPHITRYON:

Or, The TWO

SOSIAS.

The Scene *THEBES.*

Mercury *and* Phœbus *deſcend in ſeveral Machines.*

Phœb. KNOW you the Reaſon of this preſent Summons?
'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heav'n;
What buſineſs has our *Jupiter* on Earth?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place?
And why we two of all the Herd of Gods
Are choſen out to meet him in Conſult?
They call me God of Wiſdom,
But *Mars* and *Vulcan*, the two Fools of Heav'n,
Whoſe Wit lies in their Anvil and their Sword,
Know full as much as I.

Merc. And *Venus* may know more than both of us,
For 'tis ſome Petticoat-Affair I gueſs.

I have diſcharg'd my Duty; which was to ſummon you, *Phœbus*: We ſhall know more anon, when the Thunderer comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Father; for, to confeſs the Truth, we two are little better than Sons of Harlots: And if *Jupiter* had not been pleas'd to take a little pains with our Mothers, inſtead of being Gods, we might have been a couple of Linck-boys.

Phœb. But know you nothing farther, *Hermes*? What News in Court?

Merc. There has been a deviliſh Quarrel, I can tell you, betwixt *Jupiter* and *Juno*: She threaten'd to ſue him in the Spiritual Court, for ſome Matrimonial Omiſſions; and he ſtood upon his Prerogative. Then ſhe hit him on the Teeth of all his Baſtards; and your Name and mine were us'd with leſs reverence than became our Godſhips. They were both in their Cups; and at the laſt the Matter grew ſo high, that they were ready to throw Stars at one anothers Heads.

Phœb. 'Twas happy for me that I was at my Vocation, driving Day-light about the World; but I had rather ſtand my Father's Thunderbolts, than my Step-mother's Railing.

Merc. When the Tongue-battle was over, and the Championeſs had harneſs'd her Peacocks, to go for *Samos*, and hear the Prayers that were made to her ——

Phœb. By the way her Worſhippers had a bad time on't; ſhe was in a damnable Humour for receiving Petitions ——

Merc. *Jupiter* immediately beckons me aſide; and charges me, that as ſoon as ever you had ſet up your Horſes, you and I ſhou'd meet him here at *Thebes*: now, putting the Premiſes together, as dark as it is, methinks I begin to ſee Day-light.

Phœb. As plain as one of my own Beams; ſhe has made him uneaſie at home, and he is going to ſeek his Diverſion abroad: I ſee Heav'n it ſelf is no privileg'd Place for Happineſs, if a Man muſt carry his Wife along with him.

Merc. 'Tis neither better nor worſe upon my Conſcience: He is weary of hunting in the ſpacious Foreſt of a Wife, and is following his Game *incognito*, in ſome little Purliew here at *Thebes*; that's many an honeſt Man's Caſe on Earth too, *Jove* help 'em; as indeed he does to make 'em Cuckolds.

Phœb. But if ſo, *Mercury*, then I, who am a Poet, muſt indite his Love-letter; and you, who are by Trade a Porter, muſt convey it.

Merc. No more, he's coming down ſowſe upon us, and hears as far as he can ſee too; he's plaguy hot upon the buſineſs, I know it by his hard driving.

[Jupiter *deſcends.*

Jupiter. What, you are deſcanting upon my Actions?
Much good may do you with your Politicks:

All

All Subjects will be cenſuring their Kings.
Well, I confeſs I am in love; what then?

Phœb. Some Mortal, we preſume, of *Cadmus*'s Blood:
Some *Theban* Beauty; ſome new *Semele*,
Or ſome *Europa*.

Merc. I'll ſay that for my Father, he's conſtant to an handſome Family: He knows when they have a good ſmack with 'em; and ſnuffs up Incenſe ſo favourly, when 'tis offer'd him by a fair Hand.

Jup. Well, my familiar Sons, this ſawcy Carriage
I have deſerv'd; for he who truſts a Secret
Makes his own Man his Maſter.
I read your Thoughts;
Therefore you may as ſafely ſpeak as think.

Merc. Mine was a very homely Thought: I was conſidering into what form your Almighty-ſhip would be pleas'd to transform your ſelf to night. Whether you wou'd fornicate in the Shape of a Bull, or a Ram, or an Eagle, or a Swan: What Bird or Beaſt you wou'd pleaſe to honour, by tranſgreſſing your own Laws, in his likeneſs; or in ſhort, whether you wou'd recreate your ſelf in Feathers, or in Leather?

Phœb. Any diſguiſe to hide the King of Gods.

Jup. I know your Malice, *Phœbus*, you wou'd ſay
That when a Monarch ſins it ſhou'd be ſecret,
To keep exteriour ſhow of Sanctity,
Maintain Reſpect, and cover bad Example:
For Kings and Prieſts are in a manner bound
For Reverence-ſake to be cloſe Hypocrites.

Phœb. But what neceſſitates you to this Love,
Which you confeſs a Crime, and yet commit?
For to be ſecret makes not Sin the leſs:
'Tis only hidden from the vulgar view:
Maintains, indeed, the Reverence due to Princes,
But not abſolves the Conſcience from the Crime.

Jup. I love, becauſe 'twas in the Fates I ſhou'd.

Phœb. With reverence be it ſpoke, a bad excuſe:
Thus every wicked Act in Heav'n or Earth,
May make the ſame defence; but what is Fate?
Is it a blind contingence of Events?
Or ſure neceſſity of Cauſes link'd,
That muſt produce Effects? Or is't a Pow'r
That orders all things by Superiour Will,
Foreſees his Work, and works in that foreſight?

Jup. Fate is, what I
By virtue of Omnipotence have made it:
And Pow'r omnipotent can do no wrong,
Not to my ſelf, becauſe I will'd it ſo:
Nor yet to Men, for what they are is mine.
This night I will enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife:
For when I made her, I decreed her ſuch
As I ſhou'd pleaſe to love. I wrong not him
Whoſe Wife ſhe is; for I reſerv'd my Right,
To have her while ſhe pleas'd me; that once paſt,
She ſhall be his again.

Merc. Here's Omnipotence with a Vengeance, to make a Man a Cuckold, and yet not to do him wrong. Then I find, Father *Jupiter*, that when you made Fate, you had the wit to contrive a Holy-day for your ſelf now and then. For you Kings never enact a Law, but you have a kind of an Eye to your own Prerogative.

Phœb. If there be no ſuch thing as right and wrong,
Of an Eternal Being, I have done ——
But if there be ——

Jup. Peace, thou diſputing Fool:
Learn this; if thou could'ſt comprehend my ways,
Then thou wert *Jove*, not I: yet, thus far know,
That, for the good of Human-kind, this Night
I ſhall beget a future *Hercules*:

Who

Who ſhall redreſs the wrongs of injur'd Mortals,
Shall conquer Monſters, and reform the World.

Merc. Ay, Brother *Phœbus*; and our Father made all thoſe Monſters for *Hercules* to Conquer, and contriv'd all thoſe Vices on purporſe for him to reform too, there's the Jeſt on't.

Phœb. Since Arbitrary Pow'r will hear no Reaſon, 'tis Wiſdom to be ſilent. —

Merc. Why that's the Point; this ſame Arbitrary Power is a knock-down Argument; 'tis but a Word and a Blow: Now methinks our Father ſpeaks out like an honeſt bare-fac'd God, as he is; he lays the ſtreſs in the right Place, upon abſolute Dominion: I confeſs if he had been a Man, he might have been a Tyrant, if his Subjects durſt have call'd him to account: But you, Brother *Phœbus*, are but a meer Country Gentleman, that never comes to Court; that are abroad all day on Horſe-back, making Viſits about the World; are drinking all Night, and in your Cups are ſtill rayling at the Government: O theſe Patriots, theſe bumpkin Patriots, are a very ſilly ſort of Animals.

Jup. My preſent Purpoſe and Deſign you heard:
T' enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife, the fair *Alcmena:*
You two muſt be ſubſervient to my Love.

Merc. to *Phœb.* No more of your Grumbletonian Morals, Brother; there's Preferment coming, be advis'd and Pimp dutifully.

Jup. Amphitryon, the brave *Theban* General
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight;
And in a ſingle Duel ſlain their King:
His Conquering Troops are eager on their march
Returning home; while their young General
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Poſts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by to Morrow's dawn will reach this Town.

Merc. That's but ſhort warning, Father *Jupiter:* having made no former advances of Courtſhip to her, you have need of your Omnipotence, and all your God-ſhip, if you mean to be before-hand with him.

Phœb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening;
Time's precious, and theſe Summer Nights are ſhort;
I muſt be early up to light the World.

Jup. You ſhall not riſe, there ſhall be no to morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an end I find.

Phœb. Or elſe a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. A day, will well be loſt to buſie Man:
Night ſhall continue ſleep, and care ſhall ceaſe.
So, many Men ſhall live, and live in peace,
Whom Sun-ſhine had betray'd to envious Sight,
And Sight to ſudden Rage, and Rage to Death.
Now, I will have a Night for love and me:
A long luxurious Night, fit for a God
To quench and empty his Immortal Heat.

Merc. I'll lay on the Womans ſide for all that; that ſhe ſhall love longeſt to Night, in ſpight of your Omnipotence.

Phœb. I ſhall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades,
That early riſe, but you muſt be obey'd.

Jup. No matter for the cheating part of Man;
They have a day's ſin leſs to anſwer for.

Phœb. When wou'd you have me wake?

Jup. Why, when *Jove* goes to ſleep: When I have finiſh'd,
Your Brother *Mercury* ſhall bring you word. [*Exit* Phœbus *on his Chariot.*

To *Merc.* Now, *Hermes*, I muſt take *Amphitryon*'s form.
T' enjoy his Wife;
Thou muſt be *Soſia*, this *Amphitryon*'s Slave;
Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*,
To tell *Alcmena* of her Lord's approach;
And bring her joyful news of Victory.

Merc. But why muſt I be *Soſia?*

Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thy ſelf!
Thou muſt be *Soſia*, to keep out *Soſia:*
Who, by his entrance, might diſcover *Jove*,

Diſturb

Diſturb my Pleaſures, raiſe unruly Noiſe,
And ſo diſtract *Alcmena*'s tender Soul,
She wou'd not meet my warmth, when I diſſolve
Into her Lap, nor give down half her Love.

Merc. Let me alone; I'll cudgel him away:
But I abhor ſo Villainous a ſhape.

Jup. Take it; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it:
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command.
I cannot bear a moments loſs of Joy.

[*Night appears above in her Chariot.*

Look up, the Night is in her ſilent Chariot;
And rouling juſt o'er *Thebes:* Bid her drive ſlowly,
Or make a double turn about the World;
While I drop *Jove*, and take *Amphitryon*'s Dreſs,
To be the greater, while I ſeem the leſs. [*Exit* Jupiter.

Merc. to *Night*. Madam *Night*, a good Even to you: Fair and ſoftly, I beſeech you, Madam; I have a word or two to you, from no leſs a God than *Jupiter*.

Night. O, my nimble finger'd God of Theft, what makes you here on Earth, at this unſeaſonable hour? What Banker's Shop is to be broke open to Night? Or what Clippers, and Coiners, and Conſpirators, have been invoking your Deity for their aſſiſtance.

Merc. Faith none of thoſe Enormities; and yet I am ſtill in my Vocation: For you know I am a kind of Jack of all Trades: At a word, *Jupiter* is indulging his Genius to Night, with a certain noble ſort of Recreation, call'd Wenching: The truth on't is, Adultery is its proper name.

Night. *Jupiter* wou'd do well to ſtick to his Wife *Juno*.

Merc. He has been marry'd to her above theſe hundred years; and that's long enough in conſcience to ſtick to one Woman.

Night. She's his Siſter too, as well as his Wife; that's a double tye of affection to her.

Merc. Nay, if he made bold with his own Fleſh and Blood, 'tis likely he will not ſpare his Neighbours.

Night. If I were his Wife, I would raiſe a Rebellion againſt him, for the violation of my Bed.

Merc. Thou art miſtaken, *Old Night:* His Wife cou'd raiſe no faction: All the Deities in Heav'n wou'd take the part of the Cuckold-making God; for they are all given to the Fleſh moſt damnably. Nay the very Goddeſſes wou'd ſtickle in the cauſe of Love; 'tis the way to be Popular to Whore and Love. For what do'ſt thou think old *Saturn* was depos'd, but that he was cold and impotent; and made no court to the fair Ladies. *Pallas* and *Juno* themſelves, as chaſte as they are, cry'd ſhame on him. I ſay unto thee, *Old Night*, Wo be to the Monarch that has not the Women on his ſide.

Night. Then by your rule, *Mercury*, A King who wou'd live happily, muſt debauch his whole Nation of Women.

Merc. As far as his ready Money will go, I mean; for *Jupiter* himſelf can't pleaſe all of 'em. But this is beſide my preſent Commiſſion; he has ſent me to will and require you to make a ſwinging long Night for him: For he hates to be ſtinted in his Pleaſures.

Night. Tell him plainly, I'll rather lay down my Commiſſion: What wou'd he make a Bawd of me?

Merc. Poor Ignorant! Why he meant thee for a Bawd, when he firſt made thee. What art thou good for, but to be a Bawd? Is not Day-light better for Mankind, I mean as to any other uſe, but only for Love and Fornication? Thou haſt been a Bawd too, a Reverend, Primitive, Original Bawd, from the firſt hour of thy Creation! and all the laudable actions of Love, have been committed under thy Mantle. Prithee for what doſt thou think that thou art worſhipp'd?

Night. Why for my Stars and Moonſhine.

Merc. That is, for holding a Candle to iniquity: but if they were put out, thou wou'dſt be double worſhip'd, by the willing baſhful Virgins.

Night. Then for my quiet, and the ſweetneſs of my ſleep.

Merc. No, for thy ſweet walking all the Night: For ſleep comes not upon Lovers till thou art vaniſh'd.

Night.

Night. But it will be againſt Nature, to make a long Winters Night at Midſummer.

Merc. Trouble not your ſelf for that: *Phœbus* is order'd to make a ſhort Summers Day to Morrow; ſo in four and twenty hours all will be at rights again.

Night. Well, I am edified by your diſcourſe; and my comfort is, that whatever work is made, I ſee nothing.

Merc. About your buſineſs then: Put a ſpoke into your Chariot Wheels, and order the Seven Stars to halt, while I put my ſelf into the habit of a Serving Man; and dreſs up a falſe *Soſia*, to wait upon a falſe *Alphitryon*. Good night, *Night*.

Night. My ſervice to *Jupiter*. Farewel *Mercury*.

[Night *goes backward.* [*Exit* Mercury.

SCENE II. *Amphitryon*'s Palace.

Enter Alcmena *alone.*

Alcm. WHy was I marri'd to the Man I love!
For, had he been indifferent to my choice,
Or had been hated, abſence had been pleaſure:
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon*'s life:
At home, in private, and ſecure from War,
I am amidſt an Hoaſt of armed Foes:
Suſtaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds,
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Am in *Amphitryon* ſlain! wou'd I were there,
And he were here; ſo might we change our Fates;
That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him!

Enter Phædra, *running.*

Phæd. Good news, good news, Madam, O ſuch admirable news, that if I kept it in a moment, I ſhou'd burſt with it!

Alc. Is it from the Army? *Phæd.* No matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon*? *Phæd.* No matter, neither.

Alc. Anſwer me, I charge thee, if thy good news be any thing relating to my Lord: If it be, aſſure thy ſelf of a Reward.

Phæd. Ay, Madam, now you ſay ſomething to the matter: You know the buſineſs of a poor Waiting-Woman, here upon Earth, is to be ſcraping up ſomething againſt a rainy Day, call'd the Day of Marriage: Every one in our own Vocation: But what matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemies, if I get nothing of their ſpoils?

Alc. Say, is my Lord victorious?

Phæd. Why he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to *Jupiter* for a Victory; by the ſame token, that you ſhou'd give me ten pieces of Gold, if I brought you news of it.

Alc. They are thine; ſuppoſing he be ſafe too.

Phæd. Nay, that's a new bargain; for I vow'd to *Jupiter*, that then you ſhou'd give me ten Pieces more: But I do undertake for my Lord's ſafety: if you will pleaſe to diſcharge his Godſhip *Jupiter* of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in ſafety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your Vow.

Phæd. And I am ſure I articled with *Jupiter*, that if I brought you news, that my Lord was upon return, you ſhou'd grant me one ſmall favour more, that will coſt you nothing.

Alc. Make haſte, thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon return?

Phæd. Promiſe me that I ſhall be your bed-fellow to Night, as I have been ever ſince my Lord's abſence,—— unleſs I ſhall be pleas'd to releaſe you of your word.

Alc. That's a ſmall requeſt, 'tis granted.

Phæd. But ſwear by *Jupiter*. *Alc.* But why by *Jupiter*.

Phæd. Becauſe he's the greateſt: I hate to deal with one of your little baffling Gods that can do nothing but by permiſſion: But *Jupiter* can ſwinge you off; if you ſwear by him, and are forſworn.

Alc. I ſwear by *Jupiter*.

Phæd. Then I believe he is Victorious, and I know he is ſafe: For I look'd through the Key-hole, and ſaw him knocking at the Gate; and I had the Conſcience to let him cool his Heels there.

Alc. And wou'dſt thou not open to him! Oh thou Traitreſs!

Phæd. No, I was a little wiſer: I left *Soſia*'s Wife to let him in: for I was reſolv'd to bring the news, and make my penny-worths out of him; as time ſhall ſhow.

Enter Jupiter, *in the ſhape of* Amphitryon, *with* Soſia's *Wife*, Bromia.

[*He kiſſes and embraces* Alcmena.

Jup. O let me live for ever on thoſe Lips!——
The Nectar of the Gods to theſe is taſteleſs.
I ſwear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n, to be *Amphitryon*.

Alc. Then, not to ſwear beneath *Amphitryon*'s Oath,
(Forgive me *Juno* if I am prophane)
I ſwear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno*.

Brom. Good my Lord, what's become of my poor Bed-fellow, your Man *Soſia*: you keep ſuch a billing and colling here, to ſet ones Mouth a watring: What, I ſay, though I am a poor Woman, I have a Husband as well as my Lady; and ſhou'd be as glad as ſhe of a little honeſt Recreation.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old Friend, and my old Sweetheart, Judge *Gripus*? Has he brought me home a cram'd Purſe that ſwells with Bribes? If he be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable Magiſtrate: But if he has not had the wit to ſell Juſtice, he judges no Cauſes in my Court, I warrant him.

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battle?
Is *Thebes* Victorious, are our Foes deſtroy'd?
For now I find you ſafe, I ſhou'd be glad
To hear you were in danger?

Jup. aſide. A Man had need be a God, to ſtand the fury of three talking Women! I think in my Conſcience I made their Tongues of Thunder.

Bromia *pulling him on one ſide.* I ask'd the firſt queſtion, anſwer me, my Lord.

Phædra *pulling him on t'other ſide.* Peace, mine's a Lover, and yours is but a Husband: and my Judge is my Lord too; the Title ſhall take place, and I will be anſwer'd.

Jup. *Soſia* is ſafe: *Gripus* is rich: both coming:
I rode before 'em, with a Lovers haſte—— [*Aſide.*
Was e'er poor God ſo worry'd! but for my Love,
I wiſh I were in Heav'n again with *Juno*.

Alc. Then I, it ſeems, am laſt to be regarded?

Jup. Not ſo, my Love, but theſe obſtreperous Tongues
Have ſnatch'd their anſwers firſt: They will be heard;
And ſurely *Jove* wou'd never anſwer Pray'r
That Women made, but only to be freed
From their Eternal Noiſe: Make haſt to Bed:
There let me tell my ſtory, in thy Arms;
There in the gentle pauſes of our Love,
Betwixt our dyings, e'er we live again,
Thou ſhalt be told the Battle, and ſucceſs:
Which I ſhall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make ſo ſweet confuſion in our talk,
That thou ſhalt ask, and I ſhall anſwer things,
That are not of a piece: but patch'd with Kiſſes,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
And Nonſenſe ſhall be Eloquent, in Love.

Brom. to *Phædra.* My Lord is very hot upon't: This abſence is a great Friend to us poor neglected Wives; it make us new again.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love; and find within me
The fondneſs of a Bride, without the fear.
My whole Deſires and Wiſhes are in you.

Phæd. aſide. My Lady's Eyes are pinking to Bedward too: Now is She to look very ſleepy, counterfeiting yawning, but She ſhall ask me leave firſt.

Alc. Great *Juno*, thou whoſe holy care preſides

Over

Over the Nuptial Bed pour all thy Bleſſings
On this Auſpicious Night.

Jup. *Juno* may grudge: for ſhe may fear a Rival,
In thoſe bright Eyes; but *Jupiter* will grant,
And doubly bleſs this Night.

Phæd. aſide. But *Jupiter* ſhou'd ask my leave firſt, were he here in Perſon.

Alc. *Bromia*, prepare the Bed:
The tedious Journey has diſpos'd my Lord,
To ſeek his needful reſt. [*Exit* Bromia.

Phæd. 'Tis very true, Madam; the poor Gentleman muſt needs be weary; and therefore, 'twas not ill contriv'd that he muſt lie alone to Night, to recruit himſelf with ſleep, and lay in enough for to morrow night, when you may keep him waking.

Alc. to *Jupiter.* I muſt confeſs I made a kind of promiſe ——

Phædra *almoſt crying.* A kind of promiſe, do you call it? I ſee you wou'd fain be coming off: I am ſure you ſwore to me, by *Jupiter*, that I ſhou'd be your Bed-fellow, and I'll accuſe you to him too, the firſt Prayers I make: And I'll pray a purpoſe too, that I will, though I have not pray'd to him this ſeven Years.

Jup. O, the malicious Hilding!

Alc. I did ſwear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forſwear thy ſelf; for *Jupiter* but laughs
At Lovers Perjuries.

Phæd. The more ſhame for him if he does: There wou'd be a fine God indeed for us Women to worſhip, if he laughs when our Sweet-hearts cheat us of our Maiden-heads: No, no, *Jupiter* is an honeſter Gentleman than you make of him.

Jup. I'm all on fire; and wou'd not loſe this Night
To be the Maſter of the Univerſe.

Phæd. Ay, my Lord, I ſee you are on fire; but the Devil a Bucket ſhall be brought to quench it, without my leave: You may go to Bed, Madam; but you ſhall ſee how Heav'n will bleſs your Nights work, if you forſwear your ſelf: —— Some fool, ſome mere Elder Brother, or ſome blockheadly Hero, *Jove*, I beſeech thee, ſend her.

Jup. aſide. Now I cou'd call my Thunder to revenge me,
But that were to confeſs my ſelf a God,
And then I loſt my Love! —— *Alcmena*, come,
By Heav'n I have a Bridegroom's fervour for thee,
As I had ne'er enjoy'd.

Alc. ſighing. She has my Oath;
And ſure ſhe may releaſe it, if ſhe pleaſe ——

Phæd. Why, truly, Madam, I am not cruel in my nature, to poor diſtreſſed Lovers; for it may be my own caſe another day: And therefore, if my Lord pleaſes to conſider me ——

Jup. Any thing, any thing, but name thy wiſh, and have it ——

Phæd. Ay, now you ſay, any thing, any thing; but you wou'd tell me another ſtory to morrow Morning. Look you, my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive, you know the meaning of it: I am for nothing but the Ready ——

Jup. Thou ſhalt have all the Treaſury of Heaven.

Phæd. Yes, when you are *Jupiter* to diſpoſe of it.

Jup. aſide, I had forgot, and ſhow'd my ſelf a God;
This Love can make a Fool of *Jupiter*.

Phæd. You have got ſome part of the Enemies Spoil I warrant you; I ſee a little trifling Diamond upon your Finger; and I am proud enough to think it wou'd become mine too.

Jupiter, *taking a Ring off his Finger and giving it.* Here, take it;
This is a very Woman:
Her Sex is Avarice, and ſhe, in one, Is all her Sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no matter what you ſay of us. What wou'd you have your Money out of the Treaſury, without paying the Officers their Fees? Go, get you together, you naughty Couple, till you are both weary of worrying one another, and then to morrow Morning, I ſhall have another Fee for parting you.

[Phædra *goes out before* Alcmena *with a Light.*

Jupiter Solus.

Why now I am, indeed, the Lord of all:

For what's to be a God, but to enjoy?
Let humane kind their Sovereign's leiſure wait;
Love is, this Night, my great Affair of State:
Let this one Night of Providence be void:
All *Jove*, for once, is on himſelf employ'd.
Let unregarded Altars ſmoke in vain;
And let my Subjects praiſe me, or complain.
Yet, if betwixt my Intervals of Bliſs,
Some am'rous Youth his Oraiſons addreſs,
His Pray'r is in a happy hour preferr'd:
And when *Jove* loves, a Lover ſhall be heard.

ACT II.

Night-Scene of a Palace.

Soſia *with a Dark-Lanthorn:* Mercury, *in* Soſia's *ſhape, with a Dark-Lanthorn alſo.*

Soſia. WAS not the Devil in my Maſter, to ſend me out in this dreadful dark Night, to bring the news of his Victory to my Lady? And was not I poſſeſs'd with ten Devils, for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the ſafeguard of my Perſon? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with fear! I am diminiſh'd of my natural weight, above two Stone: I ſhall not bring half my ſelf home again to my poor Wife and Family: I have been in an Ague fit, ever ſince ſhut of Evening: what with the fright of Trees by the High-way, which look'd Maliciouſly like Thieves, by Moon-ſhine: And what with Bulruſhes by the River-ſide, that ſhak'd like Spears, and Lances at me. Well! the greateſt Plague of a Serving-man, is to be hir'd to ſome great Lord! They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their Eaſe a Bed, and ſtretch their lazy Limbs, in expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them.

Mer. aſide. He is but a poor Mortal, that ſuffers this! but I, who am a God, am degraded to a foot Pimp; a Waiter without Doors; a very civil employment for a Deity!

Soſ. The better ſort of 'em will ſay, Upon my Honour, at every word: Yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Privilege of their Honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our Privilege of the Law upon them. Theſe are a very hopeful ſort of Patriots, to ſtand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject: There's Conſcience for you!

Mer. aſide. This Fellow, has ſomething of the Republican Spirit in him.

Soſia *looking about him.* Stay; this methinks ſhou'd be our Houſe: And I ſhou'd thank the Gods, now, for bringing me ſafe home: But I think I had as good let my Devotions alone, till I have got the reward for my good news, and then thank 'em once for all: For if I praiſe 'em, before I am ſafe within doors, ſome damn'd Maſtiff Dog may come out, and worrie me; and then my thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc. aſide. Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before hand: Therefore thou get'ſt not into the Houſe this Night; and thank me accordingly as I uſe thee.

Soſia. Now am I to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory; 'tis good to exerciſe my Parts before hand, and file my tongue into eloquent Expreſſions, to tickle her Ladyſhips imagination.

Merc. aſide. Good! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Soſia, *ſetting down his Lanthorn.* This Lanthorn, for once ſhall be my Lady: Becauſe ſhe is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc aſide. No, Rogue, 'tis thy Lord is the Lanthorn by this time, or *Jupiter* is turn'd Fumbler.

Soſia. Then thus I make my Addreſſes to her: *(Bows)* Madam, my Lord has choſen me out, as the moſt Faithful, though the moſt unworthy of his followers; to bring your Ladyſhip this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then ſhe——O my poor *Soſia*, *(in a ſhrill tone)* how am I overjoy'd to ſee thee! She can ſay no leſs:—Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will

will envy me this glory: — Well anſwer'd on my ſide —— And how does my Lord *Amphitryon*? Madam, he always does like a Man of Courage, when he is call'd by Honour —— There I think I nick'd it. —— But when will he return? As ſoon as poſſibly he can: But not ſo ſoon as his impatient Heart cou'd wiſh him with your Ladyſhip.

Merc. aſide. When *Thebes* is an Univerſity, thou deſerveſt to be their Orator.

Soſia. But what does he do, and what does he ſay? Prithee tell me ſomething more of him. —— He always ſays leſs than he does, Madam: And his Enemies have found it to their coſt. —— Where the Devil did I learn theſe Elegancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the Natural Endowments of a Fop; and only wants the Education!

Soſia, *ſtaring up to the Sky.* What is the Devil in the Night! ſhe's as long as two Nights The Seven Stars are juſt where they were ſeven Hours ago! High Day----high Night, I mean, by my favour. What has *Phœbus* been playing the Good-fellow, and overſlept himſelf, that he forgets his duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Raskal treats us Gods! but I ſhall make him alter his tone immediately. [Mercury *comes nearer, and ſtands juſt before him.*

Soſia, *ſeeing him, and ſtarting back, aſide.* How now? What do my Eyes dazle, or is my dark Lanthorn falſe to me! Is not that a Giant before our Door, or a Ghoſt of ſome body ſlain in the late Battle? If he be, 'tis unconſcionably done, to fright an honeſt Man thus, who never drew Weapon wrathfully in all my Life! —— Whatever Wight he be, I am deviliſhly afraid, that's certain; but 'tis diſcretion to keep my own Counſel: I'll ſing, that I may ſeem Valiant. [Soſia *ſings; and as* Mercury *ſpeaks, by little and little, drops his Voice.*

Merc. What ſaucy Companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarſe Voice? What Midnight Ballad-ſinger have we here? I ſhall teach the Villain to leave off Catterwawling.

Soſia. I wou'd I had Courage, for his ſake; that I might teach him to call my ſinging Catterwawling, an Illiterate Rogue; an Enemy to the Muſes and to Muſick.

Merc. There is an ill ſavour that offends my Noſtrils; and it wafteth this way?

Soſia. He has ſmelt me out: My fear has betray'd me into this ſavour. —— I am a dead Man: The bloody Villain is at his fee, fa, fum, already.

Merc. Stand, who goes there?

Soſia. A Friend. *Merc.* What Friend?

Soſia. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I defie Peace and all its Works; my Arms are out of exerciſe, they have maul'd no body theſe three days: I long for an honourable Occaſion to pound a Man; and lay him aſleep at the firſt Buffet.

Soſia. aſide. That wou'd almoſt do me a kindneſs; for I have been kept waking, without tipping one wink of ſleep theſe three Nights.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow?

Soſia. Why I am a Man, Fellow. —— Courage *Soſia* ——

Merc. What kind of Man?

Soſia. Why a Two-legg'd Man; What Man ſhou'd I be? —— (*Aſide.*) —— I muſt bear up to him, he may prove as errant a Milkſop as my ſelf.

Merc. Thou art a Coward, I warrant thee, do not I hear thy Teeth chatter in thy Head?

Soſia. Ay, ay, that's only a ſign they wou'd be ſnapping at thy Noſe —— (*Aſide*) —— Bleſs me, what an Arm and Fiſt he has, with great Thumbs too: and Gols and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you? anſwer me directly, upon pain of Aſſaſſination.

Soſia. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go: That's directly home —— though this is ſomewhat an uncivil manner of proceeding, at the firſt ſight of a Man, let me tell you.

Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me firſt make you a ſmall Preſent of this box o' the Ear —— [*Strikes him.*

Soſia. If I were as cholerick a Fool as you now, here wou'd be fine work betwixt us too; but I am a little better bred, than to diſturb the ſleeping Neighbourhood, and ſo good night Friend —— [*Is going.*

Merc. ſtopping him. Hold Sir; you and I muſt not part ſo eaſily; once more, whither are you going? *Soſia.*

Sosia. Why I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches: let me but only knock at that door there.

Merc. What business have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Sosia. This is our House; and when I am got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whose House is this, Sawciness, that you are so familiar with, to call it ours?

Sosia. 'Tis mine, in the first place; and next, my Masters; for I lie in the Garret; and he lies under me.

Merc. Have your Master and you no Names, Sirrah?

Sosia. His Name is *Amphitryon*, hear that and tremble.

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sosia. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is ——

Sosia. Lord, Friend, you are so very troublesome — What shou'd my Name be but *Sosia.*

Merc. How, *Sosia*, say you? How long have you taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Sosia. Here's a fine question: Why I never took it up, Friend, it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born, *Sosia*? Take this remembrance for that lye. *(beats him.*

Sosia. Hold Friend, you are so very flippant with your Hands, you won't hear Reason: What offence has my Name done you, that you shou'd beat me for it? *S. O. S. I. A.* They are as civil, honest, harmless Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sosia. What am not I *Sosia*, say you? *Merc.* No.

Sosia. I should think you are somewhat merrily dispos'd, if you had not beaten me, in such sober sadness. You wou'd perswade me out of my Heathen Name wou'd you?

Merc. Say you are *Sosia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Sosia. I dare say nothing, but Thought is free; but whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon*'s Man, and the first Letter of my Name is *S.* too. You had best tell me that my Master did not send me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I say he did not.

Sosia, Lord, Lord, Friend one of us two is horribly giv'n to lying——but I do not say which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I say, my Name is *Sosia*, and yours is not.

Sosia. I wou'd you cou'd make good your words, for then I shou'd not be beaten, and you shou'd.

Merc. I find you wou'd be *Sosia* if you durst — but if I catch you thinking so——

Sosia. I hope I may think I was *Sosia*; and I can find no difference between my former self, and my present self; but that I was plain *Sosia* before; and now I am lac'd *Sosia.*

Merc. Take this, for being so impudent to think so. *(beats him.*

Sosia kneeling. Truce a little, I beseech thee! I wou'd be a Stock or a Stone now by my good will, and wou'd not think at all, for self preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter fairly with you? And promise me to depose that Cudgel, if I can prove my self to be that Man that I was before I was beaten.

Merc. Well, proceed in safety; I promise you I will not beat you.

Sosia. In the first place then, is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Sosia. And is not this House *Amphitryon*'s.

Merc. Who denies it?

Sosia. I thought you wou'd have deny'd that too; for all hangs upon a String. Remember then, that those two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the foresaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelas*, and send a certain Servant, meaning some Body, that for sake-sake shall be nameless, to bring a Present to his Wife, with news of his Victory, and of his Resolution to return to morrow? *Merc.*

Merc. This is all true, to a very tittle; but who is that certain Servant, there's all the queſtion?

Soſia. Is it Peace or War betwixt us?

Merc. Peace.

Soſia. I dare not wholly truſt that abominable Cudgel; but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine; that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it; but if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon force and brutality, but ſomewhat alſo upon Reaſon, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that ſame certain Man; and in order to it, anſwer me to certain Queſtions.

Merc. I ſay I am *Soſia*, *Amphitryon*'s Man; what reaſon have you to urge againſt it?

Soſia. What was your Father's Name?

Merc. Davus; who was an honeſt Husbandman, whoſe Siſter's Name was *Harpage*, that was married, and died in a Foreign Country.

Soſia. So far you are right, I muſt confeſs; and your Wife's Name is ——

Merc. Bromia, a deviliſh Shrew of her Tongue, and a Vixen of her Hands; that leads me a miſerable life; keeps me to hard duty a Bed; and beats me every Morning when I have riſen from her ſide, without having firſt ——

Soſia. I underſtand you; by many a ſorrowful Token; this muſt be I---(*Aſide.*

Merc. I was once taken upon ſuſpicion of Burglary, and was whipt through *Thebes*, and branded for my pains.

Soſia. Right me again; but if you are I, as I begin to ſuſpect; that whipping and branding might have been paſt over in ſilence, for both our Credits —— And yet now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All theſe Circumſtances he might have heard; but I will now interrogate him upon ſome private Paſſages —— What was the Preſent that *Amphitryon* ſent by you or me, no matter which of us, to his Wife *Alcmena*?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, conſiſting of five large Stones.

Soſia. And where are they now?

Merc. In a Caſe ſeal'd with my Maſter's Coat of Arms.

Soſia. This is prodigious, I confeſs; but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for ſome falſe Brother may have reveal'd it to him. (*Aſide.*) But I have another Queſtion to ask you, of ſomewhat that paſs'd only betwixt my ſelf and me; if you are *Soſia*, what were you doing in the heat of Battle?

Merc. What a wiſe Man ſhou'd, that has reſpect for his own Perſon. I ran into our Tent, and hid my ſelf amongſt the Baggage.

Soſia aſide. Such another cutting Anſwer, and I muſt provide my ſelf of another name. (*To him.*) And how did you paſs your time in that ſame Tent; You need not anſwer to every Circumſtance ſo exactly now; you muſt lye a little, that I may think you the more me.

Merc. That cunning ſhall not ſerve your turn, to circumvent me out of my name: I am for plain naked Truth: --- There ſtood a Hogſhead of old Wine, which my Lord reſerv'd for his own drinking ——

Soſia aſide. O the Devil! as ſure as Death, he muſt have hid himſelf in that Hogſhead, or he cou'd never have known that!

Merc. And by that Hogſhead, upon the ground, there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good drinking ——

Soſia. Nay, now I have caught you; there was neither Inviter nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc. A luſty Gammon of ——

Soſia Sighing. Bacon—that word has quite made an end of me: —— let me ſee,——this muſt be I, in ſpight of me ——but let me view him nearer.

(*Walks about* Mercury *with his dark Lanthorn.*

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lanthorn?

Soſia. No harm, Friend; I am only ſurveying a parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for:---- He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, there's the Patch upon my Noſe, with a Pox to him —*Item*, a very fooliſh Face, with a long Chin at end on't: *Item*, one pair of ſhambling Legs, with two ſplay Feet belonging to them. And ——*ſumma totalis*, from Head to Foot all my Bodily Apparel —— (*To Mercury*) Well, you are *Soſia*; there's no denying it; but what am I then? For my mind gives me, I am ſome body ſtill, if I knew but who I were.

Merc. When I have a mind to be *Soſia* no more, then thou may'ſt be *Soſia* again.

Soſia.

Sosia. I have but one requeſt more to thee, that, though not as *Sosia*, yet as a ſtranger, I may go into that Houſe, and carry a civil Meſſage to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah, not being *Sosia*; you have no Meſſage to deliver, nor no Lady in this Houſe.

Sosia. Thou canſt not be ſo barbarous, to let me lie in the Streets all night, after ſuch a Journey, and ſuch a beating —— and therefore I am reſolv'd to knock at the Door in my own defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recall my word, and break off the truce:—and then expect —— [*Holds up his Cudgel.*

Sosia. No; The Devil take me if I do expect: I have felt too well what ſower Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*; to ſee if he will acknowledge me for *Sosia*; if he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a ſore drubbing; if he does acknowledge me, then I am *Sosia* again; ſo far 'tis tolerably well; but then I ſhall have a ſecond drubbing, for an unfortunate Ambaſſador as I am; and that's intolerable. [*Exit* Sosia.

Mercury *alone.*

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the beſt of his Credentials. I think too I have given *Jupiter* ſufficient time for his Conſummation. Oh, he has taken his Cue; and here he comes as leiſurely and as lank as if he had empty'd himſelf of the beſt part of his Almightyſhip.

SCENE II.

Enter Jupiter *leading* Alcmena, *follow'd by* Phædra. *Pages with Torches before them.* Jupiter *to the Pages.*

THoſe Torches are offenſive; ſtand aloof
For though they bleſs me with thy heavenly ſight, [*To her.*
They may diſcloſe the Secret I would hide:
The *Thebans* muſt not know I have been here;
Detracting Crowds wou'd blame me that I robb'd
Theſe happy Moments from my publick Charge,
To Conſecrate to thy deſir'd Embrace:
And I cou'd wiſh no Witneſs but thy ſelf;
For thou thy ſelf art all I wiſh to pleaſe.

Alcm. So long an abſence, and ſo ſhort a ſtay!
What, but one night! one Night of Joy and Love,
Cou'd only pay one Night of Cares and Fears;
And all the reſt are an uncancell'd Sum!
Curſe on this Honour and this publick Fame;
Wou'd you had leſs of both, and more of Love!

Jup. Alcmena, I muſt go.

Alcm. Not yet, my Lord.

Jup. Indeed I muſt.

Alcm. Indeed you ſhall not go.

Jup. Behold the ruddy Streaks o'er yonder Hill.
Thoſe are the Bluſhes of the breaking Morn,
That kindle Day-light to this neather World.

Alc. No matter for the day, it was but made
To number out the hours of buſie Men.
Let 'em be buſie ſtill, and ſtill be wretched;
And take their fill of anxious drudging Day:
But you and I will draw our Curtains cloſe,
Extinguiſh Day-light, and put out the Sun:
Come back, my Lord, in faith you ſhall retire.
You have not yet lay long enough in Bed,
To warm your Widow'd Side.

Phædra aſide. I find my Lord is an excellent School-Maſter, my Lady is ſo willing to repeat her Leſſon.

Merc. aſide. That's a plaguy little Devil; what a roguiſh Eye ſhe has! I begin to like her ſtrangely; ſhe's the Perquiſite of my place too; for my Ladies Wait-

ing

ing-Woman is the proper Fees of my Lord's Chief Gentleman. I have the Privilege of a God too; I can view her naked through all her Clothes:—Let me ſee——Let me ſee: I have diſcover'd ſomething that pleaſes me already.

Jup. Let me not live but thou art all Enjoyment!
So charming and ſo ſweet,
That not a Night, but whole Eternity,
Were well employ'd,
To love thy each Perfection as it ought.

Alc. kiſſing him. I'll bribe you with this kiſs to ſtay a while.

Jup. kiſſing her. A Bribe indeed that ſoon will bring me back.
But, to be juſt, I muſt reſtore your Bribe.
How I cou'd dwell for ever on thoſe Lips!
O I cou'd kiſs 'em pale with eagerneſs!
So ſoft, by Heav'n, and ſuch a juicy ſweet,
That ripen'd Peaches have not half the flavour.

Alc. Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:
You fill 'em with Diſeaſes, Wants and Woes,
And only daſh 'em with a little Love;
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a ſparing Hand:
Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,
They wou'd but make a day of ev'ry year:
Take back your ſev'nty years (the ſtint of Life)
Or elſe be kind, and cram the Quinteſſence
Of Sev'nty years into ſweet Sev'nty days:
For all the reſt is flat, inſipid Being.

Jup. But yet one Scruple pains me at my parting;
I love ſo nicely, that I cannot bear
To owe the Sweets of Love which I have taſted,
To the ſubmiſſive Duty of a Wife:
Tell me: and ſooth my Paſſion e'er I go,
That in the kindeſt moments of the night,
When you gave up your ſelf to Love and me,
You thought not of a Husband, but a Lover.

Alc. But tell me firſt, why you wou'd raiſe a Bluſh upon my Cheeks, by asking ſuch a Queſtion?

Jup. I wou'd owe nothing to a Name ſo dull
As Husband is, but to a Lover all.

Alc. You ſhou'd have ask'd me then, when Love and Night,
And Privacy, had favour'd your demand.

Jup. I ask it now, becauſe my tenderneſs
Surpaſſes that of Husbands for their Wives.
O that you lov'd like me! then you wou'd find
A thouſand thouſand Niceties in Love;
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:
But Love refin'd will fancy to it ſelf
Millions of gentle Cares, and ſweet Diſquiets;
The being happy is not half the Joy;
The manner of the happineſs is all!
In me (my charming Miſtreſs) you behold
A Lover that diſdains a Lawful Title;
Such as of Monarchs to ſucceſſive Thrones:
The generous Lover holds by force of Arms;
And claims his Crown by Conqueſt.

Alcm. Methinks you ſhou'd be pleas'd, I give you all
A Vertuous and a modeſt Wife can give.

Jup. No, no, that very name of Wife and Marriage,
Is Poyſon to the deareſt ſweets of Love:
To pleaſe my niceneſs you muſt ſeparate
The Lover from his Mortal Foe, the Husband.
Give to the yawning Husband your cold Vertue,
But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
Your amorous Murmurs, be your Lover's part.

Alcm. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord,
But only love me ſtill; and love me thus,

And think me ſuch as beſt may pleaſe your Thought.

Jup. There's Myſtery of Love in all I ſay:
Farewel; and when you ſee your Husband next
Think of your Lover then.

Exeunt Jupiter *and* Alcmena *ſeverally:* Phædra *follows her.*

Merc. alone. Now I ſhou'd follow him; but Love has laid a Lime-twig for me, and made a lame God of me. Yet why ſhou'd I love this *Phædra*? She's Intereſſed, and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three thouſand years hence, there will be a whole Nation of ſuch Women, in a certain Country that will be call'd *France*; and there's a Neighbour Iſland too, where the Men of that Country will be all Intereſt. Oh what a precious Generation will that be, which the Men of the Iſland ſhall Propagate out of the Women of the Continent?

(*Phædra re-enters*) —— And ſo much for Propheſie: For ſhe's here again, and I muſt love her in ſpight of me. And ſince I muſt, I have this Comfort, that the greateſt Wits are commonly the greateſt Cullies; becauſe neither of the Sexes can be wiſer than ſome certain Parts about 'em will give 'em leave.

Phædra. Well *Soſia*, and how go Matters?

Merc. Our Army is Victorious.

Phæd. And my Servant Judge *Gripus*?

Merc. A Voluptuous Gourmand.

Phæd. But has he gotten wherewithal to be Voluptuous, is he Wealthy?

Merc. He ſells Juſtice as he uſes, fleeces the Rich Rebels, and hangs up the Poor.

Phæd. Then while he has Money, he may make Love to me. Has he ſent me no Token?

Merc. Yes a Kiſs; and by the ſame Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Serving-man preſume to kiſs me?

Merc. Suppoſe I were a God, and ſhou'd make Love to you?

Phæd. I wou'd firſt be ſatisfi d whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppoſe I were *Mercury*, The God of Merchandiſe?

Phæd. What the God of ſmall Wares, and Fripperies, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. aſide. How the Gipſie deſpiſes me?

Phæd. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: There was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making Love: Doſt thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Miſtreſſes by their good Faces? No, 'tis the Gold and the Preſents they can make: there's the Prerogative they have over their fair Subjects.

Merc. All this notwithſtanding, I muſt tell you, pretty *Phædra*, I am deſperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I muſt tell thee, ugly *Soſia*, thou haſt not wherewithal to be in love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in love I hope?

Phæd. I grant a poor Rogue may be in love, but he can never make love: Alas *Soſia*, thou haſt neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to pleaſe me; nor Gold to bribe me: And beſides all this, thou haſt a Wife, poor miſerable *Soſia*! What ha *Bromia*?

Merc. O thou mercileſs Creature, why doſt thou conjure up that ſpright of a Wife?

Phæd. To rid my ſelf of that Devil of a poor Lover: ſince you are ſo lovingly diſpos'd, I'll put you together, to exerciſe your Fury upon your own Wedlock: What *Bromia*, I ſay, make haſte; here's a Veſſel of yours, full freighted, that's going off without paying Duties.

Merc. Since thou wilt not let me ſteal Cuſtom: She ſhall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars: But thou mighteſt have lent me a little Creek to ſmuggle in.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten, good Gentleman Souldier, beſides a Legion of ——— (*knaps her Fingers.*

Merc. When the Enemy was routed, I had the plundering of a Tent.

Phæd. That's to ſay, a Houſe of Canvas, with moveables of Straw; make haſte *Bromia* ———

Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phæd. You durſt not fight I'm certain; and therefore came laſt in, when the rich Plunder was gone before hand —— Will you come, *Bromia*?

Merc.

Merc. Prithee do not call ſo loud —— —— A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phæd. Of what was that Goblet made? Anſwer quickly, for I am juſt calling very loud —— *Bro.* ——

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud if thou doſt not like the Metal.

Phæd. Bromia. (*Very ſoftly.*

Merc. That ſtruts in this Faſhion, with his Arms a Kimbo, like a City Magiſtrate: And a great bouncing Belly, like an Hoſteſs with-Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now what ſay you to that Preſent, *Phædra*?

Phæd. Why I am conſidering ——

Merc. What I prithee?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the Buſineſs equally; to take the Gift, and refuſe the Giver, thou art ſo damnably ugly and ſo old.

Merc. (*aſide*) Now the Devil take *Jupiter*, for confining me to this ungodly ſhape to day!
But *Gripus* is as old and as ugly too. [*To her.*

Phæd. But *Gripus* is a Perſon of Quality, and my Ladies Uncle, and if he marries me I ſhall take place of my Lady. Hark, Your Wife! ſhe has ſent her Tongue before her. I hear the Thunder-clap already: There's a ſtorm approaching.

Merc. Yes, of thy Brewing, I thank thee for it: O how I ſhou'd hate thee now, if I cou'd leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a word of the dear Golden Goblet, as you hope for —— you know what, *Soſia.*

Merc. You give me hope then——

Phæd. Not abſolutely Hope neither: But Gold is a great Cordial, in Love matters; and the more you apply of it, the better-----[*Aſide.*] I am honeſt, that's certain; but when I weigh my Honeſty againſt the Goblet, I am not quite reſolv'd on which ſide the Scale will turn. [*Exit* Phædra.

Merc. a-loud. Farewel *Phædra*; remember me to my Wife, and tell her----

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her, what Traytor! that you are going away without ſeeing her?

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my Maſter.

Brom. Umph---- ſo briſk too! your Maſter did his Duty to my Lady before he parted: He cou'd leave his Army in the lurch, and come Galloping home at mid-night, to have a lick at the Honey-pot; and ſteal to Bed as quietly as any Mouſe, I warrant you: My Maſter knew what belong'd to a Married life; but you, Sirrah------You Trencher-carrying Raſcal, you worſe than Dunghil-Cock; that ſtood clapping your Wings and crowing without doors, when you ſhou'd have been at Rooſt, you Villain-----

Merc. Hold your peace, Dame *Partlet*, and leave your Cackling: My Maſter charg'd me to ſtand Centry without Doors.

Brom. My Maſter! I dare ſwear thou bely'ſt him, My Maſter's more a Gentleman, than to lay ſuch an unreaſonable command upon a poor diſtreſſed marri'd Couple, and after ſuch an abſence too. No, there's no compariſon between my Maſter and thee, thou Sneaksby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and you, *Bromia.* You and I have had our time in a civil way, Spouſe, and much good love has been betwixt us: But we have been Married fifteen Years, I take it: and that hoighty toighty buſineſs, ought in conſcience to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my ſaucy Companion! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that ſaid to me.

Merc. But will you hear reaſon, *Bromia*? My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom; they are in Honey Moon ſtill: Do but think in decency what a jeſt it wou'd be to the Family, to ſee two Venerable old married People, lying ſnug in a Bed together, and ſighing out fine tender things to one another!

Brom. How now, Traytor, dar'ſt thou maintain that I am paſt the Age of having fine things ſaid to me?

Merc. Not ſo, my Dear: but certainly I am paſt the Age of ſaying 'em.

Brom. Thou deſerv'ſt not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou Perjur'd Villain.

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my ſorrow: Many a poor Husband wou'd be glad to compound for leſs Honour in his Wife, and more quiet. Prethee be but honeſt and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worſt with every thing elſe about thee.

Brom. Thou wou'dſt have a Woman of the Town, wou'dſt thou! to be always ſpeaking my Husband fair, to make him digeſt his Cuckoldom more eaſily: Wou'dſt thou be a Wittol, with a vengeance to thee? I am reſolv'd I'll ſcour thy Hide, for that word. [*Holds up her Ladle at him.*

Merc. Thou wilt not ſtrike thy Lord, and Husband, wilt thou?

Brom. Since thou wilt none of the Meat, 'tis but juſtice to give thee the baſtings of the Ladle. [*She courſes him about.*

Mercury *running about. aſide.* Was ever poor Deity ſo Henpeck'd as I am! Nay, then 'tis time to charm her aſleep with my enchanted Rod—— before I am diſgrac'd or raviſh'd——

[*Plucks out his Caduceus and ſtrikes her upon the ſhoulder with it.*

Brom. What, art thou rebelling againſt thy anointed Wife? I'll make thee—— how now——What, has the Rogue bewitch'd me! I grow dull and ſtupid on the ſudden——I can neither ſtir Hand nor Foot——I am juſt like him; I have loſt the uſe of all my—Members—[*yawning*]——I can't ſo much as wag my Tongue— neither, and that's the laſt Live—ing part about a——Woman—— [*falls down.*

Mercury *alone.*

Lord what have I ſuffer'd, for being but a counterfeit married Man one day! If ever I come to this Houſe, as a Husband again—then—and yet that then, was a lye too——For while I am in Love with this young Gipſie, *Phædra*, I muſt return—But lie thou there, thou Type of *Juno*; thou that want'ſt nothing of her Tongue, but the immortality. If *Jupiter* ever let thee ſet Foot in Heaven, *Juno* will have a ratling Second of thee; and there will never be a fair Day in Heaven or Earth after it.

For two ſuch Tongues, will break the Poles aſunder;
And, hourly ſcolding, make perpetual Thunder. [*Exit* Mercury.

ACT. III.

SCENE *before* Ampitryon's *Palace.*

Amphitryon *and* Soſia.

Amph. NOW, Sirrah, follow me into the Houſe, thou ſhalt be convinc'd at thy own coſt, Villain! What horrible Lyes haſt thou told me! Such improbabilities, ſuch ſtuff, ſuch nonſence!-----that the Monſter with two long Horns, that frighted the Great King, and the Devil at the Stone-cutters, are Truths to theſe!

Soſ. I am but a Slave, and you are Maſter; and a poor Man is always to lye, when a rich Man is pleas'd to contradict him; but as ſure as this is our Houſe----

Amp. So ſure 'tis thy place of Execution. Thou art not made for lying neither.

Soſ. That's certain; for all my Neighbours ſay I have an honeſt Face; or elſe they wou'd never call me Cuckold, as they do.

Amp. I mean thou haſt not wit enough to make a lye, that will hang together; thou haſt ſet up a Trade, that thou haſt not Stock enough to manage: O that I had but a Crab-tree Cudgel for thy ſake!

Soſ. How, a Cudgel, ſaid you! the Devil take *Jupiter* for inventing that hard-hearted, mercileſs, knobby Wood.

Amp. The bitterneſs is yet to come; thou haſt had but a half Doſe of it.

Soſ. I was never good at ſwallowing Phyſick; and my Stomach wambles at the very thought of it; but, if I muſt have a ſecond beating, in conſcience let me ſtrip firſt, that I may ſhow you the black and blue ſtreaks upon my Sides and Shoulders. I am ſure I ſuffer'd them in your ſervice.

Amp. To what purpoſe wou'd'ſt thou ſhow them?

Soſ. Why to the purpoſe that you may not ſtrike me upon the ſore places; and that as he beat me laſt Night croſs-ways, ſo you wou'd pleaſe to beat me long-ways, to make clean work on't, that at leaſt my Skin may look like Checquer-work.

Amp. This requeſt is too reaſonable to be refus'd; but, that all things may be done in order, tell me over again the ſame ſtory, with all the circumſtances of thy

thy Commiſſion: that a blow may follow in due form for every lye. To Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Soſ. No, it ſhall be all a lye if you pleaſe, and I'll eat my Words to ſave my Shoulders.

Amp. Ay, Sirrah, now you find you are to be diſproved: but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Soſ. With all my heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel: but, wou'd you be pleas'd to anſwer me one civil queſtion? Am I to uſe Complaiſance to you, as to a great Perſon, that will have all things ſaid your own way; or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Ceremony of a farther beating?

Amp. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth: ſo help thee Cudgel ——

Soſ. That's a damn'd concluſion of a Sentence: but ſince it muſt be ſo —— Back and Sides at your own peril ——I ſet out from the Port in an unlucky Hour: the dusky Canopy of Night inveloping the Hemiſphere——

Amph. *Strikes him. Inprimis* for Fuſtian:——Now proceed.

Soſ. I ſtand corrected: in plain Proſe then, I went darkling, and whiſtling, to keep my ſelf from being afraid; mumbling Curſes betwixt my Teeth, for being ſent at ſuch an unnatural time of Night.

Amp. How, Sirrah, Curſing and Swearing againſt your Lord and Maſter! take —— [*Going to ſtrike.*

Soſ. Hold, Sir —— pray conſider, if this be not unreaſonable, to ſtrike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old dog-trot of lying again, if this muſt come of plain dealing.

Amp. To avoid impertinences, make an end of your journey; and come to the Houſe: what found you there a God's Name?

Soſ. I came thither in no God's Name at all; but in the Devil's name. I found before the door a ſwinging Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features; and accoutred alſo in my Habit.

Amp. Who was that Fellow?

Soſ. Who ſhou'd it be, but another *Soſia!* a certain kind of other *Me*: who knew all my unfortunate Commiſſion, preciſely, to a word, as well as I *Soſia*; as being ſent by your ſelf from the Port, upon the ſame errand to *Alcmena.*

Amp. What groſs Abſurdities are theſe?

Soſ. O Lord, O Lord, what Abſurdities! as plain as any Packſtaff. That other *Me*, had poſted himſelf there before me, me. You won't give a Man leave to ſpeak Poetically now; or elſe I wou'd ſay, That I was arriv'd at the Door, before I came thither.

Amp. This muſt either be a Dream, or Drunkenneſs, or Madneſs in thee: Leave your Buffooning and Lying, I am not in humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Soſ. I wou'd you ſhou'd know I ſcorn a Lye, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but juſt Fighting. I tell you once again in plain ſincerity, and ſimplicity of Heart, that before laſt Night I never took my ſelf but for one ſingle individual *Soſia*; but, coming to our Door, I found my ſelf I know not how divided, and as it were ſplit into two *Soſia's.*

Amp. Leave Buffooning: I ſee you wou'd make me laugh, but you play the Fool ſcurvily.

Soſ. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this company.

Amp. How now, Impudence! I ſhall ——

Soſ. Be not in wrath, Sir: I meant not you: I cannot poſſibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool, I muſt certainly be two Fools; becauſe as I told you, I am double.

Amp. That one ſhou'd be two, is very probable!

Soſ. Have not you ſeen a Six-pence ſplit into two halves, by ſome ingenious School-Boy; which bore on either ſide the Impreſſion of the Monarch's Face: now as thoſe moieties were two Three-pences, and yet in effect but one Sixpence.——

Amp. No more of your villainous Tropes and Figures.

Soſ. Nay if an Orator muſt be diſarm'd of his ſimilitudes ——.

Amp. A Man had need of patience, to endure this Gibberiſh: be brief, and come to a concluſion.

Soſ. What wou'd you have, Sir? I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me: for that there was two I's, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This I, that am hear, was weary: the t'other I was freſh: this I was peaceable, and t'other I was a hectoring Bully I.

Amp.

Amp. And thou expect'ſt I ſhou'd believe thee?

Soſ. No, I am not ſo unreaſonable: for I cou'd never have believ'd it my ſelf, if I had not been well beaten into it: But a Cudgel you know is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fiſt: What ſhall I ſay, but that I was compell'd at laſt to acknowledge my ſelf! I found that he was very I, without fraud, cozen, or deceit. Beſides, I view'd my ſelf, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot: He was Handſome, of a noble Preſence, a charming Air, looſe and free in all his Motions. And ſaw he was ſo much I, that I ſhou'd have reaſon to be better ſatisfied with my own Perſon, if his Hands had not been a little of the havieſt.

Amp. Once again to a Concluſion: Say you paſs'd by him, and entred into the Houſe.

Soſ. I am a Friend to Truth, and ſay no ſuch thing: He defended the door, and I could not enter!

Amp. How, not enter!

Soſ. Why, how ſhou'd I enter, unleſs I were a Spright to glide by him, and ſhoot my ſelf through Locks, and Bolts, and two-inch-boards?

Amp. O Coward! didſt thou not attempt to paſs?

Soſ. Yes, and was repuls'd and beaten for my pains.

Amp. Who beat thee?

Soſ. *I* beat *Me*.

Amp. Didſt thou beat thy ſelf?

Soſ. I don't mean I, here: but the abſent *Me*, beat me here preſent.

Amp. There's no end of this intricate piece of Nonſenſe.

Soſ. 'Tis only Nonſenſe becauſe I ſpeak it, who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Senſe, and Subſtantial Senſe, if a great Man ſaid it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Eloquence of ten Thouſand Pounds a Year.

Amp. No more; But let us enter: Hold, my *Alcmena* is coming out, and has prevented me! How ſtrangely will ſhe be ſurpriz'd to ſee me here, ſo unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena *and* Phædra.

Alc. to *Phædra.* Make haſte after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Succeſs, which *Amphitryon* has had againſt the Rebels. Oh Heavens! [*Seeing him.*

Amp. Thoſe Heav'ns, and all their bleſt Inhabitants, [*Saluting her.*
Grant, that the ſweet Rewarder of my pains
May ſtill be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alc. So ſoon return'd!

Amp. So ſoon return'd! Is this my Welcome home? [*Steping back.*
So ſoon return'd, ſays, I am come unwiſh'd.
This is no Language of deſiring-Love:
Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years:
And every little Abſence is an Age.

Alc. What ſays my Lord?

Amp. No, my *Alcmena*, no:
True Love by its impatience meaſures Time,
And the dear Object never comes too ſoon.

Alc. Nor ever came you ſo, nor ever ſhall:
But you, your ſelf are chang'd from what you were,
Pall'd in Deſires, and ſurfeited of Bliſs;
Not ſo I met you at your laſt return;
When, Yeſternight, I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace.

Amp. How's this?

Alc. Did not my Soul ev'n ſparkle at my Eyes,
And ſhoot it ſelf into your much lov'd Boſom?
Did I not tremble with exceſs of Joy?
Nay agonize with pleaſure at your ſight,
With ſuch inimitable Proofs of Paſſion,
As no falſe Love cou'd feign!

Amp. What's this you tell me?

Alc. Far ſhort of Truth, by Heav'n!
And you return'd thoſe Proofs with Uſury;
And, left me with a Sigh, at Break of Day.
Have you forgot?

Amp.

Amph. Or have you dream't, *Alcmena*?
Perhaps ſome kind, revealing Deity,
Has Whiſper'd in your Sleep, the pleaſing News
Of my Return; and you believ'd it real!
Perhaps too, in your Dream, you us'd me kindly;
And my preventing Image, reap'd the Joys
You meant awake to me.

Alcm. Some melancholy Vapour, ſure, has ſeiz'd
Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and diſturb'd your Senſe:
Or Yeſternight is not ſo long a time,
But you might yet remember; and not force
An honeſt Bluſh into my glowing Cheeks,
For that which lawful Marriage makes no Crime.

Amph. I thank you for my Melancholy Vapour.

Alcm. 'Tis but a juſt requital for my Dream.

Phædra. I find my Maſter took too much of the Creature laſt Night, [*Aſide.* and now is angling for a Quarrel, that no more may be expected from him to Night, when he has no Affets. [*In the mean time* Amph. *and* Alcm. *walk by themſelves, and frown at each other as they meet.*

Amph. You dare not juſtifie it to my face.

Alcm. Not what?

Amph. That I return'd before this hour?

Alcm. You dare not, ſure, deny you came laſt Night,
And ſtaid till Break of Day?

Amph. O Impudence!---Why, *Soſia*!

Soſ. Nay, I ſay nothing; for all things here, may go by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I know.

Alcm. Speak, *Phædra*; Was he here?

Phædra. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-Maid; and by my place, I am to forget all that was done over-night in Love-Matters,---Unleſs my Maſter pleaſe to rub up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amph. Now in the name of all the Gods, *Alcmena*,
A little recollect your ſcatter'd Thoughts;
And weigh what you have ſaid.

Alcm. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, e'er I ſpoke:
And She, and *Bromia*, all the Slaves, and Servants,
Can witneſs they beheld you, when you came.
If other Proof were wanting, tell me how
I came to know your Fight, your Victory,
The Death of *Pterelas*, in ſingle Combat?
And farther, from whoſe hands I had a Jewel:
The Spoils of him you ſlew.

Amph. This is amazing!
Have I already given you thoſe Diamonds,
The Preſent I reſerv'd?

Alcm. 'Tis an odd Queſtion:
You ſee I wear 'em; look.

Amph. Now anſwer, *Soſia*.

Soſ. Yes, now I can anſwer with a ſafe Conſcience, as to that point, all the reſt may be Art Magick; but as for the Diamonds, here they are, under ſafe Cuſtody.

Alcm. Then what are theſe upon my Arm? [*To* Soſia.

Soſ. Flints, or Pebbles, or ſome ſuch Trumpery of enchanted Stones.

Phædra. They ſay the proof of a true Diamond is to glitter in the dark; I think my Maſter had beſt take my Lady into ſome By-corner, and try whoſe Diamond will ſparkle beſt.

Soſ. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did not a certain Friend of mine preſent 'em to you?

Alcm. What Friend?

Soſ. Why another *Soſia*; one that made himſelf *Soſia* in my deſpight, and alſo unſociated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauſeous Nonſenſe: Break open the Seal, and take out the Diamonds.

Soſ. More words than one to a Bargain, Sir; I thank you: That's no part of prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals: Do you look firſt upon the Signet,

Signet, and tell me in your Conſcience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amp. The Signature is firm. [*Looking.*

Soſ. Then take the Signature into your own Cuſtody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper peril. [*Giving him the Casket.*

Amph. O Heav'ns! Here's nothing, but an Empty ſpace; the Neſt where they were laid. [*Breaking open the Seal.*

Soſ. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine; here has been fine conjuring work; or elſe the Jewel, knowing to whom it ſhou'd be given, took occaſion to ſteal out, by a natural inſtinct, and ty'd it ſelf upon that pretty Arm.

Amp. Can this be poſſible!

Soſ. Yes, very poſſible: You, my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brought forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*, as well as I *Soſia*, have brought forth another *Me Soſia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated theſe Diamonds; and ſo we are all three double.

Phædra. If this be true, I hope my Goblet has gigg'd another Golden Golbet: And then they may carry double upon all four. [*Aſide.*

Alcm. My Lord, I have ſtood ſilent, out of wonder
What you cou'd wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a damp of Jealouſie, [*Aſide.*
Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs.
I fear; and yet I muſt be ſatisfied:
And, to be ſatisfy'd, I muſt diſſemble.

Alcm. Why muſe you ſo, and murmur to your ſelf?
If you repent your Bounty, take it back----

Amph. Not ſo: But, if you pleaſe, relate what paſt,
At our laſt Enterview.

Alcm. That Queſtion wou'd infer you were not here.

Amph. I ſay not ſo;
I only wou'd refreſh my Memory;
And have my Reaſons to deſire the Story.

Phædra. So: This is as good ſport for me as an Examination of a great Belly before a Magiſtrate.

Alcm. The Story is not long: You know I met you,
Kiſs'd you, and preſt you cloſe within my Arms,
With all the tenderneſs of Wifely Love.

Amph. I cou'd have ſpar'd that Kindneſs. [*Aſide.*
And what did I? [*To her.*

Alcm. You ſtrain'd me with a Maſculine Embrace;
As you wou'd ſqueeze my Soul out.

Amph. Did I ſo? *Alcm.* You did.

Amph. Confound thoſe Arms that were ſo kind---- [*Aſide.*
Proceed, proceed---- [*To her.*

Alcm. You wou'd not ſtay to ſup; but, much complaining of your drowſineſs, and want of natural Reſt----

Amph. Made haſt to Bed: Ha, was't not ſo? Go on---- [*Aſide.*
And ſtab me with each Syllable thou ſpeak'ſt.

Phædra. So, now 'tis coming, now 'tis coming.

Alcm. I have no more to ſay.

Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?

Alcm. Why not?
Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife
To go to Bed, my Lord?

Amph. Perfidious Woman! *Alcm.* Ungrateful Man!

Amph. She juſtifies it too!

Alcm. I need not juſtifie: Of what am I accus'd?

Amph. Of all that prodigality of Kindneſs,
Giv'n to another, and uſurp'd from me.
So bleſs me Heav'n, if ſince my firſt departure,
I ever ſet my foot upon this Threſhold,
So am I innocent of all thoſe Joys,
And dry of thoſe Embraces.

Alcm. Then I, it ſeems, am falſe?

Amph. As ſurely falſe, as what thou ſay'ſt is true.

Alcm.

Alcm. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love?
And am a foul Adultreſs?
Amph. What thou art,
Thou ſtand'ſt condemn'd to be, by thy Relation.
Alcm. Go, thou unworthy; Man for ever go:
No more my Husband; go thou baſe Impoſtour;
Who tak'ſt a vile pretence to taint my Fame;
And, not content to leave, would'ſt ruin me.
Enjoy thy wiſh'd Divorce: I will not plead
My Innocence of this pretended Crime:
I need not; ſpet thy Venom; do thy worſt:
But know, the more thou wou'dſt expoſe my Vertue,
Like pureſt Linen laid in open Air,
'I will bleach the more, and whiten to the view.
Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:
For, know thou too, that after this Affront,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Divorcement is but petty Reparation:
But, ſince thou haſt, with Impudence affirm'd
My falſe Return, and brib'd my Slaves to vouch it,
The Truth ſhall, in the Face of *Thebes* be clear'd;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Seamen, ſhall be brought,
Who were embark'd, and came with me to Land;
Nor parted, till I reach'd this curſed Door:
So ſhall this Viſion of my late Return,
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to thoſe
Who thus betray'd my Honour.
Soſ. Sir, ſhall I wait on you?
Amph. No, I will go alone: Expect me here. [*Exit* Amphitryon.
Phædra. Pleaſe you---That I--- [*To* Alcmena.
Alcm. Oh! Nothing now can pleaſe me:
Darkneſs, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inſeparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever---- [*Exit* Alcmena.
Soſ. What if I ſhou'd lye now, and ſay we have been here before? I never ſaw any good that came of telling truth. [*Aſide.*
Phædra. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin a little to ſuſpect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but Copper. [*Aſide.*
Soſ. Yes, 'tis reſolv'd, I will lye abominably, againſt the Light of my own Conſcience. For ſuppoſe the t'other *Soſia* has been here: Perhaps that ſtrong Dog has not only beaten me, but alſo has been predominant upon my Wife, and moſt carnally miſus'd her! Now, by asking certain Queſtions of her, with a Side-Wind, I may come to underſtand how Squares go; and whether my Nuptial Bed be violated. [*Aſide.*
Phædra. Moſt certainly he has learn'd Impudence of his Maſter; and will deny his being here: But that ſhall not ſerve his turn, to cheat me of my Preſent!--*Aſide.* Why *Soſia!* What in a brown Study?
Soſ. A little *Cogitabund*, or ſo; concerning this diſmal Revolution in our Family!
Phædra. But that ſhou'd not make you neglect your duty to me, your Miſtreſs.
Soſ. Pretty Soul; I wou'd thou wert: Upon condition that old *Bromia* were ſix foot under ground.
Phædra. What! Is all your hot Courtſhip to me, dwindl'd into a poor unprofitable Wiſh? You may remember I did not bid you abſolutely deſpair.
Soſ. No; for all things may yet be accommodated, in an amicable manner, betwixt my Maſter and my Lady.
Phædra. I mean, to the buſineſs, betwixt you and me---
Soſ. Why, I hope we two never quarrel'd?
Phædra. Muſt I remember you of a certain Promiſe that you made me at our laſt parting?
Soſ. Oh, when I went to the Army: That I ſhou'd ſtill be praiſing thy Beauty to Judge *Gripus*, and keep up his Affections to thee.

Phædra. No, I mean the Buſineſs betwixt you and me this Morning,---That you promis'd me---

Soſ. That I promis'd thee----I find it now: That ſtrong Dog, my Brother *Soſia*, has been here before me, and made Love to her. [*Aſide.*

Phæ. You are conſidering, whether or no, you ſhould keep your Promiſe---

Soſ. That I ſhou'd keep my Promiſe.----The truth on't is, ſhe's another-gheſs Morſel than old *Bromia*. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. And I had rather you ſhou'd break it, in a manner, and, as it were, and in ſome Senſe----

Soſ. In a manner, and as it were, and in ſome Senſe, thou ſay'ſt?---I find, the ſtrong Dog has only tickl'd up her Imagination, and not enjoy'd her: So that with my own Limbs, I may perform the ſweetneſs of his Function with her. [*Aſide.* No, ſweet Creature, the Promiſe ſhall not be broken; but what I have undertaken, I will perform like a Man of Honour. [*To her.*

Phæd. Then, you remember the Preliminaries of the Preſent---

Soſ. Yes, yes, in groſs I do remember, ſomething; but this diſturbance of the Family, has ſomewhat ſtupify'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quelque choſe*, I warrant thee; ſome acceptable Toy, of ſmall value.

Phæd. You may call a Gold Goblet, a Toy: But *I* put a greater value upon your Preſents.

Soſ. A Gold Goblet, ſay'ſt thou! Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity after Conſummation.

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make ſure of one Bribe beforehand, than be promis'd ten Gratuities.

Soſ. Yes, now I remember, it was, in ſome Senſe, a Gold Goblet, by way of Earneſt; and it contain'd---

Phæd. One large---

Soſ. How, one large----- *Phæd.* Gallon.

Soſ. No; that was ſomewhat too Large, in Conſcience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reaſonably ſpeaking, one large---Thimble-full: But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are ſo like, that in ſpeaking, I might eaſily miſtake them.

Phæd. *Is* it come to this? Out Traytor!

Soſ. I had been a Traytor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the ſwallowing of a Gallon: But a Thimble-full of Cordial-water, is eaſily ſipt off: And then, this ſame Goblet is ſo very light too, that it will be no Burthen, to carry it about with thee, in thy Pocket.

Phæd. O Apoſtate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain! [*Enter* Bromia. What, are you here, *Bromia*! I was telling him his own: I was giving him a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You ſee I can be a Friend, upon occaſion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindneſs: But, for this Fugitive,---This Rebel,---This Miſcreant ----

Soſ. A kind, Welcome, to an abſent Lover, as I have been.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me ſo barbarouſly, this Morning.

Soſ. The t'other *Soſia* has been with her too: And has us'd her barbarouſly: Barbarouſly, that is to ſay, uncivilly: And uncivilly; I am afraid that means, too civilly. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. You had beſt deny you were here this Morning! And by the ſame Token——

Soſ. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's ſake, dear *Phædra*.
Now muſt I ponder with my ſelf a little, whether it be better for me, to have been here, or not to have been here, this Morning. (*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Phædra*, My Lord's without; and will not enter till he has firſt ſpoken with you. (*Exit* Servant.

Phæd. Oh that I could ſtay to help worry thee for this Abuſe: (*To him in private.* But the beſt on't is, I leave thee in good hands——
----Farewel Thimble---To him, *Bromia*. (*Exit* Phædra.

Brom. No; you did not beat me, and put me into a Swound, and deprive me of the natural uſe of my Tongue for a long Half-hour: You did not beat me down, with your little Wand: But I ſhall teach you to uſe your Rod another time---I ſhall.

Soſ.

Sof. Put her into a Swound, with my little Wand, and ſo forth: That's more than ever I cou'd do. Theſe are terrible Circumſtances that ſome *Sofia* or another, has been here: Now, if he has literally beaten her, Grammercy, Brother *Sofia*; he has but done, what I wou'd have done, if I had durſt: But I am afraid it was only a damn'd Love-figure; and that the Wand that lay'd her aſleep, might ſignifie the Peace-maker. (*Aſide.*

Brom. Now you are ſnuffling upon a cold Scent, for ſome pitiful Excuſe: I know you: Twenty to one, but you will plead a Drunkenneſs: You are us'd to be pot-valiant.

Sof. I was pumping, and I thank her, ſhe has invented for me.---Yes, *Bromia*, I muſt confeſs I was exalted: and poſſibly, I might ſcour upon thee, or perhaps be a little more familiar with thy Perſon, by the way of Kindneſs, than if I had been ſober; but, prithee, inform me what I did, that I may conſider what ſatisfaction I am to make thee.

Brom. Are you there, at your Dog tricks! You wou'd be forgetting, wou'd you? Like a drunken Bully that affronts over-night, and, when he is call'd to account the next Morning, remembers nothing of the Quarrel; and asks pardon, to avoid fighting.

Sof. By *Bacchus*, I was overtaken; but I ſhou'd be loth that I committed any folly with thee.

Brom. I am ſure, I kept my ſelf awake all Night, that I did, in expectation of your coming. (*Crying.*

Sof. But what amends did I make thee, when I came!

Brom. You know well enough, to my ſorrow; but that you play the Hypocrite.

Sof. I warrant, I was monſtrous kind to thee---

Brom. Yes, monſtrous kind indeed: You never ſaid a truer Word: For, when I came to kiſs you, you pull'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Sof. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's, fine Impudence: He juſtifies!----

Sof. Yes, I do juſtifie, that I turn'd my Cheek, like a prudent Perſon, that my Breath might not offend thee: For, now I remember, I had eaten Garlick.

Brom. Ay, you remember, and forget, juſt as it makes for you, or againſt you: But, to mend the matter, you never ſpoke one civil word to me: But ſtood like a ſtock, without ſenſe or motion.

Sof. Yet better. (*Aſide.*

Brom. After which, I lovingly invited you to take your place in your Nuptial Bed, as the Laws of Matrimony oblige you: And you inhumanly refus'd me.

Sof. Ay, there's the main point of the Buſineſs! Art thou morally certain, that I refus'd thee: Look me now in the face, and ſay I did not commit Matrimony with thee!

Brom. I wonder how thou canſt look me in the face, after that refuſal!

Sof. Say it once again, that I did not felonioufly come to Bed to thee!

Brom. No, thou cold Traitor, thou know'ſt thou didſt not.

Sof. Beſt of all; 'twas diſcreetly done of me to abſtain.

Brom. What, do you inſult upon me too!

Sof. No, I do not inſult upon you;---But---

Brom. But what; How was it diſcreetly done then? Ha!

Sof. Becauſe it is the receiv'd Opinion of Phyſicians, that nothing but puling Chitts, and Booby-Fools, are procreated in Drunkenneſs.

Brom. A received Opinion, Snivel-guts! I'll be judg'd by all the marry'd Women of this Town, if any one of 'em has receiv'd it: The Devil take the Phyſicians, for medling in our Matters: If a Husband will be rul'd by them, there are five weeks of Abſtinence in *Dog-Days* too; for fear a Child that was got in *Auguſt*, ſhou'd be born juſt nine Months after, and be blear-ey'd, like a *May*-Kitten.

Sof. Let the Phyſicians alone; they are honeſt Men, whatever the World ſays of 'em. But, for a certain reaſon, that I beſt know, I am glad that Matter ended ſo fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes 'twas very fair and peaceable: to ſtrike a Woman down, and beat her moſt outragiouſly.

Sof. Is it poſſible that I drubb'd thee!

Brom. I find your drift: You wou'd fain be provoking me to a New Trial now: But, i'faith, you ſhall bring me to no more handy-blows: I ſhall make bold to truſt to my Tongue hereafter: You never durſt have offer'd to hold up a finger againſt me, till you went a Trooping.

Soſ. Then I am a Conqueror: And I laud my own Courage: This Renown I have atchiev'd by Souldierſhip and Stratagem. Know your Duty, Spouſe, henceforward to your Supream Commander. (*Strutting.*

Enter Jupiter *and* Phædra, *attended by Muſicians and Dancers.*

Phæd. Indeed I wondred at your quick return.

Jup. Ev'n ſo Almighty Love will have it, *Phædra*;
And the ſtern Goddeſs of ſweet-bitter Cares,
Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke.
I wou'd have mann'd my Heart, and held it out;
But when I thought of what I had poſſeſt;
Thoſe Joys, that never end, but to begin,
O, I am all on fire to make my Peace:
And die, *Jove* knows, as much as I can die,
Till I am reconcil'd.

Phæd. I fear 'twill be in vain.

Jup. 'Tis difficult;
But nothing is impoſſible to Love:
To Love like mine; for I have prov'd his force,
And my *Alcmena* too has felt his Dart.
If I ſubmit, there's hope.

Phæd. 'Tis poſſible I may ſollicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promiſe me to do thy beſt?

Phæd. Nay I promiſe nothing —— Unleſs you begin
To promiſe firſt —— (*Curt'ſying.*

Jup. I wou'not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well; I'll try to bring her to the Window: You ſhall have a fair ſhoot at her: If you can bring her down, you are a good Marks-man.

Jup. That's all I ask:
And I will ſo reward thee, Gentle *Phædra* ——

Phæd. What, with Cats-guts and Roſin! This *Sol-la*; is but a lamentable, empty, ſound.

Jup. Then there's a ſound will pleaſe thee better. (*Throwing her a Purſe.*

Phæd. Ay, there's ſomething of Melody in this ſound.
I cou'd dance all day, to the Muſick of *Chink, Chink.* (*Exit* Phædra.

Jup. Go, *Soſia*, round our *Thebes*,
To *Polydas*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripus*,
Companions of our War; invite 'em all.
To join their Pray'rs to ſmooth *Alcmena*'s Brow;
And, with a ſolemn Feaſt, to crown the day.

Soſ. (*Taking* Jupiter *about the Knees.*)
Let me embrace you, Sir —— (Jupiter *puſhes him away.*
Nay, you muſt give me leave to expreſs my Gratitude; I have not eaten to ſay eating, nor drunk, to ſay drinking, never ſince our villainous encamping ſo near the Enemy: 'Tis true, I ſcap'd the bloody-Flux, becauſe I had ſo little in my Bowels to come out; and I durſt let nothing go, in Conſcience, becauſe I had nothing to ſwallow in the Room on't.

Jup. You, *Bromia*, ſee that all things be prepar'd,
With that Magnificence, as if ſome God
Were Gueſt, or Maſter here.

Soſ. Or rather, as much, as if twenty Gods were to be Gueſts, or Maſters here.

Brom. That you may eat for to day, and to morrow.

Soſ. Or, rather again, for to day and yeſterday; and as many Months backwards, as I am indebted to my own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you. (*Exeunt* Soſia *and* Bromia *ſeverally.*
Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Soſia*,
(Who, tho' thou art not preſent, hear'ſt my Voice,)
Be ready to attend me at my Call;
And to ſupply his place. (*Enter* Mercury *to* Jupiter.
(Alcmena *and* Phædra *appear above.*) Jupiter *ſeeing* Alcmena.

Jup.

Jup. See, she appears:
This is my Bribe to *Phædra*; when I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*.
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

Jupiter *sings to the Musicians. Song and Dance: After which,* Alcmena *withdraws, frowning.*

SONG.

I.

CElia, *that I once was blest*
Is now the Torment of my Breast;
Since to curse me, you bereave me
Of the Pleasures I possest:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
First to love, and then to leave me!

II.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
Then I had never known the want:
But possessing once the Blessing,
Is the Cause of my Complaint:
Once possessing is but tasting.
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

III.

Celia *now is mine no more;*
But I am hers, and must adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour;
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No unkindness can dissever;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

Jup. O stay.
Merc. She's gone; and seem'd to frown at parting.
Jup. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appeas'd:
For I, who made her, know her inward state:
No Woman, once well pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty, to subdue the strong;
(A mighty Empire, but it lasts not long:)
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave:
Th' offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to rise.

ACT IV.

Jupiter *following* Alcmena; Mercury *and* Phædra.

Jup. O Stay, my dear *Alcmena*, hear me speak.
Alcm. No, I wou'd fly thee, to the ridge of Earth,
And leap the Precipice to scape thy sight.
Jup. For pity ——
Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man.
Jup. I cannot leave you: No; but like a Ghost
Whom your unkindness murder'd, will I haunt you.
Alc. Once more, be gone: I'm odious to my self
For having lov'd thee once.
Jup. Hate not the best and fairest of your Kind,
Nor can you hate your Lover though you wou'd:
Your Tears, that fall so gently, are but grief:
There may be Anger; but there must be Love.
The Dove, that murmurs at her Mate's neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyness, to be courted.
Alcm. Courtship from thee, and after such affronts!
Jup. Is this that everlasting Love you vow'd
Last Night, when I was Circled in your Arms?
Remember what you swore ——
Alc. Think what thou wert, and who cou'd swear too much?
Think what thou art, and that unswears it all.
Jup. Can you forsake me, for so small a fault?
'Twas but a jest, perhaps too far pursu'd:
'Twas but at most, a Trial of your Faith,
How you cou'd bear unkindness:
'Twas but to get a reconciling Kiss,
A wanton Stratagem of Love.

Alcm.

Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare,
A jeſt, and then a Trial, and a Bait;
All ſtuff, and daubing!
Jup. Think me jealous, then.
Alcm. O that I cou'd; for that's a noble Crime;
And which a Lover can with eaſe, forgive:
'Tis the high pulſe of Paſſion in a Fever;
A ſickly draught, but ſhews a burning Thirſt:
Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealouſie:
And in that loathing of a full gorg'd Love,
Thou ſaw'ſt the nauſeous Object, with diſdain.
Jup. O think not that: for you are ever new:
Your fruits of Love, are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes, where ſome are in the bud,
Some green, and ripening ſome, while others fall.
Alcm. Ay, now you tell me this,
When rous'd deſires, and freſh recruits of force,
Enable languiſh'd Love to take the field,
But never hope to be receiv'd again:
You wou'd again deny you were receiv'd;
And brand my ſpotleſs Fame.
Jup. I will not dare to juſtifie my Crime,
But only point you where to lay the blame:
Impute it to the Husband, not the Lover.
Alcm. How vainly wou'd the Sophiſter divide,
And make the Husband and the Lover, two!
Jup. Yes, 'tis the Husband is the guilty Wretch:
His Inſolence forgot the Sweets of Love,
And, deeming them his due, deſpis'd the Feaſt;
Not ſo the Famiſh'd Lover cou'd forget:
He knew he had been there, and had been bleſt,
With all that Hope can wiſh, or Senſe can bear.
Alcm. Husband, and Lover, both alike I hate.
Jup. And I confeſs I have deſerv'd that hate: [*Kneeling.*
Too charming fair, I kneel for your forgiveneſs:
I beg by thoſe fair Eyes,
Which gave me wounds that time can never cure;
Receive my Sorrows, and reſtore my Joys.
Alcm. Unkind, and cruel! I can ſpeak no more.
Jup. O give it vent, *Alcmena*, give it vent;
I merit your reproach, I wou'd be curs'd:
Let your Tongue curſe me while your Heart forgives.
Alcm. Can I forget ſuch Uſage!
Jup. Can you hate me?
Alcm. I'll do my beſt: for ſure I ought to hate you.
Jup. That word was only hatch'd upon your Tongue.
It came not from your Heart. But try again,
And if, once more, you can but ſay, I hate you,
My Sword ſhall do you juſtice.
Alcm. Then I hate you. ——
Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my Death?
Alcm. I hate you, much; but yet I love you more.
Jup. To prove that Love, then ſay, that you forgive me:
For there remains but this Alternative:
Reſolve to pardon, or to puniſh me.
Alcm. Alas, what I reſolve appears too plain:
In ſaying that I cannot hate, I pardon.
Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal?
Permit me, in this Tranſport of my Joy —— [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Alcm. Forbear; I am offended with my ſelf, { *Putting him gently away with her Hand.*
That I have ſhewn this Weakneſs. ——Let me go,
Where I may bluſh, alone.—— [*Going; and looking back on him.*
But come not you:
Leſt I ſhou'd ſpoil you, with exceſs of Fondneſs

And

And let you love again.---- [*Exit* Alcmena.

Jup. Forbidding me to follow, ſhe invites me: [*Aſide.*
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex:
I gave 'em but one Tongue to ſay us nay;
And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be ſure that none [*To* Mercury.
Approach, to interrupt our privacy [*Exit* Jupiter *after* Alcmena.

Mercury *and* Phædra *remain.*

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord: Here's a fair Example for us two, *Phædra.*

Phæd. No Example at all, *Soſia*; for my Lady had the Diamonds aforehand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet ſhall be forth-coming; if thou wilt give me weight for weight.

Phæd. Yes, and meaſure for meaſure too, *Soſia*; that is, for a Thimbleful of Gold, a Thimbleful of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phædra*? Here's a weighty Argument of Love for you. [*Pulling out the Goblet in a Caſe, from under his Cloak.*

Phæd. Now *Jupiter*, of his Mercy, let me kiſs thee, O thou dear Metal! [*Taking it in both hands.*

Merc. And *Venus*, of her Mercy, let me kiſs thee, dear, dear *Phædra.*

Phæd. Not ſo faſt, *Soſia*! there's a damn'd Proverb in your way: *Many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip*, you know.

Merc. Why thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet?

Phæd. Yes; as ſure as you wou'd cheat me of my Maiden-head: I am yet, but juſt even with you, for the laſt Trick you play'd me. And, beſides; this is but a bare Retaining Fee; you muſt give me another, before the Cauſe is open'd.

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-ſide, to Night.

Phæd. No, nor to Morrow-Night neither; but this ſhall be my Sweet-heart in your place; 'tis a better Bed-fellow, and will keep me warmer, in cold Weather. [*Exit* Phædra.

Mercury *alone.*

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand? This very Goblet I ſtole from *Gripus*; and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common fate of ill gotten Goods, that as they came in by Covetouſneſs, they go out by Whoring.----Oh, here's *Amphitryon* again, but I'll manage [*Enter* Amphitryon.] him above in the Balcony. [*Exit* Mercury.

Amp. Not one of thoſe I look'd for, to be found!
Has ſome Enchantment hid 'em from my ſight!
Perhaps, as *Soſia* ſays, 'tis Witchcraft all:
Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be ſtol'n;
But how I came, in Perſon, yeſterday,
And gave that Preſent to *Alcmena*'s hands,
That which I never gave, nor ever came,
O there's the Rock, on which my Reaſon ſplits:
Wou'd that were all! I fear my Honour, too!
I'll try her once again: She may be mad:
A wretched Remedy; but all I have,
To keep me from deſpair.

Merc. This is no very charitable Action of a God, to *(From the Balcony, aſide.)* uſe him ill, who has never offended me; but my Planet diſpoſes me to Malice; and when we great Perſons do but a little Miſchief, the World has a good bargain of us.

Amp. How now! What means the locking up of my Doors, at this time of day? [*Knocks.*

Merc. Softly, Friend, ſoftly: You knock as loud and as ſawcily, as a Lord's Footman, that was ſent before him, to warn the Family of his Honour's Viſit. Sure you think the Doors have no feeling! What the Devil are you, that rap with ſuch Authority?

Amp. Look out, and ſee: 'tis I.

Merc. You: What You?

Amp. No more, I ſay, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom firſt?

Amp. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had beſt command 'em, and try whether they will obey You.

Amp.

Amp. Doſt thou not know me!

Merc. Prithee, how ſhou'd I know thee? Doſt thou take me for a Conjurer?

Amp. What's this Midſummer-Moon? Is all the World gone a madding? Why *Soſia!*

Merc. That's my Name indeed: Didſt thou think I had forgot it!

Amp. Doſt thou ſee me?

Merc. Why, doſt thou pretend to go inviſible? If thou haſt any buſineſs here, diſpatch it quickly; I have no leiſure to throw away upon ſuch pratling Companions.

Amp. Thy Companion, Slave? How dar'ſt thou uſe this inſolent Language to thy Maſter.

Merc. How! Thou my Maſter? By what Title? I never had any other Maſter, but *Amphitryon.*

Amp. Well: And for whom doſt thou take me?

Merc. For ſome Rogue or other; but what Rogue I know not.

Amp. Doſt thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave!

Merc. How ſhou'd I know thee, when I ſee thou doſt not know thy ſelf! Thou *Amphitryon*? In what Tavern haſt thou been? And how many Bottles did thy buſineſs, to metamorphoſe thee into my Lord?

Amp. I will ſo drub thee for this inſolence.

Merc. How now, Impudence! Are you threatning your Betters! I ſhou'd bring you to condign puniſhment, but that I have a great reſpect for the good Wine, though I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amp. What, none to let me in? Why *Phædra! Bromia!*

Merc. Peace, Fellow; if my Wife hears thee, we are both undone. At a word, *Phædra* and *Bromia* are very buſie; one in making a Cawdle for my Lady? And the other in heating Napkins, to rub down my Lord, when he riſes from Bed.

Amp. Amazement ſeizes me.

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Maſter and my Lady had a falling out, and are retir'd without Seconds, to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddleſome Fool, thou wou'd'ſt not be thruſting thy Noſe into other People's Matters. Get thee about thy buſineſs, if thou haſt any; for I'll hear no more of thee.

[*Exit* Mercury *from above.*

Amp. Brav'd by my Slave, diſhonour'd by my Wife,
To what a deſp'rate plunge am I reduc'd,
If this be true the Villain ſays? But why
That feeble, If! It muſt be true; She owns it.
Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th'Affront?
One way, I ſpread my infamy abroad;
And, t'other, hide a burning coal, within;
That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix
On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him Soſia, Polydas, Gripus, Tranio.

Grip. Yonder he is; walking haſtily to and fro, before his door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a froſty Morning; 'tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Soſ. I begin to be afraid, that he has more Stomach to my Sides and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he ſhakes his head, and ſtamps! and what ſtrides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again; I don't like the Looks of him.

Amp. Oh, my mannerly, fair-ſpoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we ſhall try who's drunk, and who's ſober.

Soſ. Why this is, as it ſhou'd be: I was ſomewhat ſuſpicious that you were in a peſtilent humour; Yes, we will have a craſh at the Bottle, when your Lordſhip pleaſes: I have ſummon'd 'em, you ſee; and they are notable Topers; eſpecially Judge *Gripus.*

Grip. Yes, 'faith; I never refuſe my Glaſs, in a good Quarrel.

Amp. Why, thou inſolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to uſe his Maſter thus. [*To* Soſia.

Soſ. Here's a fine buſineſs towards! I am ſure I ran as faſt as ever my Legs cou'd carry me, to call 'em; nay, you may truſt my diligence, in all Affairs belonging to the Belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commiſſion, I'll bear him witneſs.

Amp.

Amp. How can you be witneſs, where you were not preſent? The Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Soſ. Why, to my beſt remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amp. What Nonſenſe doſt thou plead for an Excuſe of thy foul Language, and thy baſe replies!

Soſ. You fright a Man out of his Senſes, firſt; and blame him, afterwards, for talking Nonſenſe: ——But 'tis better for me to talk Nonſenſe, than for ſome to do Nonſenſe: I will ſay that, what e'er comes on't. Pray, Sir, let all things be done decently: What, I hope, when a Man is to be hang'd, he is not truſs'd upon the Gallows, like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amp. By your Pardon, Gentlemen: I have no longer patience to forbear him.

Soſ. Juſtice, juſtice, my Lord *Gripus*; as you are a true Magiſtrate, protect me. Here's a proceſs of Beating going forward, without Sentence given.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this muſt not be: Let me firſt underſtand the demerits of the Criminal.

Soſ. Hold you to that point, I beſeech your Honour, as you commiſerate the Caſe of a poor, innocent Maleſactor.

Amp. To ſhut the door againſt me, in my very Face, to deny me entrance, to brave me from the Balcony, to laugh at me, to threaten me: What proofs of Innocence call you theſe? But if I puniſh not this Inſolence —— I beg you let me go —— *Is going to beat him and is held by* Polydas *and* Tranio.

Soſ. I charge you, in the King's Name, hold him faſt; for you ſee he's bloodily diſpos'd.

Grip. Now, what haſt thou to ſay for thy ſelf, *Soſia*?

Soſ. I ſay, in the firſt place, be ſure you hold him, Gentlemen; for I ſhall never plead worth one farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Polyd. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Soſ. Then, if I may ſpeak boldly, under my Lord's favour, I do not ſay he lies neither; no, I am too well bred for that; but his Lordſhip fibbs moſt abominably.

Amp. Do you hear his Impudence? yet will you not let me go?

Soſ. No Impudence at all, my Lord; for how cou'd I, naturally ſpeaking, be in the Balcony, and affronting you; when at the ſame time I was in every Street of *Thebes*, inviting theſe Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip. Hold a little: How long ſince was it that he ſpoke to you, from the ſaid Balcony?

Amp. Juſt now; not a Minute before he brought you hither.

Soſ. Now ſpeak my Witneſſes.

Grip. I can anſwer for him, for this laſt half hour.

Polyd. And I. *Tran.* And I.

Soſ. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whether I was not a civil well-bred Perſon, to tell my Lord he fibbs only.

Amp. Who gave you that order, to invite 'em?

Soſ. He that beſt might; your ſelf: by the ſame token, you bid old *Bromia* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put it for a Brace, or a Leaſe; no, now I think on't, it was for ten couple of Gods, to make ſure of Plenty.

Amp. When did I give thee this pretended Commiſſion?

Soſ. Why you gave me this pretended Commiſſion, when you were juſt ready to give my Lady the Fiddles and a Dance; in order, as I ſuppoſe, to your ſecond bedding.

Amp. Where, in what place, did I give this order?

Soſ. Here, in this place; in the preſence of this very door, and of that Balcony; and if they cou'd ſpeak, they wou'd both juſtifie it.

Amp. O Heaven! theſe accidents are ſo ſurprizing, that the more I think of 'em, the more I am loſt in my imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us ſome paſſages, as he came along, that ſeem to ſurpaſs the power of Nature.

Soſ. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Soſia*? 'tis a ſly Youth; pray Heaven you have not juſt ſuch another Relation, within doors, call'd *Amphitryon*. It may be it was he, that put upon me, in your likeneſs; and perhaps he may have put ſomething upon your Lordſhip too, that may weigh heavy upon the forehead.

Amp. (to thoſe who hold him.) Let me go:---*Soſia* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him:——Open the door; I'll reſolve my doubts immediately.

Sof. The door is peremptory, that it will not be open'd without Keys: and my Brother, on the inſide, is in poſſeſſion; and will not part with 'em.

Amp. Then 'tis manifeſt that I am affronted; break open the doors there.

Grip. Stir not a man of you, to his aſſiſtance.

Amp. Doſt thou take part with my Adultreſs too, becauſe ſhe is thy Niece?

Grip. I take part with nothing, but the Law; and to break the doors open, is to break the Law.

Amp. Do thou command 'em, then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amp. (aſide.) The Devil take all Juſtice-brokers: —— I curſe him too when I have been hunting him all over the Town, to be my Witneſs! — But I'll bring Souldiers to force open the doors, by my own Commiſſion. [*Exit* Amphitryon.

Sof. Pox o' theſe forms of Law, to defeat a man of a Dinner, when he's ſharp ſet: 'tis again the privilege of a free-born Stomach; and is no leſs than ſubverſion of Fundamentals. [Jupiter *above in the Balcony.*

Jup. Oh, my Friends, I am ſory I have made you wait ſo long: you are welcome; and the door ſhall be open'd to you immediately. [*Exit* Jupiter.

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon*?

Sof. Why who ſhou'd it be elſe?

Grip. In all appearance it was he: but how got he thither?

Polyd. In ſuch a trice too!

Tran. And after he had juſt left us?

Grip. And ſo much alter'd for the better, in his humour?

Sof. Here's ſuch a company of fooliſh queſtions, when a man's hungry: You had beſt ſtay dinner till he has prov'd himſelf to be *Amphitryon* in form of Law: But I'll make ſhort work of that buſineſs: for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I ſhou'd be glad it were.

Sof. How glad it were? with your damn'd Interrogatories, when you ought to be thankful, that ſo it is.

Grip. (aſide.) That I muſt ſee my Miſtreſs *Phædra*, and preſent her with my great Gold Goblet.

Sof. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wiſh I may be kept without doors, faſting, and biting my own Fingers, for want of Victuals; and that's a dreadful Imprecation! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon*: I am ſure 'tis he is my lawfully begotten Lord: and if you had an Ounce of true juſtice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impoſtour, and a Vagabond.

[*The Door is open'd:* Mercury *from within.*

Merc. Enter quickly, maſters: The Paſſage on the right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you: —— for I am call'd another way.

[Gripus, Tranio, *and* Polydas *go into the Houſe.*

Sof. I ſhou'd know that Voice by a ſecret Inſtinct; 'tis a Tongue of my Family; and belongs to my Brother *Soſia*: it muſt be ſo; for it carries a cudgelling kind of ſound in it. ——But put the worſt; let me weigh this matter wiſely: Here's a beating, and a belly-full: againſt no beating, and no belly-full. The beating is bad; but the dinner is good: now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good; but not to fill my belly, is poſitively bad. —— Upon the whole matter, my final reſolution is, to take the good and the bad as they come together. [*Is entring*: Mercury *meets him at the Door.*

Merc. Whither now, you kitchen-skumm? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without permiſſion?

Sof. Moſt Illuſtrious Sir: my Ticket is my hunger: ſhew the full Bowels of your Compaſſion, to the empty bowels of my famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more? I'll cut you into quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Sof. You'll get but little credit by me: Alas, Sir, I am but meer Carrion! Brave *Soſia*, Compaſſionate Coward *Soſia*: and beat not thy ſelf in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that privilege, Sirrah, to aſſume my Name? have you not been ſufficiently warn'd of it? and receiv'd part of puniſhment already?

Sof. May it pleaſe you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us: and we may uſe it in common, like a Strumpet: witneſs heaven, that I wov'd have obey'd you, and quitted my Title to the Name, but where ever I come, the malicious World will call me *Soſia*: in ſpight me: I am ſenſible there are two

Amphitryons;

Amphitryons; and why may not there be two *Sosia's*? Let these two cut one anothers throats at their own pleasure: but you and I will be wiser, by my consent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Sosia's* wou'd but make two Fools.

Sos. Then let me be the fool; and be you the prudent person: and chuse for your self some wiser name: or you shall be the Elder Brother; and I'll be content to be the Younger; though I lose my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee, I am the only Son of our Family.

Sos. Then let me be your Bastard Brother, and the Son of a Whore; I hope that's but reasonable.

Merc. No, Thou shalt not disgrace my Father: For there are few Bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sos. Ah! Poor *Sosia*! What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely using my proper name?

Sos. I did not mean my self: I was thinking of another *Sosia*, a poor fellow, that was once of my acquaintance, unfortunately banish'd out of doors, when dinner was just coming upon the Table.

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. Sosia, you and I must —— Bless me! What have we here, a Couple of you, or do I see double?

Sos. I wou'd fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: but he's unreasonable and will needs incorporate me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he wou'd be content to be but one and a half, 'twou'd never grieve me.

Merc. 'Tis a perverse Rascal: I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpose: for still he's obstinate to stick to me: and I can never beat him out of my resemblance.

Phæd. Which of you two is *Sosia*? For t'other must be the Devil.

Sos. You had best ask him that has play'd the Devil with my back and sides.

Merc. You had best ask him who gave you the Gold Gobblet?

Phæd. No, that's already given: but he shall be my *Sosia*, that will give me such another.

Merc. I find you have been Interloping, Sirrah.

Sos. No, indeed, Sir, I only promis'd her a gold Thimble: which was as much as comes to my proportion of being *Sosia*.

Phæd. This is no *Sosia* for my money: beat him away t'other *Sosia*: he grows insufferable.

Sos. (*aside.*) Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and succeed him at the dinner; for a pragmatical Son of a Whore, as he is—

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt you Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Sos. I am sure I meant you no offence: for, if I am not *Sosia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know: and if you are *Sosia*, you may be the Son of a Whore for ought you know.

Merc. What ever I am, I will be *Sosia* as long as I please: and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the civility of the Cudgel.

Sos. If you will promise to beat me into the house, you may begin when you please with me: but, to be beaten out of the house, at dinner time, flesh and blood can never bear it.

[Mercury *beats him about, and* Sosia *is still making towards the door: but* Mercury *gets betwixt: and at length drives him off the Stage.*

Phæd. In the name of wonder, what are you, that are *Sosia*, and are not *Sosia*?

Merc. If thou would'st know more of me, my person is freely at thy disposing.

Phæd. Then I dispose of it to you again: for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my use.

Merc. I can be ugly or handsome, as I please: go to bed old, and rise young. I have so many Suits of persons by me, that I can shift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a Fool then, to put on your worst Cloaths, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to: Ask no more questions; I am for thy turn; for I know thy heart: and see all thou hast about thee.

Phæd. Then you can see my back-side too; there's a bargain for you ——

Merc. In thy right pocket —— let me see: — three Love Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the bottom, on three sides; full of fustian passion, and hearty nonsense: as also in the same Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him; consisting of nine Lines and a half: scrawl'd and false spell'd, to shew thou art a Woman; and full of fraudulence, and equivocations, and shooeing-horns of

Love to him; to promiſe much, and mean nothing; to ſhew, over and above, that thou art a meer Woman.

Phæd. Is the Devil in you, to ſee all this? Now for Heaven's ſake, do not look into t'other Pocket.——

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a little godly Prayer-book, and —— a bawdy Lampoon, and ——

Phæd. (*Giving a great frisk.*)
Look no farther, I beſeech you.—

Merc. And a Silver Spoon——

Phæd. (*Shrieking.*) — Ah!

Merc. Which you purloin'd laſt night from *Bromia*.

Phæd. Keep my Counſel, or I am undone for ever. [*Holding up her hands to him.*

Merc. No, I'll Mortifie thee, now I have a handle to thy Iniquity, If thou wilt not love me.——

Phæd. Well, if you'll promiſe me to be ſecret, I will love you: becauſe indeed I dare doe no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl; I will be ſecret; and further, I will be aſſiſting to thee in thy filching: for thou and I were born under the ſame Planet.

Phæd. And we ſhall come both to the ſame end too, I'm afraid.

Merc. No, no; ſince thou haſt wit enough already to cozen a Judge, thou need'ſt never fear hanging.

Phæd. And will you make your ſelf a younger man, and be handſom too, and rich? for you that know hearts, muſt needs know, that I ſhall never be conſtant to ſuch an ugly old *Soſia*.

Merc. Thou ſhalt know more of that another time: in the mean while, here's a caſt of my Office for thee.

[*He ſtamps upon the ground: ſome Dancers come from underground: and others from the ſides of the Stage: A Song, and a fantaſtick Dance.*

Mercury's *SONG to* Phædra.

I.

FAir Iris *I love, and hourly I die,*
But not for a lip, nor a languiſhing Eye:
She's fickle and falſe, and there we agree;
For I am as falſe and as fickle as ſhe:
We neither believe what either can ſay;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II.

'Tis civil to ſwear, and ſay things of courſe;
We mean not the taking for better for worſe.
When preſent, we love; when abſent, agree:
I think not of Iris, *nor* Iris *of me:*
The Legend of Love no Couple can find
So eaſie to part, or ſo equally join'd.

After, the Dance.

Phædra. This power of yours makes me ſuſpect you for little better than a God; but if you are one, for more certainty, tell me what I am juſt now thinking.

Merc. Why thou art thinking, let me ſee; for thou art a Woman, and your minds are ſo variable, that it's very hard even for a God to know them. But, to ſatisfie thee, thou art wiſhing, now, for the ſame Power I have exercis'd; that thou mighteſt ſtamp, like me; and have more Singers come up for another Song.

Phædra. Gad, I think the Devil's in you. Then I do ſtamp in ſome body's Name, but I know not whoſe; (*ſtamps*) Come up, Gentle-folks, from below; and ſing me a Paſtoral Dialogue, where the Woman may have the better of the Man; as we always have in Love matters. [*New Singers come up and ſing a Song.*

A Paſtoral Dialogue betwixt *Thyrſis* and *Iris*.

I.

Thyrſ. *FAir* Iris *and her Swain*
Were in a ſhady Bow'r;
Where Thyrſis *long in vain*
Had ſought the Shepherd's hour.
At length his hand advancing upon her ſnowy breaſt;
He ſaid, O kiſs me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
If you will make me Bleſt.

II.

Iris. *An eaſie yielding Maid,*
By truſting is undone;
Our Sex is oft betray'd,
By granting Love too ſoon.
If you deſire to gain me, your Suff'rings to redreſs;
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you ſhall poſſeſs.

Thyrſis.

III.

Thyrſis. *The little care you ſhow,*
of all my Sorrows paſt;
Makes Death appear too ſlow,
And Life too long to laſt.
Fair Iris *kiſs me kindly, in pity of my Fate;*
And kindly ſtill, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IV.

Iris. *You fondly Court your Bliſs,*
And no Advances make;
'Tis not for Maids to kiſs,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may Kiſs me kindly, and I will not rebell;
And kindly ſtill, and kindly,
But kiſs me not and tell.

V.

A RONDEAU.

Chorus. *Thus at the height we love and live,*
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and give,
Till we can give no more:
But what to day will take away,
To morrow will reſtore.
Thus at the height we live and love,
And fear not to be poor.

Phædra. Adieu, I leave you to pay the Muſick: Hope well, Mr. Planett; there's a better Heav'n in ſtore for you: I ſay no more, but you can gueſs.

Mercury, alone.

Such Bargain-loves, as I with *Phædra* treat,
Are all the Leagues and Friendſhips of the Great:
All ſeek their Ends; and each wou'd other cheat.
They only ſeem to hate, and ſeem to love;
But Int'reſt is the point on which they move.
Their Friends are Foes; and Foes are Friends agen;
And in their turns, are Knaves, and Honeſt men.
Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold:
'Tis who bids moſt; for all Men wou'd be ſold. [*Exit* Mercury.

ACT V.

Gripus, Phædra.

[Gripus *has the Gobblet in his hand.*

Phæd. YOU will not be ſo baſe to take it from me?

Grip. 'Tis my proper Chattel: and I'll ſeize my own, in whatever hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only ſhew'd it you to provoke your generoſity, that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Preſent.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief: and I'll indite you for a Receiver of Stoln Goods.

Phæd. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Miſtreſs!

Phæd. Thou moſt mercenary Magiſtrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thy ſelf!

Phæd. Thou Seller of other People: thou Weather-cock of Government: that when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'ſt to Privilege; and when it changes for the Soveraign, veers to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my preſent?

Phæd. No: but I'll ſend thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will ſoon decide the difference. [*Exit* Phædra.

Enter Mercury, *with two Swords.*

Merc. Bowing.] Save your good Lordſhip.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb: I am out of humour, and am in haſte: leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my duty to attend on your Lordſhip, and to eaſe you of that undecent Burden.

Grip.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden, to one of my Profeſſion.

Merc. By your Lordſhip's Permiſſion, *Phædra* has ſent me to take it from you.

Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. *Still bowing.*) No; but by your Honour's Permiſſion, I am to reſtore it to her, and perſwade your Lordſhip, to renonunce your Pretenſions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Merc. O my good Lord, I dare paſs my word for your free conſent to both—Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your choice of one of theſe?

Grip. Why theſe are Swords: What have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your choice of one of them; which your Lordſhip pleaſes; and leave the other to your moſt Obedient Servant.

Grip. What, one of theſe ungodly Weapons? Take notice, I'll lay you by the heels, Sirrah: This has the appearance of an unlawful bloody challenge.

Merc. You Magiſtrates are pleas'd to call it ſo, my Lord; but with us Sword-men, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one another's Throats.

Grip. Be anſwer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law ſhall decide our Controverſie.

Merc. By your Permiſſion, my Lord; it muſt be diſpatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll ſee thee hang'd before I give thee any ſuch Permiſſion, to diſpatch me into another World.

Merc. At the leaſt, my Lord, you have no occaſion to complain of my want of reſpect to you: you will neither reſtore the Gobblet, nor renounce *Phædra*: I offer you the Combat; you refuſe it: all this is done in the forms of honour: It follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own arbitrement; and I ſuppoſe, you are too honourable not to approve of my proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new ſort of Proceſs, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand, without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that ſignifie nothing, but to ſqueeze the Subject: Therefore, with your Lordſhip's favour, I begin. [*Phillips him under the Chin.*

Grip. What's that for?

Merc. To give you an occaſion of returning me a box o'th' Ear: That ſo, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no anſwer, but ſuffer a Non-ſuit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Coſts and Charges are to be paid: Will you pleaſe to reſtore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I muſt aſcend to your Lordſhip's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh, Oh, oh---Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to hear reaſon. [*Pulling again.*

Grip. Take the Cup; and the Devil give thee joy on't.

Merc. *Still holding him.*) And your Lordſhip will farther be graciouſly pleas'd to releaſe all claims, titles, and actions whatſoever to *Phædra*: You muſt give me leave to add one ſmall *memento*, for that too. (*Pulling him again.*

Grip. I renounce her, I releaſe her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. *to her.*) *Phædra*; My Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious; without puſhing matters to extremity.

Phæd. I over heard it all: But give me Livery and Sieſin of the Gobblet, in the firſt place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion ſhou'd be paſs'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember quarrels, when he dares; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verſes with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon *and Guards.*

Amph. *to Grip.*) At the laſt I have got poſſeſſion without your Lordſhip's Warrant; *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no ſuch lying Meſſage: You are not here, and you cannot be here: For, to my knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber!

Amph. All of a piece, and all Witchcraft! Anſwer me preciſely; do'ſt thou not know me for *Amphitryon*?

Phæd. Anſwer me firſt: Did you give me a Diamond, and a Purſe of Gold!

Amph. Thou know'ſt I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the ſame token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*: If you are he, I am ſure I left you in bed with your own Wife: Now you had beſt

ſtretch

ſtretch out a Leg; and feel about for a fair Lady.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword; and kill the Sorcerer: Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me (*To the Guards.*

Phæd. I'll ſave you the labour; and call him down to confront you; if you dare attend him. (*Exit* Phædra.

Merc. aſide.) Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or elſe *Amphitryon* had not enter'd ſo eaſily. (Gripus *is ſtealing off.*) —— Whither now *Gripus*? I have buſineſs for you, If you offer to ſtir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, *follow'd by* Tranio *and* Polydas.

Jup. Who dares to play the Maſter in my Houſe?
What noiſe is this, that calls me from above,
Invades my ſoft receſs, and privacy,
And, like a Tyde, breaks in upon my Love?

Amph. O Heav'ns; what's this I ſee?

Tran. What Prodigy!

Poly. How, two *Amphitryon*'s!

Grip. I have beheld th' appearance of two Suns;
But ſtill the falſe was dimmer than the true;
Here, both ſhine out alike.

Amph. This is a ſight, that like the Gorgon's head,
Runs thro' my limbs, and ſtiffens me to Stone.
I need no more inquire into my fate:
For what I ſee, reſolves my doubts too plain.

Tran. Two drops of Water, cannot be more like.

Polyd. They are two very ſame's.

Merc. aſide.) Our *Jupiter* is a great Comedian; he counterfeits moſt admirably: Sure his Prieſts have copy'd their Hypocriſie from their Maſter.

Amph. Now, I am gather'd back into my ſelf,
My Heart beats high, and puſhes out the Blood (*Drawing his Sword.*
To give me juſt revenge on this Impoſtour. (*To the Guards.*
If you are brave, aſſiſt me —— Not one ſtirs:
What are all brib'd to take th' Enchanters part?
'Tis true the Work is mine; and thus ——

[*Going to ruſh upon* Jupiter; *and is held by* Tranio *and* Polydas.

Poly. It muſt not be.

Jup. Give him his way: I dare the Madman's worſt:
But ſtill take notice, that it looks not like
The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out, at firſt
To brutal force: It ſhows he doubts his Cauſe,
Who dares not truſt his reaſon to defend it.

Amph. ſtruggling.] Thou baſe Uſurper of my Name & Bed;
No leſs than thy Hearts-blood can waſh away
Th' affronts I have ſuſtain'd.

Tran. We muſt not ſuffer
So ſtrange a Duel as *Amphitryon*
To fight againſt himſelf. (hands:

Poly. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your
We know our duty to our General:
We know the tyes of Friendſhip to our Friend:
But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is,
Without more certain proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be diſtinguiſh'd, by our reaſon;
Impoſſible by ſight.

Amph. I know it; and have ſatisfy'd my ſelf:
I am the true *Amphitryon.*

Jup. See again.
He ſhuns the certain proofs; and dares not ſtand
Impartial Judgment, and award of right.
But ſince *Alcmena*'s honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than Heav'n, & all the World, I love;
This, I propoſe, as equal to us both.
Tranio, and *Polydas*, be you Aſſiſtants,
The Guards be ready to ſecure th' Impoſtour,

When

When once ſo prov'd, for publick puniſhment;
And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cauſe.

Amph. I am content: Let him proceed to Examination.

Grip. aſide to Mercury.] On whoſe ſide wou'd you pleaſe that I ſhou'd give the Sentence?

Merc. aſide to him.] Follow thy Conſcience for once; but not to make a Cuſtom of it neither; nor to leave an evil precedent of uprightneſs to future Judges. (*Aſide.*) 'Tis a good thing to have a Magiſtrate under Correction: Your old fornicating Judge, dare never give Sentence againſt him that knows his haunts.

Poly. Your Lordſhip knows I was Maſter of *Amphitryon*'s Ship; and deſire to know of him, what paſs'd in private betwixt us two, at his Landing when he was juſt ready to engage the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* anſwer firſt——

Jupit. and Amph. together.] My Lord I told him——

Grip. Peace both of you: —— 'Tis a plain Caſe they are both true; for they both ſpeak together: But for more certainty, let the falſe *Amphitryon* ſpeak firſt.

Merc. Now they are both ſilent——

Grip. Then it's as plain on t'other ſide, that they are both falſe *Amphitryons.*

Mer. Which *Amphitryon* ſhall ſpeak firſt?

Grip. Let the Cholerick *Amphitryon* ſpeak; and let the peaceable hold his peace.

Amph. to Polydas.] You may remember that I Whiſper'd you, not to part from the Stern, one ſingle Moment.

Poly. You did ſo.

Grip. No more words then; I proceed to Sentence.

Jup. 'Twas I that Whiſper'd him; and he may remember I gave him this reaſon for it; That if our Men were beaten, I might ſecure my own retreat.

Poly. You did ſo.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tran. You know I was Pay-maſter: What directions did you give me the Night before the Battle?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou ſpeaking?

Mer. aſide.] It ſhou'd be a double U: But they have no ſuch letter in their Tongue.

Amph. I order'd you to take particular care of the great Bag.

Grip. Why this is Demonſtration.

Jup. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of Tygers skin; and mark'd *Beta.*

Grip. In ſadneſs I think they are both Jugglers: Here's nothing, and here's nothing: And then *hiccius doccius*, and they are both here again.

Tran. You peaceable *Amphitryon*, what Money was there in that Bag?

Jup. The Summ in groſs, amounted juſt to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a farthing?

Grip. Paugh: Obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thouſand pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themſelves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jup. But the reſt was not all Silver; for there were juſt four thouſand Braſs half-pence.

Grip. Being but Braſs, the proof is inconſiderable: If they had been Silver, it had gone on your ſide.

Amph. to Jup.] Death and Hell, you will not perſwade me that I did not kill *Pterelas*?

Jup. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena*?

Amph. That laſt was Poyſon to me.—— [*Aſide.*
Yet there's one proof thou canſt not counterfeit:
In killing *Pterelas*, I had a Wound
Full in the brawny part of my right Arm:
Where ſtill the Scar remains: Now bluſh, Impoſtour;
For this thou can'ſt not ſhow.

[*Bares his Arm; and ſhows the Scar, which they all look on.*

Omnes. This is the true *Amphitryon.*

Jup. May your Lordſhip pleaſe ——

Grip.

Grip. No Sirrah, it does not pleaſe me; hold your tongue, I charge you, for the Caſe is manifeſt.

Jupit. By your favour then, this ſhall ſpeak for me. [*Bares his Arm, and ſhows it.*

Tran. 'Tis juſt in the ſame Muſcle.

Polyd. Of the ſame length and breadth; and the Scar of the ſame blewiſh colour.

Grip to Jupit.] Did not I charge you not to ſpeak? 'twas plain enough before: and now you have puzzled it again.

Amp. Good Gods, how can this be!

Grip. For certain there was but one *Pterelas*; and he muſt have been in the Plot againſt himſelf too: for he was kill'd firſt by one of them; and then riſe again out of reſpect to t'other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, *and* Bromia.

No more of this; it ſounds impoſſible [*Alcm. turning to Phæd. and Brom.*
That two ſhou'd be ſo like, no difference found.

Phæd. You'll find it true.

Alcm. Then where's *Alcmena*'s honour and her fame?
Farewell my needleſs fear; it cannot be:
This is a Caſe too nice for vulgar ſight:
But let me come; my Heart will guide my Eyes
To point and tremble to its proper choice. [*Seeing* Amphitryon, *goes to him.*
There neither was, nor is but one *Amphitryon*;
And I am only his—— [*Goes to take him by the Hand.*
Away, Adultreſs! [*Amp. puſhing her away from him.*

Jupit. My gentle Love: my Treaſure and my Joy;
Follow no more, that falſe and fooliſh Fire,
That wou'd miſlead thy Fame to ſure Deſtruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee lyable to ſcorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch
Who wou'd by baſe aſperſions blot thy vertue.
I was indeed miſtaken; thou art he! [*Alcm. going to him, who embraces her.*
Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon.*
Th' Impoſtour has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my choice
Thy kindneſs is a guide that cannot err.

Amph. What in my preſence to prefer the Villain!
O execrable cheat! I break the truce;
And will no more attend your vain deciſions;
To this — and to the Gods I'll truſt my cauſe.
[*Is ruſhing upon* Jupiter, *and is held again.*

Jupit. Poor Man; how I contemn thoſe Idle threats!
Were I diſpos'd, thou might'ſt as ſafely meet
The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of *Jove*:
(Nor *Jove* need bluſh to be *Alcmena*'s Champion)
But in the Face of *Thebes* ſhe ſhall be clear'd:
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.
Attend, and I will bring convincing proof.

Amp. Thou wou'dſt elude my Juſtice, and eſcape;
But I will follow thee, through Earth, and Seas;
Nor Hell ſhall hide thee, from my juſt revenge.

Jupit. I'll ſpare thy pains: it ſhall be quickly ſeen,
Betwixt us two, who ſeeks and who avoids.——
Come in my Friends: and thou who ſeem'ſt *Amphitryon*;
That all who are in doubt may know the true.

Jupiter *re-enters the Houſe: with him* Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polydas, Tranio, *and Guards.*

Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*, ſtay with *Phædra*: [Merc. *to* Grip. *and* Brom. *who,*
Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours: *are following.*
Amphitryon's Rival ſhall appear a God:
But know before-hand, I am *Mercury*;
Who want not Heav'n, while *Phædra* is no Earth.

Brom. But, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip, is my Fellow *Phædra* to be exalted into the Heav'ns, and made a Star?

Phæd. When that comes to paſs, if you Look up a-nights, I ſhall remember old kindneſs, and vouchſafe to twinkle on you.

Enter Soſia, *peeping about him*: *and ſeeing* Mercury, *is ſtarting back.*

Soſ. Here he is again; and there's no paſſing by him into the Houſe, unleſs I were a Spright, to glide in through the Key-hole.——I am to be a Vagabond I find.

Merc. Soſia, come back.

Soſ. No I thank you; you may whiſtle me long enough; a beaten Dog has always the wit to avoid his Maſter.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Soſia* again.

Soſ. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it: he that has an itch to be beaten, let him take it up for *Soſia*;——What have I ſaid now! I mean for me; for I neither am nor will be *Soſia*.

Merc. But thou may'ſt be ſo in ſafety: for I have acknowledg'd my ſelf to be God *Mercury*.

Soſ. You may be a God, for ought I know; but the Devil take me if ever I worſhip you; for an unmerciful Deity, as you are.

Merc. You ought to take it for an honour to be drubb'd by the hand of a Divinity.

Soſ. I am your moſt humble Servant, good Mr. God; but by the faith of a Mortal, I cou'd well have ſpa r'd the honour that you did me. But how ſhall I be ſure that you will never aſſume my ſhape again?

Merc. Becauſe I am weary of wearing ſo villainous an outſide.

Soſ. Well, well; as villainous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am ſure that I may chaſtiſe you ſafely: and that there's no God, lurking under your appearance.

Soſ. Ay; but you had beſt take heed how you attempt it: for as *Mercury* has turn'd himſelf into me, ſo I may take the toy into my head, to turn my ſelf into *Mercury*, that I may ſwinge you off condignly.

Merc. In the mean time, be all my Witneſſes, that I take *Phædra* for my Wife of the left hand; that is, in the nature of a lawful Concubine.

Phæd. You ſhall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a God: for you have a terrible ill name below: and I am afraid you'll get a Footman, inſtead of a Prieſt, to Marry us.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* ſhall draw up Articles betwixt us.

Phæd. But he's damnably us'd to falſe Conveyancing:—Well, be it ſo: for my Councel ſhall over-look 'em before I Sign: Come on, *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white. [*Here* Gripus *gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Merc. With all my heart; that I may have thee under black and white hereafter.

Phæd. to Gripus] Begin, begin; Heads of Articles to be made, *&c.* betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves——

Merc. And *Phædra*, Queen of Gypſies.—— *Imprimis*, I promiſe to buy and ſettle upon her and Eſtate, containing Nine thouſand Acres of Land, in any part of *Bæotia*, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no part of the ſaid Nine thouſand Acres ſhall be upon, or adjoyning to Mount *Parnaſſus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a Poetical Eſtate.

Merc. Memorandum, that ſhe be always conſtant to me; and admit no other Lover.

Phæd. Memorandum, unleſs it be a Lover that offers more: and that the Conſtancy ſhhall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. Item, that ſhe ſhall keep no Male Servants in her Houſe: *Item*, no Rival Lap-Dog for a Bedfellow: *Item*, that ſhe ſhall never pray to any of the Gods.

Phæd. What, wou'd you have me an Atheiſt?

Merc. No Devotion to any He-Deity, good *Phædra*.

Brom. Here's no proviſion made for Children yet.

Phæd. Well remember'd, *Bromia*: I bargain that my Eldeſt Son ſhall be a Hero, and my Eldeſt Daughter a King's Miſtreſs.

Merc. That is to ſay, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phædra*.

Phæd.

Phæd. That's true; but who dares call 'em ſo? Then for the Younger Children: ——But now I think on't, we'll have no more, but Maſs and Miſs; for the reſt wou'd be but chargeable, and a burden to the Nation.

Mer. Yes, yes; the Second ſhall be a Falſe Prophet: He ſhall have Wit enough to ſet up a new Religion: And too much Wit to die a Martyr for it.

Phæd. O what had I forgot? There's Pin-money, and Ali-money, and Separate maintenance, and a thouſand things more to be conſider'd; that are all to bet ack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Soſ. I am a Fool, I muſt confeſs; but yet I can ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as the beſt of you: I have obſerv'd that you Women-Wits are commonly ſo quick upon the ſcent, that you often over-run it: Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phædra*, that in caſe Mr. Heaven there, ſhould be pleas'd to break theſe Articles, in what Court of Judicature ſhe intends to ſue him?

Phæd. The fool has hit upon't: ——Gods, and great Men, are never to be ſued; for they can always plead privilege of Peerage: And therefore for once, Mounſieur, I'll take your word; for as long as you love me you'll be ſure to keep it: and in the mean time I ſhall be gaining experience how to manage ſome rich Cully; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

[*It Thunders; and the Company within doors*, Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polydas, *and* Tranio, *all come running out, and joyn with the reſt, who were on the Theatre before.*

Amph. Sure 'tis ſome God: He vaniſh'd from our ſight,
And told us, we ſhou'd ſee him ſoon return.

Alcm. I know not what to hope, nor what to fear.
A ſimple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconſenting Innocence is loſt.

A ſecond Peal of Thunder. After which, Jupiter *appears in a Machine.*

Jup. Look up, *Amphitryon*, and behold above,
Th' Impoſtour God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own ſhape, ſee *Jupiter* appear,
And let that ſight, ſecure thy jealous fear.
Diſgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to boaſt:
No Fame, in *Jove*'s Concurrence can be loſt:
What he enjoys, he ſanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking, ſtamps into a price.
'Tis I, who ought to murmur at my Fate;
Forc'd by my Love, my Godhead to tranſlate;
When on no other Terms I cou'd poſſeſs,
But by thy form, thy features, and thy dreſs;
To thee were giv'n the Bleſſings that I ſought,
Which elſe, not all the Bribes of Heav'n had bought.
Then take into thy Arms thy envy'd Love;
And, in his own deſpight, triumph o'er *Jove.*

Mer. aſide.] *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, both ſtand mute, and know not how to take it.

Soſ. aſide.] Our Soveraign Lord *Jupiter* is a ſly Companion; he knows how to gild a bitter Pill.

Jup. From this auſpicious Night, ſhall riſe an Heir,
Great, like his Sire, and like his Mother, fair:
Wrongs to redreſs, and Tyrants to diſſeize;
Born for a World, that wants a *Hercules.*
Monſters, and Monſter-men he ſhall ingage,
And toil, and ſtruggle, through an Impious Age.
Peace to his Labours, ſhall at length ſucceed;
And murm'ring Men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happineſs, by need. } (Jupiter *is carry'd back to Heaven.*

Omnes. We all Congratulate *Amphitryon.*

Merc. Keep your Congratulations to your ſelves, Gentlemen: 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the leſs that is ſaid of it, the better. Upon the whole matter, if *Amphitryon* takes the favour of *Jupiter* in patience, as from a God, he's a good Heathen.

Soſ. I muſt take a little extraordinary pains to Night, that my Spouſe may come even with her Lady, and produce a Squire to attend on young *Hercules*, when he goes out to ſeek Adventures; that when his Maſter kills a Man, he may ſtand ready to pick his Pockets; and piouſly relieve his Aged Parents. Ah,

Bromia, *Bromia*; if thou hadſt been as handſome and as young as *Phædra*; I ſay no more, but ſome Body might have made his Fortunes as well as his Maſter, and never the worſe Man neither.

For, let the wicked World ſay what they pleaſe,
The fair Wife makes her Husband live at eaſe:
The Lover keeps him too; and but receives
Like *Jove*, the remnants that *Amphitryon* leaves:
'Tis true, the Lady has enough in ſtore,
To ſatisfie thoſe two, and eke, two more:
In fine, the Man, who weighs the matter fully,
Wou'd rather be the Cuckold, than the Cully.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Phædra*. Mrs. *Mountfort*.

I'M thinking, (and it almoſt makes me mad,)
How ſweet a time thoſe Heathen Ladies had.
Idolatry, was even their Gods own Trade;
They Worſhip'd the fine Creatures they had made.
Cupid, *was chief of all the Deities;*
And Love was all the faſhion, in the Skies.
When the ſweet Nymph, held up the Lily hand,
Jove *was her humble Servant, at Command.*
The Treaſury of Heav'n was ne'er ſo bare,
But ſtill there was a Penſion for the Fair,
In all his Reign, Adultery was no Sin;
For Jove, *the good Example did begin.*
Mark, too, when he uſurp'd the Husband's name,
How civilly he ſav'd the Lady's fame.
The ſecret Joys of Love, he wiſely hid;
But you, Sirs, boaſt of more, than e'er you did.
You teize your Cuckolds; to their face torment 'em.
But Jove *gave his, new Honours to content 'em.*
And, in the kind remembrance of the Fair,
On each exalted Son, beſtow'd a Star.
For thoſe good deeds, as by the date appears,
His Godſhip, flouriſh'd full Two thouſand Years.
At laſt, when He and all his Prieſts grew old,
The Ladies grew in their Devotion cold;
And, that falſe Worſhip wou'd no longer hold.

Severity of Life did next begin;
(And always does, when we no more can Sin.)
That Doctrine, too, ſo hard, in Practice, lies,
Then, the next Age may ſee another riſe.
Then, Pagan Gods, may, once again, ſucceed;
And Jove, *or* Mars, *be ready, at our need,*
To get young Godlings; and, ſo, mend our breed.

CLE-

CLEOMENES
THE
Spartan-Hero,
A
TRAGEDY.

To the Right Honourable the EARL of

ROCHESTER,

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

'TIS enough for your Lordſhip to be conſcious to your ſelf of having perform'd a juſt and honourable Action, in Redeeming this Play from the Perſecution of my Enemies; but it wou'd be ingratitude in me, not to publiſh it to the World. That it has appear'd on the Stage is principally owing to you: That it has ſucceeded, is the Approbation of your Judgment, by that of the Publick. 'Tis juſt the Inverſion of an Act of Parliament: Your Lordſhip firſt Sign'd it, and then it was Paſs'd amongſt the Lords and Commons. The Children of old Men are generally obſerv'd to be ſhort-liv'd, and of a weakly Conſtitution: How this may prove I know not; but hitherto it has promis'd well: And if it ſurvive to Poſterity, it will carry the Noble Name of its Patron along with it, or rather, it will be carried by yours to after Ages. *Arioſto*, in his *Voyage of* Aſtolpho *to the Moon*, has given us a fine Allegory of two Swans; who, when Time had thrown the Writings of many Poets into the River of Oblivion, were ever in a readineſs to ſecure the beſt, and bear them aloft, into the Temple of Immortality. Whether this Poem be of that Number, is left to the Judgment of the Swan who has preſerv'd it: And though I can claim little from his Juſtice, I may preſume to value my ſelf upon his Charity. It will be told me, That I have miſtaken the *Italian* Poet, who means only that ſome excellent Writers, almoſt as few in Number as the Swans, have reſcued the Memory of their Patrons, from Forgetfulneſs and Time; when a vaſt Multitude of Crows and Vultures; that is, bad Scribblers, Paraſites, and Flatterers, oppreſs'd by the weight of the Names which they endeavour'd to redeem, were forc'd to let them fall again into *Lethe*, where they were loſt for ever. If it be thus, my Lord, the Table wou'd be turn'd upon me: But I ſhou'd only fail in my vain Attempt; for either ſome other Immortal Swan, will be more capable of ſuſtaining ſuch a weight, or you who have ſo long been Converſant in the Management of great Affairs, are able with your own Pen, to do Juſtice to your ſelf; and, at the ſame time, to give the Nation a clearer and more faithful inſight into thoſe Transactions, wherein you have Worthily ſuſtain'd ſo great a part. For to your Experience in State Affairs, you have alſo join'd no vulgar Erudition; which all your Modeſty is not able to conceal; for to underſtand critically the Delicacies of *Horace*, is a height to which few of our Noblemen have arriv'd: And that this

this is your deſerv'd Commendation, I am a living Evidence; as far, at leaſt, as I can be allow'd a Competent Judge on that ſubject. Your Affection to that admirable Ode, which *Horace* writes to his *Mecænas*, and which I had the Honour to inſcribe to you, is not the only Proof of this Aſſertion. You may pleaſe to remember, that in the late happy Converſation, which I had with your Lordſhip at a Noble Relations of yours, you took me aſide, and pleas'd your Self with repeating to me, one of the moſt Beautiful Pieces in that Author. It was the Ode to *Barine*, wherein you were ſo particularly affected with that Elegant Expreſſion, *Juvenumque prodis publica cura.* There is indeed the Vertue of a whole Poem, in thoſe words; that *curioſa felicitas*, which *Petronius* ſo juſtly aſcribes to our Author. The Barbarity of our Language is not able to reach it: Yet, when I have leiſure, I mean to try, how near I can raiſe my *Engliſh* to his *Latin*: Though, in the mean time, I cannot but imagine to my ſelf, with what Scorn his Sacred *Manes* wou'd look on ſo lame a Tranſlation as I cou'd make. His *Recalcitrat undique tutus* might more reaſonably be apply'd to me, than he himſelf apply'd it to *Auguſtus Cæſar*. I ought to reckon that Day, as very Fortunate to me, and diſtinguiſh it, as the Ancients did, with a whiter Stone; becauſe it furniſh'd me with an Occaſion of reading my *Cleomenes* to a Beautiful Aſſembly of Ladies, where your Lordſhip's Three Fair Daughters, were pleas'd to Grace it with their Preſence: And, if I may have leave to ſingle out any one in particular, there was your admirable Daughter-in-Law; ſhining, not like a Star, but a Conſtellation of her Self; a more true and brighter *Berenice*. Then it was, that whether out of your own Partiality, and Indulgence to my Writings, or out of Complaiſance to the Fair Company, (who gave the firſt good Omen to my Succeſs, by their Approbation,) your Lordſhip was pleas'd to add your own: And afterwards to Repreſent it to the Queen, as wholly Innocent of thoſe Crimes, which were laid unjuſtly to its charge. Neither am I to forget my Charming Patroneſs; though ſhe will not allow my Publick Addreſs to her, in a Dedication; but Protects me unſeen, like my Guardian-Angel; and ſhuns my Gratitude, like a Fairy, who is Bountiful by ſtealth; and conceals the Giver, when ſhe beſtows the Gift. But my Lady *Sylvius* has been juſter to me, and pointed out the Goddeſs, at whoſe Altar I was to pay my Sacrifice and Thanks-Offering. And had ſhe been ſilent, yet my Lord Chamberlain himſelf, in reſtoring my Play, without any Alteration, avow'd to me, that I had the moſt Earneſt Sollicitreſs, as well as the Faireſt; and that nothing cou'd be refus'd to my Lady *Hyde*.

Theſe Favours, my Lord, receiv'd from your Self, and your Noble Family, have encourag'd me to this Dedication; wherein I not only give you back a Play, which had you not redeem'd it, had not been mine; but alſo at the ſame time, Dedicate to you, the unworthy Author, with my inviolable Faith, and (how mean ſoever) my utmoſt Service: And I ſhall be proud to hold my Dependance on you in Chief, as I do part of my ſmall Fortune in *Wiltſhire*. Your Goodneſs has not been wanting to me, during the Reign of my two Maſters. And even from a bare Treaſury, my Succeſs has been contrary to that of Mr. *Cowley*; and *Gideon*'s Fleece has then been moiſten'd, when all the Ground has been dry about it. Such and ſo many Provocations of this Nature, have concurr'd to my Invading of your Modeſty, with this Addreſs. I am ſenſible that it is in a manner forc'd upon you. But your Lordſhip has been the Aggreſſor in this Quarrel, by ſo many Favours, which you are not weary of conferring on me. Though at the ſame time, I own the Ambition on my ſide, to be ever eſteem'd

Your Lordſhip's moſt Thankful

And moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

THE PREFACE.

TIS now seven or eight Years since I design'd to write this Play of CLEOMENES; *and my Lord* Falkland, *(whose Name I cannot mention without Honour, for the many Favours I have receiv'd from him) is pleas'd to witness for me, That in a* French *Book, which I presented him about that time, there were the Names of many Subjects that I had thought on for the Stage; amongst which, this* Tragedy *was one. This, was out of my Remembrance; but my Lord, on the occasion of stopping my Play, took the Opportunity of doing me a good Office at Court, by representing it as it was, a Piece long ago design'd: Which being judiciously treated, I thought was capable of moving Compassion on the Stage. The Success has justified my Opinion, and that at a time when the World is running mad after* Farce, *the Extremity of bad Poetry, or rather the Judgment that is fallen upon Dramatique Writing. Were I in the Humour, I have sufficient cause to expose it in its true Colours; but having for once escap'd, I will forbear my Satyr, and only be thankful for my Deliveranee. A great part of my good Fortune, I must confess, is owing to the Justice which was done me in the Performance: I can scarcely refrain from giving every one of the Actors their particular Commendations; but none of them will be offended, if I say what the Town has generally granted, That Mrs.* Barry, *always Excellent, has, in this* Tragedy, *excell'd Her self, and gain'd a Reputation beyond any Woman whom I have ever seen on the Theatre. After all, it was a bold Attempt of mine, to write upon a single Plot, unmix'd with* Comedy; *which though it be the natural and true way, yet is not to the* Genius *of the Nation. Yet to gratifie the barbarous Party of my Audience, I gave them a short Rabble-Scene, because the Mobb (as they call them) are represented by* Plutarch *and* Polybius, *with the same Character of Baseness and Cowardice, which are here describ'd, in the last Attempt of* Cleomenes. *They may thank me, if they please, for this Indulgence; for no* French *Poet would have allow'd them any more than a bare Relation of that Scene, which debases a* Tragedy *to show upon the Stage.*

For the rest, some of the Mechanique Rules of Unity are observed, and others are neglected. The Action is but one, which is the Death of Cleomenes; *and every Scene in the Play, is tending to the Accomplishment of the Main Design. The Place is likewise one; for 'tis all in the compass of* Alexandria, *and the Port of that City. The time might easily have been reduc'd into the space of twenty four Hours, if I wou'd have omitted the Scene of Famine, in the Fifth Act; but it pleas'd me to try how* Spartans *cou'd endure it; and, besides, gave me the occasion of writing that other Scene, betwixt* Cleomenes *and his suspected Friend; and, in such a Case, 'tis better to trespass on a Rule, than leave out a Beauty.*

As for other Objections, I never heard any worth answering; and least of all that Foolish One, which is rais'd against me by the Sparks, for Cleomenes *not accepting the Favours of* Cassandra. *They wou'd not have refus'd a fair Lady. I grant they wou'd not; but let them grant me, That they are not* Hero's; *and so much for the Point of Honour. A Man might have pleaded an Excuse for himself, if he had been false to an Old Wife, for the sake of a Young Mistress; but* Cleora *was in the Flower of her Age, and it was yet but Honey-moon with* Cleomenes; *and so much for Nature. Some have told me, That many of the fair Sex complain for want of tender Scenes, and soft Expressions of Love: I will endeavour to make them some amends, if I write again; and my next* Hero *shall be no* Spartan.

I know it will be here expected, that I should write somewhat concerning the forbidding of my Play; but the less I say of it, the better. And besides, I was so little concern'd at it, that had it not been on consideration of the Actors, who were to suffer on my account, I should not have been at all sollicitous, whether it were play'd, or no. No body can imagine, that in my declining Age I write willingly, or that I am desirous of exposing, at this time of day, the small Reputation which I have gotten on the Theatre. *The Subsistence which I had from the former Government, is lost; and the Reward I have from the Stage is so little, that it is not worth my Labour.*

As for the Reasons which were given for suspending the Play, it seems they were so ill founded, that my Lord Chamberlain no sooner took the pains to read it, but they vanish'd; and my Copy was restor'd to me, without the least Alteration by his Lordship. 'Tis printed as it was acted; and I dare assure you, that here is no Parallel to be found: 'Tis neither Compliment, nor Satyr; but a plain Story, more strictly followed than any which has appear'd upon the Stage. 'Tis true, it had been garbled before by the Superiors of the Play-house; and I cannot reasonably blame them for their Caution; because they are answerable for any thing that is publickly represented: And their Zeal for the Government is such, that they had rather lose the best Poetry in the World, than give the least Suspicion of their Loyalty. The short is, that they were diligent enough to make sure Work; and to geld it so clearly in some places, that they took away the very Manhood of it. I can only apply to them, what Cassandra *says somewhere in the Play to* Ptolemy;

To be so nice in my Concerns for you;
To doubt, where Doubts are not; to be too fearful;
To raise a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger;
And then be frighted, though it cannot reach you.

But, since it concerns me to be as circumspect as they are, I have given leave to my Bookseller to print the Life of Cleomenes, *as it is elegantly, and faithfully translated out of* Plutarch, *by my learned Friend,*

Friend, Mr. Creech; *to whom the World has been indebted for his excellent Verſion of* Lucretius; *and I particularly oblig'd in his Tranſlation of* Horace. *We daily expect* Manilius *from him; an Author worthy only of ſuch Hands; which having formerly reveal'd the Secrets of Nature to us here on Earth, is now diſcovering to us her Palace in the Skies; and if I might be allow'd to ſay it, giving Light to the Stars of Heaven.*

Ergò vivida vis animi, pervicit; & extrà
Proceſſit longè, flamantia mœnia Mundi.

But to return to Plutarch; *you will find him particularly fond of* Cleomenes *his Character; who as he was the laſt of the* Spartan *Heroes, ſo he was, in my Opinion, the greateſt. Even his Enemy,* Polybius, *though engag'd in the contrary Faction, yet ſpeaks honourably of him; and eſpecially of his laſt Action in* Ægypt. *This Author is alſo made* Engliſh, *and will ſhortly be publiſh'd for the Common Benefit.*

What I have added to the Story, is chiefly the Love of Agathoclea, *the King's Miſtreſs; whoſe Name I have chang'd into* Caſſandra; *only for the better ſound: As I have alſo the Name of* Nicagoras, *into that of* Cœnus, *for the ſame Reaſon.* Cratiſiclæa, Pantheus, *and* Soſybius, *are to be found in the Story, with the ſame Characters which they have in the Tragedy. There is likewiſe mention made of the Son of* Cleomenes, *who had reſolution enough to throw himſelf headlong from a Tower, when he had heard of his Father's ill Succeſs. And for* Cleora, *whom I make the ſecond Wife of* Cleomenes, *(for* Ægyatis *was dead before) you will find a hint of her in* Plutarch; *for he tells us, That after the loſs of the Battle at* Sellaſia, *he return'd to* Sparta, *and entring his own Houſe, was there attended by a Free-born Woman of* Megalopolis.

The Picture of Ptolemy Philopater, *is given by the fore-mention'd Authors to the full. Both agree that he was an Original of his kind; a Lazy, Effeminate, Cowardly, Cruel, and Luxurious Prince, manag'd by his Favourite, and impos'd on by his Miſtreſs. The Son of* Soſybius, *whom I call* Cleanthes, *was a Friend to* Cleomenes: *But* Plutarch *ſays, he at length forſook him. I have giv'n him a fairer Character, and made it only a ſeeming Treachery, which he practis'd. If any be ſo curious to enquire what became of* Caſſandra, *whoſe Fortune was left in ſuſpence at the Concluſion of the Play, I muſt firſt inform them, that after the death of* Cleomenes, *(the Hero of my Poem,) I was oblig'd by the Laws of the* Drama, *to let fall the Curtain immediately; becauſe the Action was then concluded. But* Polybius *tells us, that ſhe ſurviv'd* Ptolemy, *who reign'd about Twenty ſeven Years; that with her Brother* Agathocles, *ſhe govern'd* Ægypt *in the Minority of his Son* Ptolemy Epiphanes; *and that finally for oppreſſing of the People, both the Brother and Siſter were ſlain in a popular Inſurrection.*

There is nothing remaining, but my Thanks to the Town in general, and to the fair Ladies in particular, for their kind Reception of my Play. And though I cannot retract what I ſaid before, that I was not much concern'd, in my own particular, for the Embargo which was laid upon it: Yet I think my ſelf oblig'd, at the ſame time, to render my Acknowledgments to thoſe Honourable Perſons, who were inſtrumental in the freeing it. For as it was from a Principle of Nobleneſs in them, that they would not ſuffer one to want, who was grown old in their Service: So it is from a Principle of another ſort, that I have learn'd to poſſeſs my Soul in Patience, and not to be much diſquieted, with any Diſappointment of this Nature.

PROLOGUE, Spoke by Mr. *Mountfort.*

I Think or hope, at leaſt, the Coaſt is clear,
That none but Men of Wit and Sence are here:
That our Bear-Garden Friends are all away,
Who bounce with Hands and Feet, and cry Play, Play.
Who to ſave Coach-hire, trudge along the Street,
Then print our Matted Seats with dirty Feet;
Who, while we ſpeak, make Love to Orange-Wenches,
And between Acts ſtand ſtrutting on the Benches:
Where got a Cock-horſe, making vile Grimaces,
They to the Boxes ſhow their Booby Faces.
A Merry-Andrew, ſuch a Mob will ſerve,
And treat 'em with ſuch Wit as they deſerve:
Let 'em go People Ireland, *where there's need*
Of ſuch new Planters to repair the Breed;
Or to Virginia *or* Jamaica *Steer,*
But have a care of ſome French *Privateer;*
For if they ſhould become the Prize of Battle,
They'll take 'em Black and White for Iriſh *Cattle.*
Ariſe true Judges in your own Defence,
Controul thoſe Foplings, and declare for Sence:
For ſhould the Fools prevail, they ſtop not there,
But make their next Deſcent upon the Fair.
Then riſe ye Fair; for it concerns you moſt,
That Fools no longer ſhould your Favours boaſt;
'Tis time you ſhould renounce 'em, for we find
They plead a ſenſeleſs Claim to Woman kind:
Such Squires are only fit for Country Towns,
To ſtink of Ale; and duſt a Stand with Clowns:
Who, to be choſen for the Lands Protectors,
Tope and get Drunk before their Wiſe Electors.
Let not Farce-Lovers your weak Choice upbraid,
But turn 'em over to the Chamber-maid.
Or if they come to ſee our Tragick Scenes,
Inſtruct them what a Spartan *Hero means:*
Teach 'em how manly Paſſions ought to move,
For ſuch as cannot Think can never Love:
And ſince they needs will judge the Poets Art,
Point 'em with Feſcu's to each ſhining Part.
Our Author hopes in you, but ſtill in pain,
He fears your Charms will be employ'd in vain;
You can make Fools of Wits, we find each Hour,
But to make Wits of Fools, is paſt your Power.

Perſons Repreſented.

Cleomenes, *King of* Sparta.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Cleonidas, *his Son by his firſt Wife.*	Mr. *Lee.*
Ptolemy, *King of* Ægypt.	Mr. *Alexander.*
Soſybius, *his Miniſter of State.*	Mr. *Sandford.*
Cleanthes, *Son to* Soſybius, *Friend to* Cleomenes, *Captain of* Ptolemy's *Guard.*	Mr. *Mountford.*
Pantheus, *a Noble* Spartan, *Favourite of* Cleomenes.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Cœnus, *a* Meſſenian *Lord.*	Mr. *Hudſon.*
Cratiſiclæa, *Mother to* Cleomenes.	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Cleora, Cleomenes's *Second Wife.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Caſſandra, *Miſtreſs to* Ptolemy.	Mrs. *Barry.*

Prieſts of Apis. *A* Mariner. Ægyptians. Guards.

CLEO-

CLEOMENES

THE

Spartan Hero.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Sea-Port of* Alexandria.

Cleomenes *ſolus.*

Cleom. DEjected! no, it never ſhall be ſaid,
That Fate had power upon a *Spartan* Soul:
My Mind on its own Centre ſtands unmov'd,
And Stable; as the Fabrick of the World:
Propt on it ſelf; ſtill I am *Cleomenes:*
I fought the Battle bravely, which I Loſt;
And loſt it, but to *Macedonians*,
The Succeſſors of thoſe who conquer'd *Aſia.*
'Twas for a Cauſe too, ſuch a Cauſe I fought,
Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword:
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, ſtood in view,
To ſee the Rival Bulls each other gore:
But wiſh'd the Conqueſt mine.
I fled; and yet I languiſh not in Exile;
But here in *Ægypt*, whet my Blunted Horns;
And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loſs.
Ah! why ye Gods, muſt *Cleomenes* wait
On this Effeminate Luxurious Court,
For tardy helps of baſe *Ægyptian* Bands?
Why have not I, whoſe individual mind
Would ask a Nation of ſuch Souls t'inform it,
Why have not I ten Thouſand hands to fight
It all my ſelf? and make the Work my own?

Enter Cratiſiclea, Cleora, Cleonidas.

Crat. Is this well done? Or like the King of *Sparta*?
Or like my Son? to waſte your time in Tears?
What have you done, that you avoid Mankind?
And ſculk in Corners like a Guilty Slave!

Cleor. We have been ſeeking you, my deareſt Lord,
Thro' all the ſhady Walks and dark Retreats
Of Secret Care; That falſe deluding Friend,
That only ſooths and keeps you Company,
To prey upon your laſt remains of Life.

Cleom. I've heard you —— [*Sighs.*

Crat. Hear her ſtill; She tells you true.
This Melancholy Flatters; but Un-mans you.
What is it elſe, but Penury of Soul;
A Lazie Froſt, a numbneſs of the Mind;
That Locks up all the Vigour to Attempt,
By barely Crying, 'tis impoſſible!

Cleom. You both miſtake me: That I Grieve, 'tis true:
But 'tis a Grief of Fury; not Deſpair!
And if a manly drop or Two fall down,

It ſcalds along my Cheeks, like the Green Wood
That ſputtring in the Flame works outward into Tears.
Cleor. Why would you leave me then, and be alone?
Indeed it was a Churliſh kind of ſorrow;
Indeed it was, t'engroſs it all your ſelf;
And not permit me to endure my ſhare.
Think you, becauſe I am of tender Mould,
I cannot ſuffer and partake your burdens;
Alas! I ſuffer more by not partaking.
Cleom. My Wife! My Mother! O! I am ſo divided,
That I grieve moſt for both, and love both moſt;
Two twining Vines about this Elm, whoſe fall
Muſt ſhortly——Very ſhortly cruſh you both,
And yet I will not go to Ground,
Without a Noble Ruine round my Trunk;
The Foreſt ſhall be ſhaken when I ſink,
And all the neighbouring Trees
Shall groan and fall beneath my vaſt Deſtruction.
Crat. That's ſomething yet, an earneſt of an Action;
Another Groan or two, and all goes well.
Cleom. Well: I will live. *Crat.* Thou ſhalt.
Cleom. I'll try at leaſt.
Crat. Do not go back; and bate of what thou ſaidſt.
Cleom. Peace, peace, good Grandmother; he lives already,
And Conquers too, in ſaying he will try;
Nay, if the King of *Sparta* ſays he'll do't,
I ask no more than that;
For 'tis below a King to tell a lye.
Cleor. But where's the means?
Cleon. The means is in the daring;
Had my own Mother liv'd, and ask'd that Queſtion
I ſhould have thought my Father had begot me,
Without her help, as *Pallas* ſprung from *Jove*.
Cleor. Think'ſt thou he can defend us all alone?
Cleon. No——for I mean to help him.
Cleom. That my Boy, my hopeful Lyons Whelp. [*Takes him and kiſſes him.*
Cleor. So *Hector* hugg'd his young *Aſtyanax*;
Went out to fight and never ſaw him more.
Cleon. But why did not *Aſtyanax* go with *Hector*?
Crat. Becauſe he was a Child, and could not go.
Cleon. Was he a *Spartan* Child?
Cleor. Oh no! a *Trojan*.
Cleon. There's it, a *Trojan* Child: But grant me this,
There are no *Spartan* Children, we are born Men,
And tho' you ſay, I have but Fifteen years,
We *Spartans* take ten Strides before our Age,
And ſtart beyond dull Nature.
Cleom. Let me but live to ſhadow this young Plant,
From Blites and Storms; he'll ſoon ſhoot up a Hero:
He muſt; I got him in the Pride of Conqueſt;
For coming back from my firſt Maiden Battle,
Wherein I made the Great *Aratus* fly,
And added all his Laurels to my Brow,
I well remember that I ſpurr'd it hard.
And like a Meteor, ſhot before my Troops,
To reach my Love that night; I was a Bridegroom,
Or ſcarce had loſt that Name, and ſtealing home,
According to my Countries modeſt uſe,
I found my *Ægiatis* juſt undreſt,
Wearying the gods with Vows for my return,
My Tranſport was ſo great, I could not ſtay,
But kiſs'd, and took her trembling in my Arms,
And, in that Fury of my Love, I ſtampt,
This Image of my Soul.

Enter

Enter Pantheus.

What, my *Pantheus?*
Where haſt thou been this long long year of Hours?
Panth. Where I have paſt a merry Mornings Walk,
With the beſt Company.
Cleom. With whom?
Panth. Why with my ſelf, in laughing at the World,
Making a Farce of Life, where Knaves and Fools,
And Mad-men, that's all Humane-kind, were Actors.
Cleom. And what part Acted you?
Panth. As little as I could: And daily would have leſs,
So pleaſe the Gods, for that's a Wiſe Man's part.
Cleom. Would I could ſhare thy Balmy, even Temper,
And Milkineſs of Blood.
Panth. You may. *Cleom.* As how?
Panth. By but forgetting you have been a King.
Cleom. Then muſt I ruſt in *Ægypt*, never more
Appear in Arms, and be the Chief of *Greece*?
Now, by yon Blew Palace,
The Manſion of my great Fore-father *Hercules*,
I would loſe o'er-agen *Sellaſia*'s Field
Rather than Fight behind, when proud *Aratus* led the
Græcian Van.
Cleon. What, when the lively Trumpets ſound a Charge,
The word of Battle may be *Hercules*,
And after our great Grandſires Name, *Aratus*
Cries *Cleomenes*, bring you up the Rear.
Panth. If Fortune takes not off this Boy betimes,
He'll make mad work, and Elbow all his Neighbours.
Cleon. My Neighbours! Little: Elbow all the World,
And puſh off Kings, like Counters from the Board,
To place my ſelf the foremoſt.
Panth. What wilt thou be, young Cockeril, when thy Spurs
Are grown to ſharpneſs?
Cleon. Why? I'll be a *Spartan.*
For if I ſaid a King, I ſhould ſay leſs:
I mean a *Spartan* while I live on Earth;
But when in Heaven, I'll ſtand next *Hercules*,
And thruſt between my Father and the God.
Cleor. Do you not view, my Lord?
As in a Glaſs, your Darling Fault, Ambition,
Reflected in your Son?
Cleom. My Virtue rather:
I love to ſee him ſparkle out betimes,
For 'twas my Flame that lighted up his Soul:
I am pleas'd with my own Work; *Jove* was not more
With Infant Nature, when his ſpacious Hand
Had rounded this huge ball of Earth and Seas,
To give it the firſt puſh, and ſee it rowl
Along the vaſt Abyſs.
Cleon. My Mother would have had my Youth brought up
To Spin with Girls in *Sparta.*
Crat. Well ſaid, my Boy: Yet *Hercules* they ſay
Took up the Diſtaff once.
Cleon. Yes, when he had been Conquer'd by a Woman.
Panth. One thing I had forgot, which may import you. [*To* Cleom.
You'll ſuddenly hear news from *Greece.*
Cleom. Thou wert
Indeed forgetful, not to tell me that,
For, from my firſt arrival on this Coaſt,
This fatal *Ægypt*, where I fled for Refuge,
In three long Months I have not heard from *Greece.*
What makes thee think I ſhall have news ſo ſoon?
Panth. As walking on the Beach I ſaw a Ship

Juſt entring in the Port, and on the Deck
Stood *Cænus.*
Cleom. Cænus, ſaidſt thou?
Panth. Yes, our *Cænus*, the rich *Meſſenian* Lord;
I ſaw and knew him, but amidſt the ſhouts
Of Mariners, and buſie Care to ſling
His Horſes ſoon aſhore——He ſaw not me.
Cleom. Then I ſhall hear of thee once more, Dear Country;
I fear too ſoon; ſhall hear how proud *Antigonus*
Led o'er *Eurota*'s Banks, his Conquering Troops
And firſt, to wondring *Sparta* — ſhew'd a King,
A King that was not Hers:
Then I ſhall hear of Sacrilege and Murders,
And Fires, and Rapes on Matrons, and on Maids.
Panth. Such news we muſt expect.
Cleom. O happy Ghoſts!
Of thoſe that fell in the laſt fatal Fight,
And liv'd not to ſurvive their Countries Loſs;
Baſe as I was —— I ſhould have fall'n there too;
But firſt have rais'd a Mountain of the Dead,
To choak their way to *Sparta.*
Panth. Thus I knew
Your Blood would boil, and therefore I delay'd
So long to tell you *Cænus* was arriv'd.
Cleom. Go:
My Mother, my *Cleora*, and my Boy—— [*Stroking* Cleonid.
Your Ears would be polluted with ſuch Ills;
Which I muſt try to mollifie before
They reach your tender hearing.
Cleor. I Obey you.
But let not Grief diſorder you too much
For what you loſt. ——
For me, while I have You, and you are kind,
I ask no more of Heaven.
Cleon. I go too,
Becauſe my King and Father bids me go:
Elſe, I have ſternneſs in my Soul enough
To hear of Murders, Rapes, and Sacrilege:
For thoſe are Soldiers work; and I wou'd hear 'em
To ſpur me to Revenge. [*Exeunt* Cratiſiclea, Cleora, Cleonidas.
Panth. He's here already.
Now bear it like your ſelf.
Cleom. I am arm'd againſt it.
Enter Cœnus, *Salutes* Cleomenes.
Cænus. I heard, Sir, you were refug'd in this Court,
And come to beg a favour.
Cleom. Good! a Favour!
Sure, thou miſtak'ſt me for the King of *Ægypt*;
And think'ſt I govern here?
Cænus. Y'are *Cleomenes.*
Cleom. No thanks to Heaven for that: I ſhou'd have dy'd,
And then I had not been this *Cleomenes.*
Panth. You promis'd Patience, Sir.
Cleom. Thou art a Scurvy Monitor, I am Patient.
Do I foam at Lips;
Or ſtare at Eyes: Methinks I am wondrous Patient.
Now, thou ſhalt ſee how I can ſwallow Gall.
I prithee, Gentle *Cænus*, tell the Story.--- [*Speaking ſoftly.*
Of Ruin'd *Sparta*; leave no Circumſtance
Untold of all their Woes: And I will hear thee,
As unconcern'd, as if thou told'ſt a Tale
Of ruin'd *Troy.* I prithee tell us how
The Victors robb'd the Shrines, polluted Temples,
Ranſack'd each Wealthy Houſe; No, ſpare me that,

Poor

Poor honeſt *Sparta* had no wealth to loſe.
But when thou com'ſt to tell of Matrons raviſh'd, [*Raiſes his Voice.*
And Virgins forc'd; Then raiſe thy Voice,
And let me hear their Howlings,
And dreadful ſhrieks, as in the act of Rape.
Panth. Again you are diſtemper'd!
Cleom. (*ſoftly.*) Peace, I am not.
I was but teaching him to Grace his Tale
With decent Horror.
Cænus. Your ſick Imagination feigns all this;
Now hear a Truth, and wonder!
Cleom. Has not the Conqueror been at *Sparta*? *Cænus.* Yes.
Cleom. Nay, then I know what follows Victory.
Panth. You interrupt as if you would not know.
Cænus. Then if you will Imagine, think ſome King.
Who lov'd his People, took a peaceful Progreſs
To ſome far diſtant place of his Dominions;
Smil'd on his Subjects as he rode in Triumph,
And ſtrew'd his Plenty, whereſoe'er he paſs'd.
Nay, raiſe your Thoughts yet higher. Think ſome Deity,
Some better *Ceres* drawn along the Sky,
By Gentle Dragons, ſcatter'd as ſhe flew,
Her fruitful Grains upon the teeming Ground,
And bad new Harveſts riſe.
Cleom. Do we Dream, *Pantheus*?
Panth. No ſure! We are awake —— but 'tis he Dreams.
Cænus. The Soldiers march'd, as in Proceſſion, ſlow;
And enter'd *Sparta* like a Choir of Prieſts,
As if they fear'd to tread on Holy Ground.
No Noiſe was heard; no Voice, but of the Cryer,
Proclaiming Peace, and Liberty to *Sparta*;
At that a peal of loud applauſe rang out,
And thin'd the Air, till even the Birds fell down
Upon the Shouters Heads: The Shops flew open,
And all the buſie Trades renew'd their Tasks:
No Law was chang'd, no Cuſtom was controul'd;
That had *Lycurgus* liv'd, or you return'd,
So *Sparta* would have ſhown.
Panth. If this be true!
Cleom. If this indeed be true,
Then farewell *Sparta*.
Cænus. Hear me out.
He reap'd no fruit of Conqueſt, but their Bleſſings;
Nor ſtay'd three Days in *Sparta*; Summon'd thence,
With ſudden News that a Barbarian Hoſt,
Was enter'd *Macedonia*!
And like a Mighty Deluge, rowling on,
Swept all before 'em. Thus alarm'd, he left us;
March'd Homeward; Met and Fought 'em; Nay, and Liv'd
To ſay the Field is mine.
Panth. Dy'd of his Wounds?
Cænus. Not ſo; but ſtraining loud his feeble Voice,
To animate his Soldiers, broke a Vein;
And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.
Panth. O Bleſs'd! Bleſs'd *Cænus!* for this happy News. [*Embraces* Cænus.
Cleom. O Wretch! O Born to all Misfortunes! Curſt,
Curſt *Cleomenes!*
Panth. How's this! Are theſe the Thanks you pay the Gods?
Who freed your *Sparta*, and remov'd by Death
Your only fatal Foe!
Cleom. O Blind *Pantheus!*
Can'ſt thou not find, that had I but deferr'd
Sellaſia's Fight three Days; but three ſhort Days:
Fate then had fought my Battle with *Antigonus*;

And I not fighting had been ſtill a King.
Panth. That's true; but that you knew not when you fought.
Cleom. Why therefore, once again, Curſt *Cleomenes*!
'Tis not to be endur'd.
That Fate of Empires, and the fall of Kings
Should turn on flying Hours, and Catch of Moments.
Panth. Now, by my Soul, 'tis Lazy Wickedneſs,
To rail at Heaven, and not to help your ſelf.
Heaven's but too kind, in off'ring you the means:
Your Fate, once more, is laid upon the Anvil:
Now pluck up all the *Spartan* in your Soul;
Now ſtretch at every ſtroak and Hammer out,
A new and nobler Fortune;
Elſe may the Peaceful Ground reſtore the Dead,
And give up Old *Antigonus* again.
Cleom. I thank thee: Thou haſt added Flame to Fury.
The *Spartan* Genius ſhall once more be rowz'd;
Our Houſhold Gods, that droop upon our Hearths,
Each from his Venerable Face ſhall bruſh
The *Macedonian* Soot, and ſhine again.
Panth. Now you confeſs the *Spartan.*
Cleom. Haſte, *Pantheus!*
I ſtruggle like the Prieſteſs with a God;
With that oppreſſing God, that works her Soul.
Haſte to *Cleanthes*, my *Ægyptian* Friend;
That only Man that *Ægypt* ever made:
He's my *Lucina.* Say my Friendſhip wants him.
To help me bring to light a Manly Birth;
Which to the wondring World I ſhall diſcloſe,
Or if he fail me, periſh in my Throes. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Pantheus.

Cleom. THE King ſent for me, ſay'ſt thou! and to Council!
Clean. And I was coming to you, on that Meſſage,
Juſt when I met *Pantheus.*
Panth. Good Omen, Sir, of ſome intended Good,
Your Fortune mends: She reconciles apace,
When *Ægypt* makes th'Advances.
Cleom. Riſe a Prophet.
For ſince his Father's Death, this *Ptolemy*,
Has minded me no more
Than Boys their laſt Years Gugaws.
Petition on Petition; Prayer on Prayer,
For Aid, or free Diſmiſſion, all Unanſwer'd;
As *Cleomenes* were not worth his Thought,
Or He, that God, which *Epicurus* dreamt;
Diſclaiming Care, and lolling on a Cloud.
Panth. At length, it ſeems it pleaſes him to wake.
Cleanth. Yes, for himſelf, not you; he's drench'd too deep,
To wake on any Call, but his own danger:
My Father, his wiſe Pilot, has obſerv'd
The Face of Heaven, and ſees a gathering Storm,
I know not from what Quarter, but it threatens.
And while it Threats, he wants ſuch hands as yours;
But when 'tis o'er, the Thoughtleſs King returns,
To Native ſloth, ſhift ſides, and ſlumbers on.
Panth. Sure, he'll remember to reward thoſe Hands,
That help'd him from the plunge.
Cleanth. You Dream, *Pantheus!*

Of former times, when Gratitude was Virtue;
Reward him! Yes, like *Æſop*'s Snake, the wretch
That warm'd him in his Boſom: We are Tools,
Vile abject things created for his uſe,
As Beaſts for Men; as Oxen draw the Yoke,
And then are ſacrific'd.
Cleom. I would not uſe him ſo.
Cleanth. You are not *Ptolemy*,
Nor is he *Cleomenes*.
Cleom. I'll preſs him home,
To give me my diſpatch; few Ships will ſerve
To bear my little Band and me to *Greece*;
I will not ask him one of his *Ægyptians*;
No, let 'em keep 'em all for Slaves and Stallions,
Fit only to beget their Succeſſors.
Cleanth. Excepting one *Ægyptian*, that's my ſelf.
Cleom. Thou need'ſt not be excepted: Thou art only,
Miſplanted in a baſe degenerate Soil;
But Nature when ſhe made thee, meant a *Spartan*.
Panth. Then if your Father will but ſecond us.——
Cleanth. I dare not promiſe for him, but I'll try,
He loves me, Love and Intereſt ſometimes
May make a Stateſman honeſt.
Cleom. For the King,
I know he'll not refuſe us, for he dares not;
A Coward is the kindeſt Animal,
'Tis the moſt giving Creature in a fright.
Cleanth. Say the moſt promiſing, and there you hit him.
Cleom. Well, I'll attack him on the ſhaking ſide,
That next his fearful Heart.

Enter Cœnus.

Cœnus. I come to mind you of the late Requeſt,
You would not hear: Be pleas'd t'engage this Lord
And then it may ſucceed.
Cleom. What would'ſt thou, *Cœnus?*
Cœnus. I brought along
Some Horſes of the beſt *Theſſalian* breed,
High-ſpirited and ſtrong, and made for War;
Theſe I would ſell the King.
Cleom. Miſtaken Man:
Thou ſhould'ſt have brought him Whores and Catamites;
Such Merchandice is fit for ſuch a Monarch.
Cleanth. Would'ſt thou bring Horſes here to ſhame our Men?
Thoſe very words of Spirited and War,
Are Treaſon in our Clime.
Cleom. From the King downward, (if there be a downward,
From *Ptolemy* to any of his Slaves!)
No true *Ægyptian* ever knew in Horſes
The Far Side from the Near.
Cleanth. Cleomenes told thee true: Thou ſhouldſt have brought
A ſoft pad Strumpet for our Monarch's uſe,
Tho' thank'd be Hell, we want not one at home!
Our Maſter's Miſtreſs, ſhe that Governs all.
'Tis well ye Pow'rs, ye made us but *Ægyptians*,
You could not have impos'd
On any other People ſuch a Load
As an Effeminate Tyrant and a Woman.
Cleom. Sell me thy Horſes, and at my return,
When I have got from Conquer'd *Greece* the Pelf
That Noble *Sparta* ſcorns, I'll pay their value.
Cœnus. Juſt as you paid me for the fair Eſtate
I ſold you there. [*Aſide.*
Cleom. What's that you mutter?
Cœnus. (*Aſide.*) Nothing: That's what his Hopes are worth.---- [*Ex.* Cœn. *Panth.*

Panth. I fear he's gone away diſſatisfy'd.
Cleanth. I'll make it up: Thoſe Horſes I preſent you,
You'll put 'em to the uſe that Nature meant 'em.
Cleom. I burden you too much!
Cleanth. If you refuſe, you burden me much more:
A Trifle this,
A ſinging Eunuch's price: A Pandar's Fee
Exceeds this Sum at Court.
The King expects us.
Cleom. Come after us, *Pantheus*;
And bring my Boy *Cleonidas* along,
I'll ſhew his Youth this baſe Luxurious Court,
Juſt as in ſober *Sparta* we expoſe
Our drunken *Helotes:* Only with deſign
To wean our Children from the Vice of Wine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Apartment of* Caſſandra.

Enter King Ptolemy, Soſybius *with Papers after him.*

Ptol. No more of Buſineſs.
Soſyb. Sir, the Council waits you!
Ptol. Council! What's that? a pack of Bearded Slaves,
Grave Faces, Sawcy Tongues, and Knaviſh Hearts,
That never ſpeak one word, but Self's at bottom;
The Scavengers that ſweep State-nuſances.
And are themſelves the greateſt. I'll no Council.
Soſyb. Remember you appointed them, this day.
Ptol. I had forgot, 'twas my *Caſſandra*'s Birth-day.
Soſyb. Your Brother *Magas* daily grows more dangerous,
And has the Souldiers Hearts.
Ptol. I'll cut him off.
Soſyb. Not ſo ſoon done as ſaid: The *Spartan* King
Was ſummon'd for Advice and waits without.
Ptol. His Buſineſs is to wait.
Soſyb. Be pleas'd to Sign theſe Papers: They are all
Of great concern!
Ptol. My pleaſure is of more.
How I could curſe my Name of *Ptolemy*:
For 'tis ſo long; it asks an Hour to write it;
By Heav'n, I'll change it into *Jove* or *Mars!*
Or any other civil Monoſyllable,
That will not tire my Hand.
Soſyb. Theſe are for Common Good. [*Shewing Papers.*
Ptol. I am glad of that:
Thoſe ſhall be ſure to wait.
Soſyb. Orders to pay the Soldiers, ripe for Mutiny;
They may Revolt.
Ptol. To whom?
Soſyb. The Man you fear:
Your Brother, *Magas.*
Ptol. That's indeed the danger:
Give me the Phyſick: Let me ſwallow quick-----
There's *Ptolemy* for that: Now, not one more,
For every Minute I expect *Caſſandra*
To call me to the Muſick,
If ſhe ſhould find me at this rare Employment,
Of Signing out her Treaſures?
Soſyb. The reſt are only Grants to her you love,
And places for her Friends.
Ptol. I'll Sign 'em all; were every one a Province:
Thou know'ſt her Humour, not to brook denial!
And then a Quarrel on her Birth-day too
Would be of ill preſage. [*Signs more Papers.*

Enter

Enter Caſſandra, *Women.*

Caſſand. I heard you waited, but you'll pardon me,
I was not ſooner Dreſt.

Ptol. Thus I begin my Homage to the Day, [*Kiſſes her hand.*
That brought me forth a Miſtreſs, and am proud
To be your foremoſt Slave.

Caſſand. Our little Entertainment waits; not worth
A longer Ceremony, pleaſe to Grace it?

The SCENE *opens and diſcovers* Caſſandra's *Apartment. Muſicians and Dancers* ——Ptolemy *leads in* Caſſandra: Soſybius *follows*——*They Sit. Towards the end of the Song and Dance, Enter* Cleomenes *and* Cleanthes *on one ſide of the Stage, where they ſtand.*

SONG.

I.

NO, no, poor ſuff'ring Heart no Change endeavour,
Chooſe to ſuſtain the ſmart, rather than leave her;
My raviſh'd Eyes behold ſuch Charms about her,
I can dye with her, but not live without her.
One tender Sigh of hers to ſee me Languiſh,
Will more than pay the price of my paſt Anguiſh:
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you ſmile on me,
'Twas a kind Look of yours that has undone me.

II.

Love has in ſtore for me one happy Minute,
And She will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day void of Bliſs, or Pleaſure leaving,
Ages ſhall ſlide away without perceiving:
Cupid *ſhall guard the Door the more to pleaſe us,*
And keep out Time and Death when they would ſeize us:
Time and Death ſhall depart, and ſay in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by Dying.

After the Muſick is over, Cleomenes *ſpeaks.*

Cleom. (to *Cleanth.*) Is this the Council of th'*Ægyptian* King?
And am I call'd upon the Grave Debate,
To judge of trilling Notes and tripping Feet?

Cleanth. 'Tis of a piece with all the reſt of *Ptolemy!*
A Singing and a Dancing Government.
O *Ægypt*, *Ægypt*! Thou art grown the Lees
Of all the World: The ſlime of thy own *Nile.*
Sure, we had neither Human Sires, nor Mothers;
The Sun and *Nile* begot us, w'are ſo Cowardly,
And yet ſo proud; ſo many Gods we have,
And yet not One——

Cleom. No more—— They ſeem to gaze on me with wonder.

Cleanth. And well they may to ſee a Man in *Ægypt.*

King, Caſſand. Soſyb. *riſe and come forward.*

Ptol. Welcome! Royal Stranger!
Not only to my Court, but to my Boſom.

Cleom. I heard you ſent for me; but on what Buſineſs
Am yet to learn.

Ptol. The greateſt in the World: To ſee the Man,
Whom even his Foes extol, his Friends adore,
And all Mankind admire.

Cleom. Say rather, Sir,
A Man forſaken of his better Stars,
A baniſh'd Prince; The ſhadow of a King.

Ptol. My Fathers Friend.

Cleom. I muſt not think ſo vainly of my ſelf,
To be what you have ſaid, leſt it upbraid you,
To let your Fathers Friend, for three long Months,
Thus Dance attendance for a word of Audience.

Caſſand. Now, by my Soul, 'tis nobly urg'd: He ſpeaks
As if he were in *Sparta*, on his Throne; [*Aſide.*
Not asking Aid; but granting:
How little looks our Pageant Prince to him!
This is the only King I ever ſaw.

Cleom. By all the Gods; when I have ſtood repuls'd
Before your Gates, and could not gain admittance,
I have not Sigh'd ſo much for my own ſorrows,

As I have bluſh'd for your ungenerous Uſage.
Cleanth. Not a word, *Ptolemy!*
Aſham'd by all that's good to be miſcall'd
A King, when this is preſent.
Cleom. Think you 'tis nothing
For me to beg; That I conſtrain my Temper
To ſue for Aid, which you ſhould firſt have offer'd.
Believe me, *Ptolemy*, a Noble Soul
Does much that asks: He gives you pow'r t'oblige him.
Know, Sir, There's a proud Modeſty in merit,
Averſe from begging; and reſolv'd to pay
Ten times the Gift it asks.
Ptol. I have been to blame;
And you have juſtly tax'd my long neglect.
I am Young, and am a Lover; and how far
Fair Eyes may make even Kings forgetful. Look,
And read my beſt Excuſe.
Cleanth. O Miracle! He bluſhes! [*Aſide.*
The firſt red Virtue I have ever ſeen
Upon that Face.
Caſſand. I am ſorry, Sir, y'have made me your Excuſe;
As if I ſtood betwixt the Good you meant,
And intercepted every Royal Grace.
Now in my own Defence I muſt ſolicite
All his concerns as mine:
And if my Eyes have pow'r, He ſhould not ſue
In vain, nor linger with a long delay.
Ptol. Well! I'll conſider.
Caſſand. Say that word again,
And I'll conſider too.
Ptol. Prithee be ſatisfy'd, He ſhall be aided,
Or I'll no more be King.
Cleanth. When wert thou one? For ſhame, for ſhame, ye Gods, [*Aſide.*
That e'er you put it in a Strumpets power,
To do ſo good a Deed!
Cleom. I am a *Spartan*, Madam, ſcarce of Words:
We have but juſt enough to ſpeak our Meaning.
Be thank'd: That's all I could have ſaid to *Jove*,
Had *Jove*, like you, reſtor'd me to my Crown.
Soſyb. (to *Cleom.*) The Gods have giv'n you, Sir, the ſpeedy means
To ſatisfie your Debt of Gratitude.
Cleom. Oh make me happy: Tell me how this Sword
(This and my Heart are all that's left me now)
Can be Employ'd to ſerve the Crown of *Ægypt*.
Cleanth. Well ſaid Father: Thou art a true Stateſman. [*Aſide.*
So much for ſo much, is the way at Court.
Soſyb. My King has in the Camp a Younger Brother,
Valiant they ſay, but very Popular:
He gets too far into the Soldier's Grace;
And Inches out my Maſter.
Cleom. Is the King
Aſſur'd of this, by any Overt-Act;
Or any cloſe Conſpiracy reveal'd?
Ptol. He has it in his pow'r to be a Traytor;
And that's enough.
Soſyb. He has it in his will too:
Elſe why this Oſtentation of his Virtues,
His Bounty, Valour, and his Temperance?
Why are they thus expos'd to publick View?
But as a *Venus* ſet beſides a Monſter,
To make an Odious Compariſon;
As if his Brother wanted what he boaſts?
Ptol. What's to be done with him?
Caſſand. There needs no more, I think, but to contrive,

With

With Secreſy, and Safety, to Diſpatch him.
Cleanth. I thank thee, that thou haſt not Cozen'd me [*Aſide.*
In this Advice: For two good deeds together
Had been too much in Conſcience for thy calling.
Ptol. He Dies, that's out of doubt.
Cleom. Your Brother, Sir!
Ptol. Why do you ask that Queſtion?
Cleom. Becauſe I had a Brother,
(Oh grief to ſay I had, and have not now)
Wiſe, Valiant, Temperate; and in ſhort a *Spartan!*
Had all the Virtues, which your Counſellor
Imputed to your Brother, as his Crimes:
He Lov'd me well; ſo well, he could but die,
To ſhew he Lov'd me better than his Life:
He loſt it for me in *Sellaſia*'s Field;
And went the greateſt Ghoſt of all our name,
That ever had a Brother or a King.
Soſyb. Wipe off the Tears, that ſtand upon your Eyes;
Good Nature works too far. Kings have no Brothers:
What Men call ſuch are Rivals of their Crowns;
Yours tim'd his Death, ſo as to Merit Grief.
Who knows, but he laid in, by that laſt Action,
The means to have betray'd you, had he Liv'd.
Cleom. I would ſay ſomething; but I curb my paſſion,
Becauſe thou art the Father to my Friend.
To you, Sir, this: If you Condemn your Brother, [*To* Ptol.
Only becauſe he's Bounteous, Great, and Brave:
Know you Condemn thoſe Virtues, own you want 'em.
Had you a Thouſand Brothers, ſuch as he,
You ought to ſhew you are above 'em all;
By daring to Reward, and Cheriſh 'em,
As Bucklers of your Crown in time of War;
And in ſoft Peace, the Jewels that adorn it.
Caſſand. I ſtand Corrected, Sir, he ought to Live.
Ptol. I think ſo too.
Soſyb. I do not wiſh his Death,
Howe'er I ſeem'd to give that rugged Counſel.
Cleanth. Well ſaid again Father! Comply, comply: [*Aſide.*
Follow the Sun, True Shadow.
Soſyb. I only wiſh my Maſter may be ſafe;
But there are Mercenaries in the Army,
Three thouſand *Greeks*, the Flower of all our Troops,
Like Wolves indeed among *Ægyptian* Lambs;
If theſe Revolt — (I do not ſay they will)
But if your Brother pleaſe to take the Crown:
And be not good enough to let you Reign,
Thoſe *Greeks* where e'er they go, will turn the Scale.
Ptol. What think you, *Cleomenes?*
Cleom. He ſays true.
Ptol. Then *Magas* muſt not live.
Cleom. That does not follow:
Fear not thoſe Mercenaries: They are mine;
Devoted to my Intereſt; Commanded by my Nod:
They are my Limbs of War, and I their Soul:
Were they in Arms againſt you at your Gates;
High in their Rage, and fix'd upon the Spoil,
Should I ſay, Hold; nay, ſhould I only Frown,
They could not bear my Eyes, but Aw'd and Maſter'd,
Like Lyons to their Keepers, would couch and fawn
And diſobey their Hunger.
Ptol. Wondrous Man! [*Embraces him.*
How I admire thy Virtue!
Caſſand. And his Genius;
Some are born Kings,

Made up of three parts Fire, ſo full of Heaven,
It ſparkles at their Eyes: Inferior Souls,
Know 'em as ſoon as ſeen, by ſure inſtinct,
To be their Lords, and naturally Worſhip
The ſecret God within 'em.
Soſyb. Sir, I humbly beg
A word in private —— [*To* Ptol.
Ptol. Madam! *Caſſand.* You may go.
Soſyb. Cleanthes, follow me. [*Ex.* Ptol. Soſyb. Cleanthes.

Enter Cleonidas.

Cleonid. Pantheus brought me hither to attend you.
Cleom. And thou art welcome, but thou com'ſt too late.
Caſſand. Your Page of Honour!
Cleonid. The miſtake is eaſie in ſuch a Court as this,
Where Princes look like Pages.
Cleom. 'Tis my Son!
Caſſand. I muſt have leave to love you, Royal Youth:
Above all Nations I Adore a *Greek*,
And of all *Greeks* a *Spartan*. [*Looking on* Cleom.
Cleom. What he is,
And what I am, are owing to your Favour.
Caſſand. (to *Cleonid.*) Shall I not be your Miſtreſs? [*Looking on* Cleom.
Cleonid. No, for I would not get *Ægyptians*.
Caſſand. For what, Sir, do you take us?
Cleonid. For what you are,
When the Gods moulded up the Paſte of Man,
Some of their Dough was left upon their hands,
For want of Souls: And ſo they made *Ægyptians*:
They were intended for four Feet; and when
They come to run before our Noble *Spartans*,
They'll curſe the Gods for the Two Legs they ow'd 'em.
Caſſand. Then ſince you will not let me be your Miſtreſs,
Would I had been your Mother. [*Looking ſtill on* Cleom.
Cleon. So would not I:
For then I had not been all *Spartan*.
Caſſand. (*Aſide.*) He anſwers not my Glances, ſtupid Man!
My tender Looks; my languiſhing Regards,
Are like miſ-aiming Arrows, loſt in Air,
And miſs the flying Prey.

While She walks, Cleom. *and* Cleonid. *are looking on a Picture hanging on the ſide of the Scenes. She takes out a Pocket-Glaſs and looks in it.*

Theſe Eyes I Thank the Gods
Are ſtill the ſame: The Diamonds are not dimm'd:
Nor in their Luſtre: Loſt in *Ptolemy*:
Small Boaſt: Alas! *Ptolemy* has no Soul,
'Tis what he wants, I love in *Cleomenes*:
Perhaps he dares not think I would be Lov'd,
Then muſt I make the advance; and making loſe
The vaſt Prerogative our Sex enjoys,
Of being Courted firſt: Courted! To what?
To our own Wiſhes: There's the point; but ſtill,
To ſpeak our wiſhes firſt; forbid it, Pride,
Forbid it Modeſty: True, they forbid it,
But Nature does not: When we are a Thirſt,
Or Hungry, will imperious Nature ſtay?
Not Eat nor Drink, before 'tis bid, Fall on:
Well Sex, if this muſt be,
That I muſt not invite: I may at leaſt be ſuffer'd,
To lay ſome kind Occaſion in his way,
That if he dare but ſpeak, he may ſucceed.

She turns towards 'em, and obſerves what they're doing. Cleom. *turns and meets her.* Cleonid. *looks ſtill on the Picture.*

Cleom. I durſt not have preſum'd to interrupt

Your

Your private Thoughts.
Caſſand. They wholly were imploy'd in ſerving you;
But durſt not, and preſume, are words of Fear;
I thought they were not in your *Spartan* Tongue;
For my ſake, baniſh 'em:
On what were you ſo earneſtly employ'd,
You would not look this way?
Cleom. A Picture, Madam.
Caſſand. View it agen, 'tis worth a ſecond Sight,
Your Son obſerves it ſtill: 'Twere well to help
My Lover's Underſtanding: [*Goes with him to the Picture.*
Know you this Piece, young Prince?
Cleon. Some Battle, I believe; and in that Thought,
I gaze with ſuch Delight.
Cleom. Some Rape, I gueſs.
Caſſand. That's near the true Deſign, and yet miſtaken;
'Tis *Paris* bearing from your *Spartan* Shore
The Beauteous *Hellen:* How do you approve it?
Cleom. Not in the leaſt, for 'tis a ſcurvy piece.
Caſſand. And yet 'tis known to be *Apelles* Hand;
The Style is his, you grant he was a Maſter.
Cleom. 'Tis ſcurvy ſtill, becauſe it repreſents
A baſe diſhoneſt Act; to violate
All Hoſpitable Rites, to force away,
His Benefactors Wife: Ungrateful Villain!
And ſo the Gods, th'avenging Gods have judg'd.
Cleonid. Was he a *Spartan* King that ſuffer'd this?
Sure he reveng'd the Rape?
Cleom. He did, my Boy,
And ſlew the Raviſher.
Caſſand. Look better, Sir, you'll find it was no Rape;
Mark well that *Hellen* in her Lover's Arms:
Can you not ſee, ſhe but affects to ſtrive;
She heaves not up her hands to Heav'n for help,
But hugs the kind Companion of her Flight.
See how her tender Fingers ſtrain his ſides;
'Tis an Embrace; a Graſping of Deſire;
A very Belt of Love, that Girds his Waſte.
She looks as if ſhe did not fear to fall,
But only loſe her Lover if ſhe fell:
Obſerve her Eyes, how ſlow they ſeem to rowl;
Their Wiſhing Looks, and Languiſh on his Face:
Obſerve the whole Deſign, and you wou'd Swear,
She Raviſh'd *Paris*, and not *Paris*, Her.
Cleom. Sparta has not to Boaſt of ſuch a Woman;
Nor *Troy* to thank her, for her ill-plac'd Love.
Caſſand. But *Paris* had. As for the War that follow'd,
'Twas but a Fable of a *Græcian* Wit,
To raiſe the Valour of his Countrymen:
For *Menelaus* was an Honeſt Wretch;
A Tame good Man, that never durſt reſent
A meer Convenient Husband, Dull and Slaviſh;
By Nature meant the thing the Lovers made him.
Cleom. His Goodneſs aggravates their Crime the more:
Had *Menelaus* us'd his *Hellen* ill,
Had he been Jealous, or diſtruſted both,
I would allow a grain or two, for Love;
And plead in their Excuſe.
Caſſand. There was their ſafety that he was not Jealous:
What would you more of him? He was a Fool,
And put the happy means into their hands.
Cleom. I cannot much commend my Countryman.
Caſſand. Indeed, my Lord, your Countryman was dull,
That did not underſtand ſo plain a Courtſhip.

Have *Spartans* Eyes for nothing? not to ſee
So manifeſt a Paſſion!
Cleom. Yes too well. [*Aſide.*
Madam, your Goodneſs intereſts you too much
In *Hellen*'s Cauſe. I have no more to urge,
But that ſhe was a Wife: That Word, a Wife,
In ſpight of all your Eloquence condemns her.
Caſſand. You argue juſtly; therefore 'twas a Crime:
But had ſhe been a Miſtreſs, not a Wife,
Her Love had been a Virtue, to forſake
The Nauſeous Bed of a loath'd fulſome King;
And fly into a ſprightly Lovers Arms.
Her Love had been a Merit to her *Paris*,
To leave her Country, and whats more, her Kingdom:
With a Poor Fugitive Prince to Sail away,
And bear her Wealth along to make him happy.
Cleom. You put your Picture in the faireſt Light:
But both the Lovers broke their plighted Vows;
He to *Oenone*, She to *Menelaus*.
Caſſand. The Gods that made two Fools had done more juſtly
To have match'd *Menelaus* with *Oenone*:
Think better of my Picture, it deſerves
A Second thought: It ſpeaks! The *Hellen* ſpeaks.
Cleonid. It ſpeaks *Egyptian* then; a baſe Diſhoneſt Tongue.
Caſſand. You are too Young to underſtand her Language. [*To* Cleonidas.
Do not thank me, [*To* Cleomenes.
Till I have brought your buſineſs to perfection:
Doubt not my kindneſs; nothing ſhall be wanting
To make your Voyage happy.
Cleom. I only fear th'Exceſs of your full Bounty!
To give me more than what my wants require. [*Exeunt* Cleom. and Cleonid.
Caſſand. Meaning, perhaps, my Perſon and my Love!
I would not think it ſo; and yet I fear,
And while I fear, his Voyage ſhall be hinder'd.
No breath of Wind
Can ſtir, to waft him hence, unleſs I pleaſe:
I am the Goddeſs that commands the Seas.
In Vain he Vows at any other Shrine,
My Heart is in his Hands; his Fate's in mine. [*Exit* Caſſand.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The King's Apartment.*

A Table ſet. —— Ptolemy, Soſybius, Caſſandra, *ſitting:* Ptolemy *at the Upper end*, Caſſandra *on one ſide*, Soſybius *on the other.*

Ptol. I Muſt confeſs 'twas Obvious.
Soſyb. He ſaid he could Command 'em with his Nod:
Can he do this with Mercenaries, rais'd
Not at his Charge, but yours? by you maintain'd:
What could he more, had they been *Spartans* born?
Caſſand. What would you hence infer?
Soſyb. What you obſerv'd?
Some are born Kings, and ſo is *Cleomenes*.
Caſſand. A great Soul dares not call himſelf a Villain:
He has that Intereſt, and will uſe it nobly;
To ſerve, and not to ruine his Protector.
Soſyb. Is *Ægypt*'s ſafety, and the Kings, and Yours,
Fit to be truſted on a bare ſuppoſe,
That he is Honeſt? Honeſt, let him be;
But on his own Experiment, not ours!
Man is but Man; Unconſtant ſtill, and Various;
There's no to Morrow in him, like to Day.

Perhaps

Perhaps the Atoms rowling in his Brain,
Make him think honeſtly this preſent hour;
The next, a ſwarm of baſe ungrateful Thoughts
May mount aloft: And where's our *Ægypt* then?
Who would truſt Chance? Since all Men have the Seeds
Of Good and Ill, which ſhould work upward firſt.
Caſſand. All men! then you are one; and by that Rule,
Your wicked Atomes may be working now
To give bad Council, that you ſtill may Govern.
Soſyb. I would the King would Govern.
Caſſand. Becauſe you think I have too much Command.
Ptol. Would you would rule me both by turns, in quiet,
And let me take my Eaſe!
Caſſand. Then my turn's firſt.
Soſyb. Our Maſter's ſafety, in ſound reaſon, ought
To be preferr'd to both.
Ptol. So thinks *Caſſandra* too.
Caſſand. No, Court *Soſybius*, and caſt *Caſſandra* off.
Ptol. What have I ſaid, or done,
To merit this unkindneſs?
Tell me but what you think of *Cleomenes*,
And be my Oracle.
Caſſand. I know him grateful.
Soſyb. To know him grateful, is enough for *Jove*.
Caſſand. And therefore not too much for me in *Ægypt*:
I ſay, I know him honeſt.
Ptol. Then I know it.
Now may *Soſybius* ſpeak?
Caſſand. He may; but not to contradict my knowledge.
Soſyb. Then I concur, to let him go for *Greece*;
And wiſh our *Ægypt* fairly rid of him.
For, as our *Apis*, tho' in Temples fed,
And under Golden Roofs, yet loaths his food,
Becauſe reſtrain'd; and longs to roam in Meads,
Among the Milky-Mothers of the Herd:
So, *Cleomenes*, kept by force in *Ægypt*,
Is ſullen at our Feaſts, abhors our Dainties,
And longs to change 'em for his *Spartan* Broth.
He may be dang'rous here: Then ſend him hence,
With aid enough to Conquer all he loſt,
And make him formidable to Mankind.
Caſſand. He may be formidable then to us,
That thou woud'ſt ſay.
Soſyb. No: for you know him grateful.
Caſſand. Would thou would'ſt learn to ſpeak without a double,
Thou *Delphian* Stateſman. [*Riſes.*
Soſyb. Would I could know your Wiſhes that I might:
I would but ſmooth their way and make 'em eaſie! [*Bowing.*
Caſſand. Good Old Man! [*Smiling.*
A little over Zealous, but well-meaning.
My wiſhes are the honour of my King.
That *Ptolemy* may keep his Royal word;
And I my promiſe to procure this aid.
If to be Miſtreſs, ſignifies Command,
Let this be done: If not, the King may find,
Another Beauty, worthier of his Bed;
And I another Lover, leſs ungrateful.
Ptol. Let *Ægypt* ſink before that fatal day.
No, we are one: *Caſſandra*, we are one:
Or I am nothing: Thou art *Ptolemy*.
Caſſand. Now you deſerve to be the firſt of Kings,
Becauſe you rank your ſelf the firſt of Lovers.
What can I do to ſhow *Caſſandra* grateful?
Nothing but this.

To be ſo nice in my concerns for you:
To doubt where Doubts are not: To be too fearful:
To raiſe a Bug-bear Shadow of a Danger,
And then be frighted, tho' it cannot reach you.
Soſyb. Be pleas'd to name your apprehenſions, Madam.
Caſſand. Plain Souls like mine, judge others by themſelves:
Therefore I hold our *Cleomenes* honeſt:
But ſince 'tis poſſible, tho' barely ſo,
That he may prove ungrateful,
I would have pledges given us of his Faith,
His Wife, his Mother, and his Son, be left
As Hoſtages in *Ægypt*.
Soſyb. Admirable!
Some God inſpir'd you with this prudent Counſel.
Ptol. I thought ſo too, but that I durſt not ſpeak.
Soſyb. Leave me to manage this.
Caſſand. My beſt *Soſybius!*
But do it ſurely, by the eaſieſt means,
Infuſe it gently; do not pour it down;
Let him not think he ſtands ſuſpected here;
And leaſt of all, by Me.
Soſyb. He ſhall not, Madam.
Now, Sir, th'Illumination-Feaſt attends you:
For *Apis* has appear'd.
Ptol. Why then I muſt be formal.
Go to the Temple.
Come, my fair *Caſſandra*,
That I may have an Object worth my Worſhip. [*Aſide.*
Caſſand. The God that I adore is in my Breaſt:
This is the Temple: This is the Sacrifice:
But to the Pow'rs Divine we make Appeal,
With great Devotion, and with little Zeal. [*Exeunt* Ptol. *and* Caſſand.
Soſyb. (*Solus.*) Yes, yes, it ſhall be done; but not her way.
Call in my Son *Cleanthes*. This *Caſſandra*
Is our enchanting Syren. She that Sings
Our *Stolemy* into ſecure Deſtruction:
In vain I Counſel him t'avoid his Ruine:
Theſe Women-Charmers, Oh they have a Devil
Too ſtrong to diſpoſſeſs. Call in my Son. [*Goes to the Door.*

Enter Cleanthes.

Cleanth. Are you *Cleomenes*'s Friend,
Or only ſeem you ſuch?
Cleanth. To ſeem to be, and not to be what I ſeem,
Are things my honeſt Nature underſtands not.
Soſyb. But you muſt love your King and Country more.
Cleanth. Yes, when I have a King and Country
That can deſerve my Love!
Ægypt, as *Ægypt* is, deſerves it not:
A People, baſer than the Beaſts they worſhip:
Below their Pot-herb-gods that grow in Gardens.
The King——
Soſyb. Go to, young Man, what e'er he be,
I muſt not hear my Maſter vilify'd.
Cleanth. Why did you name him then? Were I at Pray'rs,
And even for you, whom as my Soul I love,
If *Ptolemy* ſhould come a-croſs my Thoughts,
A Curſe would follow where I meant a Bleſſing.
Soſyb. 'Tis well, 'tis well, I am ſo fond a Father;
Thoſe words were death in any other Mouth:
I know too much of you, you love the *Spartan*,
Beyond your King and Country.
Cleanth. 'Tis a Truth,
So Noble, I would own it to the Gods,
And they be proud to hear it.

Soſyb.

Sosyb. Confeſs you love him better than your Father.
Cleanth. No; but I love him equal with my Father.
Sosyb. Say better, and ſay true:
If we were oppoſite, and one muſt fall,
Whom would'ſt thou Save?
Cleanth. Neither; for both would die,
Before I could reſolve.
Sosyb. If I command thee,
To breake thy Friendſhip with him, would'ſt thou?
Cleanth. No.
Sosyb. Why then thou haſt confeſs'd, thou lov'ſt him more.
Cleanth. Not ſo: For ſhould he bid me diſobey,
Or not love you: Thus would I anſwer him,
As I have anſwer'd you.
Sosyb. Ungrateful Boy!
Cleanth. You bid me tell you true, and this is my reward.
Sosyb. Go from my Sight.
Cleanth. I will; but would not go
Without your Bleſſing.
Sosyb. O, ſo well I love thee,
That I could Curſe thee for not loving me:
Stay, I would ſend thee on a Meſſage to him,
But that I fear thy Faith.
Cleanth. You wrong my Piety.
Sosyb. It much concerns my Intereſt, which is thine;
Would'ſt thou deliver what I have to ſay?
Would'ſt thou induce his Reaſon to comply?
Cleanth. Both; granting your Propoſals Honourable:
If not, employ ſome Mercenary Tongue,
The Court affords you ſtore: And ſpare my Vertue!
Sosyb. I would have *Cleomenes* ſent away,
With Royal Aid.
Cleanth. You promis'd him he ſhould.
Sosyb. And would have thee perſwade him to this Voyage.
Cleanth. A welcome Errand: Oh my dear, dear Father.
Sosyb. But on my terms, mark that; my terms, *Cleanthes.*
Cleanth. I fear'd the Stateſman in you.
Sosyb. I would have *Ægypt* ſafe; that's all my Intereſt:
And therefore he muſt leave behind for Pawns,
His Mother, Wife and Son.
Cleanth. 'Tis clogging of a Gift; 'Tis baſe, mean Council;
I hope you gave it not.
Sosyb. No, 'twas *Caſſandra*!
But ſhe would have that Odium caſt on me,
I am her Beaſt of Burden, and muſt bear it.
Cleanth. I never can belye ſo good a Father!
But this I'll do,
The Meſſage ſhall be faithfully deliver'd,
And all the Strumpet ſtand expos'd to ſhame.
Sosyb. Thou hit'ſt my meaning; but he muſt be ſecret;
Muſt ſeem to take the Favour as from Her;
And lay the hardſhip of the Terms on me.
Cleanth. He ſhall.
Sosyb. And thou wilt Gild this bitter Pill:
For there's no other way to go from hence,
But leaving theſe behind.
Cleanth. A Beam of thought comes glancing on my Soul. [*Aſide.*
I'll undertake it, [*To his Father.*
The Pledges ſhall be left.
Sosyb. My beſt *Cleanthes.* [*Embraces him.*
But haſte, and loſe no time!
Cleanth. I am all on Fire to ſerve my Friend and Father. [*Exit* Cleanthes.
Sosyb. (*Alone.*) This *Cleomenes* ought to be diſpatch'd;
Diſpatch'd the ſafeſt way: He ought to die;

Not, that I hate his Virtue; but I fear it:
The Miſtreſs drives my Counſels to the Leeward;
Now I muſt edge upon a point of Wind;
And make ſlow way, recovering more and more,
Till I can bring my Veſſel ſafe aſhore. [*Exit* Soſyb.

SCENE *of a Temple with Illuminations. An Altar,* Apis *painted above; Prieſts and Choriſters.* Ptolemy, Caſſandra, *Courtiers, Men and Women, all decently plac'd. Muſick, Inſtrumental and Vocal. Then* Ptolemy *taking* Caſſandra *by the Hand, advances to the Altar of* Apis, *bowing thrice, and gives the High Prieſt a Purſe. Soft Muſick all the while* Ptolemy *and* Caſſandra *are adoring and ſpeaking.*

Ptol. Soul of the Univerſe, and ſource of Life,
Immortal *Apis*, thou thrice Holy Fire,
Hear *Ægypt*'s Vows and mine; if as we dream,
Egyptian Earth Impregnated with Flame,
Sprung the firſt Man;
Preſerve thy Primitive Plantation here.
Then for my ſelf, thy Type, and thy Vicegerent,
Rowl from my Loins a long Deſcent of Kings,
Mix'd of *Caſſandra*'s kindly Blood and mine.
Mine be ſhe only, and I only hers.
And when I ſhall reſolve again to thee,
May ſhe ſurvive me, and be Queen of *Ægypt*:
Hear this, and firm it with ſome happy Omen.
[*An* Augury *portending good Succeſs ariſes from the Altar.*

Omnes. Apis be prais'd for this Auſpicious Omen.

Ptol. *bowing retires and ſeems pleas'd.*

Caſ. (*Kneels.*) Great Pow'r of Love! who ſpread'ſt thy gentle Fire
Thro' Humane Hearts, art every where Ador'd;
Accept theſe Vows, in ſhew to *Apis* paid,
And make his Altar thine: Hear not that Wretch!
Becauſe his Prayers, were not addreſs'd to thee;
Or only hear his laſt, that I may Reign.
Make *Cleomenes* mine, and mine alone:
Give us a flight ſecure, a ſafe arrival,
And Crown our Wiſhes in each others Arms.
Hear this, and firm it with ſome happy Omen.
[*A bad Omen ariſes from the Flames of the Altar.*

Omnes. Avert this Omen, *Apis.*

Caſſand. (*Riſes.*) Accurs'd be thou, Graſs-eating fodder'd God!
Accurs'd thy Temple! more accurs'd thy Prieſts!
The Gods are theirs, not ours; and when we pray
For happy Omens, we their price muſt pay:
In vain at Shrines, th'ungiving ſuppliant ſtands;
This 'tis to make a Vow with Empty Hands:
Fat Off'rings are the Prieſthoods only care;
They take the Money, and Heaven hears the Prayer.
Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
And their Inſtructed Gods refuſe the Suit.
[*Exit* Caſſand. *in a Fury, King and Attendants follow.* Scene *cloſes,*

SCENE, *The Port of* Alexandria.

Enter Cleomenes *and* Cleanthes.

Cleom. The Propoſitions are unjuſt and hard;
And if I ſwallow 'em, 'tis as we take
The Wrath of Heaven.
We muſt have patience, for they will be Gods,
And give us no account of what we ſuffer.

Cleanth. My Father much abhors this middle way,
Betwixt a Gift and Sale of Courteſie:
But 'tis the Miſtreſs, ſhe that ſeem'd ſo kind,
'Tis ſhe, that bears ſo hard a hand upon you:
She that would half Oblige, and half Affront.

Cleom. Let her be what ſhe is: That's Curſe enough.
But ſuch a Wife, a Mother, and a Son!

Oh

Oh ſure, ye Gods! when ye made this vile *Ægypt*:
Ye little thought, they ſhould be Mortgag'd here!
My only Comfort
Is, that I truſt theſe precious Pawns with thee:
For thou art ſo religiouſly a Friend,
That I would ſooner leave 'em in thy hands,
Than if I had ſecurity from Heav'n,
And all the Gods to anſwer for their ſafety.
Cleanth. Yes, yes, they ſhall be ſafe,
And thou ſhalt have a pledge,
As ſtrong as Friendſhip can make over to thee.
Deny me not, for I muſt go with thee,
And ſhare what Fate allots for thee in *Greece.* [Cleomenes *looks diſcontented*
Nay caſt not on me that forbidding frown;
But let me be their pawn, as they are thine:
So I ſhall have thee wholly to my ſelf,
And be thy Wife, thy Mother, and thy Son,
As thou art all to me.
Cleom. Oh Friend! [*Sighs and wipes his*
Cleanth. What would'ſt thou ſay, my better part?
Cleom. No more, but this, that thou art too unkind,
When even in kindneſs thou would'ſt overcome.
Cleanth. Let me be proud, and pardon thou my Pride;
Baſe, Worthleſs *Ægypt* has no other Pawn,
To Counter-balance theſe, but only me.
'Twas on ſuch terms alone, I durſt propoſe it:
Shalt thou leave theſe?
And I not leave a Father, whom I love?
Come, come, it muſt be ſo.
We'll give each other all we have beſides;
And then we ſhall be even. Here they are!
I leave thee. Break thoſe tender Ties of Nature,
As gently as thou canſt; they muſt be broken. [*Going, returns.*
But when thou ſeeſt *Caſſandra*, curb thy Spleen;
Seem to receive the kindneſs as from her:
And if thou think'ſt I love thee, for my ſake,
Remembring me, ſtrive to forget my Father. [*Exit* Cleanth.

Enter Cleora, Cratiſiclea, *and* Cleonidas.

Cleom. But how can I ſuſtain to tell 'em this, [*Walking from 'em:*
Even in the gentleſt Terms.
There are not words in any Tongue ſo ſoft
As I would uſe: The Gods muſt make a new one,
If they would have me ſpeak.
Crat. How! King of *Sparta!* When your Fortune ſmiles,
A Glorious Sun-ſhine, and a Gloomy Soul.
The Gods love chearfulneſs, when they are kind;
They think their Gifts deſpis'd, and thrown away
On ſullen thankleſs Hearts.
Cleor. I hear my deareſt Lord that we ſhall go.
Cleom. Go!
Cleon. What a mournful Echo makes my Father!
By *Mars*, he ſtifles Go upon his Tongue;
And kills the joyful ſound, he ſpeaks ſo low,
That Heaven muſt Liſten if it hear his thanks.
Cleom. Yes, I ſhall go; but how?
Cleor. With *Ægypt*'s aid.
Cleon. With his own Soul and Sword, a Thouſand ſtrong;
And worth ten *Ægypts*, and their ten Thouſand Gods.
Crat. There's ſomething more in this, than what we gueſs!
Some Secret anguiſh rowls within his Breaſt,
That ſhakes him like an Earthquake, which he preſſes,
And will not give it vent. I know him well,
He Bluſhes, and would Speak, and wants a Voice!
And ſtares and gapes like a forbidden Ghoſt,

Till he be ſpoke to firſt. —— Tell me, my Son!
Cleom. (*Aſide.*) Mother, I will —— And yet I cannot neither.
Mother! that word has ſtruck me dumb again:
For, how can I ſay Mother, and propound
To leave her here behind, who gave me Life?
Mother! and Wife! and Son! the Names that Nature
Moſt loves to ſpeak, are baniſh'd from my Mouth.
Cleor. Tell us, my Love, the King has chang'd his mind,
And has refus'd us leave; for we can bear it:
Ægypt is *Greece* to me, while you are here.
Cleom. Oh I would ſpeak! But, Oh! you ſpeak ſo kindly,
That you forbid my Speech: You call me, Love.
Cleor. Was that too kind a Word?
Cleom. It was to me; I am a meer *Barbarian*,
A Brute, a Stock, for I have no Relations,
Or ſhortly ſhall have none.
Cleor. Then we muſt die!
Cleonid. We muſt, and welcome Death.
Crat. To ſave his Life.
Cleom. The Gods forbid that you ſhould die for me!
No: You may live; but I muſt die thrice over:
For I muſt leave you here, or muſt not go:
Theſe are the hard Conditions offer'd me.
Crat. Then *Ægypt* would have Pledges: Is this all?
Cleom. Yes, and a mighty All: 'Tis all I have:
But I propoſe it not: Remember that.
Crat. I do; and therefore I propoſe it firſt,
To ſave this vertuous Shame, this good Confuſion,
That would not let you ſpeak.
Cleom. Oh! I could almoſt think you love me not:
You Granted me ſo quick, ſo willingly,
What I —— bear witneſs Heaven, was ſlow to ask,
And would be loath to have.
Cleor. I cannot leave you.
Cleom. I was but wiſhing, thou would'ſt draw me back,
And now I cannot go.
Crat. Are you turn'd Woman?
No more of this fond Stuff.
Cleon. Shall I be left to gather Ruſt in *Ægypt*?
A Glue of Sloth to ſtick to my young Pinions;
And marr their flight; habitual Cowardice.
No, I muſt learn my ſtubborn Trade of War,
From you alone, and envy you betimes.
Cleom. But the Conditions! Oh theſe hard Conditions,
That ſuch a Spirit muſt be left behind,
Untaught! unfaſhion'd by a Father's hands!
A Spirit fit to ſtart into an Empire,
And look the World to Law.
Crat. No more debating, for I ſee the pinch,
He muſt be left, and ſo muſt She and I:
For we are but your ſoftneſſes, my Son;
Th'Incumbrances and Luggage of the War:
Fight for us, and redeem us, if you pleaſe;
For there we are your clogs of Virtue: Here,
The Spurs of your return.
Cleom. I Thank you, Mother,
Once more you have Erected me to Man,
And ſet me upright with my Face to Heaven!
The Woman and the Boy, be yours a while:
The War be mine alone!
Crat. There ſpoke the *Spartan* King: Think not on us.
Cleom. I wo'nnot.
Cleor. Not in Pray'rs!
Cleon. In Pray'rs! That's poor,

As if the Gods were Thoughtleſs of their work;
Think on us, when you fight; and when you make
A luſty ſtroke, cry out, That's for my Boy.
Crat. Diſpoſe this mouldring Carcaſs as you pleaſe,
E'er lingring Age or Sickneſs wear it out;
Unprofitable then for *Sparta*'s good:
Be chearful, fight it well, and all the reſt,
Leave to the Gods and Fortune.
Cleom. If they fail me,
Theirs be the Fault, for Fate is theirs alone:
My Vertue, Fame, and Honour are my own. [Ex. Omnes.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *An Antichamber of* Caſſandra's *Lodging.*

Enter Ptolemy, Soſybius, Cœnus, Caſſandra.

Soſyb. SO, ſo, it works; now Miſtreſs ſit you faſt —— [*Aſide.*
Ptol. Humh, Whores and Catamites!
Were thoſe his words?
Cœnus. Upon my Life they were.
Ptol. Whom ſhould he mean by thoſe unmanner'd terms?
Caſſandra, Can you gueſs?
Caſſand. 'Twas kindly ask'd.
Ptol. A foul-mouth'd Villain.
Soſyb. So, I ſhould have thought,
But that this Lady knows him good and grateful.
Cœnus. Madam! I ſtand ſuſpected without cauſe,
And, but I fear Revenge from this great Man,
I could ſay more.
Caſſand. I thought he was concern'd.
Soſyb. Who, I?
Caſſan. Speak boldly, *Græcian*, I protect thee.
Cœnus. Cleanthes then was preſent, and he added. [*Enter* Cleanth.
But he appears in time to hear his Charge.
Soſyb. My dear, dear, Son! [*Aſide.*
I fear thy laviſh Tongue has ruin'd Thee;
What can I do to ſave Thee?
Caſſand. Well, proceed.
Cœnus. Can you deny, my Lord? that you were preſent,
When *Cleomenes* Tax'd the Court, and King
With Brutal Vices?
Cleanth. I remember ſomewhat,
Of certain Horſes which he could not buy,
And ſaw thee go away diſſatisfied,
Which to prevent, I meant to purchaſe 'em;
The reſt I heard not, nor believe he ſpoke.
Caſſand. Cleanthes added farther: That thou ſaid'ſt.
Ptol. And we would know, e'er Tortures force it from thee.
Soſyb. Now comes the fatal ſtroke. [*Aſide.*
Cœnus. He added farther.
Cleanth. No, thou add'ſt it all;
And I demand the Combat.
Ptol. Let him ſpeak.
Soſyb. Think firſt, *Cleanthes!* Think before you hazard,
Your Life and Honour in this bold Appeal,
Somewhat, you might have ſaid, nay more you ought,
Since I commanded you to be a Spy
On *Cleomenes* Acts, and cloſe Deſigns.
Cleanth. The good old Lyar would preſerve my Life, [*Aſide.*
And I muſt ſteer his courſe,
I think —— I farther added. [*To the King.*
Ptol. 'Tis forgiven;

So

So wholly pardon'd, that I will not hear it:
Good Spies are uſeful, and muſt be incourag'd.
But what muſt next be done with *Cleomenes*?
Soſyb. Diſpatch him, as the ſource of all your fears;
Obſerve the Mounting Billows of the Main,
Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm:
Bruſh off thoſe Winds, and the high Waves return,
Into their quiet firſt created Calm:
Such is the rage of buſie bluſt'ring Crowds,
Fomented by th'Ambition of the Great:
Cut off the Cauſes and th'Effect will ceaſe,
And all the moving Madneſs fall to Peace.
Ptol. Let him be ſeiz'd in order to his Death.
I am in haſte, you know it, for my progreſs,
A thouſand pleaſures wait me at *Canopus*;
And this poor trifling buſineſs of one Life,
Encumbers all: *Caſſandra!* Are you ready?
We will be ſeen like *Iſis* and *Oſyris*,
Drawn in one Chariot for admiring Eyes,
To worſhip as we paſs.
Caſſand. A word in private: *Cænus*, attend without. [*Exit.*
Caſſand. *leads the King to a corner of the Stage*; Soſyb. *takes his Son to the other.*
Soſyb. to *Cleanth.*) Now I am twice your Father, by preſerving
The Life I gave you, which your Folly hazarded.
Break off all Friendſhip with that *Spartan* King,
Or never ſee me more: His Fate's reſolv'd:
Nor can you ſtem the Tide: Avoid his ruines:
Reply not, but obey.
Cleanth. I know my Duty. [*Bowing.*
Soſyb. Thou overjoy'ſt me: Follow, we'll talk farther.
[*Exeunt* Soſyb. *and* Cleanthes.
Caſſand. What think you of *Soſybius* and his Son?
Ptol. As of two Creatures zealous of my Service.
Caſſand. Oh Heavens! That I ſhould love this King ſo well!
But that I dote, What can I ſee in him?
But dull good Nature and Simplicity!
Well, well, my little Dear, I find the Gods
Have given me here, no buſineſs of my own;
But made me juſt your Drudge to love and ſave you.
Ptol. 'Proteſt I thought 'em honeſt; are they not?
Caſſand. Ye Gods! why did you make this Man your Image,
And made him but an Image? You'll forgive me?
I Love you ſo, that I am forc'd to rail.
You ſaw no cloſe Conveyance of the Game
Betwixt the Crafty Sire, and Cunning Son.
How ſlily one invented an Excuſe,
And t'other took it up as dextrouſly?
Ptol. Why ſure *Cleanthes* was his Father's Spy.
Caſſand. Yes, over you; but not on *Cleomenes.*
I fear you are betray'd, and the Gods blind you,
To make your ruine ſure!
Ptol. As how, *Caſſandra*?
Caſſand. When you are abſent---- *Ptol.* Well!
Caſſand. 'Tis in their Power——
Ptol. To Murder *Cleomenes* ——
Caſſand. If they pleaſe;
Or elſe to ſet him free, and joyn with *Magas.*
Ptol. I will not to *Canopus.* *Caſſand.* Yes; you muſt.
Ptol. But how ſhall I be ſafe, and take this Journey?
Caſſand. Leave that to me.
Ptol. But you muſt go along.
Caſſand. No, I muſt ſtay here, in order to your ſafety,
To watch the growth of danger and prevent it.
This cruel abſence I muſt undergo;

Or elſe I Love you not.
Ptol. Since I muſt go;
I'll cheat 'em of a Day, and come before
My time, for Love of thee.
Caſſand. To ſum up all,
For we are both in haſte;
Intruſt your Royal Signet in my Hands.
Ptol. Joyn'd with *Soſybius*.
Caſſand. Would you truſt a Stateſman
Before your own dear Heart. You love him better
You naughty Man, in faith you do; and now I think on't,
I will not have your Signet: By this Kiſs,
And this, and this, I will not.
Ptol. By all three, thou ſhalt. [*Gives her the Signet from his Finger.*
But kill this *Cleomenes* quickly, he's dangerous.
Caſſand. He's in ſafe hands with me.
Ptol. One more Embrace.
Caſſand. There, take it, and now go:
Thus for your good, I thruſt you from my Arms.
Ptol. Farewel, my Love. [*Exit* Ptolemy.
Caſſand. Farewel.——I hope for ever.
Now *Cleomenes* I will ſound thy Soul:
For Life and Death depend upon thy Choice.
But for that eaſie Wretch, him I contemn.
Hard ſtate of Lovers! Subject to our Laws!
Fools we muſt have, or elſe we cannot ſway;
For none but Fools will Woman-kind Obey.
If they prove ſtubborn and reſiſt our Will,
We Exerciſe our Pow'r, and uſe 'em ill.
The paſſive Slave that Whines, Adores and Dies,
Sometimes we pity: But we ſtill deſpiſe.
But when we dote, the ſelf-ſame Fate we prove,
Fools at the beſt: But double Fools in Love.
We rage at firſt with ill diſſembled ſcorn;
Then falling from our heighth, more baſely mourn;
And Man, th'inſulting Tyrant takes his turn.
Leaves us to Weep for our neglected Charms,
And hugs another Miſtreſs in his Arms:
And that which humbles our proud Sex the moſt;
Of all our ſlighted favours makes his boaſt. [*Exit* Caſſandra.

Enter Cleomenes.

Cleom. Her Words, her every Look, confeſs ſhe loves me,
And therefore ſhe detains theſe Hoſtages:
As pawns of my return to her and *Ægypt*.
Thus far 'tis plain and obvious: But the Picture.
That *Hellen*. There's the Riddle of her Love.
For what I ſee, or only think I ſee,
Is like a glimpſe of Moonſhine, ſtreak'd with red;
A ſhuffled, ſullen, and uncertain Light,
That Dances through the Clouds, and ſhuts again;
Than 'ware a riſing Tempeſt on the Main.

Enter Caſſandra.

Caſſand. (*Aſide*) I would, but cannot ſpeak.
The ſhame that ſhould to Woman-kind belong,
Flown from my Boſom, hovers on my Tongue.
Cleom. 'Tis rarely ſeen, that Gods from Heaven deſcend,
But for ſome kind, ſome charitable End.
And yet your troubled looks ill News import,
Stops, or Delays; but that's no News at Court:
There's ſomewhat which your pity would diſguiſe.
Caſſand. Would you could read that Somewhat in my Eyes.
But as you are a *Spartan* and a King,
Undaunted hear whatever News I bring:
The Favourite hates you; *Cænus* has betray'd

The

The bitter Truths, that our looſe Court upbraid.
Your Friend was ſet upon you for a Spy;
And on his Witneſs, you are doom'd to die.
Cleom. I have been plung'd already twice in Woes,
And the third time above the Waves I roſe.
Still I have ſtrength to Steer me into Port,
And ſhun the Secret Quick-Sands of the Court.
But when my Friend, who ſhould expecting ſtand,
On the bare Beach, to lend his helping hand;
When He defends th'Unhoſpitable ſhore,
And drives me thence, I ſink for evermore.
But 'tis impoſſible; his Faith is try'd;
The Man, who had defam'd him thus, had ly'd.
Caſſand. Well! I forgive your blunt Laconique way,
It ſhall be ſeen, it ſhall, this very Day,
Who would preſerve your Life, and who betray.
The King incens'd, the Favourite your Foe,
Yet on the ſame Conditions you may go:
Your Wife, your Son, your Mother left behind.
What think you now?
Cleom. 'Tis to be wond'rous kind.
Caſſand. Suppoſe I add a farther bounty yet.
Cleom. It could but make your Favours over-weight.
Caſſand. What if I went my ſelf to waft you o'er?
And left you, when I ſaw you ſafe a ſhore?
For I ſhould leave you, if you thought it fit,
Not to do more than Honour would permit.
Can I do leſs to ſhow you I am kind,
To comfort you for thoſe you left behind?
Cleom. The World would think you kinder than you ought.
Caſſand. Why ſhould I care what baſe *Ægyptians* thought?
Cleom. Immoderate Gifts oppreſs me, not relieve;
Nor dare I take, what ruines you to give.
Caſſand. Leave me to judge of that. I could preſcribe
An eaſie way of giving back my Bribe.
Why would you force me farther than my part;
Look on my Eyes; and you may read my Heart. [*Looks on her as by ſtealth.*
Oh, there you meet me with a guilty Glance!
Now 'tis too late to plead your Ignorance.
Cleom. I am ſo much below, and you above.
What can I ſay?
Caſſand. But one kind word, I Love.
Cleom. As far as Gratitude that Love can pay.
Caſſand. O ſtop not there; for that's but half the way:
Would you to one poor narrow word confine
Your Paſſion? when I put no bounds to mine.
Cleom. Cleora!
Caſſand. Now you ſpeak too ſoon; forbear.
Nothing can pleaſe me, that begins with her.
Cleom. I muſt begin where Nature void of Art,
Directs my Tongue, with her who rules my Heart.
Caſſand. Let us together Sail before the Wind,
And leave that dull Domeſtick Drudge behind.
Cleom. What? to expoſe her helpleſs Innocence,
To the wild fury of an Injur'd Prince?
Caſſand. A vain ſurmiſe: Their Talents would agree,
The Gods have made your Noble Mind for me,
And her inſipid Soul for *Ptolemy:*
A heavy lump of Earth without Deſire,
A heap of Aſhes that o'rlays your Fire.
Cleom. Virtue, you muſt allow her, though a Foe.
Caſſand. No more than what I would, to Ice and Snow;
Yet thoſe have ſeeds of heat; her ſhivering Blood,
Makes her at beſt but impotently good.

But

But neither I can ſave you, if you ſtay,
Nor ſave my ſelf unleſs I go away:
For if I ſtay behind, and ſet you free,
The Fury of the King would fall on me.
Cleom. Then to prevent your Fate I muſt not go,
Death is my choice, ſince Heaven will have it ſo.
Caſſand. Heaven would preſerve your Life, and ſo would I,
But you are obſtinately bent to die.
Cleom. Some Men are made of ſuch a leaky Mould,
That their fill'd Veſſels can no Fortune hold:
Pour'd in, it ſinks away, and leaves 'em dry,
Of that unſuſceptible Make am I:
Yet think not, Fair One, I your Charms deſpiſe,
My Heart's inſenſible, but not my Eyes.
Reſpect and Gratitude are all my ſtore,
And thoſe I give: My Love was giv'n before.
Caſſand. Thus break falſe Merchants with an honeſt ſhow:
Rich to themſelves, but Bankrupts where they owe.
Cleom. If at this awful diſtance I remain,
Better be too Devout, than too profane.
Caſſand. Flattery! Such Alms, the Prieſthood gives the poor,
They Bleſs, and ſend 'em empty from the Door:
Know you, that Death ſtands ready at the Gate;
That I forbid him, and ſuſpend your Fate;
The King's ſhort abſence leaves me abſolute;
When he returns th'inevitable ill,
Is paſt my pow'r, and may be paſt my Will:
Unhappy Man! prevent thy Deſtiny;
Speak one kind word to ſave thy Life and me.
Cleom. Be anſwer'd, and expect no more Reply.
Caſſand. Diſdain has ſwell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath:
Sullen and Dumb, and obſtinate to Death:
No ſigns of pity in his Face appear;
Look! If th'un grateful Creature ſhed one Tear!
Cram'd with his Pride, he leaves no room within
For Sighs to iſſue out, or Love to enter in. [*He turns away.*
What! doſt thou turn thy Face in my deſpight?
Am I a Toad? a Monſter to thy Sight?
Farewel fond pity then: As thou from me,
So, thy good Fortune turns her Face from Thee:
Left, ſcorn'd, and loath'd, and all without Relief,
Revenge ſucceeds to Love, and Rage to Grief:
Tempeſts and Whirlwinds through my Boſom move,
Heave up, and madly mount my Soul above
The reach of Pity, or the bounds of Love.
Approach and ſeize the Traytor. [*Enter Guards.*
Cleom. Now I can ſpeak; thy kindneſs kept me dumb;
For that I could not anſwer: The falſe Syren,
No longer hiding her uncomely parts,
Struts on the Waves, and ſhews the Brute below.
Caſſand. Stop that foul Mouth: Behold this Royal Signet:
The Warrant of his Death. [*Guards go to ſeize him.*
Cleom. Stand back ye Slaves, *He draws his Sword.*
And put me not to ſtain a *Spartan* Sword:
With baſe *Ægyptian* Blood. [*He advances upon 'em, they retire with ſigns of fear*
Caſſand. Fall on, behold a Noble Beaſt at Bay:
And the vile Huntſmen ſhrink —— More Aid: Who waits?
Enter Cleanthes.
Now, Sir, what brings you here?
Cleanth. My Zeal to ſerve you.
Caſſand. That ſhall be try'd: Diſarm him.
Cleanth. Cleomenes!
Deliver me your Sword.
Cleom. How's this, *Cleanthes*? *Cleanth.* It muſt be ſo!

Cleom. Is this a Friends Advice,
To give me up defenceleſs to a Crowd,
Whom Arm'd I could reſiſt?
Cleanth. Muſt he die, Madam!
Or be reſerv'd for further puniſhment,
At *Ptolemy*s return?
Caſſand. Why ask you that?
Cleanth. Becauſe his Deſtiny, for ought I find
Depends on you: Think firſt, and then Command.
Caſſand. Know then, that his laſt Thred is on the Diſtaff,
And I can cut it now.
Cleanth. And are reſolv'd?
Caſſand. I only ſaid I can, and I can Save,
Diſarm, and hurt him not.
Cleanth. Once more your Sword.
Cleom. Send off thoſe Villains: Though I fear 'em not;
Yet Cowards are offenſive to my ſight:
Nor ſhall they ſee me do an Act that looks
Below the Courage of a *Spartan* King.
Caſſand. *Cleanthes*, may I truſt your Faith? *Cleanth.* You may.
Caſſand. Be gone, and wait my Call. [*Ex. Guards.*
Cleom. *Cleanthes*, Still my Friend; for ſuch I hold thee;
Though this bad Woman ſays thou art my Spy;
I cannot give a greater proof than this,
That I believe her not: [*Gives him his Sword.*
If thou art falſe,
'Tis in thy power to ſhow it ſafely, now:
And compaſs that by Treaſon, which in Arms
Nor Thou, nor any Man alive can force.
Remember ſtill, I gave it to a Friend:
For Life and Death are equal in themſelves;
That which would caſt the Balance, is thy falſhood,
To make my Death more wretched.
Cleanth. Then you may think me that, which you call Falſe,
But Duty to my Father——
Cleom. Say no more!
I would not curſe thee, for thou were't my Friend.
I think thee ſtill as honeſt as thou could'ſt;
Impenetrably good; but like *Achilles*,
Thou had'ſt a ſoft *Ægyptian* Heel undipt,
And that has made thee Mortal.
Caſſand. *Cleanthes*, Thou haſt well approv'd thy Faith:
And as this Palace is thy Government,
On utmoſt peril of thy Life ſecure him.
One farther word—— [*Whiſpers.*
[*Ex.* Cleanth. *looking concernedly on* Cleom.
Cleom. So guilty as thou art, and canſt thou look
On him thou haſt betray'd? Go, take thy hire,
Which thou haſt dearly purchas'd, and be great.
Caſſand. For you, brave Sir, as you have given my hopes
But Air to feed on, Air ſhall be your Food:
No Bread ſhall enter theſe forbidden Doors.
Thin, hungry Diet, I confeſs; but ſtill
The liker *Spartan* Fare: Keen Appetites,
And quick Digeſtion wait on you and yours.
Cleom. O mix not Innocence and Guilt together:
What Love have they refus'd, or how offended?
Be Juſt, though you are Cruel, or be Kind,
And puniſh me alone.
Caſſand. There Nature works,
Then there I'll ſtab thee in thy tender part. [*Shreeks of Women within.*
Cleom. What diſmal Cries are thoſe?
Caſſand. Nothing, a trifling ſum of Miſery,
New added to the foot of thy Account:

Thy

Thy Wife is ſeiz'd by Force and born away:
Farewel, I dare not truſt thy Vengeance farther.
[*Running to the Door, he is ſtopt by Guards with drawn Swords.*
Cleom. Cleora —— There ſtands Death, but no *Cleora*;
I would find both together.
Enter Cratiſiclea, Cleonidas, *and* Pantheus *bloody on his Hand.*
Crat. O King of *Sparta*!
Cleom. Peace, Mother, Peace.
I have had news from Hell before you.
Cleora's gone to Death. Is there a Door,
A Caſement, or a Rift within theſe Walls?
That can let looſe my Body to her reſcue?
Panth. All clos'd, nothing but Heaven above is open.
Cleom. Nay, that's clos'd too: The Gods are deaf to Pray'rs?
Huſh then; th'irrevocable Doom's gone forth,
And Pray'rs lagg after, but can ne'er o'er-take,
Let us talk forward of our woes to come.
Crat. Cleanthes! (Oh could you ſuſpect his Faith?)
'Twas he, that headed thoſe, who forc'd her hence.
Cleom. Pantheus bleeds!
Panth. A ſcratch, a feeble Dart,
At diſtance thrown by an *Ægyptian* hand.
Crat. You heard me not, *Cleanthes* is ——
Cleom. He was —— no more good Mother,
He tore a piece of me away, and ſtill
The void place akes within me: O my Boy,
I have bad News to tell thee.
Cleon. None ſo bad,
As that I am a Boy: *Cleanthes* ſcorn'd me,
And when I drove a Thruſt home as I could,
To reach his Traytor Heart, He put it by,
And cry'd, as in deriſion, Spare the Stripling;
Oh that inſulting word: I wou'd have ſwopp'd
Youth for old Age, and all my Life behind,
To have been then a momentary Man.
Cleom. Alas! Thy Manhood, like a forward Spring,
Before it comes to bear the promis'd Fruit,
Is blighted in the Bud: Never, my Boy,
Canſt thou fetch Manhood up, with thy ſhort ſteps,
While with long ſtrides the Giant ſtalks before thee.
Cleonid. Am I to die before I am a Man?
Cleom. Yes, thou muſt die with me, and I with her
Who gave me Life; and our poor Infant too within,
Muſt die before it knows what dying means.
Three different Dates of Nature one would think;
But Fate has cramm'd us all into one Leaſe:
And that even now expiring.
Panth. Yet we live.
Cleom. No, even now we die; Death is within us,
And keeps out Life, for nouriſhment is Life,
And we have fed our laſt: Hunger feeds Death.
Crat. A lingring Doom, but four days hence the ſame;
And we can ſhorten thoſe, turn Days to Hours,
And Hours to Moments: Death is in our Call.
Panth. The ſooner then the better. *Cleonid.* So ſay I.
Panth. While we have ſpirits left to meet him boldly.
Cleonid. I'll hold my Breath,
And keep my Soul a Pris'ner in my Body;
There let it creep and wander in the dark,
Till tir'd to find no out-let, it Retreats
Into my *Spartan* Heart, and there lies pleas'd:
So, we two are provided, Sir, your choice? [*To* Cleom.
Cleom. Not this diſpatch, for we may die at leiſure.
This Famine has a ſharp and meager Face:

'Tis Death in an undreſs of Skin and Bone:
Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'en away,
Look all one common furrow.
Crat. Yet you chuſe it,
To pleaſe our Foes, that when they view our Skeletons,
And find 'em all alike, they may cry out,
Look how theſe dull obedient *Spartans* died,
Juſt as we wiſh'd, as we preſcrib'd their Death;
And durſt not take a nobler, nearer way.
Cleom. Not ſo, but that we durſt not tempt the Gods,
To break their Images without their leave.
The moment e'er *Caſſandra* came, I had
A Note without a Name, the Hand unknown,
That bad me not deſpair, but ſtill hope well.
Then die not yet;
For Heaven has means to free us; if not me,
Yet theſe and you: I am the hunted Stag,
Whoſe Life may ranſom yours.
Crat. No more of that:
I find your diſtant drift to die alone:
An unkind Accuſation of us all,
As if we durſt not die: I'll not ſurvive you!
Panth. Nor I. *Cleonid.* Nor I.
Cleom. But hear my Reaſons!
Enter Cleora *in a black Veil.*
Ha! What Shadow's this! This that can glide through Walls!
Or paſs its ſubtle Limbs through Bolts and Bars!
Black too! like what it repreſents, our Fate.
Cleor. Too true a Shadow I, and you the Subſtance. [*Lifts up her Veil.*
Omn. Cleora!
Cleom. Thus let me grow again to thee,
Too cloſe for Fate to ſever!
Or let Death find me in theſe dear, dear Arms,
And looking on thee, ſpare my better part,
And take me willing hence.
Crat. What! are you dreaming, Son! with Eyes caſt upwards
Like a mad Prophet in an Ecſtaſie?
Cleom. Muſing on what we ſaw.
Juſt ſuch is Death,
With a black Veil, covering a beauteous Face!
Fear'd afar off
By erring Nature: a miſtaken Phantom:
A harmleſs, lambent Fire. She kiſſes Cold;
But kind, and ſoft, and ſweet, as my *Cleora.*
Oh could we know,
What Joys ſhe brings; at leaſt, what reſt from Grief!
How ſhould we preſs into her Friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy?
Crat. Look! What we have forgot! The Joy to ſee
Cleora here, has kept us from enquiring,
By what ſtrange means ſhe enter'd.
Cleom. Small Joy, Heaven knows, to be adopted here,
Into the meager Family of Famine!
The Houſe of Hunger; therefore ask'd I not;
So am I pleas'd to have her Company,
And ſo diſpleas'd to have it but in Death——
Cleor. I know not how or why, my ſurly Gaoler,
Hard as his Irons, and inſolent as Pow'r,
When put in vulgar Hands, *Cleanthes* gone,
Put off the Brute; and with a gloomy Smile,
(That ſhow'd a ſullen loathneſs to be kind,)
Skreen'd me within this Veil, then led me forth;
And uſing to the Guards *Caſſandra*'s Name:
Made that my Paſs-port: Every Door flew ope,

T'admit

T'admit my Entrance; and then clapt behind me,
To barr my going back.
Cleom. Some new Reſolve!
Caſſandra plots, and then refines on Malice:
Plays with Revenge; with Rage ſhe ſnatch'd you hence,
And renders you with Scorn: I thought to ſhow you
How eaſie 'twas to die, by my Example,
And hanſel Fate before you: But thy preſence
Has chang'd my Mind, to drag this lingring Life,
To ſhare thy Sorrows, and aſſiſt thy Weakneſs.
Come in, my Friends, and let us practiſe Death,
Stroke the grim Lyon, till he grow familiar.
Cleora! Thou and I, as Lovers ſhould,
Will hand in hand to the dark Manſions go,
Where Life no more can cheat us into Woe;
That ſucking in each others lateſt Breath,
We may transfuſe our Souls, and put the change on Death. [*Ex. Omnes.*

ACT V.

Enter Caſſandra *and* Soſybius.

Soſyb. And what
Have you determin'd?
Caſſand. He ſhall die.
Soſyb. A wholeſome Reſolution: Have you fix'd
The Time?
Caſſand. He daily dies, by Hours and Moments:
All vital Nouriſhment but Air is wanting!
Three riſing Days and two deſcending Nights
Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by turns;
But brought no kind Viciſſitude to him:
His State is ſtill the ſame: With Hunger pinch'd:
Waiting the ſlow approaches of his Death;
Which halting on-wards, as his Life goes back,
Still gains upon his Ground!
Soſyb. But e'er Fate reach him,
The Mercy of the King may interpoſe:
You have the Signet?
Caſſand. Yes! In your Deſpite!
Soſyb. Be not diſpleas'd, ſuppoſe he ſhould eſcape?
Caſſand. Suppoſe he ſhou'd have Wings? Impoſſible.
Soſyb. Yet, Keepers have been brib'd: To whom can *Ptolemy*
Impute that Crime, but you?
Caſſand. He may: But let him if he dares:
Come, Stateſman! Do not ſhuffle in your pace;
You wou'd expoſe me to the People's Hatred,
By hurrying on this Act of Violence:
You know a little thing provokes the Crowd
Againſt a Miſtreſs: She's the Publick Mark:
Therefore content your ſelf I will be ſafe:
Nor ſhall the Priſoner die a ſpeedier Death,
Than what my Doom decreed: Unleſs the King
Reverſe his Orders, by my Meſſenger.
Soſyb. May I preſume to ask you, whom you ſent?
Caſſand. Thy Son, unknown to thee; for ſo I charg'd him:
And this the promis'd hour of his Return. —— Nay, wonder not,
I choſe him with deſign: That whatſoe'er
The King ordains, you both ſhou'd ſhare th'Event:
And ſtand or fall with me. Ponder on that, and leave me!
Soſyb. (*aſide.*) What can ſhe mean? She neither kills nor ſaves —— [*Ex.* Soſyb.
Caſſand. Now tell me, Heart: Now anſwer for thy ſelf:
What wilt thou do! and what doſt thou deſire!

His

His Life? No, he's ungrateful: Or, his Death?
I tremble at that Word. What then? His Love!
His Love! my Heart! What! by Reſtraint, and Famine?
Are theſe the means to compaſs thy Deſign?
Revenge! My Hands ſo ſoft, his heart ſo hard,
The blow recoils, and hurts me while I ſtrike!
Like the mad Viper, ſcourg'd into a Rage,
I ſhoot into my ſelf my fatal Sting.

Enter Mariner.

Marin. The Ship is ready, when you pleaſe to ſail,
And waits but your Command: The Wind ſtands fair.
Caſſand. Be ſecret, and attend my farther pleaſure ——
[*Gives him a Purſe, and exit Mariner.*
So; this was time well manag'd: In three days
To hire a Veſſel —— Put my Wealth on board:
Send off th'obſerving Son, and Fool the Father:
See him I will, to ſound his laſt Reſolves,
If Love can ſoften him, or Fear can bow.
If both ſhou'd fail, th'ungrateful Wretch ſhall find,
Rage has no Bounds in ſlighted Woman-kind. [*Exit* Caſſandra.

SCENE, *A Priſon.* *Enter* Cleomenes.

Cleom. NO Food: And this the third ariſing Sun:
But what have I to do with telling Suns,
And meaſuring Time? That runs no more for me!
Yet ſure the Gods are good: I wou'd think ſo,
If they wou'd give me leave;
But Virtue in Diſtreſs, and Vice in Triumph
Make Atheiſts of Mankind.

Enter Cratiſiclæa.

What Comfort, Mother?
Crat. A Soul, not conſcious to it ſelf of Ill,
Undaunted Courage, and a Maſter-mind:
No Comfort elſe but Death,
Who like a lazie Maſter ſtands aloof,
And leaves his Work to the ſlow hands of Famine.
Cleom. All I wou'd ask of Heav'n,
Is, but to die alone; a ſingle Ruine;
But to die o'er and o'er, in each of you,
With my own hunger pinch'd, but pierc'd with yours!
Crat. Grieve not for me!
Cleom. What! not for you, my Mother!
I am ſtrangely tempted to blaſpheme the Gods;
For giving me ſo good, ſo kind a Parent:
And this is my return, to cauſe her Death ——
Crat. Peace! Your Misfortunes cauſe it, not your Fault.

Enter Cleora.

Cleom. What! my *Cleora!*
I ſtretch'd my bounds as far as I could go,
To ſhun the ſight of what I cannot help;
A Flow'r withering on the Stalk for want
Of nouriſhment from Earth and ſhowers from Heaven:
All I can give thee is but Rain of Eyes —— [*Wiping his Eyes.*
Cleor. Alas! I have not wherewithal to weep:
My Eyes grow dim, and ſtiffen'd up with drought,
Can hardly rowl and walk their feeble round:
Indeed I am faint.
Crat. And ſo am I. — Heaven knows! However [*Aſide.*
In pity of 'em both, I keep it ſecret:
Nor ſhall he ſee me fall —— [*Exit* Cratiſiclæa.
Cleom. How does our helpleſs Infant?
Cleor. It wants the Breaſt, its kindly nouriſhment:
And I have none to give from theſe dry Ciſterns,
Which unſupply'd themſelves, can yield no more:

It

It pull'd and pull'd but now, but nothing came.
At laſt it drew ſo hard, that the Blood follow'd:
And that Red Milk I found upon its Lips,
Which made me ſwoon with fear.
Cleom. Go in and reſt thee,
And huſh the Child aſleep. [*Exit* Cleora.
Look down ye Gods ——
Look, *Hercules*, thou Author of my Race,
And Jog thy Father *Jove*, that he may look
On his neglected Work of Humane-kind:
Tell him I do not Curſe him: But Devotion
Will cool in after-times, if none but good Men ſuffer——
What! another increaſe of Grief?
Enter Cleonidas.
Cleon. O Father!
Cleom. Why doſt thou call me by ſo kind a name?
A Father! That implies preſiding Care,
Chearful to give. - Willing himſelf to want
Whate'er they needs require!
Cleon. A little Food!
Have you none, Father? One poor Hungry Morſel:
Or give me leave to die - as I deſir'd;
For without your conſent, Heaven knows, I dare not.
Cleom. I prithee ſtay a little: I am loath
To ſay hard things of Heaven!
Cleon. But what, if Heaven
Will do hard things, muſt not hard things be ſaid?
Y'have often told me, That the Souls of Kings
Are made above the reſt of Humane Race;
Have they not Fortunes fitted for thoſe Souls?
Did ever King die Starved?
Cleom. I know not that:
Yet ſtill be firm in this: The Gods are good,
Though thou and I may periſh.
Cleon. Indeed I know not,
That ever I offended Heaven in thought:
I always ſaid my Prayers.
Cleom. Thou did'ſt thy Duty.
Cleon. And yet you loſt the Battel when I Pray'd.
Cleom. 'Twas in the Fates I ſhould: But hold thee there!
The reſt is all unfathomable depth:
This we well know, That if there be a Bliſs
Beyond this preſent Life, 'tis purchas'd here,
And Virtue is its price.
Cleon. But are you ſure
Our Souls ſhall be Immortal?
Cleom. Why that Queſtion?
Cleon. Becauſe I find, that now my Body ſtarves,
My Soul decays: I think not as I did:
My Head goes round: And now you ſwim before me:
Methinks my Soul is like a Flame, unfed
With Oyl, that dances up and down the Lamp,
But muſt expire e'er long.
Cleom. I prethee try to hold it while thou canſt.
Cleon. I would obey you,
As I have always done, but I am faint;
And when you pleaſe to let me die, I'll thank you.
Cleom. Thou ſhalt have Food: I promiſe thee, thou ſhalt.
Cleon. Then you ſhall promiſe to have Food for your ſelf too;
For if you have it not, I would refuſe to eat:
Nay I would chuſe to die, that you might feed on me.
Cleom. Mark, Heaven, his Filial Love,
And if a Family of ſuch as theſe
Muſt periſh thus, your Model is deſtroy'd

By which you made good Men.

Enter Pantheus *haſtily.*

Panth. Be cheerful, Sir, the Gods have ſent us Food.
Cleom. They try'd me of the longeſt: But by whom?
Panth. Go in and ſee. *Cleon.* Good Father, do not ſtay to ask, but go.
Cleom. Go thou—— thy Youth calls fiercer than my Age.
Cleon. But then make haſte: and come to take your part:
Hunger may make me impious to eat all,
And leave you laſt to ſtarve —— [*Exit* Cleonidas.
Panth. Sir, will you go?
Cleom. I know not: I am half ſeas o'er to Death!
And ſince I muſt die once, I wou'd be loath
To make a double work of what's half finiſh'd;
Unleſs I could be ſure the Gods wou'd ſtill
Renew theſe Miracles: Who brought this Food?
Panth. He's here that can reſolve you! [*Exit* Panth.

Enter Cleanthes *with a Sword in his hand.*

Cleom. How dar'ſt thou come again within my ſight?
Thou art----but 'tis no matter what thou art,---
I'll not conſider thee ſo far to think
Thee worth Reproach.----Away, away *Ægyptian!*
That's all the Name that's left Thee.
Cleanth. Such I appear indeed:
Cleom. Why then for once, that which thou ſeem'ſt thou art:
Begone! *Cleanth.* Oh I have been too long away!
Cleom. Too ſoon thou art return'd,
To Triumph o'er my Fate.
Cleanth. Forgive me, that I ſeem'd your Foe.
Cleom. Forgive me, Heaven, for thinking thee my Friend:
No more; 'tis loſs of Time to talk.
Cleanth. Indeed it is,
When Hunger calls ſo loud for Suſtenance.
But whether Friend or Foe, 'tis Food I bring.
Cleom. 'Tis Poiſon; and my Mother, and my Wife,
And my poor famiſh'd Boy are eating Death:
Thou would'ſt not have me think that thou repent'ſt?
Cleanth. Heav'n knows, I do not!
Cleom. Well ſaid, Man! Go on----and be not baſhful
To own the Merits of thy Wickedneſs.
Cleanth. What need has Innocence of a Repentance?
Cleom. Shuffling again! Prithee be of a piece.
A little ſteddineſs becomes a Villain.
Cleanth. Oh! Friend----for yet I dare to call you ſo;
Which if I were a Villain; ſure I durſt not.
Hear me----or kill me?
Cleom. So, by Heav'n, I would,
For thy profaning Friendſhip's holy Name:
But for thou ſee'ſt no Juſtice hanging here
On this bare ſide, thou talk'ſt ſecure of Vengeance.
Cleanth. Then if you had a Sword, my Death's reſolv'd!
Cleom. Thy Conſcience anſwers thee.
Cleanth. Without more Evidence than bare Surmiſe;
At moſt appearance of a Crime unprov'd;
And while unprov'd, uncertain?
Cleom. Traytor, no more; 'tis fulſome!
Cleanth. Take the Sword —— [*Throws it to him.*
Cleom. I thank thee Draw thy own. [*Takes it up.*
Cleanth. No----Take that too. [*Draws his, and offers it.*
Cleom. Fool----Would'ſt thou die without Defence?
Cleanth. I would not:
But you forbad me to defend my ſelf,
Then, when you would not hear me!
Cleom. Can Falſhood have a better Argument
Than Force for its Defence? Truſt to that Topick,
And bear thee like a Man.

Cleanth.

Cleanth. I think, I do.
Cleom. What kind o'Man is that, who dares not fight?
Cleanth. The Man, who dares not when his Honour calls,
Is what you mean; but what I never was:
For Honour never ſummons without Reaſon.
Force is the Law of Brutes. The dumb Creation,
Where Words and Reaſon want, appeal to Might.
I thought a King, and what you boaſt, a *Spartan*,
Might have known this without th'*Ægyptian*'s telling.
Cleom. Come, come; Thou dar'ſt not fight.
Cleanth. By Heav'n, I dare.
But firſt my Honour muſt be juſtified,
If you dare be my Judge:
For in this crude and indigeſted Quarrel,
If I ſhould fall unheard, you kill your Friend,
The Man who lov'd you beſt, and holds you deareſt.
And ſhould you periſh in th'unjuſt Attempt,
The Sword that ſlew you, ſhou'd revenge your Death:
For I ſhould ſoon o'ertake you in the way,
To quit my ſelf before you reach'd the Shades,
And told your Tale to *Minos*.
Cleom. Then I muſt hear: But ſwear, ſwear firſt I charge thee,
That when I have pronounc'd, thou wilt no more
Prolong thy prattle with ſome new Excuſe:
And prithee cut it ſhort----becauſe I faint,
And long to kill thee firſt: Oh, I am going,
A riſing Vapour rumbles in my Brains.
I hear my Words far off----ſtand, ſtand, thou Traytor,
And ſwim not thus before me----'tis too late,
[*Puts the point upon the ground once or twice, leans on't, and ſtaggers.*
And I fall unreveng'd----[*Offers to run at him, and is falling.*
Cleanth. What, ho, *Pantheus!* [*Runs to him, and takes him in his Arms.*
The beſt of Men is dying in my Arms,
And I want pow'r to ſave him.
Enter Pantheus.
Panth. Oh Heav'ns! what means this direful Object?
Cleanth. Ask not with unaſſiſting pity; bow him forward;
Rub his numb'd Temples, while I wipe the Sweat
From his cold clammy Face.
Panth. His mounting Heart
Bounces againſt my hands, as if it would
Thruſt off his manly Soul.
Cleanth. Wrench ope his mouth,
While I infuſe theſe Sovereign Drops, whoſe Pow'r
Will ſoon recal his wander'd ſenſe--- [*He inſtills ſomewhat out of a Vial into his Mouth.*
He ſtirs!
And ſtretches now, and ſeems t'eſſay his Limbs.
Cleom. Where am I? [*Standing a while, they ſupport him.*
Cleanth. In his Arms, who dy'd with you;
And now you live, revives.
Cleom. Art thou, *Pantheus*? *Panth.* Believe your Eyes, I am.
Cleom. Speak then, and truly, (for I truſt not him,)
Who brought me back to Life?
Panth. Who, but he, who was left ſingle with you,
Who caught you falling in his faithful Arms;
And not alone ſufficient to reſtore you,
Call'd loud for my Aſſiſtance:
I found him propping you with trembling Hands;
His Eyes ſo haggard, I could ſcarce diſtinguiſh
Who was the living Friend, and who the dead.
Cleom. All this *Cleanthes!* This, What this *Cleanthes*?
Panth. Yes, your *Cleanthes*.
Cleanth. Your ſuſpected Friend,
Much wrong'd, but ever faithful!

Cleom. Art thou ſure
I live? Or am I in the Regions of the dead?
And hear the Fables there, my ſelf a Fable?
Panth. Go in, and ſee your chearful Family
Eating his Bread, brought in their laſt Diſtreſs,
And with a good miſtaking Piety,
Firſt bleſſing him, then Heaven!
Cleom. When I hear this, I have no need of Food;
I am reſtor'd without it.
Cleanth. Then, now hear me,
How I was forc'd into this ſeeming Falſhood,
To ſave my ſelf, the only means remaining
To ſave the Man I lov'd beyond my ſelf;
And gain a needful Credit with *Caſſandra*:
And yet even then deceiv'd, and ſent far off
For three long Days, unknowing of your wants,
Not thinking ſhe, who lov'd, could uſe you thus,
By Famiſhment to ——
Cleom. O no more! no more!
For now I underſtand e'er thou can'ſt ſpeak it half:
To thee I ow'd the ſeizing of my Sword,
Leſt I ſhould fall by odds — My Wife's return,
All, all to thee —— And thou art more than all:
Can'ſt thou forgive me? Can'ſt thou, my *Cleanthes*?
Can I deſerve thus to grow here once more? [*Embracing him.*
Let me embrace my ſelf quite into thee.
Cleanth. Come, come, as fiercely as thou wilt---I meet thee--- [*Embraces* Cleom.
I cloſe within thee, and am thou again.
Panth. Why, this is as it ſhould be.
Cleom. I could not thus have taken to the Death
Another's falſhood, but thine, only thine:
For infinitely, infinitely loving,
'Twas a wide gap thou mad'ſt within my Boſom,
And as my Soul rent from me.
Cleanth. But thy Hunger!
This violent Tranſport of my Reconcilement,
Makes me forget thy Wants----When I embrac'd thee
Thy ſpungy Body dwindled in my Arms,
And like a Ghoſt fled from me.
Cleom. I could eat---- [*Going in.*
Now my firſt Appetite of Love is ſerv'd;
And that was much the keeneſt: Let us in;
For Life looks lovely now, and worth preſerving.
Cleanth. Not that way, Friend---
It leads you to the Women, and the Boy.
Cleom. And why muſt I avoid thoſe tender Bleſſings?
Cleanth. Even ſuch, becauſe they are, you muſt avoid them.
For I muſt tell you, Friend, you have but time
To ſnatch a haſty Morſel, and away:
Nothing of Manhood muſt be clogg'd or ſoften'd
With Womaniſh Sighs and Tears, and kind Adieu's!
And thoſe ill-tim'd Remorſes of good Nature,
When your whole Soul is needful.
Panth. You tell us Wonders!
Cleanth. At the King's Return,
Which daily we expect, your Death's reſolv'd:
This hour's your own! Take it, and tempt your Fortune;
Some few brave Friends I hope to add;
If not, all *Ægypt*'s number'd in my ſelf.
Cleom. I am all on Fire; now for a lucky pull
At Fate's laſt Lottery:
I long to ſee the colour, white or black;
That's the God's Work: And if I fall their ſhame,
Let 'em ne'er think of making *Heroes* more,

If

If Cowards muſt prevail.
Panth. The fewer Hands,
The fewer Partners in the ſhare of Honour.
Cleom. Come, my *Pantheus:* Lead, my beſt *Cleanthes!*
We three to all the World.
Cleanth. Magas, and Liberty, let be the Word:
Magas is lov'd, and Liberty deſir'd.
A ſhort Refection waits at the Lieutenant's,
That honeſt Friend, who ſent you back your Wife;
We'll drink a Bowl of Wine, and pour the reſt,
Not to the Dog *Anubis*; but to *Jove*,
The Freer and Avenger. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cratiſiclea, Cleora, Cleonidas.

Cleora. Gone---and without taking leave! *Crat.* The better.
He bated me the Forms, and you the Fondneſs.
Cleon. Pantheus too, and he who brought the Food,
The brave *Ægyptian*, vaniſh'd all together.
Cleora. Oh, my fore-boding Soul! he's gone to Death!
And that *Cleanthes*, whom thou call'ſt the Brave,
Has baſely train'd him out to his Deſtruction!
Crat. Suſpect him not: When Fate was in his power,
And by a Method ſo ſecure as Famine;
To ſave us then, ſhows he had little need
To trick my Son to Death:
I have a better proſpect of th'Event.
Cleor. Dear Mother! Comfort me and tell your Thoughts;
For I ſee nothing but a gathering Tempeſt,
Horror on Horror to the end of Heaven!
Crat. No, no; you are not of a Soul to bear
The mighty Good and Ill that meet mid-way,
As from two Goals; and which comes firſt upon us,
Fate only knows.
Cleon. Then ſpeak to me; for I can ſtand the Shock,
Like a young Plant that faſtens in a Storm,
And deeper drives the Root.
Crat. Thy Soul's too ſtrong; thy Body yet too weak
To bear the Cruſh: Be ſtill, and wait thy Doom.
A Cry within: Liberty, Liberty; Magas, Magas; *To Arms for* Magas, *and for Liberty.*
Cleon. What noble ſound was that? So ſmart and vigorous?
A Soul in every Word.
Crat. Why that was it,
I thought, was doing; but I durſt not tell,
Till now it ſhows it ſelf.
The Work's begun, my Boy; the Works begun:
There was thy Father in that Warlike Shout,
Stemming the Tide of *Ægypt.*
Cleor. O comfort me, my Husband's Mother; ſay,
My Lord may live and conquer.
Crat. Poſſibly:
But ſtill make ſure of Death: Truſt we to that,
As to our laſt Reſerve.
Cleor. Alas, I dare not die.
Crat. Come, come, you dare:
Do not belye your Courage.
Cleor. Heaven help me, I have none.
Crat. Then dare you be a Slave to baſe *Ægyptians*?
For that muſt be, if you outlive your Husband.
Cleor. I think, I durſt, to ſave my ſelf from Death.
Crat. Then, as a Slave, you durſt be raviſh'd too?
Cleor. The Gods forbid.
Crat. The Gods cannot forbid it
By any way but Death.
Cleor. Then I dare die.
Crat. I told you ſo: You did not know your Virtue.

Poor trembling thing; I'll warm thee in my Boſom,
And make thee take Death kindly.

Another Shout within: Liberty and Magas.

Cleon. What muſt become of me?

Crat. More Trouble yet about this paltry Being?
For ſhame no more ſuch Qualms!

Cleon. No more ſuch vile Miſtakes! I would die warm,
And not in Women's Company —— but Men's.
Whether ſome God inſpires me to this Act,
Or Fate inevitably calls me on,
I will not, cannot ſtay:
But as a generous, unfleſh'd Hound, that hears
From far the Hunter's Horn and chearful Cry;
So will I haſte; and by the Muſick led,
Come up with Death or Honour —— [*Exit.*

Cleor. Stop him, dear Mother; he may comfort us,
But cannot help his Father.

Crat. The Hero's Blood is not to be controul'd;
Even in a Child 'tis madly Maſterful:
But wait we patient with our petty Stakes,
Which on thoſe greater Gameſters muſt depend;
For as they throw, our little Lots muſt follow,
Like ſweepings of their heap. [Cratiſiclea *and* Cleora *go in.*

Trumpets. A Shout within: Liberty, Liberty, and Magas.

Enter Cleomenes, Cleanthes, Pantheus, *follow'd by ſome few* Ægyptians.

Cleom. What? Is this populous City turn'd a Deſart?
The Cry of Liberty runs on before us;
And yet not one appears!
By *Hercules!* we drive 'em through their Town:
They dare not ſtay to welcome their Deliverers.

Cleanth. The Cowards are afraid of what they wiſh:
And cou'd they be their own, they wou'd be ours.

Cleom. They're gone! We talk to Houſes and to Walls.

Panth. Not ſo: I ſee ſome peeping from their Doors.
What are you, Friends or Foes?

Four Ægyptians *appear peeping at the oppoſite Entrances of the Stage.*

1 *Ægyt.* Friends, Friends: All honeſt Men, and
Hearty to the Cauſe.

Cleanth. Explain what Cauſe---and give the general Cry.

1 & 2 *Ægypt.* Liberty and *Magas.*

Cleom. (in their Tone.) Liberty and *Magas!*
The Cowards whiſper Liberty ſo ſoftly,
As if they were afraid the Gods ſhould hear it,
And take 'em at their Word.

1 *Ægypt.* No, Friend: We Vulgar never fear the Gods:
But we whiſper, for fear our overthwart Neighbours
Should hear us cry, Liberty, and betray us to the Government.

Cleanth. Of what ſide are you there? [*To the oppoſite* Ægypt.

3 *Ægypt.* That's according as you ſucceed: Of your ſide hitherto.

Panth. If you are Men, come join with us.

4 *Ægypt.* You are too few for us to join with you; but get the greater Party of your ſide, and we'll be ſure to help the Common Cry.

Cleom. Dare you do nothing to aſſert your Freedom?

3 *Ægypt.* Yes; we'll pray devoutly for you.

Cleanth. The Brave pray with their Swords; that's a Man's part.

4 *Ægypt.* Pray with our Swords, the Law calls Fighting;
And Fighting is Blood-ſhed; and Blood-ſhed is Hanging;
And Hanging is the part of a Dog, and not of a Man, in my opinion.

1 *Ægypt.* Every one ſhift for himſelf, [Ægyptian *Trumpets within.*
The Government is a coming. [*They ſhrink back in a fright, and clap the Doors.*

Cleom. Run; couch, ye Cowards, to your Tyrant Lords.
A Dog you worſhip, and partake his Nature:
A Race of ſpeaking Spaniels.

Panth. Let 'em go; we'll do our work without 'em.

Cleanth.

Cleanth. The comfort is, our Foes are like our Friends ——
Holy-day *Hero*'s, draw out once a Month,
At publick Charge to Eat, and to be Drunk:
Mere Mouths of War.

Enter Sosybius *and* Cœnus *at the head of many* Ægyptians: *They who spoke before, bolt out of their doors, and join with them.*

Sosyb. 'Twas what I always fear'd; e'en when I sav'd Thee,
To find thee thus engag'd among my Foes:
But, yet submit; and I can yet forgive Thee:
Consider; for 'tis all I have time to say,
Thou fight'st against thy Father.

Clean. Against my Father's Cause, but not my Father:
If you wou'd needs become your self a Slave,
And get me such, I must redeem us both,
And will, or perish in the brave Attempt.

Sosyb. Withdraw thy self from ruine: I command Thee.

Clean. Command I cannot: But, I beg you, Sir,
Engage not for an Arbitrary Power,
That odious Weight upon a Free-born-soul.

Sosyb. This is too much; fall on: But spare my Son.

Enter Cassandra *attended.*

Cassand. Sosybius, hold! Withdraw your Men to distance:
You know this Signet: Obey your King in Me. [*Shews the Signet.*

Sosyb. Never more gladly: Though my Son's a Rebel;
Yet Nature works to save him.

Cassand. Then rather than he shou'd untimely fall,
[Cœnus *draws off* Sosybius's *his Men.*
I wou'd forgive the Rest: and offer Life,
[Panth. Cleom *Men, Ex.* *Manent* Cassand. Sosyb. Cleanth.
Even to that Fugitive, if he please to treat.

Cleom. Be short; and, if you can, for once, sincere.

Cassand. What can you hope from this unequal Fight,
Where numbers rise from every Foe you kill,
And grow from their defeat?

Cleom. We come resolv'd:
And to die killing is a kind of Conquest.

Cassand. But are not Life and Freedom worth accepting,
When offer'd; and, with such Conditions too,
As make 'em both more pleasing? Your Friends safety,
Your Son, your Mother, and that only She,
Who loves you best, for your Companion home:
You know what She I mean. [*Aside to him.*

Cleom. No private parley —— [*Stepping back.*
Spartans do all in publick.

Cleanth. We know your reasons for those secret whispers;
And to your Infamy ——

Cleom. (*Aside to him.* Peace, peace, my Friend.
No injuries from Women can provoke
A Man of Honour to expose their Fame.
Madam; We understand each other well:
My Son, my Mother, and my Wife restor'd,
'Tis Peace; if not, 'tis War.

Sosyb. A fair Proposal: Be it Peace.

Cassand. No, Fool! 'tis War. Know, Heavy *Hero*, know.
I gain'd this time for my secure Revenge;
To seize thy Wife and Mother: And to stab Thee
On both sides of thy Heart, they're gone to die,
To make thy Death more painful. Farewel, Traytor!
And thank thy self —— not me —— [*Ex.* Cas. & Sosyb.

Cleom. Revenge, revenge,
And speedy Death, or Conquest: Hold, *Cleanthes!*
Poor Boy! *Enter* Cleonidas.
By Heaven, I am pleas'd to see thee safe this moment,
Tho' I expect the next to lose thee. Guard him,

Cleanthes:

Cleanthes: Set him ſafe behind the Front.
Cleanth. Come, Sir: You are now my Charge!
Cleonid. The Gods forbid
That I ſhould ſeek this danger, and not ſhare it.
(*To* Cleom. Forgive me, Sir, that once I diſobey you,
To prove my ſelf your Son; living or dying,
I'll not be leſs than Man.
Cleom. Oh! I could chide Thee.
But there's no time: for Love and Anger both
Fight by my ſide; and Heaven protect thy Courage.
[Cleom. Cleanth. Cleonid. *and their Party go off the Stage to fight the* Ægyptians.
Trumpets, Drums, Shouts and Claſhings within.
Re-enter both Parties —— The Ægyptians *firſt: Driven by* Cleomenes. Pantheus *ready to kill* Soſybius,----*as having him down:* Cleanthes *runs to him, and interpoſes.*
Cleanth. Pantheus, hold; or, turn thy Sword on me.
Panth. (to *Soſyb.*) Riſe, Sir; and, thank your Son.
Cleanth. (to *Panth.*) Purſue the Foes: I have no Joy of Conqueſt
Till I have ſet my Father ſafe.
Soſyb. The Gods reward thy pious care.
Cleanth. *leads off his Father; while* Pantheus *follows* Cleomenes: *The* Ægyptians *are driven to the bottom of the Stage: They make a wheeling Fight; ſtill retiring before the* Spartans: Cleomenes *advances eagerly after the* Ægyptians, *and, with* Panth. *drives 'em off:* Cleonid. *is left behind: So is* Cœnus *who had skulk'd.*
Cœnus. This was well watch'd: The Boy is left unguarded.
[*Thruſts at* Cleonidas *behind.*
Cleonid. Oh! I am ſlain by Treaſon!
Revenge me, Royal Father.
Re-enter Cleomenes.
Cleom. 'Twas ſure his voice: [*Sees him on the Ground.*
Too ſure: Pity and Rage
Diſtract my Soul: But rage will firſt be ſerv'd. [*Runs at* Cœnus *and kills him.*
There's Juſtice for my ſelf, and for my Son!
Look up, ſweet Boy,
And tell me that thou liv'ſt.
Cleonid. Fain I would live
To comfort you: I bleed and am aſham'd
To ſay I faint, and call my ſelf your Son;
O Traytor, *Cœnus!* What's become of him?
Cleom. Look, there he lies.
Cleonid. I am glad on't,
Forgive me, Heaven: I hope 'tis no offence
To ſay I am glad, becauſe he kill'd me baſely.
Still, I grow fainter: Hold me, hold me, Father.
Cleom. Cheer up, and thou ſhalt live.
Cleonid. No: I'm juſt dying.
Cleom. What ſhall I loſe?
Cleonid. A Boy: That's all. I might have liv'd to Manhood:
But once I muſt have dy'd.
Cleom. But not before thy Father?
Cleonid. Nay, then you envy me, that I am firſt Happy:
I go; and when you come pray find me out
And own me for your Son. [*Dies.*
Cleom. There went his Soul: Fate thou haſt done thy worſt,
And all thou canſt henceforth; is but mean Slaughter,
The gleanings of this Harveſt.——
Enter Pantheus.
Panth. Sir, y're well found: our Enemies are fled:
I left our Men purſuing, and made haſte
To bring this joyful News.
Cleom. Look there, and if thou dar'ſt, now give me joy.
Panth. Enough! y'have ſtopp'd my mouth---what *Cœnus* kill'd?
I ask no Queſtions then, of who kill'd who:
The Bodies tell their Story as they lie.
Haſte, and Revenge!

Cleom.

Cleom. Where are our Enemies?
Panth. Skulking, diſpers'ſt in Garrets, and in Cellars.
Enter Cleanthes.
Cleom. Not worth the ſeeking: Are theſe fit t'atone
For *Cleomenes* Mother, Son, and Wife?
But what the Gods have left us, we muſt take.
Cleanth. 'Tis all in vain; we have no farther work:
The People will not be dragg'd out to Freedom:
They bar their Doors againſt it: Nay, the Priſoners
Even guard their Chains, as their Inheritance;
And Man their very Dungeons, for their Maſters:
Leſt Godlike Liberty, the *Common* Foe,
Should enter in; and they be judg'd hereafter
Accomplices of Freedom.
Panth. Then, we may ſheath our Swords.
Cleanth. We may, *Pantheus*;
But ſo as brave Men ſhould, each in his Boſom.
That only way is left us to die free.
Cleom. All's loſt for which I once deſir'd to live.
Panth. Come, to our buſineſs then: Be ſpeedy, Sir;
And give the word; I'll be the firſt, to charge
The Grim Foe, Death.
Cleom. Fortune, Thou haſt reduc'd me very low,
To do the Drudgery of Fate my ſelf!
What! not one brave *Ægyptian*! not one worthy
To do me manly Right, in ſingle Combat!
To fall beneath my Fury? For that's Juſtice:
But, then to drag me after: For to die,
And yet, in Death to Conquer, is my Wiſh!
Cleanth. Then have your Wiſh: The Gods at laſt are kind:
And have provided you a Sword that's worthy
To match your own: 'Tis an *Ægyptians* too.
Cleom. Is there that hidden Treaſure in thy Country?
The Gods be prais'd —— for ſuch a Foe I want.
Cleanth. —— Not ſuch a Foe, but ſuch a Friend am I.
I would fall firſt, for fear I ſhould ſurvive you,
And pull you after to make ſure in Death,
To be your undivided Friend for ever.
Cleom. Then enter We into each others Breaſts.
'Tis a ſharp paſſage; yet a kind one too.
But to prevent the blind miſtake of Swords,
Leſt one drop firſt, and leave his Friend behind,
Both thruſt at once, and home, and at our Hearts:
Let neither ſtand on Guard, but let our Boſoms
Lie open to each other in our Death,
As in our Life they were ——
Cleanth. I Seal it thus. [*Kiſs and Embrace.*
Panth. And where's my part? You ſhut me out like Churls,
While you devour the Feaſt of Death betwixt you.
Cleom. Cheer up thy Soul, and thou ſhalt die, *Pantheus*:
But in thy turn: There's Death enough for all:
But as I am thy Maſter, wait my leiſure,
And honeſtly Compoſe my Limbs to Reſt,
Then ſerve thy ſelf.—— Now are you ready, Friend?
Cleanth. I am.
Cleom. Then this to our next happy meeting ——
[*They both paſh together, then ſtagger backwards, and fall together in each others Arms.*]
Cleanth. Speak, have I ſerv'd you to your Wiſh, my Friend?
Cleom. Yes, Friend— thou haſt — I have thee in my Heart ——;
Say—— art Thou ſped?
Cleanth. I am, 'tis my laſt breath.
Cleom. And mine —— Then both are Happy —— [*both Die.*
Panth. So, this was well perform'd and ſoon diſpatch'd:
Both ſound aſleep already,

And

And farewel both for one ſhort moment. [*Trumpets ſound, Victory within.*
Thoſe are the Foes, our little band is loſt
For want of theſe Defenders: I muſt haſten,
Leſt I be forc'd to live, and led in Triumph;
Defrauded of my Fate: I've earn'd it well,
And finiſh'd all my Task: This is my place:
Juſt at my Maſter's Feet ——Guard him, ye God's,
And ſave his ſacred Corps from publick ſhame——
[*He falls on his Sword, and lies at the Feet of* Cleom. *Dies.*

Enter Soſybius, Caſſandra, *and* Ægyptians.

Soſyb. 'Tis what my Heart foreboded: There he lies,
Extended by the Man whom beſt he lov'd!
A better Friend than Son.
Caſſand. What's he, or Thou? or *Ptolemy*? or *Ægypt*?
Or all the World to *Cleomenes* loſt?
Soſyb. Then I ſuſpected right: If my revenge,
Can eaſe my ſorrow; This, the King ſhall know;
That thou may'ſt reap the due reward of Treaſon,
And violated Love.
Caſſand. Thy worſt, old Dotard.
I wiſh to die; but if my Mind ſhould Change,
So well I know my Power, that Thou art loſt.
Soſyb. The King's arrival ſhall decide our Fate.
Mean time to ſhow how much I honour Virtue,
Take up that Hero's Body, bear it high,
Like the Proceſſion of a Deity:
Let his arm'd Figure on his Tomb be ſet,
And We like Slaves lie grov'ling at his Feet;
Whoſe Glories growing till his lateſt Breath,
Excell'd all others: And his own in Death. —— [*Ex. Omnes*

The EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

THis Day, the Poet bloodily inclin'd,
Has made me die, full ſore againſt my Mind!
Some of you naughty Men, I fear, will cry,
Poor Rogue! would I might teach thee how to die!
Thanks for your Love; but I ſincerely ſay,
I never mean to die, your wicked way.
Well, ſince it is Decreed all Fleſh muſt go,
(And I am Fleſh, at leaſt for ought you know,)
I firſt declare, I die with pious Mind,
In perfect Charity with all Mankind.
Next for my Will——I have in my diſpoſe,
Some certain Moveables would pleaſe you Beaux;
As, firſt, my Youth; for as I have been told,
me of you, modiſh Sparks, are dev'liſh old.
Chaſtity I need not leave among ye:
to ſuſpect old Fops, were much to wrong ye.
wear y're Sinners; but for all your haſte,
Miſſes ſhake their Heads, and find you chaſte.
I give my Courage to thoſe bold Commanders
That ſtay with us, and dare not go for Flanders.
I leave my Truth, (to make his Plot more clear,)
To Mr. Fuller, *when he next ſhall ſwear.*
I give my Judgment, craving all your Mercies,
To thoſe that leave good Plays, for damn'd dull Farces.
My ſmall Devotion let the Gallants ſhare
That come to ogle us at Evening Pray'r.
I give my Perſon——let me well conſider,
Faith e'en to him that is the faireſt Bidder.
To ſome rich Hunks, if any be ſo bold
To ſay thoſe dreadful Words, To have and hold.
But ſtay——to give, and be bequeathing ſtill,
When I'm ſo poor, is juſt like Wickham's *Will:*
Like that notorious Cheat, vaſt Sums I give,
Only that you may keep me while I live.
Buy a good Bargain, Gallants, while you may,
I'll coſt you but your Half-a-Crown a day.

King

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The British Worthy.

A *Dramatick*

OPERA.

TO THE

MARQUISS of *HALLIFAX.*

MY LORD,

THIS Poem was the laſt Piece of Service, which I had the Honour to do, for my Gracious Maſter, King CHARLES the Second: And though he liv'd not to ſee the Performance of it, on the Stage; yet the PROLOGUE to it, which was the *Opera* of *Albion* and *Albanius*, was often practis'd before Him at *Whitehall*, and encourag'd by His Royal Approbation. It was indeed a Time, which was proper for Triumph, when he had overcome all thoſe Difficulties which for ſome Years had perplex'd His Peaceful Reign: But when He had juſt reſtor'd His People to their Senſes, and made the latter End of His Government, of a Piece with the Happy Beginning of it, He was on the ſuddain ſnatch'd away, from the Bleſſings and Acclamations of His Subjects, who arriv'd ſo late to the Knowledge of Him, that they had but juſt time enough to deſire Him longer, before they were to part with Him for ever. Peace be with the Aſhes of ſo Good a King! Let His Humane Frailties be forgotten; and His Clemency and Moderation (the inherent Virtues of His Family) be remembred with a Grateful Veneration by Three Kingdoms, through which He ſpread the Bleſſings of them. And as your Lordſhip held a principal Place in his Eſteem, and perhaps the firſt in His Affection, during His latter Troubles; the Succeſs which accompanied thoſe prudent Counſels, cannot but reflect an Honour on thoſe few who manag'd them; and wrought out, by their Faithfulneſs and Diligence, the Publick Safety. I might dilate on the Difficulties which attended that Undertaking, the Temper of the People, the Power, Arts and Intereſt of the contrary Party, but thoſe are all of them Invidious Topicks; they are too green in our Remembrance; and he who touches on them; *Incedit per Ignes, ſuppoſitos cineri doloſo.* But without reproaching one ſide to praiſe another, I may juſtly recommend to both, thoſe wholſome Counſels, which wiſely adminiſtred, and as well executed, were the Means of preventing a Civil War, and of extinguiſhing a growing Fire which was juſt ready to have broken forth among us. So many Wives, who have yet their Husbands in their Arms; ſo many Parents, who have not the Number of their Children leſſen'd; ſo many Villages, Towns and Cities, whoſe Inhabitants are not decreas'd, their Property violated, or their Wealth diminiſh'd, are yet owing to the ſober Conduct, and happy Reſults of your Advice. If a true Account may be expected by future Ages, from the preſent, your Lordſhip will be delivered over to Poſterity, in a fairer Character than I have given: And be read, not in the Preface of a Play, (whoſe Author is not vain enough to promiſe Immortality to others, or to hope it for himſelf) but in many Pages of a Chronicle, fill'd with Praiſes of your Adminiſtration. For if Writers be juſt to the Memory of King CHARLES the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact Knower of Mankind, and a perfect Diſtinguiſher of their Talents. 'Tis true, his Neceſſities often forc'd him to vary his Councellours and Councils, and ſometimes to imploy ſuch Perſons in the Management of his Affairs, who were rather fit for his preſent purpoſe than ſatisfactory to his Judgment: But where it was Choice in him, not Compulſion, he was Maſter of too much good Senſe to delight in heavy Converſation; and whatever his Favourites of State might be, yet thoſe of his Affection, were Men of Wit. He was eaſie with theſe; and comply'd only with the former: But in the latter part of his Life, which certainly requir'd to be moſt cautiouſly manag'd, his ſecret Thoughts were communicated but to few; and thoſe ſelected of that ſort, who were *Amici omnium Horarum*, able to adviſe him in a ſerious Conſult, where his Honour and Safety were concern'd; and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleaſant Diſcourſe, as well as profitable. In this Maturelt part of his Age, when he had been long ſeaſon'd with Difficulties and dangers, and was grown to a Niceneſs in his Choice, as being ſatisfied how few could be truſted; and, of thoſe who cou'd be truſted, how few cou'd ſerve him, he confined himſelf to a ſmall Number of Boſom Friends; amongſt whom, the World is much miſtaken, if your Lordſhip was not firſt.

If the Rewards which you receiv'd for thoſe Services, were only Honours, it rather ſhew'd the Neceſſities of the Times, than any want of Kindneſs in your Royal Maſter: And as the Splendour of your Fortune ſtood not in need of being ſupported by the Crown, ſo likewiſe in being ſatisfied without other Recompence, you ſhow'd your ſelf to be above a Mercenary Intereſt; and ſtrengthen d that Power, which beſtowed thoſe Titles on you: Which, truly ſpeaking, were Marks of Acknowledgment more than Favour.

But, as a Skilful Pilot will not be tempted out to Sea, in ſuſpected Weather, ſo have you wiſely choſen to withdraw yonr ſelf from publick Buſineſs, when the Face of Heaven grew troubled; and the frequent ſhifting of the Winds foreſhew'd a Storm: There are Times and Seaſons when the beſt Patriots are willing to withdraw their Hands from the Commonwealth; as *Phocion* in his latter Days was obſerv'd to decline the Management of Affairs: Or, as *Cicero*, (to draw the Similitude more home) left the Pulpit, for *Tuſculum*, and the praiſe of Oratory, for the ſweet Enjoyments of a private Life. And, in the Happineſs of thoſe Retirements, has more oblig'd Poſterity by his *Moral Precepts*, than he did the Republick, in quelling the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*. What prudent Man, wou'd not rather follow the Example of his Retreat, than ſtay like *Cato*, with a ſtubborn unſeaſonable Virtue, to oppoſe the Torrent of the People, and at laſt be driven from the Market-place by a Riot of a Multitude, uncapable of Counſel, and deaf to Eloquence? There is likewiſe a Portion of our Lives, which every Wiſe Man may juſtly reſerve to his own peculiar uſe, and that without defrauding his Native Country. A Roman Souldier was allow'd to plead the Merit of his Services for his diſmiſſion at ſuch an Age; and there was but one Exception to that Rule, which was, an Invaſion from the *Gauls*. How far that may work with your Lordſhip, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the Trial.

In the mean time, while the Nation is ſecur'd from Foreign Attempts, by ſo powerful a Fleet, and we enjoy not only the Happineſs, but even the Ornaments of Peace, in the Divertiſement of the Town, I humbly offer you this Trifle, which if it ſucceed upon the Stage, is like to be the chiefeſt Entertainment of our Ladies and Gentlemen this Summer. When I wrote it, ſeven Years ago, I employ'd ſome reading about it, to inform my ſelf out of *Beda*, *Bochartus*, and other Authors, concerning the Rites and Cuſtoms of the Heathen Saxons; as I alſo us'd the little Skill I have in Poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the preſent Times, nor a Government which has hitherto protected me, I have been oblig'd ſo much to alter the firſt Deſign, and take away ſo many Beauties from the Writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the preſent Ship of the *Royal Sovereign*, after ſo often taking down, and altering, to the Veſſel it was at the firſt Building. There is nothing better, than what I intended, but the Muſick; which has ſince arriv'd to a greater Perfection in *England*, than ever formerly; eſpecially paſſing through the Artful Hands of Mr. *Purcel*, who has Compos'd it with ſo great a Genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging Audience. But the Numbers of Poetry and Vocal Muſick, are ſometimes ſo contrary, that in many places I have been oblig'd to cramp my Verſes, and make them rugged to the Reader, that they may be harmonious to the Hearer: Of which I have no Reaſon to repent me, becauſe theſe ſorts of Entertainment are principally deſign'd for the Ear and Eye; and therefore in Reaſon my Art, on this occaſion, ought to be ſubſervient to his. And beſides, I flatter my ſelf with an Imagination, that a Judicious Audience will eaſily diſtinguiſh betwixt the Songs, wherein I have comply'd with him, and thoſe in which I have followed the Rules of Poetry, in the Sound and Cadence of the Words. Notwithſtanding all theſe Diſadvantages, there is ſomewhat ſtill remaining of the firſt Spirit with which I wrote it: And, though I can only ſpeak by gueſs, of what pleas'd my firſt and beſt Patroneſs the Dutcheſs of *Monmouth* in the reading, yet I will venture my Opinion, by the knowledge I have long had of her Grace's Excellent Judgment, and true taſte of Poetry, that the parts of the Airy and Earthy Spirits, and that Fairy kind of writing, which depends only upon the Force of Imagination, were the Grounds of her liking the Poem, and afterwards of her Recommending it to the Queen. I have likewiſe had the ſatisfaction to hear, that Her Majeſty has Graciouſly been pleas'd to peruſe the Manuſcript of this *Opera*, and given it Her Royal Approbation. Poets, who ſubſiſt not but on the Favour of Sovereign Princes, and of great Perſons, may have leave to be a little vain, and boaſt of their Patronage, who encourage the Genius that animates them. And therefore I will again preſume to gueſs, that Her Majeſty was not diſpleas'd to find in this Poem the Praiſes of Her Native Country; and the Heroick Actions of ſo famous a Predeceſſor in the Government of *Great Britain*, as King *Arthur*.

All this, My Lord, I muſt confeſs, looks with a kind of Inſinuation, that I preſent you with ſomewhat not unworthy your Protection: But I may eaſily miſtake the Favour of Her Majeſty for Her Judgment: I think I cannot be deceiv'd in thus addreſſing to your Lordſhip, whom I have had the Honour to know, at that diſtance which becomes me, for ſo many Years. 'Tis true, that formerly I have ſhadow'd ſome part of your Virtues, under another Name; but the Character, though ſhort and imperfect, was ſo true, that it broke through the Fable, and was diſcover'd by its Native Light. What I pretend by this Dedication, is an Honour which I do my ſelf to Poſterity, by acquainting them that I have been converſant with the firſt Perſons of the Age in which I liv'd; and thereby perpetuate my Proſe, when my Verſes may poſſibly be forgotten, or obſcur'd by the Fame of Future Poets. Which Ambition, amongſt my other Faults and Imperfections, be pleaſed to pardon, in

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE to the OPERA,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

SUre there's a Death of Wit in this dull Town,
When ſilly Plays ſo ſavourly go down:
As when Clipp'd Money paſſes, 'tis a ſign
A Nation is not over-ſtock'd with Coin.
Happy is he, who, in his own Defence,
Can Write juſt level to your humble Sence;
Who higher than your Pitch can never go;
And doubtleſs, he muſt creep, who Writes below.
So have I ſeen in Hall of Knight, or Lord,
A weak Arm, throw on a long Shovel-Board,
He barely lays his Piece, bar Rubs and Knocks,
Secur'd by weakneſs not to reach the Box.
A Feeble Poet will his Buſ'neſs do;
Who ſtraining all he can, comes up to you:
For if you like your Selves, you like him too.
An Ape his own Dear Image will embrace;
An ugly Beau *adores a Hatchet Face:*
So ſome of you, on pure inſtinct of Nature,
Are led, by Kind, t' admire your fellow Creature.
In fear of which, our Houſe has ſent this Day,
T' inſure our New-Built-Veſſel, call'd a Play.
No ſooner Nam'd than one crys out, Theſe Stagers
Come in good time, to make more Work for Wagers.
The Town divides, if it will take, or no,
The Courtiers Bet, the Cits, the Merchants too;
A ſign they have but little elſe to do.

Betts, at the firſt, were Fool-Traps; where the Wiſe
Like Spiders, lay in Ambuſh for the Flies:
But now they 're grown a common Trade for all,
And Actions, by the News-Book, Riſe and Fall.
Wits, Cheats, and Fops, are free of Wager-Hall.
One Policy, as far as Lyons *carries;*
Another, nearer home ſets up for Paris.
Our Betts, at laſt, wou'd ev'n to Rome *extend,*
But that the Pope has prov'd our Truſty Friend.
Indeed, it were a Bargain, worth our Money,
Cou'd we another Ottobuoni.
Among the reſt, there are a ſharping Sett,
That Pray for us, and yet againſt us Bett:
Sure Heav'n it ſelf, is at a loſs to know,
If theſe wou'd have their Pray'rs be heard, or no:
For in great Stakes, we pioufly ſuppoſe,
Men Pray but very faintly they may loſe.
Leave off theſe Wagers; for in Conſcience Speaking,
The City needs not your new Tricks for breaking:
And if you Gallants loſe, to all appearing
You'll want an Equipage for Volunteering;
While thus, no Spark of Honour left within ye,
When you ſhou'd draw the Sword, you draw the Guinea.

The EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*

I'Ve had to Day a Dozen Billet-Doux
From Fops, *and* Wits, *and* Cits, *and* Bowſtreet-Beaux;
Some from Whitehal, *but from the* Temple *more;*
A Covent Garden *Porter brought me four.*
I have not yet read all: But, without feigning,
We Maids *can make ſhrewd Gueſſes at your meaning.*
What if, to ſhew your Styles, I read 'em here?
Methinks I hear one cry, Oh Lord, forbear:
No, Madam, no; *by* Heav'n, that's too ſevere
Well then, be ſafe——
But ſwear henceforwards to renounce all Writing
And take this Solemn Oath of my Inditing,
As you love Eaſe, and hate Campagnes and Fighting.
Yet, 'Faith, 'tis juſt to make ſome few Examples:
What if I ſhew'd you one or two for Samples?
Pulls one out. *Here's one deſires my Ladyſhip to meet*
At the kind Couch above in Bridges-Street.
Oh Sharping Knave! That wou'd have, you know what,
For a poor Sneaking Treat of Chocolat.
Now, in the Name of Luck, I'll break this open,
Pulls out another. *Becauſe I Dreamt laſt Night I had a Token;*
The Superſcription is exceeding pretty,
To the Deſire of all the Town and City.
Now, Gallants, *you muſt know, this pretious* Fop,
Is Foreman of a Haberdaſhers Shop:
One who devoutly Cheats; demure in Carriage;
And Courts me to the Holy Bands of Marriage.
But with a Civil Innuendo *too,*
My Overplus of Love ſhall be for you.
Reads.— Madam, I ſwear your Looks are ſo Divine,
When I ſet up, your Face ſhall be my Sign:
Tho Times are hard; to ſhew how I adore you,
Here's my whole Heart, and half a Guinea for you.
But have a care of *Beaux*; They're falſe, my Honey;
And which is worſe, have not one Rag of Money.

See how Malicioufly the Rogue would wrong ye;
But I know better Things of ſome among ye.
My wiſeſt way will be to keep the Stage,
And truſt to the Good Nature of the Age;
And he that likes the Muſick *and the* Play,
Shall be my Favourite Gallant to Day.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KIng *Arthur.*	Mr. *Betterton*
Oſwald, King of *Kent*, a Saxon and a Heathen.	Mr. *Williams.*
Conon, Duke of *Cornwal*, Tributary to King *Arthur.*	Mr. *Hodgſon*,
Merlin, a famous Inchanter.	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Oſmond, a Saxon Magician, and a Heathen.	Mr. *Sandford*,
Aurelius, Friend to *Arthur.*	Mr. *Alexander.*
Albanact, Captain of *Arthur*'s Guards.	Mr. *Bowen.*
Guillamar, Friend to *Oſwald.*	Mr. *Harris.*
WOMEN.	
Emmeline, Daughter of *Conon.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Matilda, her Attendant.	Mrs. *Richardſon.*
Philidel, an Airy Spirit.	Mrs. *Butler.*
Grimbald, an Earthy Spirit.	Mr. *Bowman.*

Officers and Soldiers, Singers and Dancers, &c.

Scene in *KENT.*

King ARTHUR:

OR,

The Britiſh Worthy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Conon, Aurelius, Albanact.

Con. THen this is the deciding Day, to fix
Great Britain's Scepter in great *Arthur*'s Hand.
Aur. Or put it in the bold Invaders gripe.
Arthur and *Oſwald*, and their different Fates,
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heaven.
Con. In Ten ſet Battels have we driven back
Theſe Heathen Saxons, and regain'd our Earth.
As Earth recovers from an Ebbing Tide,
Her half-drown'd Face, and lifts it o'er the Waves.
From *Severn*'s Banks, even to this *Barren-Down*,
Our foremoſt Men have preſt their fainty Rear,
And not one Saxon Face has been beheld;
But all their Backs, and Shoulders have been ſtuck
With foul diſhoneſt Wounds: Now here, indeed,
Becauſe they have no further Ground they ſtand.
Aur. Well have we choſe a Happy day, for Fight;
For every Man, in courſe of time, has found
Some days are lucky, ſome unfortunate.
Alb. But why this day more lucky than the reſt?
Con. Becauſe this day
Is Sacred to the Patron of our Iſle;
A Chriſtian, and a Souldier's Annual Feaſt.
Alb. Oh, now I underſtand you, This is St. *George* of *Cappadocia*'s Day.
Well, it may be ſo, but Faith I was Ignorant; we Souldiers
Seldom examine the Rubrick; and now and then a Saint may
Happen to ſlip by us; But if he be a Gentleman Saint, he will
Forgive us.
Con. *Oſwald*, undoubtedly, will Fight it bravely.
Aur. And it behoves him well, 'tis his laſt Stake. [*To* Alb.
But what manner of Man is this *Oſwald*? Have ye ever ſeen him?
Alb. Ne'er but once; and that was to my Coſt too; I follow'd him too cloſe;
And to ſay Truth, ſomewhat Uncivilly, upon a Rout;
But he turn'd upon me, as quick and as round, as a chaf'd Boar;
And gave me two Licks acroſs the Face, to put me
In mind of my Chriſtianity.
Con. I know him well; he's free and open Hearted.
Aur. His Countries Character: That Speaks a German.
Con. Revengeful, rugged, violently brave; and once reſolv'd, is never to be mov'd.
Alb. Yes, he's a valiant Dog, Pox on him.
Con. This was the Character he then maintain'd,
When in my Court he ſought my Daughter's Love:
My Fair, Blind, *Emmeline.*
Alb. I cannot blame him for Courting the Heireſs of *Cornwal*:
All Heireſſes are Beautiful; and as Blind as ſhe is, he would have had
No Blind Bargain of her.
Aur. For that Defeat in Love, he rais'd this War.
For Royal *Arthur* Reign'd within her Heart,
E'er *Oſwald* mov'd his Sute.

Con.

Con. Ay, now *Aurelius*, you have Nam'd a Man;
One, whom beſides the Homage that I owe,
As *Cornwal*'s Duke, to his Imperial Crown,
I wou'd have choſen out, from all Mankind,
To be my Soveraign Lord.
Aur. His worth divides him from the croud of Kings;
So Born, without Deſert to be ſo Born;
Men, ſet aloft, to be the Scourge of Heaven;
And with long Arms, to laſh the Under-World.
Con. *Arthur* is all that's Excellent in *Oſwald*;
And void of all his Faults: In Battel brave;
But ſtill Serene in all the Stormy War,
Like Heaven above the Clouds; and after Fight,
As Merciful and Kind, to vanquiſht Foes,
As a forgiving God; but ſee, he's here,
And Praiſe is Dumb before him.

Enter King Arthur, *Reading a Letter, with Attendants.*

Arthur } Go on, Auſpicious Prince, the Stars are kind:
Reading. } Unfold thy Banners to the willing Wind;
While I, with Airy Legions, help thy Arms:
Confronting Art with Art, and Charms with Charms.
So *Merlin* writes; nor can we doubt th' event, [*To* Con.
With Heav'n and you to Friends; Oh Noble *Conon*,
You taught my tender Hands the Trade of War;
And now again you Helm your Hoary Head,
And under double weight of Age and Arms,
Aſſert your Country's Freedom, and my Crown.
Con. No more, my Son.
Arth. Moſt happy in that Name!
Your *Emmeline*, to *Oſwald*'s Vows refus'd,
You made my plighted Bride:
Your Charming Daughter, who like Love, Born Blind,
Un-aiming hits, with ſureſt Archery,
And Innocently kills.
Con. Remember, Son,
You are a General, other Wars require you.
For ſee the *Saxon* Groſs begins to move.
Arth. Their Infantry Embattel'd, ſquare and cloſe,
March firmly on, to fill the middle ſpace:
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry.
By Heav'n, 'tis Beauteous Horrour:
The Noble *Oſwald* has provok'd my Envy.

Enter Emmeline, *led by* Matilda.

Ha! Now my Beauteous *Emmeline* appears,
Anew, but Oh, a ſofter Flame, inſpires me:
Even Rage and Vengeance, ſlumber at her ſight.
Con. Haſte your Farewel; I'll chear my Troops, and wait ye. [*Exit* Conon.
Em. Oh Father, Father, I am ſure you're here;
Becauſe I ſee your Voice.
Arth. No, thou miſtak'ſt thy hearing for thy ſight;
He's gone, my *Emmeline*;
And I but ſtay to gaze on thoſe fair Eyes,
Which cannot view the Conqueſt they have made.
Oh Star-like Night, dark only to thy ſelf,
But full of Glory, as thoſe Lamps of Heav'n
That ſee not when they ſhine.
Em. What is this Heav'n, and Stars, and Night, and Day,
To which you thus compare my Eyes and me?
I underſtand you, when you ſay you love:
For, when my Father claſps my Hand in his,
That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinckl'd;
But when you graſp it, then I ſigh and pant,
And ſomething ſmarts, and tickles at my Heart.

Arth.

Arth. Oh Artleſs Love! where the Soul moves the Tongue,
And only Nature ſpeaks what Nature thinks!
Had ſhe but Eyes!
Em. Juſt now you ſaid I had:
I ſee 'em, I have two.
Arth. But neither ſee.
Em. I'm ſure they hear you then:
What can your Eyes do more?
Arth. They view your Beauties.
Em. Do not I ſee You have a Face like mine,
Two Hands, and two round, pretty, riſing Breaſts,
That heave like mine.
Arth. But you deſcribe a Woman.
Nor is it ſight, but touching with your Hands.
Em. Then 'tis my Hand that ſees, and that's all one:
For is not ſeeing; touching with your Eyes?
Arth. No, for I ſee at diſtance, where I touch not.
Em. If you can ſee ſo far, and yet not touch,
I fear you ſee my Naked Legs and Feet
Quite through my Cloaths; pray do not ſee ſo well.
Arth. Fear not, ſweet Innocence;
I view the lovely Features of your Face;
Your Lips Carnation, your dark ſhaded Eye-brows,
Black Eyes, and Snow-white Forehead; all the Colours
That make your Beauty, and produce my Love.
Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms:
I love you dearly, without all theſe helps:
I cannot ſee your Lips Carnation,
Your ſhaded Eye-brows, nor your Milk-white Eyes.
Arth. You ſtill miſtake.
Em. Indeed I thought you had a Noſe and Eyes,
And ſuch a Face as mine; have not Men Faces?
Arth. Oh, none like yours, ſo excellently fair.
Em. Then wou'd I had no Face; for I wou'd be
juſt ſuch a one as you.
Arth. Alas, 'tis vain to inſtruct your Innocence,
You have no Notion of Light or Colours.
Em. Why, is not that a Trumpet? [*Trumpet ſounds within.*
Arth. Yes.
Em. I knew it.
And I can tell you how the ſound on't looks.
It looks as if it had an angry fighting Face.
Arth. 'Tis now indeed a ſharp unpleaſant ſound,
Becauſe it calls me hence, from her I love,
To meet Ten thouſand Foes.
Em. How does ſo many Men e'er come to meet?
This Devil Trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about, for one anothers Faces;
And ſo they meet, and kill.
Arth. I'll tell ye all, when we have gain'd the Field;
One kiſs of your fair Hand, the pledge of Conqueſt,
And ſo a ſhort farewel. [*Kiſſes her Hand, and* Exit *with* Aurel. Alb. *and Attendants.*
Em. My Heart, and Vows, go with him to the Fight:
May every Foe be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their Swords have Eyes to find him.
But lead me nearer to the Trumpet's Face;
For that brave Sound upholds my fainting Heart;
And while I hear, methinks I fight my part. [*Exit, led by* Matilda.

Enter Oſwald *and* Oſmond.

The Scene repreſents a place of Heathen Worſhip; The three Saxon Gods, Woden, Thor, *and* Freya *placed on Pedeſtals. An Altar.*

Oſmo. 'Tis time to haſten our myſterious Rites;
Becauſe your Army waits you.

[Oſwald

[Oſwald *making three Bows before the three Images.*

Oſwa. *Thor*, *Freya*, *Woden*, all ye Saxon Powers,
Hear and revenge my Father *Hengiſt*'s Death.
Oſmo. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden*, hear.
Mount thy hot Courſer, drive amidſt thy Foes;
Lift high thy thund'ring Arm, let every blow
Daſh out a miſ-believing Briton's Brains.
Oſwa. Father of Gods and Men, great *Woden* hear;
Give Conqueſt to thy Saxon Race, and me.
Oſm. *Thor*, *Freya*, *Woden*, hear, and ſpell your Saxons,
With Sacred Runick Rhimes, from Death in Battel.
Edge their bright Swords, and blunt the Britons Darts.
No more, Great Prince, for ſee my truſty Fiend,
VVho all the Night has wing'd the dusky Air.

[Grimbald, *a fierce earthy Spirit ariſes.*

VVhat News, my *Grimbald*?
Grim. I have plaid my part;
For I have Steel'd the Fools that are to die;
Six Fools, ſo prodigal of Life and Soul,
That, for their Country, they devote their Lives
A Sacrifice to Mother Earth, and *Woden*.
Oſmo. 'Tis well; But are we ſure of Victory?
Grim. VVhy ask'ſt thou me?
Inſpect their Intrails, draw from thence thy Gueſs:
Bloud we muſt have, without it we are dumb.
Oſmo. Say, VVhere's thy Fellow-ſervant, *Philidel*?
VVhy comes not he?
Grim. For, he's a puleing Sprite.
VVhy didſt thou chuſe a tender airy Form,
Unequal to the mighty work of Miſchief;
His Make is flitting, ſoft, and yielding Atomes:
He trembles at the yawning gulph of Hell,
Nor dares approach the Flame, leſt he ſhou'd ſinge
His gaudy ſilken VVings.
He ſighs when he ſhould plunge a Soul in Sulphur,
As with Compaſſion, touch'd of fooliſh Man.
Oſmo. VVhat a half Devil's he?
His errand was, to draw the Low-land damps,
And Noiſom Vapours, from the foggy Fens:
Then, breath the baleful ſtench, with all his force.
Full on the faces of our Chriſtned Foes.
Grim. Accordingly he drein'd thoſe Marſhy grounds;
And bagg'd 'em in a blue Peſtiferous Cloud;
VVhich when he ſhou'd have blown, the frighted Elf
Eſpy'd the Red Croſs Banners of their Hoſt;
And ſaid he durſt not add to his damnation.
Oſmo. I'll puniſh him at leiſure;
Call in the Victims to propitiate Hell.
Grim. That's my kind Maſter, I ſhall break faſt on 'em.

[Grimbald *goes to the Door, and Re-enters with ſix Saxons in White, with Swords in their hands. They range themſelves three and three in Oppoſition to each other.*

The reſt of the Stage is fill'd with Prieſts and Singers.

WOden, *firſt to thee,*
A Milk-white Steed in Battel won,
We have Sacrifis'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
Verſ. *Let our next oblation be,*
To Thor, *thy thundring Son,*
Of ſuch another.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
Verſ. *A Third*; (*of* Friezland *breed was he,*)
To Woden's *Wife, and to* Thor's *Mother:*
And now we have atton'd all three
We have Sacrific'd.
Chor. *We have Sacrific'd.*
2 Voc. *The White Horſe Neigh'd aloud.*
To Woden *thanks we render.*
To Woden, *we have vow'd.*
Chor. *To* Woden, *our Defender.*

[The four laſt Lines in *CHORUS.*

Verſ. *The Lot is caſt, and* Tanfan *pleas'd:*
Chor. *Of Mortal Cares you ſhall be eas'd,*
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Honour prizing,
Death deſpiſing,
Fame acquiring
By Expiring, *Die,*

Die, and reap the fruit of Glory.
Brave Souls to be renown'd in Story.
Verſ. 2. *I call ye all,*
To Woden's *Hall;*
Your Temples round
With Ivy bound,
In Goblets Crown'd,
And plenteous Bowls of burniſh'd Gold;
Where you ſhall Laugh,
And dance and quaff,
The Juice, that makes the Britons bold.

[*The ſix Saxons are led off by the Prieſts, in Order to be Sacrific'd.*

Oſw. Ambitious Fools we are,
And yet ambition is a Godlike Fault:
Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls born great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds.
Now *Britany* prepare to change thy State,
And from this Day begin thy Saxon date. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

A Battel ſuppoſed to be given behind the Scenes, with Drums, Trumpets, and Military Shouts and Excurſions: After which, the *Britons*, expreſſing their Joy for the Victory, ſing this Song of Triumph.

COme if you dare, our Trumpets ſound;
Come if you dare, the Foes rebound:
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double Beat of the Thundring Drum.
Now they charge on amain,
Now they rally again:
The Gods from above the mad Labour behold,
And pity Mankind that will periſh for Gold.
The Fainting Saxons *quit their Ground,*
Their Trumpets Languiſh in the Sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly, they fly;
Victoria, Victoria, *the Bold* Britons *cry.*
Now the Victory's won,
To the Plunder we run:
We return to our Laſſes like Fortunate Traders,
Triumphant with Spoils of the Vanquiſht Invaders.

ACT II.

Enter Philidel.

Phil. ALas, for pity, of this bloody Field!
Piteous it needs muſt be, when I, a Spirit,
Can have ſo ſoft a ſenſe of Humane Woes!
Ah! for ſo many Souls, as but this Morn,
Were cloath'd with Fleſh, and warm'd with Vital blood,
But naked now, or ſhirted but with Air.

[Merlin, *with Spirits, deſcends to* Philidel, *on a Chariot drawn by Dragons.*

Mer. What art thou, Spirit, of what Name and Order?
(For I have view'd thee in my Magick Glaſs,)
Making thy moan, among the Midnight Wolves,
That Bay the ſilent Moon: Speak, I Conjure thee.
'Tis *Merlin* bids thee, at whoſe awful Wand,
The pale Ghoſt quivers, and the grim Fiend gaſps.

Phil. An Airy Shape, the tender'ſt of my kind,
The laſt ſeduc'd, and leaſt deform'd of Hell;
Half white, and ſhuffl'd in the Crowd, I fell;
Deſirous to repent, and loth to ſin;
Awkward in Miſchief, piteous of Mankind,
My Name is *Philidel*, my Lot in Air;
Where next beneath the Moon, and neareſt Heav'n,
I ſoar, and have a Glimpſe to be receiv'd,
For which the ſwarthy *Dæmons* envy me.

Mer.

Mer. Thy Buſineſs here?
Phil. To ſhun the Saxon Wizards dire Commands;
Oſmond, the awful'ſt Name next thine below,
'Cauſe I refus'd to hurl a Noyſom Fog
On Chriſten'd Heads, the Hue and Cry of Hell
Is rais'd againſt me, for a Fugitive Spright.
Mer. Oſmond ſhall know, a greater Power protects thee;
But follow thou the Whiſpers of thy Soul,
That draw thee nearer Heav'n.
And, as thy Place is neareſt to the Sky;
The Rays will reach thee firſt, and bleach thy Soot.
Phil. In hope of that, I ſpread my Azure Wings,
And wiſhing ſtill, for yet I dare not pray,
I bask in Day-light, and behold with Joy
My Scum work outward, and my Ruſt wear off.
Mer. Why 'tis my hopeful Devil; now mark me, *Philidel*,
I will employ thee, for thy future Good:
Thou know'ſt, in ſpite of Valiant *Oſwald*'s Arms,
Or *Oſmond*'s Powerful Spells, the Field is ours.——
Phil. Oh, Maſter! haſten
Thy Dread Commands, for *Grimbald* is at Hand;
Oſmond's fierce Fiend, I ſnuff his Earthly Scent:
The Conquering *Britons*, he miſleads to Rivers,
Or dreadful Downfals of unheeded Rocks;
Where many fall, that ne'er ſhall riſe again.
Mer. Be that thy care, to ſtand by falls of Brooks,
And trembling Bogs, that bear a Green-Sword ſhow.
VVarn off the bold Purſuers from the Chace:
No more, they come, and we divide the Task.
But leſt fierce *Grimbald*'s pond'rous Bulk oppreſs
Thy tender flitting Air, I'll leave my Band
Of Spirits with United ſtrength to Aid thee,
And force with force repel.

[*Exit* Merlin *on his Chariot.* Merlin's *Spirits ſtay with* Philidel.

Enter Grimbald *in the Habit of a Shepherd, follow'd by King* Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact *and Souldiers, who wander at a diſtance in the Scenes.*

Grim. Here, this way, *Britons*, follow *Oſwald*'s flight;
This Evening as I whiſtl'd out my Dog,
To drive my ſtraggling Flock, and pitch'd my Fold,
I ſaw him dropping Sweat, o'er-labour'd, ſtiff,
Make faintly as he could, to yonder Dell.
Tread in my Steps; long Neighbourhood by Day
Has made theſe Fields familiar in the Night.
Arth. I thank thee, Shepherd;
Expect Reward, lead on, we follow thee.

Phil. Sings. *Hither this way, this way bend,*
Truſt not that Malicious Fiend:
Thoſe are falſe deluding Lights,
Wafted far and near by Spirights.
Truſt 'em not, for they'll deceive ye;
And in Bogs and Marſhes leave ye.
Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*
Phil. Sings. *If you ſtep, no Danger thinking,*
Down you fall, a Furlong ſinking;
'Tis a Fiend who has annoy'd ye;
Name but Heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.
Chor. of Phil. Spirits. *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*
Philidel's Spirits. *Truſt not that Malicious Fiend.*
Grimbald's Spirits. *Truſt me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*
Philidel's Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.

Con. Some wicked Phantom, Foe to Human kind,
Miſguides our Steps.
Alb. I'll follow him no farther.
Grimbald ſpeaks. By Hell, ſhe ſings 'em back, in my deſpight.
I had a voice in Heav'n, e're Sulph'rous Steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarſeneſs; but I'll try.
He ſings. *Let not a Moon-born Elf miſlead ye,*
From your Prey, and from your Glory.
Too far, Alas, he has betray'd ye:
Follow the Flames, that wave before ye;
Sometimes Seven, and ſometimes one;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

2.

See, ſee, the Footſteps plain appearing,
That way Oſwald *choſe for flying:*
Firm is the Turff, and fit for bearing,
Where yonder Pearly Dews are lying.
Far he cannot hence be gone;
Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry on.

Aur. 'Tis true, he ſays; the Footſteps yet are freſh
Upon the Sod, no falling Dew-drops have
Diſturb'd the Print, [*All are going to follow* Grimbald.
Philidel ſings. *Hither this way.*
Chor. of Phil. Spirits *Hither this way, this way bend.*
Chor. of Grimb. Spirits. *This way, this way bend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Truſt not that Malicious Fiend.*
Grib. Spirits. *Truſt me, I am no Malicious Fiend.*
Philidels Spirits. *Hither this way,* &c.
[*They all incline to* Philidel.
Grim. ſpeaks. Curſe on her Voice, I muſt my Prey forego; Thou, *Philidel.*
Thou, *Philidel,* ſhall anſwer this below. [Grimbald *ſinks with a flaſh.*
Arth. At laſt the Cheat is plain;
The Cloven-footed Fiend is Vaniſh'd from us;
Good Angels be our Guides, and bring us back.
Phil. ſinging. *Come follow, follow, follow me.*
Chor. *Come follow,* &c.
And me. And me. And me. And me.
Verſe. 2 Voc. *And Green-Sword all your way ſhall be.*
Chor. *Come follow,* &c.
Verſe. *No* Goblin *or* Elf *ſhall dare to offend ye.*
Chor. *No, no, no,* &c.
No Goblin *or* Elf *ſhall dare to offend ye.*
Verſ. 3 Voc. *We Brethren of Air,*
You Hero's *will bear,*
To the Kind and the Fair that attend ye.
Chor. *We Brethren,* &c.
[Philidel *and the Spirits go off Singing, with King* Arthur *and the reſt in the middle of them.*

Enter Emmeline *led by* Matilda. *Pavilion Scene.*

Em. No News of my Dear Love, or of my Father?
Mat. None, Madam, ſince the gaining of the Battel?
Great *Arthur* is a Royal Conqueror now
And well deſerves your Love.
Em. But now I fear
He'll be too great, to love poor ſilly me.
If he be dead, or never come agen,
I mean to die: But there's a greater doubt,
Since I ne'er ſaw him here,
How ſhall I meet him in another World?
Mat. I have heard ſomething, how two Bodies meet,
But how Souls joyn, I know not.
Em. I ſhou'd find him,
For ſurely I have ſeen him in my Sleep,
And then, methought, he put his Mouth to mine,
And eat a thouſand Kiſſes on my Lips;
Sure by his Kiſſing I cou'd find him out

Among

Among a thouſand Angels in the Sky.
Mat. But what a kind of Man do you ſuppoſe him?
Em. He muſt be made of the moſt precious things:
And I believe his Mouth, and Eyes, and Cheeks,
And Noſe, and all his Face, are made of Gold.
Mat. Heav'n bleſs us, Madam, what a Face you make him!
If it be yellow, he muſt have the Jaundies,
And that's a bad Diſeaſe.
Em. Why then do Lovers give a thing ſo bad
As Gold, to Women, whom ſo well they Love?
Mat. Becauſe that bad thing, Gold, buys all good things.
Em. Yet I muſt know him better: Of all Colours,
Tell me which is the pureſt, and the ſofteſt.
Mat. They ſay 'tis Black.
Em. Why then, ſince Gold is hard, and yet is precious,
His Face muſt all be made of ſoft, black Gold.
Mat But, Madam ——
Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.
Mat. Here are a Crew of Kentiſh Lads and Laſſes,
Wou'd entertain ye, till your Lord's return,
With Songs and Dances, to divert your Cares.
Em. O bring them in,
For tho' I cannot ſee the Songs, I love 'em;
And Love, they tell me, is a Dance of Hearts.

Enter Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

1 Shepherd ſings.
How bleſt are Shepherds, how happy their Laſſes,
While Drums and trumpets are ſounding Alarms!
Over our Lowly Sheds all the Storm paſſes;
And when we die, 'tis in each others Arms.
All the Day on our Heards and Flocks employing;
All the Night on our Flutes, and in enjoying.
Chor. *All the Day,* &c.

2.

Bright Nymphs of Britain, *with Graces attended,*
Let not your Days without Pleaſure expire;
Honour's but empty, and when Youth is ended,
All Men will praiſe you, but none will deſire.
Let not Youth fly away without Contenting;
Age will come time enough, for your Repenting.
Chor. *Let not Youth,* &c.

[Here the Men offer their Flutes to the Women, which they refuſe.

2 Shepherdeſs.
Shepherd, Shepherd, leave Decoying,
Pipes are ſweet, a Summers Day;
But a little after Toying,
Women have the ſhot to pay.

2.

Here are Marriage-Vows for ſigning,
Set their Marks that cannot write:
After that, without Repining,
Play and Welcome, Day and Night.

[Here the Women give the Men Contracts, which they accept.

Chor. of all.
Come, Shepherds, lead up a lively Meaſure;
The Cares of Wedlock, are Cares of Pleaſure:
But whether Marriage bring Joy, or Sorrow,
Make ſure of this Day, and hang to morrow.

[*The Dance after the Song, and* Exeunt *Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

Enter on the other ſide of the Stage, Oſwald *and* Guillamar.
Oſw. The Night has wilder'd us; and we are faln
Among their foremoſt Tents.
Guill. Ha! What are theſe!
They ſeem of more than Vulgar Quality.
Em. What Sounds are thoſe? They cannot far be diſtant:
Where are we now, *Matilda*?
Mat. Juſt before your Tent:

Fear not, they muſt be Friends, and they approach.
Em. My *Arthur*, ſpeak, my Love; Are you return'd
To bleſs your *Emmeline*?
Oſwa. to Guilla. I know that Face:
'Tis my Ungrateful Fair, who, ſcorning mine,
Accepts my Rivals Love: Heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'ſt me nothing now.
Mat. Fear grows upon me:
Speak what you are; ſpeak, or I call for help.
Oſwa. We are your Guards.
Mat. Ah me! We are betray'd; 'tis *Oſwald*'s Voice.
Em. Let 'em not ſee our Voices, and then they cannot find us.
Oſw. Paſſions in Men Oppreſs'd are doubly ſtrong.
I take her from King *Arthur*; there's Revenge:
If ſhe can love, ſhe buoys my ſinking Fortunes:
Good Reaſons both: I'll on.——Fear nothing, Ladies,
You ſhall be ſafe. [*Oſwald and Guillamar ſeize Emmeline and Matilda.*
Em. & Matil. Help, help; a Rape, a Rape!
Oſwa. By Heav'n ye injure me, thô Force is us'd,
Your Honour ſhall be ſacred.
Em. Help, help, Oh *Britons* help!
Oſwa. Your *Britons* cannot help you:
This Arm, through all their Troops, ſhall force my way;
Yet neither quit my Honour, nor my Prey. [*Exeunt, the Women ſtill crying.*

An Alarm within: Some Soldiers runing over the Stage: Follow, follow, follow.

Enter Albanact *Captain of the Guards, with Soldiers.*

Alb. Which way went th' Alarm?
1 *Sol.* Here, towards the Caſtle.
Alb. Pox o' this Victory; the whole Camp's debauch'd:
All Drunk or Whoring: This way, follow, follow. *Exeunt.*

[*The Alarm renews: Claſhing of Swords within for a while.*

Re-enter Albanact, *Officer and Soldiers.*

Officer. How ſits the Conqueſt on great *Arthur*'s Brow?
Alb. As when the Lover, with the King is mixt,
He puts the gain of *Britain* in a Scale,
Which weighing with the loſs of *Emmeline*,
He thinks he's ſcarce a Saver. [*Trumpet within.*
Officer. Hark! a Trumpet!
It ſounds a Parley.
Alba. 'Tis from *Oſwald* then;
An Echo to King *Arthur*'s Friendly Summons,
Sent ſince he heard the Rape of *Emmeline*,
To ask an Interview. [*Trumpet anſwering on the other ſide.*
Officer. But hark! already
Our Trumpet makes reply; and ſee both preſent.

Enter Arthur *on one ſide attended*, Oſwald *on the other with Attendants, and* Guillamar. *They meet and ſalute.*

Arthur. Brave *Oſwald*! We have met on Friendlier Terms,
Companions of a War, with Common Intereſt
Againſt the Bordering *Picts*: But Times are chang'd.
Oſwa. And I am ſorry that thoſe Times are chang'd:
For elſe we now might meet, on Terms as Friendly.
Arth. If ſo we meet not now, the fault's your own;
For you have wrong'd me much.
Oſwa. Oh you wou'd tell me,
I call'd more *Saxons* in, t' enlarge my Bounds:
If thoſe be Wrongs, the War has well redreſs'd ye.
Arth. Miſtake me not, I count not War a Wrong:
War is the Trade of Kings, that fight for *Empire*;
And better be a Lyon, than a Sheep.
Oſwa. In what, then, have I wrong'd ye?
Arth. In my Love.

Oſwa.

Oſwa. Even Love's an Empire too; The Noble Soul,
Like Kings, is Covetous of ſingle Sway.
Arth. I blame ye not, for loving *Emmeline:*
But ſince the Soul is free, and Love is choice,
You ſhou'd have made a Conqueſt of her Mind,
And not have forc'd her Perſon by a Rape.
Oſwa. Whether by Force, or Stratagem, we gain;
Still Gaining is our End, in War or Love.
Her Mind's the Jewel, in her Body lock'd;
If I would gain the Gem, and want the Key,
It follows I muſt ſeize the Cabinet:
But to ſecure your fear, her Honour is untouch'd.
Arth. Was Honour ever ſafe in Brutal Hands?
So ſafe are Lambs within the Lyons Paw;
Ungrip'd and plaid with, till fierce Hunger calls,
Then Nature ſhews it ſelf; the cloſe-hid Nails
Are ſtretch'd, and open'd, to the panting Prey.
But if indeed, you are ſo Cold a Lover——
Oſwa. Not Cold, but Honourable.
Arth. Then Reſtore her.
That done, I ſhall believe you Honourable.
Oſwa. Think'ſt thou I will forego a Victor's Right?
Arth. Say rather, of an Impious Raviſher.
That Caſtle, were it wall'd with Adamant,
Can hide thy Head, but till to Morrow's Dawn.
Oſwa. And e'er to Morrow, I may be a God,
If *Emmeline* be kind: But kind or cruel,
I tell thee, *Arthur*, but to ſee this Day,
That Heavenly Face, tho' not to have her mind,
I would give up a hundred Years of Life,
And bid Fate cut to Morrow.
Arth. It ſoon will come, and thou repent too late;
VVhich to prevent, I'll bribe thee to be honeſt.
Thy Noble Head, accuſtom'd to a Crown,
Shall wear it ſtill: Nor ſhall thy Hand forget
The Sceptre's uſe: From *Medway*'s pleaſing Stream,
To *Severn*'s Roar, be thine.
In ſhort, Reſtore my Love, and ſhare my Kingdom.
Oſw. Not, tho' you ſpread my Sway from *Thames* to *Tyber*;
Such Gifts might bribe a King, but not a Lover.
Arth. Then prithee give me back my Kingly VVord,
Paſs'd for thy ſafe return; and let this Hour,
In ſingle Combate, Hand to Hand, decide
The Fate of Empire, and of *Emmeline.*
Oſwa. Not, that I fear, do I decline this Combat;
And not decline it neither, but defer:
VVhen *Emmeline* has been my Prize as long
As ſhe was thine, I dare thee to the Duel.
Arth. I nam'd your utmoſt Term of Life; To Morrow.
Oſwa. You are not Fate.
Arth. But Fate is in this Arm.
You might have made a Merit of your Theft.
Oſwa. Ha! Theft! Your Guards can tell, I ſtole her not.
Arth. Had I been preſent——
Oſwa. Had you been preſent, ſhe had been mine more Nobly.
Arth. There lies your way.
Oſwa. My way lies where I pleaſe.
Expect (for *Oſwald*'s Magick cannot fail)
A long to Morrow, e'er your Arms prevail;
Or if I fall, make Room ye bleſt above,
For one who was undone, and dy'd for Love. [*Exit* Oſwald *and his Party*
Arth. There may be one black Minute e'er to Morrow:
For who can tell, what Pow'r, and Luſt, and Charms,
May do this Night? To Arms, with ſpeed, to Arms. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Arthur, Conon *and* Aurelius.

Con. FUrle up our Colours,and Unbrace our Drums;
Diſlodge betimes; and quit this fatal Coaſt.
Arth. Have we forgot to Conquer?
Aur. Caſt off hope:
Th' Imbattl'd Legions of Fire, Air, and Earth,
Are banded for our Foes.
For going to diſcover, with the Dawn,
Yon Southern Hill, which promis'd to the Sight
A Riſe more eaſie to attack the Fort,
Scarce had we ſtept on the Forbidden Ground,
VVhen the VVoods ſhook,the Trees ſtood briſtling up;
A Living Trembling Nodded through the Leaves.
Arth. Poplars, and Aſpen-Boughs, a Pannick Fright.
Con. We thought ſo too,and doubled ſtill our pace.
But ſtrait a rumbling Sound, like bellowing Winds,
Roſe and grew loud; Confus'd with Howls of Wolves,
And Grunts of Bears; and dreadful Hiſs of Snakes;
Shrieks more than Humane; Globes of Hail pour'd down
An Armed VVinter, and Inverted Day.
Arth. Dreadful, indeed!
Aur. Count then our Labour's loſt:
For other way lies none, to mount the Cliff,
Unleſs we borrow VVings, and ſail through Air.
Arth. Now I perceive a Danger worthy me.
'Tis *Oſmond*'s work, a band of Hell-hir'd Slaves:
Be mine the hazard, mine ſhall be the Fame.

[Arthur *is going out, but is met by* Merlin, *who takes him by the Hand, and brings him back.*

Enter Merlin.

Mer. Hold, Sir, and wait Heav'ns time; th' Attempt's too dangerous.
There's not a Tree in that Inchanted Grove,
But numbred out, and given by tale to Fiends;
And under every Leaf a Spirit couch'd.
But by what method to diſſolve theſe Charms,
Is yet unknown to me.
Arth. Hadſt thou been here, (for what can thwart thy Skill?)
Nor *Emmeline* had been the boaſt of *Oſwald*;
Nor I, fore-warn'd, been wanting to her Guard.
Con. Her darkn'd Eyes had ſeen the Light of Heav'n;
That was thy promiſe too, and this the time.
Mer. Nor has my Aid been abſent, tho' unſeen,
With Friendly Guides in your benighted Maze:
Nor *Emmeline* ſhall longer want the Sun.
Arth. Is there an end of Woes?
Mer. There is, and ſudden.
I have employ'd a ſubtil Airy Spright
T' explore the paſſage, and prepare my way.
My ſelf, mean time, will view the Magick Wood,
To learn whereon depends its Force.
Con. But *Emmeline*——
Mer. Fear not: This Vial ſhall reſtore her ſight.
Arth. Oh might I hope (and what's impoſſible
To *Merlin*'s Art) to be my ſelf the bearer,
That with the Light of Heav'n ſhe may diſcern
Her Lover firſt.
Mer. 'Tis wondrous hazardous;
Yet I foreſee th' Event, 'tis fortunate.
I'll bear ye ſafe, and bring ye back unharm'd:

Then

Then loſe not precious Time, but follow me.

[*Exeunt Omnes*, Merlin *leading* Arthur

Enter Philidel. *Scene, a Deep Wood.*

Phil. I left all ſafe behind;
For in the hindmoſt quarter of the Wood,
My former Lord, Grim *Oſmond*, walks the Round:
Calls o'er the Names, and Schools the tardy Sprights.
His Abſence gives me more ſecurity.
At every Walk I paſs'd, I drew a Spell.
So that if any Fiend, abhorring Heav'n,
There ſets his Foot, it roots him to the Ground.
Now cou'd I but diſcover *Emmeline*,
My Task were fairly done.

[*Walking about, and Prying betwixt the Trees.*

Enter Grimbald *ruſhing out: He ſeizes* Philidel, *and binds him in a Chain.*

Grimb. O Rebel, have I caught thee!
Phil. Ah me! What hard miſhap!
Grimb. What juſt Revenge!
Thou miſcreant Elf, thou Renegado Scout,
So clean, ſo furbiſh'd, ſo renew'd in White,
The Livery of our Foes; I ſee thee through:
What mak'ſt thou here? Thou trim Apoſtate, ſpeak.
Thou ſhak'ſt for fear, I feel thy falſe Heart Pant.
Phil. Ah mighty *Grimbald*,
Who would not Fear, when ſeiz'd in thy ſtrong Gripes;
But hear me, Oh Renown'd, Oh worthy Fiend,
The Favourite of our Chief.
Grimb. Away with fulſome Flattery,
The Food of Fools; thou know'ſt where laſt we met,
When but for thee, the Chriſtians had been ſwallow'd
In quaking Bogs, and Living ſent to Hell.
Phil. Aye, then I was ſeduc'd by *Merlin*'s Art,
And half perſuaded by his ſoothing Tales,
To hope for Heav'n; as if Eternal Doom
Cou'd be Revers'd, and undecreed for me:
But I am now ſet Right.
Grimb. Oh ſtill thou think'ſt to fly a Fool to Mark.
Phil. I fled from *Merlin*, free as Air that bore me,
T' unfold to *Oſmond* all his deep Deſigns.
Grimb. I believe nothing, Oh thou fond Impoſtor,
When wert thou laſt in Hell? Is not thy Name
Forgot, and Blotted from th' Infernal Roll?
But ſince thou ſay'ſt, thy Errand was to *Oſmond*,
To *Oſmond* ſhalt thou go; March, know thy Driver.
Phil. Kneeling.] Oh ſpare me, *Grimbald*, and I'll be thy Slave:
Tempt Hermits for thee, in their Holy Cells,
And Virgins in their Dreams.
Grimb. Canſt thou, a Devil, hope to cheat a Devil?
A Spy; why that's a Name abhorr'd in Hell;
Haſte forward, forward, or I'll Goad thee on,
With Iron Spurs.
Phil. But uſe me kindly then:
Pull not ſo hard to hurt my Airy Limbs;
I'll follow thee unforc'd; look, there's thy way.
Grimb. Ay there's the way indeed; but for more ſurety
I'll keep an Eye behind: Not one word more,
But follow decently.

[Grimbald *goes out, dragging* Philidel.

Phil. aſide.] So catch him Spell.
Grimb. Within.] Oh help me, help me, *Philidel.*
Phil. Why, What's the matter?
Grimb. Oh, I am inſnar'd:
Heav'ns Birdlime wraps me round, and glues my Wings.
Looſe me, and I will free thee;
Do, and I'll be thy Slave.

Phil.

Phil. What, to a Spy, a Name abhorr'd in Hell?
Grimb. Do not inſult, Oh, Oh, I grow to Ground;
The Fiery Net draws cloſer on my Limbs.
Phil. Thou ſhalt not have the Eaſe to curſe in Torments:
Be Dumb for one half hour; ſo long my Charm
Can keep thee Silent, and there lie
Till *Oſmond* breaks thy Chain. [Philidel *unbinds his own Fetters.*
Enter to him Merlin, *with a Vial in his Hand; and* Arthur.
Mer. Well haſt thou wrought thy Safety with thy Wit,
My *Philidel*; go Meritorious on.
Me, other Work requires, to view the Wood,
And learn to make the dire inchantments void.
Mean time attend King *Arthur* in my Room;
Shew him his Love, and with theſe Soveraign Drops
Reſtore her ſight. [*Exit* Merlin *giving a Vial to* Philidel.
Phil. *We muſt work, we muſt haſt;*
Noon-Tyde Hour is almoſt paſt:
Sprights, that glimmer in the Sun,
Into Shades already run.
Oſmond *will be here anon.*
Enter Emmeline *and* Matilda, *at the far end of the Wood.*
Arth. O yonder, yonder ſhe's already found:
My Soul directs my ſight, and flies before it.
Now, Gentle Spirit, uſe thy utmoſt Art;
Unſeal her Eyes; and this way lead her Steps. [Arthur *withdraws behind the Scene.*
[Emmeline *and* Matilda *come forward to the Front.*
[Philidel *approaches* Emmeline, *ſprinkling ſome of the Water over her Eyes, out of the Vial.*
Phil. *Thus, Thus I infuſe*
Theſe Soveraign Dews.
Fly back, ye Films, that Cloud her ſight,
And you, ye Chryſtal Humours bright,
Your Noxious Vapours purg'd away,
Recover, and admit the Day,
Now caſt your Eyes abroad, and ſee
All but me.
Em. Ha! What was that? Who ſpoke?
Mat. I heard the Voice; 'tis one of *Oſmond*'s Fiends.
Em. Some bleſſed Angel ſure; I feel my Eyes
Unſeal'd, they walk abroad, and a new World
Comes ruſhing on, and ſtands all gay before me.
Mat. Oh Heavens! Oh Joy of Joys! ſhe has her ſight!
Em. I am new-born; I ſhall run mad for Pleaſure. [*Staring on* Mat.
Are Women ſuch as thou? Such Glorious Creatures?
Arth. aſide.] Oh how I envy her, to be firſt ſeen!
Em. Stand farther; let me take my fill of Sight. [*Looking up.*
What's that above, that weakens my new Eyes,
Makes me not ſee, by ſeeing?
Mat. 'Tis the Sun.
Em. The Sun, 'tis ſure a God, if that be Heav'n:
Oh, if thou art a Creature, beſt and faireſt,
How well art thou, from Mortals ſo remote,
To ſhine, and not to burn, by near approach!
How haſt thou light'ned even my very Soul,
And let in Knowledge by another ſenſe!
I gaze about, new-born, to Day and thee;
A Stranger yet, an Infant of the World!
Art thou not pleas'd, *Matilda*? Why, like me,
Doſt thou not look and wonder?
Mat. For theſe Sights
Are to my Eyes familiar.
Em. That's my joy.
Not to have ſeen before: For Nature now

Comes

Comes all at once, confounding my Delight.
But ah! what thing am I? Fain wou'd I know;
Or am I blind, or do I ſee but half?
With all my Care, and, looking round about,
I cannot view my Face.
Mat. None ſee themſelves,
But by reflection; in this Glaſs you may. [*Give her a Glaſs.*
Em. taking the Glaſs, and looking. What's this?
It holds a Face within it: Oh ſweet Face;
It draws the Mouth, and Smiles, and looks upon me;
And talks; but yet I cannot hear it Speak:
The pretty thing is Dumb.
Mat. The pretty thing
You ſee within the Glaſs, is you.
Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?
Indeed it wears my Cloaths, has Hands like mine;
And Mocks what e're I do; but that I'm ſure
I am a Maid, I'd ſwear it were my Child.
Look, my *Matilda*; We both are in the Glaſs, [Matilda *looks.*
Oh, now I know it plain; they are our Names
That peep upon us there.
Mat. Our Shadows, Madam.
Em. Mine is a prettier Shadow far, than thine.
I Love it; let me Kiſs my t'other Self.
[*Kiſſing the Glaſs, and hugging it.*
Alas I've kiſs'd it Dead; the fine Thing's gone;
Indeed it Kiſs'd ſo Cold, as if 'twere Dying.
[Arthur *comes forward ſoftly; ſhewing himſelf behind her.*
'Tis here again.
Oh no, this Face is neither mine nor thine;
I think the Glaſs has Born another Child.
[*She turns and ſees* Arthur.
Ha! What art thou, with a new kind of Face,
And other Cloaths, a Noble Creature too;
But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy Look;
Of a Comptrolling Eye, Majeſtick make?
Mat. Do you not know him, Madam?
Em. Is't a Man?
Arth. Yes, and the moſt unhappy of my Kind,
If you have chang'd your Love.
Em. My deareſt Lord!
Was my Soul blind; and cou'd not that look out,
To know you e're you Spoke? Oh Counterpart
Of our ſoft Sex; Well are ye made our Lords;
So bold, ſo great, ſo God-like are ye form'd.
How can ye Love ſuch ſilly Things as Women?
Arth. Beauty like yours commands: and Man was made
But a more boiſterous, and a ſtronger Slave,
To you, the beſt Delights of human Kind.
Em. But are ye mine? is there an end of War?
Are all thoſe Trumpets Dead themſelves, at laſt,
That us'd to kill Men with their Thundring Sounds?
Arth. The Sum of War is undecided yet:
And many a breathing Body muſt be Cold,
E're you are free.
Em. How came ye hither then?
Arth. By *Merlin*'s Art, to ſnatch a ſhort-liv'd Bliſs:
To feed my Famiſh'd Love upon your Eyes
One Moment, and depart.
Em. O moment, worth ——
Whole Ages paſt, and all that are to come!
Let Love-ſick *Oſwald*, now unpitied mourn;

Let *Oſmond* mutter Charms to Sprights in vain,
To make me Love him; all ſhall not change my Soul.
Arth. Ha! Does the Inchanter practice Hell upon you?
Is he my Rival too?
Em. Yes, but I hate him;
For when he ſpoke, through my ſhut Eyes I ſaw him;
His Voice look'd ugly, and breath'd brimſtone on me:
And then I firſt was glad that I was blind,
Not to behold Damnation.
Phil. This time is left me to Congratulate
Your new-born Eyes; and tell you what you gain
By ſight reſtor'd, and viewing him you love.
Appear, you Airy Forms: [*Airy Spirits appear in the Shapes of Men and Women.*

Man ſings. *O Sight, the Mother of Deſires,*
What Charming Objects doſt thou yield!
'Tis ſweet, when tedious Night expires,
To ſee the Roſie Morning gild
The Mountain Tops, and paint the Field!
But, when Clorinda *comes in ſight,*
She makes the Summers Day more bright;
And when ſhe goes away, 'tis Night.

Chor. *When Fair* Clorinda *comes in ſight,* &c.

Wom. ſings. *'Tis ſweet the Bluſhing Morn to view;*
And Plains adorn'd with Pearly Dew:
But ſuch cheap Delights to ſee,
Heaven and Nature,
Give each Creature;
They have Eyes, as well as we.
This is the Joy, all Joys above
To ſee, to ſee,
That only ſhe,
That only ſhe we love!

Chor. *This is the Joy, all Joys above,* &c.

Man ſings. *And, if we may diſcover,*
What Charms both Nymph and Lover,
'Tis, when the Fair at Mercy lies,
With Kind and Amorous Anguiſh,
To Sigh, to Look, to Languiſh,
On each others Eyes!

Chor. of all Men and Wom. *And if we may diſcover,* &c.

Phil. Break off your muſick; for our Foes are near. [*Spirits vaniſh*

Enter Merlin.

Merl. My Soveraign, we have hazarded too far;
But Love excuſes you, and preſcience me.
Make haſte; for *Oſmond* is even now alarm'd,
And greedy of Revenge, is haſting home.
Arth. Oh take my Love with us, or leave me here.
Merl. I cannot, for ſhe's held by Charms too ſtrong:
Which, with the Inchanted Grove muſt be deſtroy'd;
Till when, my Art is vain: But fear not, *Emmeline*;
Th' Enchanter has no Pow'r on Innocence.
Em. to *Arth.* Farewel, Since we muſt part: When you are gone,
I'll look into my Glaſs, juſt where you look'd;
To find your Face again;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you ſo long,
My Heart ſhall make your Picture for my Eyes.
Arth. Where-e'er I go, my Soul ſhall ſtay with thee:
'Tis but my Shadow that I take away;
True Love is never happy but by halves;
An *April* Sun-ſhine, that by fits appears,
It ſmiles by Moments, but it mourns by Years.

[*Exeunt* Arthur *and* Merlin *at one Door.*

Enter Oſmond *at the other Door, who gazes on* Emmeline, *and ſhe on him.*

Em. Matilda ſave me, from this ugly Thing,
This Foe to ſight, Speak, doſt thou know him?

Matil.

Matil. Too well; 'tis *Oſwald*'s Friend, the great Magician.
Em. It cannot be a Man, he's ſo unlike the Man I Love.
Oſm. aſide. Death to my Eyes, ſhe ſees!
Em. I wiſh I cou'd not; but I'll cloſe my Sight,
And ſhut out all I can —— It wo'not be;
Winking, I ſee thee ſtill, thy odious Image
Stares full into my Soul; and there infects the Room
My *Arthur* ſhou'd poſſeſs.
Oſm. aſide. I find too late,
That *Merlin* and her Lover have been here.
If I was fir'd before, when ſhe was Blind,
Her Eyes dart Lightning now, ſhe muſt be mine.
Em. I prithee Dreadful Thing, tell me thy Buſineſs here;
And if thou canſt, Reform that odious Face;
Look not ſo Grim upon me.
Oſm. My Name is *Oſmond*, and my Buſineſs Love.
Em. Thou haſt a grizly look; forbidding what thou ask'ſt,
If I durſt tell thee ſo.
Oſm. My Pent-Houſe Eye-Brows, and my Shaggy Beard
Offend your Sight, but theſe are Manly Signs;
Faint White and Red, abuſe your Expectations;
Be Woman; know your Sex, and Love full Pleaſures.
Em. Love from a Monſter, Fiend!
Oſm. Come you muſt Love, or you muſt ſuffer Love;
No Coineſs, None, for I am Maſter here.
Em. And when did *Oſwald* give away his Power,
That thou preſum'ſt to Rule? Be ſure I'll tell him:
For as I am his Priſoner, he is mine.
Oſm. Why then thou art a Captive to a Captive.
O'er labour'd with the Fight, oppreſt with Thirſt:
That *Oſwald* whom you mention'd call'd for Drink:
I mix'd a Sleepy Potion in his Bowl;
Which he and his Fool Fiend, quaff'd greedily,
The happy Doſe wrought the deſir'd effect;
Then to a Dungeon's depth, I ſent both Bound:
Where ſtow'd with Snakes and Adders now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds; Slippery with Ooſe and Slime:
The Rats bruſh o'er their Faces with their Tails;
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs:
Since when the Garriſon depends on me;
Now know you are my Slave.
Mat. He ſtrikes a Horror through my Blood.
Em. I Freeze, as if his impious Art had fix'd
My Feet to Earth.
Oſm. But Love ſhall thaw ye.
I'll ſhow his force in Countries cak'd with Ice,
Where the pale Pole-Star in the North of Heav'n
Sits high, and on the frory Winter broods;
Yet there Love Reigns: For proof, this Magick Wand
Shall change the Mildneſs of ſweet *Britains* Clime
To *Tzeland* and the fartheſt *Thule*'s Froſt;
Where the Proud God, diſdaining Winters Bounds,
O'er-leaps the Fences of Eternal Snow,
And with his Warmth, ſupplies the diſtant Sun.

[Oſmond *ſtrikes the Ground with his Wand: The Scene changes to a Proſpect of Winter in Frozen Countries.*

Cupid *Deſcends.*

Cup. ſings. *What ho, thou* Genius *of the Clime, what ho!*
Ly'ſt thou aſleep beneath thoſe Hills of Snow?
Stretch out thy Lazy Limbs; awake, awake,
And Winter from thy Furry Mantle ſhake.

Genius *Ariſes*

Genius. *What Power art thou, who from below,*
Haſt made me Riſe, unwillingly, and ſlow.

From Beds of Everlasting Snow!
See'st thou not how stiff, and wondrous old,
Far unfit to bear the bitter Cold,
I can scarely move, or draw my Breath;
Let me, let me, Freeze again to Death.

Cupid. *Thou Doting Fool forbear, forbear;*
What dost thou Dream of Freezing here?
At Loves appearing, all the Skie clearing.
The Stormy Winds their Fury spare:
Winter subduing and Spring renewing,
My Beams create a more Glorious Year,
Thou Doting Fool, forbear, forbear;
What, Dost thou Dream of Freezing here?

Genius. *Great Love, I know thee now;*
Eldest of the Gods art Thou:
Heav'n and Earth, by Thee were made.
Humane Nature,
Is thy Creature,
Every Where Thou art obey'd

Cupid. *No part of my Dominion shall be waste,*
To spread my Sway, and Sing my Praise,
Ev'n here I will a People raise,
Of kind embracing Lovers, and embace.

(Cupid waves his Wand upon which the Scene opens, and discovers a Prospect of Ice and Snow to the end of the Stage.

[Singers and Dancers, Men and Women, appear.

Man. *See, see, we assemble,*
Thy Revels to hold:
Though quiv'ring with Cold,
We Chatter and Tremble.

Cupid. *'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have warm'd ye;*
In spight of Cold Weather,
I've brought ye together:
'Tis I, 'tis I, 'tis I, that have arm'd ye.

Chor. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has warm'd us.*
In spight of Cold Weather,
He brought us together:
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love that has arm'd us.

Cupid. *Sound a Parley, ye Fair, and surrender;*
Set your selves, and your Lovers at ease;
He's a Grateful Offender
Who Pleasure dare seize:
But the Whining pretender
Is sure to displease.

2.

Since the Fruit of Desire is possessing
'Tis Unmanly to Sigh and Complain;
When we Kneel for Redressing,
We move your Disdain;
Love was made for a Blessing,
And not for a Pain.

[*A Dance*; *after which the Singers and Dancers depart.*

Em. I cou'd be pleas'd with any one but thee,
Who entertain my sight with such Gay Shows,
As Men and Women moving here and there;
That coursing one another in their Steps,
Have made their Feet a Tune.

Osmo. What, Coying it again!
No more; but make me happy to my Gust,
That is, without your struggling.

Em. From my sight,
Thou all thy Devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Osmo.

Oſmo. You teach me well, I find you wou'd be Raviſh'd;
I'll give you that excuſe your Sex deſires.
[*He begins to lay hold on her, and they ſtruggle.*
Grimb. Within.] O help me, Maſter, help me!
Oſmo. Who's that, my *Grimbald*! Come and help thou me:
For 'tis thy work t' aſſiſt a Raviſher.
Grimb. Within.] I cannot ſtir; I am ſpell caught by *Philidel*,
And purs'd within a Net. With a huge heavy weight of holy Words,
Laid on my Head that keeps me down from riſing.
Oſmo. I'll read 'em backwards, and releaſe thy Bonds:
Mean time go in——
Prepare your ſelf, and eaſe my Drudgery:
But if you will not fairly be enjoy'd,
A little honeſt Force, is well employ'd.
[*To* Emmeline.
[*Exit* Oſmond.
Em. Heav'n be my Guard, I have no other Friend!
Heav'n ever preſent to thy ſuppliants Aid,
Protect and pity Innocence betray'd.
[*Exeunt* Emmeline *and* Matilda.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Oſmond, *Solus.*

NOW I am ſetl'd in my Force-full Sway;
Why then, I'll be Luxurious in my Love;
Take my full Guſt, and ſetting Forms aſide,
I'll bid the Slave, that fires my Blood, lie down.
[*Seems to be going off.*
Enter Grimbald, *who meets him.*
Grimb. Not ſo faſt, Maſter, Danger threatens thee:
There's a black Cloud deſcending from above,
Full of Heav'ns Venom, burſting o'er thy Head.
Oſmo. Malicious Fiend, thou ly'ſt: For I am fenc'd
By Millions of thy Fellows, in my Grove:
I bad thee, when I freed thee from the Charm,
Run ſcouting through the Wood, from Tree to Tree,
And look if all my Devils were on Duty:
Hadſt thou perform'd thy Charge, thou tardy Spright,
Thou wouldſt have known no Danger threatn'd me.
Grim. When did a Devil fail in Diligence?
Poor Mortal, thou thy ſelf art overſeen;
I have been there, and thence I bring this News.
Thy fatal Foe, great *Arthur*, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time while thou wert abſent,
T' obſerve thy Characters, their Force, and Nature,
And Counterwork thy Spells.
Oſmo. The Devil take *Merlin*;
I'll caſt 'em all anew, and inſtantly,
All of another Mould; be thou at hand.
Their Compoſition was, before, of Horror;
Now they ſhall be of Blandiſhment, and Love;
Seducing Hopes, ſoft Pity, tender Moans:
Art ſhall meet Art; and, when they think to win,
The Fools ſhall find their Labour to begin.
[*Exeunt* Oſmo. *and* Grimb.
Enter Arthur, *and* Merlin *at another Door.* *Scene of the Wood continues.*
Mer. Thus far it is permitted me to go;
But all beyond this Spot, is fenc'd with Charms;
I may no more; but only with advice.
Arth. My Sword ſhall do the reſt.
Mer. Remember well, that all is but Illuſion;
Go on; good Stars attend thee.
Arth. Doubt me not.
Mer. Yet in prevention
Of what may come, I'll leave my *Philidel*

To watch thy Steps, and with him leave my Wand;
The touch of which, no Earthy Fiend can bear,
In what e'er Shape transform'd, but muſt lay down
His borrow'd Figure, and confeſs the Devil.
Once more Farewel, and Proſper. [*Exit* Merlin.
Arth. Walking.] No Danger yet, I ſee no walls of Fire,
No City of the Fiends, with Forms obſcene,
To grin from far, on Flaming Battlements.
This is indeed the Grove I ſhou'd deſtroy;
But where's the Horrour? Sure the Prophet err'd.
Hark! Muſick, and the warbling Notes of Birds; [*Soft Muſick.*
Hell entertains me, like ſome welcome Gueſt.
More Wonders yet; yet all delightful too,
A Silver Current to forbid my paſſage,
And yet to invite me, ſtands a Golden Bridge:
Perhaps a Trap, for my Unwary Feet
To ſink, and Whelm me underneath the Waves;
With Fire or Water, let him wage his War,
Or all the Elements at once; I'll on. [*As he is going to the Bridge, two Syrens ariſe from the Water; They ſhew themſelves to the Waſte, and Sing.*

1 Syren. *O paſs not on, but ſtay,*
And waſte the Joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aſide,
And other Arms provide;
For other Wars attend thee,
And ſweeter to be try'd.
Chor. *For other Wars,* &c.

Both Sing. *Two Daughters of this Aged Stream (are we;*
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee;
Come Bath with us an Hour or two,
Come Naked in, for we are ſo;
What Danger from a Naked Foe?
Come Bath with us, come Bath, and ſhare,
What Pleaſures in the Floods appear;
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And Circle round, around, around,
And Circle round, around.

Aur. A Lazie Pleaſure trickles through my Veins;
Here could I ſtay, and well be Cozen'd here.
But Honour calls; Is Honour in ſuch haſte?
Can he not Bait at ſuch a pleaſing Inn?
No; for the more I look, the more I long;
Farewel, ye Fair Illuſions, I muſt leave ye.
While I have Power to ſay, that I muſt leave ye.
Farewel, with half my Soul I ſtagger off;
How dear this flying Victory has coſt,
When, if I ſtay to ſtruggle, I am loſt.
[*As he is going forward,* Nymphs *and* Sylvans *come out from behind the Trees, Baſe and two Trebles ſing the following* Song *to a* Minuet.

[Dance with the Song, all with Branches in their Hands.

I.

Song. *How happy the Lover,*
How eaſie his Chain,
How pleaſing his Pain?
How ſweet to diſcover!
He ſighs not in vain.
For Love every Creature
Is form'd by his Nature;
No Joys are above
The Pleaſures of Love.

[The Dance continues with the ſame Meaſure play'd alone.

II.

In vain are our Graces,
In vain are your Eyes,
If Love you deſpiſe;
When Age furrows Faces,
'Tis time to be wiſe.
Then uſe the ſhort Bleſſing:
That Flies in Poſſeſſing:
No Joys are above
The Pleaſures of Love.

Arth. And what are theſe Fantaſtick Fairy Joys,
To Love like mine? Falſe Joys, falſe Welcomes all,
Begone, ye *Sylvan* Trippers of the Green;
Fly after Night, and overtake the Moon.
[*Here the Dancers, Singers and Syrens vaniſh.*
This goodly Tree ſeems Queen of all the Grove.
The Ringlets round her Trunk declare her guilty
Of many Midnight-Sabbaths Revell'd here.
Her will I firſt attempt.
[Arthur *ſtrikes at the Tree, and cuts it; Blood ſpouts out of it, a Groan follows, then a Shreik.*

Good

Good Heav'ns, what Monſtrous Prodigies are theſe!
Blood follows from my blow; the Wounded Rind
Spouts on my Sword, and Sanguine dies the Plain.
[*He ſtrikes again: A Voice of* Emmeline *from behind.*
Em. from behind.] Forbear, if thou haſt Pity, ah forbear!
Theſe Groans proceed not from a Senceleſs Plant,
No Spouts of Blood run welling from a Tree.
Arth. Speak what thou art: I charge thee ſpeak thy Being;
Thou that haſt made my curdl'd Blood run back,
My Heart heave up; my Hair to riſe in Briſtles,
And ſcarcely left a Voice to ask thy Name.
[Emmeline *breaks out of the Tree, ſhewing her Arm Bloody.*
Em. Whom thou haſt hurt, Unkind and Cruel, ſee;
Look on this Blood, 'tis fatal, ſtill, to me
To bear thy Wounds, my Heart has felt 'em firſt.
Arth. 'Tis ſhe; Amazement roots me to the Gound!
Em. By cruel Charms, dragg'd from my peaceful Bower,
Fierce *Oſmond* clos'd me in this bleeding Bark;
And bid me ſtand expos'd to the bleak Winds,
And Winter Storms; and Heav'ns Inclemency,
Bound to the Fate of this Hell-haunted Grove;
So that whatever Sword, or ſounding Axe,
Shall violate this Plant, muſt pierce my Fleſh,
And when that falls, I die——
Arth. If this be true,
O never, never, to be ended Charm,
At leaſt by me; yet all may be illuſion.
Break up, ye thickning Foggs, and filmy Miſts,
All that be-lye my Sight, and cheat my Senſe.
For Reaſon ſtill pronounces, 'tis not ſhe,
And thus reſolv'd—— [*Lifts up his Sword, as going to ſtrike.*
Em. Do, ſtrike, *Barbarian*, ſtrike;
And ſtrew my mangled Limbs, with every ſtroke,
Wound me, and double Kill me, with Unkindneſs,
That by thy Hand I fell.
Arth. What ſhall I do, ye Powers?
Em. Lay down thy Vengeful Sword; 'tis fatal here:
What need of Arms, where no Defence is made?
A Love Sick Virgin, panting with Deſire,
No Conſcious Eye t' intrude on our Delights:
For this thou haſt the *Syren's* Songs deſpis'd;
For this, thy Faithful Paſſion I Reward;
Haſte then, to take me longing to thy Arms.
Arth. O Love! O *Merlin*! Whom ſhould I believe?
Em. Believe thy Self, thy Youth, thy Love, and me;
They only, they who pleaſe themſelves, are Wiſe:
Diſarm thy Hand, that mine may meet it bare.
Arth. By thy leave, Reaſon, here I throw thee off,
Thou load of Life: If thou wert made for Souls,
Then Souls ſhou'd have been made without their Bodies.
If, falling for the firſt Created Fair,
Was *Adam's* Fault, great Grandſire I forgive thee,
Eden was loſt, as all thy Sons wou'd loſe it.
[*Going towards* Emmeline, *and pulling off his Gantlet.*
Enter Philidel *running.*
Phil. Hold, poor deluded Mortal, hold thy Hand;
Which if thou giv'ſt, is plighted to a Fiend.
For proof, behold the Vertue of this Wand;
Th' Infernal Paint ſhall vaniſh from her Face,
And Hell ſhall ſtand Reveal'd. [*Strikes* Emmeline *with a Wand, who ſtraight deſcends*: Philidel *runs to the Deſcent, and pulls up* Grimbald, *and binds him.*
Now ſee to whoſe Embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the Maiden Modeſty of *Grimbald*,
The groſſeſt, earthieſt, uglieſt Fiend in Hell.

Arth.

Arth. Horror ſeizes me,
To think what Headlong Ruine I have tempted.
Phil. Haſte to thy Work; a Noble ſtroke or two
Ends all the Charms, and diſenchants the Grove.
I'll hold thy Miſtreſs bound.
Arth. Then here's for Earneſt; [*Strikes twice or thrice, and the Tree falls, or ſinks: A Peal of Thunder immediately follows, with dreadful Howlings.*
'Tis finiſh'd, and the Dusk that yet remains,
Is but the Native Horrour of the Wood.
But I muſt loſe no time; the Paſs is free;
Th' unrooſted Fiends have quitted this Abode;
On yon proud Towers, before the day be done,
My glittering Banners ſhall be wav'd againſt the ſetting Sun. [*Exit* Arth.
Phil. Come on my ſurly Slave; come ſtalk along,
And ſtamp a mad-Man's pace, and drag thy Chain.
Grim. I'll Champ and Foam upon't, till the blue Venom
Work upward to thy Hands, and looſe their hold.
Phil. Know'ſt thou this powerful Wand; 'tis lifted up;
A ſecond ſtroke wou'd ſend thee to the Centre,
Benumb'd and Dead, as far as Souls can Die.
Grim. I wou'd thou wou'dſt, to rid me of my Senſe:
I ſhall be whoop'd through Hell at my return,
Inglorious from the Miſchief I deſign'd.
Phil. And therefore ſince thou loath'ſt Ethereal Light,
The Morning Sun ſhall beat on thy black Brows;
The Breath thou draw'ſt ſhall be of upper Air,
Hoſtile to thee, and to thy Earthy make,
So light, ſo thin, that thou ſha't Starve, for want
Of thy groſs Food, till gaſping thou ſhalt lie,
And blow it black, all Sooty to the Sky. [*Exit* Philidel, *dragging* Grimbald *after him.*

ACT V.

Enter Oſmond *as Affrighted.*

Oſm. GRimbald made Priſoner, and my Grove deſtroy'd!
Now what can ſave me —— Hark the Drums and Trumpets!
[*Drums and Trumpets within.*
Arthur is marching onward to the Fort,
I have but one Recourſe, and that's to *Oſwald*;
But will he Fight for me, whom I have injur'd?
No, not for me, but for himſelf he muſt;
I'll urge him with the laſt Neceſſity;
Better give up my Miſtreſs than my Life.
His force is much unequal to his Rival?
True; —— But I'll help him with my utmoſt Art,
And try t' unravel Fate. [*Exit* Oſmond.
Enter Arthur, Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *and Soldiers.*
Con. Now there remains but this one Labour more;
And if we have the Hearts of true Born *Britains*,
The forcing of that Caſtle Crowns the Day.
Aur. The Works are weak, the Garriſon but thin,
Diſpirited with frequent Overthrows,
Already wavering on their ill mann'd Walls.
Alb. They ſhift their places oft, and ſculk from War,
Sure Signs of pale Deſpair, and eaſie Rout;
It ſhews they place their Confidence in Magick,
And when their Devils fail, their Hearts are Dead.
Arth. Then, where you ſee 'em cluſt'ring moſt, in Motion,
And ſtaggering in their Ranks, there preſs 'em home;
For that's a Coward heap —— How's, this, a Sally?

Enter

Enter Oſwald, Guillamar, *and Souldiers on the other ſide.*

Beyond my Hopes, to meet 'em on the Square.

Oſw. advancing. Brave *Britains* hold; and thou their famous Chief
Attend what *Saxon Oſwald* will propoſe.
He owns your Victory, but whethre owing
To Valour, or to Fortune, that he doubts.
If *Arthur* dares aſcribe it to the firſt
And ſingl'd from a Crowd, will tempt a Conqueſt,
This *Oſwald* Offers, let our Troops retire,
And Hand to Hand, let us decide our Strife:
This if Refus'd, bear Witneſs Earth and Heaven,
Thou ſteal'ſt a Crown and Miſtreſs undeſerv'd.

Arth. I'll not Uſurp thy Title of a Robber,
Nor will upbraid thee, that before I proffer'd
This ſingle Combat, which thou didſt avoid;
So glad I am, on any Terms to meet thee,
And not diſcourage thy Repenting ſhame;
As once *Æneas* my Fam'd Anceſtor,
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Bands,
Fought for a Crown, and bright *Lavinia*'s Bed,
So will I meet thee, Hand to Hand oppos'd:
My Auguring Mind, aſſures the ſame Succeſs.
To his Men. Hence out of view; If I am Slain, or yield,
Renounce me *Britains* for a Recreant Knight,
And let the *Saxon* peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous Ile.
To Ratifie theſe Terms, I ſwear——

Oſw. You need not;
Your Honour is of Force, without your Oath
I only add, that if I fall, or yeild,
Yours be the Crown, and *Emmeline.*

Arth. That's two Crowns.
No more; we keep the looking Heav'ns and Sun
Too long in Expectation of our Arms. [*Both Armies go clear off the Stage*

[*They Fight with Spunges in their Hands dipt in Blood; after ſome equal Paſſes and Cloſeing, they appear both Wounded:* Arthur *Stumbles among the Trees,* Oſwald *falls over him, they both Riſe;* Arthur *Wounds him again, then* Oſwald *Retreats. Enter* Oſmond *from among the Trees, and with his Wand, ſtrikes* Arthur's *Sword out of his Hand, and* Exit. Oſwald *purſes* Arthur. Merlin *enters, and gives* Arthur *his Sword, and* Exit; *they cloſe, and* Arthur *in the fall Diſarms* Oſwald.

Arth. Confeſs thy ſelf o'ercome, and ask thy Life.

Oſw. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy Power.

Arth. Then take it as my Gift.

Oſw. A wretched Gift,
With loſs of Empire, Liberty, and Love.

[*A Conſort of Trumpets within, proclaiming* Arthur's *Victory. While they Sound,* Arthur *and* Oſwald *ſeem to Confer.*

'Tis too much Bounty to a vanquiſh'd Foe;
Yet not enough to make me Fortunate.

Arth. Thy Life, thy Liberty, thy Honour Safe,
Lead back thy *Saxons* to their Ancient *Elbe*:
I wou'd Reſtore thee fruitful *Kent*, the Gift
Of *Vortigern* for *Hengiſt*'s ill-brought aid,
But that my *Britains* brook no Foreign Power,
To Lord it in a Land, Sacred to Freedom;
And of its Rights Tenacious to the laſt.

Oſw. Nor more than thou haſt offer'd wou'd I take.
I wou'd Refuſe all *Britain*, held in Homage;
And own no other Maſters but the Gods.

Enter on one ſide; Merlin, Emmeline, *and* Matilda. Conon, Aurelius, Albanact, *with Britiſh Soldiers, bearing King* Arthur's *Standard diſplay'd.*

On the other ſide; Guillamar *and* Oſmond, *with Saxon Soldiers, dragging their Colours no the Ground.*

Arth. *going to* Emm. *and embracing her.* } At length, at length, I have thee in my Arms;
Tho' our Malevolent Stars have ſtruggled hard,
And held us long aſunder:

Em. We are ſo fitted for each others Hearts,
That Heav'n had err'd, in making of a third,
To get betwixt, and intercept our Loves.

Oſw. Were there but this, this only ſight to ſee,
The price of *Britain* ſhou'd not buy my ſtay.

Merl. Take hence that Monſter of Ingratitude,
Him, who betray'd his Maſter, bear him hence,
And in that loathſom Dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd Noble *Oſwald.*

Oſm. That indeed is fitteſt for me,
For their I ſhall be near my Kindred Fiends,
And ſpare my *Grimbald*'s Pains to bear me to 'em. [*Is carried off.*

Mer. to *Arth.* For this Days Palm, and for thy former Acts,
Thy *Britain* freed, and Foreign Force expell'd,
Thou, *Arthur*, haſt acquir'd a future Fame,
And of three Chriſtian Worthies, art the firſt:
And now at once, to treat thy Sight and Soul,
Behold what Rouling Ages ſhall produce:
The Wealth, the Loves, the Glories of our Iſle,
Which yet like Golden-Oar, unripe in Beds,
Expect the Warm Indulgency of Heav'n
To call 'em forth to Light ——

To *Oſw.* Nor thou, brave *Saxon* Prince diſdain our Triumphs;
Britains and *Saxons* ſhall be once one People;
One Common Tongue, one Common Faith ſhall bind
Our Jarring Bands, in a perpetual Peace.

[Merlin *waves his Wand; the Scene changes, and diſcovers the Britiſh Ocean in a Storm.* Æolus *in a Cloud above: Four Winds hanging,* &c.

Æolus Singing.] *Ye Bluſt'ring Brethren of the Skies,*
Whoſe Breath has ruffl'd all the Watry Plain,
Retire, and let Britannia *Riſe*
In Triumph o'er the Main.
Serene and Calm, and void of fear,
The Queen of Iſlands muſt appear:
Serene and Calm, as when the Spring
The New Created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did ſoftly ſing,
Their Peaceful Homage paid to Man,
While Eurus *did his Blaſts forbear,*
In favour of the Tender Year.
Retreat, Rude Winds, retreat
To Hollow Rocks, your Stormy Seat;
There ſwell your Lungs, and vainly, vainly threat.

[*Æolus* aſcends, and the four Winds fly off. The Scene opens, and diſcovers a calm Sea, to the end of the Houſe. An *Iſland* ariſes, to a ſoft Tune; *Britannia* ſeated in the *Iſland*, with Fiſhermen at her Feet, *&c.* The Tune changes; the Fiſhermen come aſhore, and dance a While; after which, *Pan* and a *Nereide* come on the Stage, and ſing.

Pan *and* Nereide *Sing.*

Round thy Coaſt, Fair Nymph of Britain,
For thy Guard our Waters flow:
Proteus *all his Herd admitting,*
On thy Greens to Graze below.
Foreign Lands thy Fiſhes Taſting,
Learn from thee Luxurious Faſting.

Song of three Parts.

For Folded Flocks, on Fruitful Plains,
The Shephreds and the Farmers Gains,
Fair Britain *all the World outvies;*
And Pan, *as in* Arcadia *Reigns,*
Where Pleaſure mixt with Profit lies.

2. *Though*

2.

Though Jaſons *Office was Fam'd of old,*
The Britiſh *Wool is growing Gold;*
No Mines can more of Wealth ſupply:
It keeps the Peaſant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian *Dye.*

The laſt *Stanza* ſung over again betwixt *Pan* and the *Nereide.*
After which the former Dance is varied, and goes on.
Enter Comus *with three Peaſants, who ſing the following* SONG *in Parts.*

Com. *YOur Hay it is Mow'd and your Corn is Reap'd;*
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd:
Come, my Boys, Come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harveſt Home;
Harveſt Home,
Harveſt Home;
And merrily Roar out Harveſt Home.
Chorus. *Come, my Boys, come,* &c.

1 Man. *We ha' cheated the Parſon, we'll cheat him agen;*
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten;
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?
Chorus. *One in Ten,*
One in Ten;
For why ſhou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten?

2. *For Prating ſo long like a Book-learn'd Sot,*
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.
Chorus. *Burn to Pot,* &c.
3. *We'll toſs off our Ale till we canno' ſtand,*
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England:
Old England,
Old England;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old England.
Chorus. *Old* England, *&c.*

The Dance vary'd into a round Country-Dance.
Enter Venus.

Venus. *Faireſt Iſle, all Iſles Excelling,*
Seat of Pleaſures, and of Loves;
Venus, *here, will chuſe her Dwelling,*
And forſake her Cyprian *Groves.*

2.

Cupid *from his Fav'rite Nation,*
Care and Envy will Remove;
Jealouſie, that poyſons Paſſion,
And Deſpair that dies for Love.

3.

Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complaining,
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

4.

Every Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful every Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe Excel in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be Renown'd for Love;

SONG by Mr. *Howe.*

She. *YOU ſay, 'Tis Love Creates the Pain,*
Of which ſo ſadly you Complain;
And yet wou'd fain Engage my Heart
In that uneaſie cruel part:
But how, Alas! think you, that I,
Can bear the Wound of which you die?

2.

He. *'Tis not my Paſſion makes my Care,*
But your Indifference gives Deſpair:
The Luſty Sun begets no Spring,
Till Gentle Show'rs Aſſiſtance bring:
So Love that Scorches, and Deſtroys,
Till Kindneſs Aids, can cauſe no Joys.

3.

She. *Love has a Thouſand Ways to pleaſe,*
But more to rob us of our Eaſe:
For Wakeful Nights and Careful Days,
Some Hours of Pleaſure he repays;
But abſence ſoon, or Jealous Fears,
O'erflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.

4.

He. *By vain and ſenſeleſs Forms betray'd,*
Harmleſs Love's th' Offender made;
While we no other Pains endure,
Than thoſe, that we our ſelves procure:
But one ſoft Moment makes Amends
For all the Torment that attends.

5.

Chorus of Both.

Let us love, let us love, and to Happineſs haſte;
Age and Wiſdom come too faſt:
Youth for Loving was deſign'd.
He alone. *I'll be conſtant, you be kind.*
She alone. *You be conſtant, I'll be kind.*
Both. *Heav'n can give no greater Bleſſing.*
Than faithful Love, and kind Poſſeſſing.

[After the Dialogue, a Warlike Conſort: The Scene opens above, and diſcovers the Order of the Garter.

Enter Honour, *Attended by* Hero's.

Merl. Theſe who laſt enter'd, are our Valiant *Britains*,
Who ſhall by Sea and Land Repel our Foes.
Now look above, and in Heav'ns High Abyſs,
Behold what Fame attends thoſe future Hero's.
Honour, who leads 'em to that Steepy Height,
In her Immortal Song, ſhall tell the reſt.
(Honour ſings.)

1.

Hon. *St.* George, *the Patron of our Iſle,*
A Soldier, and a Saint,
On that Auſpicious Order ſmile,
Which Love and Arms will plant.

2.

Our Natives not alone appear
To Court this Martial Prize;
But Foreign Kings Adopted here,
Their Crowns at home deſpiſe.

3.

Our Soveraign High, in Aweful State,
His Honours ſhall beſtow;
And ſee his Scepter'd Subjects wait
On his Commands below.

[A full Chorus of the whole Song: After which the Grand Dance.

Arth. to Merl. Wiſely you have, whate'er will pleaſe, reveal'd,
What wou'd diſpleaſe, as wiſely have conceal'd:
Triumphs of War and Peace, at full ye ſhow,
But ſwiftly turn the Pages of our Wo.
Reſt we contented with our preſent State;
'Tis Anxious to enquire of future Fate;
That Race of Hero's is enough alone
For all unſeen Diſaſters to atone.
Let us make haſte betimes to Reap our ſhare,
And not Reſign them all the Praiſe of War.
But ſet th' Example; and their Souls Inflame,
To Copy our their Great Forefathers Fame.

Love Triumphant:

OR,

NATURE will PREVAIL.

A

Tragi-Comedy.

To the Right Honourable

JAMES

Earl of *Salisbury*, &c.

MY LOLD,

THIS Poem being the laſt which I intend for the Theatre, ought to have the ſame Proviſion made for it, which Old Men make for their Youngeſt Child, which is commonly a Favourite: They who were born before it carry away the Patrimony by Right of Elderſhip. This is to make its Fortune in the World; and ſince I can do little for it, Natural Affection calls upon me to put it out, at leaſt, into the beſt Service which I can procure for it. And as it is the uſual practice of our decay'd Gentry, to look about them for ſome Illuſtrious Family, and there endeavour to fix their Young Darling, where he may be both well Educated, and Supported: I have herein alſo follow'd the Cuſtom of the World, and am ſatisfi'd in my Judgment, that I cou'd not have made a more Worthy Choice. 'Tis true, I am not vain enough to think that any thing of mine can in any meaſure be worthy of Your Lordſhip's Patronage: And yet I ſhou'd be aſham'd to leave the Stage, without ſome acknowledgment of your former Favours, which I have more than once experienc'd. Beſides the Honour of my Wife's Relation to Your Noble Houſe, to which my Sons may plead ſome Title, though I cannot; You have been pleas'd to take a particular notice of me, even in this lowneſs of my Fortunes, to which I have voluntarily reduc'd my ſelf: And of which I have no reaſon to be aſham'd. This Condeſcenſion, my Lord, is not only becoming of Your Ancient Family, but of Your Perſonal Character in the World. And if I value my ſelf the more for your Indulgence to me, and your Opinion of me; 'tis becauſe any thing which you like, ought to be conſider'd as ſomething in it ſelf. And therefore I muſt not undervalue my preſent Labours, becauſe I have preſum'd to make you my Patron. A Man may be juſt to himſelf, though he ought not to be partial. And I dare affirm, that the ſeveral Manners which I have given to the Perſons of this *Drama*, are truly drawn from Nature; all perfectly diſtinguiſh'd from each other. That the Fable is not injudiciouſly contriv'd; that the turns of Fortune are not manag'd unartfully; and that the laſt Revolution is happily enough invented. *Ariſtotle*, I acknowledge, has declar'd, that the Cataſtrophe which is made from the change of Will is not of the firſt Order for Beauty: But it may reaſonable be alledg'd, in defence of this Play, as well as of the *Cinna* (which I take to be the very beſt of *Corneille*'s) that the Philoſopher who made the Rule, copy'd all the Laws, which he gave for the *Theatre*, from the Authorities and Examples of the *Greek* Poets, which he had read: And from their Poverty of Invention he cou'd get nothing but mean Concluſions of Wretched Tales: where the mind of the chief Actor was for the moſt part chang'd without Art or Preparation; only becauſe the Poet could not otherwiſe end his Play. Had it been poſſible for *Ariſtotle* to have ſeen the *Cinna*, I am confident he would have alter'd his Opinion; and concluded, that a ſimple change of Will might be manag'd with ſo much Judgment, as to render it the moſt agreeable, as well as the moſt ſurpriſing part of the whole Fable: Let *D'acier*, and all the reſt of the Modern Criticks, who are too much Bigot-

ted

ted to the Ancients, contend never ſo much to the contrary. I was afraid that I had been the Inventor of a new ſort of deſigning; when in my Third Act, I make a diſcovery of my *Alphonſo*'s true Parentage. If it were ſo, what wonder had it been, that Dramatick Poetry, though a limited Art, yet might be capable of receiving ſome Innovations for the better. But afterwards I caſually found, that *Menander* and *Terence*, in the *Heautontemoreumenos*, had been before me; and made the ſame kind of diſcovery in the ſame Act. As for the Mechanick Unities, that of Time is much within the compaſs of an Aſtrological Day, which begins at Twelve, and ends at the ſame hour the Day following.' That of Place is not obſerv'd ſo juſtly by me, as by the Ancients; for their Scene was always one, and almoſt conſtantly ſome Publick Place. Some of the late *French* Poets, and amongſt the *Engliſh*, my moſt Ingenious Friend, Mr. *Congreve*, have obſerv'd this Rule ſtrictly; though the Place was not altogether ſo publick as a Street. I have follow'd the Example of *Corneille*, and ſtretch'd the Latitude to a Street and Palace, not far diſtant from each other in the ſame City. They who will not allow this Liberty to a Poet, make it a very ridiculous thing, for an Audience to ſuppoſe themſelves, ſometimes to be in a Field, ſometimes in a Garden, and at other times in a Chamber. There are not indeed ſo many Abſurdities in their Suppoſition, as in ours; but 'tis an Original Abſurdity, for the Audience to ſuppoſe themſelves to be in any other place, than in the very *Theatre*, in which they ſit; which is neither Chamber, nor Garden, nor yet a Publick Place of any Buſineſs, but that of the Repreſentation. For my Action, 'tis evidently double; and in that I have moſt of the Ancients for my Examples. Yet I dare not defend this way by Reaſon, much leſs by their Authority: For their Actions, though double, were of the ſame Species; that is to ſay, in their *Comedies* two Amours: And their Perſons were better link'd in Intereſts than mine. Yet even this is a fault which I ſhould often practiſe, if I were to write again; becauſe 'tis agreeable to the *Engliſh Genius*. We love variety more than any other Nation; and ſo long as the Audience will not be pleas'd without it, the Poet is oblig'd to humour them. On condition they were cur'd of this publick Vice, I cou'd be contented to change my Method, and gladly give them a more reaſonable Pleaſure. This Digreſſion, my Lord, is not altogether to the purpoſe of an Epiſtle Dedicatory: Yet 'tis expected that ſomewhat ſhou'd be ſaid even here, in relation to *Criticiſm*; at leaſt in Vindication of my Addreſs, that you may not be deſir'd to Patronize a Poem which is wholly unworthy of your Protection. Though, after all, I doubt not but ſome will liken me to the Lover in a Modern Comedy, who was combing his Peruke, and ſetting his Cravat before his Miſtreſs; and being ask'd by her, when he intended to begin his Court? Reply'd, he had been doing it all this while. Yet thus it happens, my Lord, that *Self* will come into all Addreſſes of this Nature, though 'tis the moſt unmannerly word of the World in civil Converſation, and the moſt ungrateful to all Hearers. For which reaſon, I, who have nothing to boaſt of, but my Misfortunes, ought to be the firſt to baniſh it. Eſpecially ſince I have ſo large a Field before me, as Your Inborn Goodneſs, Your Evenneſs of Temper, Your Humility in ſo ample a ſhare of Fortune as you poſſeſs; Your Humanity to all Men, and Your Kindneſs to your Friends: Beſides, Your Natural and Acquir'd Endowments, and Your Brotherly Love to Your Relations. *Notus in Fratres animo Paterno*, was the great Commendation which *Horace* gave to one of his Patrons: And 'tis that Praiſe which particularly Crowns your other Vertues. But here, my Lord, I am oblig'd in common Prudence to ſtop ſhort; and to caſt under a Veil ſome other of your Praiſes, as the Chymiſts uſe to ſhadow the Secret of their great Elixir; leſt if it were made publick, the World ſhou'd make a bad uſe of it. To enjoy our own Quiet without diſturbing that of others, is the practice of every Moral Man: And for the reſt, to live chearfully and ſplendidly, as it is becoming of Your Illuſtrious Birth, ſo 'tis likewiſe to thank God for his Benefits in the beſt manner. 'Tis unneceſſary to wiſh you more Worldly Happineſs, or Content of Mind, than you enjoy: But the continuance of both, to Your Self, and Your Poſterity, is earneſtly deſir'd by all who have the Honour to be known to You, and more particularly by,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient

and moſt Humbly Devoted Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

As when some Treasurer lays down the Stick;
Warrants are Sign'd for ready Mony thick:
And many desperate Debentures paid;
Which never had been, had his Lordship staid:
So now, this Poet, who forsakes the Stage,
Intends to gratifie the present Age.
One Warrant shall be Sign'd for every Man;
All shall be Wits that will; and Beaux *that can:*
Provided still, this Warrant be not shown,
And you be Wits, but to your selves alone.
Provided too; you rail at one another:
For there's no one Wit, will allow a Brother.
Provided also; that you spare this Story,
Damn all the Plays that e're shall come before ye.
If one by chance prove good in half a score,
Let that one pay for all; and Damn it more.
For if a good one scape among the Crew,
And you continue Judging as you do;
Every bad Play will hope for Damning too.
You might Damn this, if it were worth your pains,
Here's nothing you will like; no fustian Scenes,
And nothing too of——you know what he means.
No double Entendrès, *which you Sparks allow;*
To make the Ladies look they know not how;
Simply as 'twere; and knowing both together,
Seeming to fan their Faces in cold Weather.
But here's a Story which no Books relate;
Coin'd from our own Old Poet's Addle-pate.
The Fable has a Moral too, if sought:
But let that go; for upon second Thought,
He fears but few come hither to be Taught.
Yet if you will be profited, you may;
And he would Bribe you too, to like his Play.
He Dies, at least to us, and to the Stage,
And what he has, he leaves this Noble Age.
He leaves you first, all Plays of his Inditing,
The whole Estate, which he has got by Writing.
The Beaux may think this nothing but vain Praise,
They'll find it something; the Testator says:
For half their Love, is made from scraps of Plays.
To his worst Foes, he leaves his honesty;
That they may thrive upon't as much as he:
He leaves his Manners to the Roaring Boys,
Who come in Drunk, and fill the House with noise:
He leaves to the dire Critiques of his Wit,
His Silence and Contempt of all they Writ.
To Shakespear's *Critique, he bequeaths the Curse,*
To find his faults; and yet himself make worse.
A precious Reader in Poetique Schools,
Who by his own Examples damns his Rules.
Last for the Fair, he wishes you may be,
From your dull Critiques, the Lampooners free.
Tho' he pretends no Legacy to leave you,
An Old Man may at least good wishes give you.
Your Beauty names the Play; and may it prove,
To each, an Omen of Triumphant Love.

EPILOGUE.

NOW, in Good Manners, nothing shou'd be said
Against this Play, because the Poet's dead.
The Prologue told us of a Moral here:
Wou'd I cou'd find it, but the Devil knows where.
If in my Part it lies, I fear he means
To warn us of the Sparks behind our Scenes:
For if you'l take it on Dalinda's *Word,*
'Tis a hard Chapter to refuse a Lord.
The Poet might pretend this Moral too,
That when a Wit and Fool together woo;
The Damsel (not to break an Ancient Rule,)
Shou'd leave the Wit, and take the Wealthy Fool.
This he might mean, but there's a Truth behind,
And since it touches none of all our Kind,
But Masks and Misses: faith, I'll speak my Mind.
What, if he Taught our Sex *more cautious Carriage,*
And not to be too Coming before Marriage:
For fear of my Misfortune in the Play,
A Kid brought home upon the Wedding day:
I fear there are few Sancho's *in the Pit,*
So good as to forgive, and to forget;
That will, like him, restore us into Favour,
And take us after on our good Behaviour.
Few, when they find the Mony Bag is rent,
Will take it for good Payment on content.
But in the Telling, there the difference is,
Sometimes they find it more than they cou'd wish.
Therefore be warn'd, you Misses and you Masks,
Look to your hits, nor give the first that asks.
Tears, Sighs, and Oaths, no truth of Passion prove,
True Settlement alone, declares true Love.
For him that Weds a Puss, who kept her first,
I say but little, but I doubt the worst:
The Wife that was a Cat may mind her house,
And prove an Honest, and a Careful Spouse;
But faith I wou'd not trust her with a Mouse.

Dramatis Personæ.

Veramond, King of *Arragon*,	Mr. *Kynnaston.*
Alphonso, his suppos'd Son,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Garcia, King of *Navarre*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Ramirez, King of *Castile*,	Mr. *Alexander.*
Sancho, } Two Colonels,	Mr. *Dogget.*
Carlos, }	Mr. *Powell.*
Lopez, An old Courtier,	Mr. *Underhill.*
WOMEN.	
Ximena, Queen of *Arragon*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Victoria, Eldest Daughter to the King and Queen,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Celidea, Her Sister,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Dalinda, Daughter to *Lopez*,	Mrs. *Montfort.*
A Nurse, with two Children,	Mrs. *Kent.*

SCENE *Saragossa* in *Spain.*

Love-

Love Triumphant

OR.

NATURE will PREVAIL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

At the Drawing up of the Curtain, Veramond *King of* Arragon *appears*: Ximena *the Queen by him*: Victoria *their eldeſt Daughter on the Right Hand*; *and* Celidea *their younger Daughter on the left*: *Courtiers ſtand attending in File on each ſide of the Stage. The Men on one hand, the Ladies on the other. Amongſt the Men Don* Lopez, *amongſt the Women,* Dalinda *his Daughter. The Scene is ſuppos'd a Preſence-Chamber.*

Vera. NOW the long Wars betwixt *Caſtile* and *Arragon*
Are ended in the ruin of our Foes.
And fierce *Ramirez*, the *Caſtilian King*,
Who tugg'd for Empire, with our Warlike Son,
In ſingle Combat taken, adds his Lawrels
To the young Victor's Brow: Our tender Maids
And trembling Children, ſhall with Scorn behold
The haughty Captive, who had made his Vaunts
To lay their Dwellings level; and with Salt
To ſow the place, where *Saragoſſa* ſtood.

Xime. Proceſſions, Prayers, and Publick Thanks to Heav'n,
Were fit to be decreed.

Vera. Your Sex is ever foremoſt in Devotion.
But for our brave Confederate, young *Navarre*,
He ſhall receive the Prize reſerv'd within
My Breaſt; and ſuch a one,
His Youth and Valour have right well deſerv'd.

Xime. I hear he comes along with our *Alphonſo*,
And next our Son, did beſt.

Vera. Perhaps as well:
Alphonſo's Action was indeed more Glorious,
To buckle with a King in ſingle Fight,
And take ~~him Priſoner~~; ~~but~~ his fiery temper
Still hurries him to daring raſh Attempts.

Xime. *Alphonſo* is Impetuous, but he's Noble;
He will not take one Atome from *Navarre*
Of what's his Right, nor needs he.

Vera. If he ſhou'd ——

Xime. You take too bad Impreſſions of your Son.

Vera. No more, *Ximena*, for I hear their Trumpets
Proclaim their Entry: And our own their Welcome.

[*Trumpets from each ſide of the Stage.*

Enter Alphonſo *and* Garcia, *hand in hand. After them, the Priſoner K.* Ramirez *alone*: *Then the two Colonels* Sancho *and* Carlos: *After them, other Officers of the Army.* Veramond *advances to meet them*: *The Queen and the two Princeſſes follow him.* Alphonſo *firſt kneels to his Father and Mother, and immediately runs to ſalute his Siſter* Victoria *tenderly*; *then ſlightly ſalutes* Celidea, *and returns to* Victoria. *In the mean time* Veramond *embraces Don* Garcia, *who afterwards kiſſes the Queen's hand.*

Vera. The Triumphs of this Day, auſpicious Prince,
Proclaim themſelves Your Gift, to us and *Arragon*:
From you they are deriv'd; to you return;
For what we are, you make us.

Gar. May Heav'n and your brave Son, and, above all,

Your

Your own prevailing Genius, guard your Age
From ſuch another Day of doubtful Fate:
But if it comes, then *Garcia* will be proud
To be again the Foil of Great *Alphonſo*.
Vera. It might, and well it had become my Son [*Looking about for* Alphonſo.
To ſpeak your words; But you are ſtill before him,
As in the Fight you were.
Xime. Turn to your Father, and preſent your Duty;
[*Pulling* Alphonſo *by the ſleeve.*
He thinks himſelf neglected, and obſerves ye.
Here Garcia, *after bowing to the King and Queen, goes to the two Princeſſes and ſalutes them. After a little dumb Courtſhip, he leads out* Victoria *and* Celidea, *the Ladies follow*; Alphonſo *obſerves it with diſcontent*; *and then turns to his Father.*
Alphon. I ſaw you, Sir, engag'd in Ceremonies,
And therefore thought I might defer this Office,
To give you time for decent Thanks to *Garcia*.
Vera. You rather went where more affection call'd ye.
Alphon. I may have been too ſlack in outward ſhow,
But when your Service, and my Honour call'd,
None was more forward in the fighting part.
Vera. The rugged Buſineſs of the War is o'er:
Softneſs and Sweetneſs, and a gentler Air
Wou'd make a mixture, that wou'd temper well
That inborn Fierceneſs of your boyling Mind.
Alph. I ſtand corrected, Sir, and let me tell ye now,
That ſweetneſs which ſo well you have advis'd,
Fortune has put in your own hand to practiſe
Upon this Royal Souldier; till we fought [*Showing* Ramirez.
Your Equal, now your Priſoner of the War;
And once, (alas! that ſtill it is not ſo)
The Partner of your Thoughts, and Boſom Friend.
Xime. (*aſide.*) Heav'n that inſpir'd thee with this Pious thought,
Add Vertue and Perſwaſion to thy words,
And bend my ſtubborn Lord.
Vera. Say, have you more to ſpeak on his behalf?
Alph. Much more, his fair Behaviour in the War,
Not plundering Towns, nor burning Villages;
His Bravery of Mind, his Dauntleſs Courage,
When Hand to Hand, he made me ſtoop beneath
His weighty blows, and often forc'd to doubt
The Fortune of my Youth, againſt his Age.
Vera. Proceed, proceed, for this is but to ſay,
That thou wert almoſt worſted in the Combat.
Alph. I have already ſaid much more, than needs
To move a Noble Mind,
Such as my Father's is, or ought to be.
Vera. Come, let me hear my Duty from my Son.
Alph. If more be wanting on ſo plain a Theam,
Think on the ſlippery State of Humane Things,
The ſtrange viciſſitudes, and ſuddain turns
Of War, and Fate recoiling on the Proud,
To cruſh a Mercileſs and Cruel Victor.
Think there are bounds of Fortune, ſet above;
Periods of Time, and progreſs of Succeſs,
Which none can ſtop before th' appointed limits,
And none can puſh beyond.
Xime. He Reaſons juſtly, Sir.
Alph. Ramirez is an Honourable Foe,
Uſe him like what he is, and make him yours.
Vera. By Heav'n I think,
That when you cop'd with him in ſingle Fight,
You had ſo much ado to Conquer then,
You fear t'ingage him in ſecond Combat.
Alph. The World knows how I Fought:

But Old Men have Prerogative of Tongue,
And Kings of Power, and Parents that of Nature.
Your Pardon, Royal Sir. *Vera.* I give it you;
Your Battel now is paid at the full price. [Ximena *whiſpers* Alphonſo *for a moment.*
Alph. Fear not, I curb my ſelf. [*To* Ximena.
Ramir. (to *Veram.*) Your Son has mention'd Honourable Terms.
Propoſe 'em *Veramond*, and for his ſake
(So much his Valour and rare Courteſie,
Have wrought upon my Soul,) I will accept 'em.
Vera. Who gave you leave
To ſpeak of Terms, or even to ſpeak at all?
Ramir. And who ſhou'd give me liberty of ſpeaking,
But Heav'n, who gave me Speech?
Vera. How dares my Captive
Aſſume this boldneſs to his Conqueror?
Ramir. You have not Conquer'd me, you cou'd not, *Veramond*,
'Tis to *Alphonſo*'s Arms that I am Priſoner.
Vera. Under my Auſpices *Alphonſo* fought,
He led my Forces.
Ramir. Yes, and made 'em too
By his Example, elſe they ne'er had Conquer'd.
Vera. A Bargain! A plain Compact! A Confederacy!
Betwixt my Son and thee, to give me part
Of what my better Star make all my own.
Alph. Sir, I muſt ſpeak ——
Vera. Dare not, I charge thee, dare not.
Alph. Not vindicate my Honour?
By Heav'n I will, to all the World, to you;
My Honour is my own, and not deriv'd
From this frail Body, and this Earth you gave me;
But that Æthereal Spark, which Heav'n inſpir'd,
And kindl'd in my New Created Soul.
You tell me, I have bargain'd with *Ramirez*,
To make his Ranſom cheap.
Vera. To make it nothing,
To rob thy Father of his Victory,
And, at my coſt, oblige my Mortal Foe;
Fool, doſt thou know the value of a Kingdom?
Alph. I think I do, becauſe I won a Kingdom.
Vera. And know'ſt not how to keep it.
Ramir. What Claim have you? What Right to my *Caſtile*?
Vera. The Right of Conqueſt, for when Kings make War;
No Law betwixt two Soveraigns can decide,
But that of Arms, where Fortune is the Judge,
Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field.
Alph. But with what Conſcience can ye keep that Crown,
To which, ye claim no Title but the Sword?
Vera. Then ask that queſtion of thy ſelf, when thou
Thy ſelf art King; I will retain my Conqueſt;
And if thou art ſo mean, ſo poor of Soul,
As to refuſe thy Sword in keeping it; Then *Garcia*'s Aid;
Whoſe ſhare of Honour, in that Glorious day,
Was more than thine; during my Life, ſhall Guard it,
And at my Death, ſhall Heir it.
Alph. Don Garcia is indeed a Valiant Prince,
But this large Courteſie, this over-praiſe
You give his Worth, in any other Mouth, Were Villany to me.
Xime. That was too much, *Alphonſo*, ſhew the Reverence
That Sons ſhou'd bear to Fathers.
Alph. (*to her*) Did I not ſay in any other Mouth,
The King excepted ſtill?
Ramir. Had I a Son; a Son like your *Alphonſo*,
The Pride of War, and Darling of the Field;
I ſhou'd not thus receive him, nor detract

From

From ſuch High Actions: Let me tell you, Sir,
(For I who felt his Arm, can beſt report him;)
There lives not one, who breaths this Vital Air,
That e're cou'd boaſt, he made *Ramirez* bend,
Before *Alphonſo* undertook the Task.
Vera. Confederacy again! How they enhance
Their mutual worth, and bandy Fame betwixt 'em,
Into each other's hand.—— [*Looks on* Ramirez, *and ſtarts back.*
What's this I ſee?
Nay, now I wonder not, the Captive prates
With ſo ſecure preſumption to his King,
Well may he brave me, while his murd'ring Sword
Sits as before, inſulting on his ſide.
Who gave thee back that weapon?
Alph. I, who took it.
Vera. A careful Son, to truſt a Foe with Arms
So near his Father.
Haſte, diſarm the Priſoner.
Alph. E're you diſhonour me, firſt hear me ſpeak;
I took his Royal Word, to be my Priſoner;
And on his Honour, I reſtor'd his Sword,
Becauſe I thought, that mark of Sovereign Juſtice
And Awful Power, ſhou'd not for one ſhort moment
Be wanting to a Monarch.
Vera. Then when he loſt the Power, he loſt the Claim,
And marks of Sovereign Right:
Nor without my Conſent, cou'dſt thou diſpoſe
Of him, or of his Sword, or of his Life:
Once more diſarm him: What, am I betray'd? [*Guards look amaz'd, but ſtir not.*
Have I no Subject left?
Xime. Submit, *Alphonſo.*
I, who am partial to you, muſt condemn
This Carriage as undutious to your Father.
Ramir. (to *Alph.*) Brave Prince, too warmly you aſſert my Cauſe,
Tho''tis indeed the common Cauſe of Kings:
But to prevent what ills on my account
May hence enſue betwixt a Son and Parent,
Take here the Sword, you truſted in my Hands,
Which you alone cou'd take —— Now, *Veramond,*
[*Preſents his Sword to* Alphonſo.
Diſpoſe of old *Ramirez* as thou pleaſeſt;
[*He preſents it ſullenly to* Veramond, *who puts it into the hand of an Officer.*
Secure thy Hate, Ambition, and thy Fear,
And give *Ramirez* Death, who ſcorns a Life
Which he muſt owe to thee.
Vera. (*to the Guards.*) Go bear him to the Caſtle; at more leiſure
His Doom ſhall be decreed.
Ramir. When e're it comes 'tis welcome, only this
(If Enemies be ſuffer'd to requeſt)
Forgive th' Imprudent Zeal thy Son has ſhown
On my behalf, and take him to thy Boſom:
A noble Temper ſhines even through his faults,
And gilds them into Virtues.
Vera. Take him hence —— Ramirez *is led off by* Sancho *and* Carlos, *and follow'd by the Guards.* Alphonſo *looking frowningly. The reſt ſtay.*
Alph. (*aſide.*) How I abhor this baſe Inhumane Act!
But Patience! he's my Father.
Vera. Thus all his Praiſes, are thy Accuſations,
And even that very Sword,
Puniſh me Heav'n, if I believe not ſo,
Is far leſs dangerous in his Hand than thine.
Xime. Forgive the haſty Sallies of his Youth.
Vera. He never lov'd me.
Alph. You never gave me cauſe.

Xime. [to *Alphonſ.*] Come, you both lov'd,
But both were jealous of each other's kindneſs.
His ſilence ſhows, he longs to pardon you.
And did not you, my Lord, obſerve *Alphonſo*, [*Turning to* Veram.
How, tho' at firſt he cou'd not rule his Paſſion,
Not at the very firſt, for that's impoſſible
To haſty blood, like his and yours, my Lord;
Yet in the ſecond moment, he repented,
As ſoon as Thought had leiſure to be born.
Veram. For ought I ſee, you do him better Office
Than he deſires, *Ximena.*
Alphon. Kneeling.) Sir, your Pardon;
And if you pleaſe, your Love.
Vera. Receive the firſt,
The laſt as you deſerve.
Re-enter Don Garcia, *with* Victoria, Celidea, *and the Ladies.* Veramond *ſees 'em at a diſtance.*
Vera. This had not been thus eaſily o'er-paſt,
But that I ſee Don *Garcia* with your Siſters;
A fair occaſion offers you this hour
To cancel your Offences; mark, and take it.
The King, Queen, and Alphonſo, *entertain* Garcia *in dumb ſhow, while* Victoria *and* Celidea *ſpeak at a diſtance.*
Celid. What think you, Siſter, of this Youthful Hero?
Victo. Our dear *Alphonſo*? *Celid.* No; I mean *Navarre.*
Victo. As of a Valiant Prince; what wou'd you more?
Celid. Methinks you give him a ſhort Commendation;
Yet all his Applications were to you.
Victo. I minded not his words.
Celid. He made a warm beginning of a Love.
Victo. It ſeems my Thoughts were otherwiſe employ'd.
Celid. Neither your Thoughts, nor Eyes cou'd be employ'd
Upon a Nobler Object.
Victo. That's your Judgment.
Celid. His every Action, nay, his every Motion
Were graceful, and becoming his high Birth.
Victo. All of a piece, and all like other Men:
He ſeems to me a common kind of Creature,
One that may paſs among a crowd of Courtiers
And not be known for King.
Celid. Sure you forget the Troops he brought our Father;
Beſides his Perſonal Valour in the Fight.
Victo. You more forget *Alphonſo*'s greater Actions,
When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,
Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend:
He fought like *Mars*, deſcending from the Skies,
And look'd like *Venus* riſing from the Waves.
Celid. Navarre had done the ſame; 'twas Fortune's fault
That ſhow'd him not *Ramirez.*
Victo. You are too young to judge of Men or Merits;
You praiſe the Vulgar Flight a Faulcon makes,
When *Jove*'s Imperial Bird, that bears the Thunder,
Is tow'ring far above him.
Re-enter Carlos, Sancho, *and the reſt of the Officers.*
Vera. Are my Commands perform'd?
Carl. With all exactneſs.
Vera. Approach *Victoria*, and you *Celidea*,
That in your preſence I may pay ſome part
Of what I owe your brave Deliverer.
Celid. We cannot ſhow too much of Gratitude.
Vera. Victoria, what ſay you?
Victo. He did the Duty of a brave Allie:
I do not know the War, nor dare I load
His modeſty with larger Commendations.

Garci.

Garci. Even thoſe are much too large, when giv'n by you,
To Whom my Soul, with all my future Service,
Are with Devotion offer'd.
Vera. I have indeed diſclos'd to her alone
Th' important Secret of th' intended Match,
And that perhaps has made her fear to praiſe
A Prince who ſhortly is to be her own.
Alph. aſide.] Oh Heav'ns! What bode theſe words?
(*The Queen and* Celidea *ſhew amazement*, Alphonſo *and* Victoria *diſcontent.*
Vera. Now therefore I declare the wiſht alliance;
Ximena, you may give your Daughter joy;
And you your Siſter, of th' Imperial Crown (*To* Celid.
Which *Garcia* puts on our *Victoria*'s Head.
Your ſhare, *Alphonſo*, in this happy day (*To* Alphonſo
Is not the leaſt, nor will you be the laſt
T' applaud my worthy choice of ſuch a Son.
Alphon. A ſudden damp has ſeiz'd my Vital Spirits;
I ſee but through a miſt, and hear far off:
Nay, trouble not your ſelves, a little time
Of needful reſt, and ſolitary thought,
Will mend my health; till when excuſe my preſence.
(*Exit* Alphonſo, *and looks back on* Victoria.
Xime. aſide.] He's much diſturb'd, a ſickneſs of the Soul;
Or I miſtake, he does not like this Marriage.
Aſſiſt us, Heav'n, if I divine aright,
And proſper thy own Work.
Ver. aſide.] I like not this,
But muſt diſſemble, till I clear my doubts.
Fortune, brave Prince, has given us this allay; (*To* Garci.
Our Joys were elſe too full:
An hour of ſleep will bring him back reſtor'd;
Mean time we may withdraw.
Gar. to *Vict.*) Come, my fair Miſtreſs, by your Father's leave
I ſeize this precious Gage.
Vict. Then thank my Father;
He may diſpoſe of all things but my Heart,
And that's my own — (*Aſide.*) —— Alas! I wiſh it were.
(*Exeunt* Vera. Xime. Celid. Garci. Victo. *and all the Courtiers. Men and Women.*
The Guards follow: San. *and* Carl. *remain.*
San. Good news, *Carlos*, the old Jew is dead.
Carl. What Jew?
San. Why the rich Jew, my Father.
He's gone to the Boſom of *Abraham* his Father, and I, his Chriſtian Son, am left ſole Heir. Now do I intend to be monſtrouſly in love.
Carl. With whom, Colonel?
San. That's not yet reſolv'd, Colonel; but with one of the Court Ladies. You may ſtand a Man's Friend, *Carlos*, in ſuch a buſineſs.
Carl. You may depend on me, *Sancho*, becauſe my dependance is on you; You got Plunder in the Battle; while I was hack'd and hew'd, and almoſt laid aſleep in the damn'd Bed of Honour.
San. Nay, I confeſs I am a lucky Rogue, for I was born with a Cawl upon my Head.
Carl. I'm ſure I came bare enough into the World, and live as barely in it.
San. Make me but luſtily in love, and I'll adopt thee into my Fortune; but thou ſtand'ſt ſhall I, ſhall I, till all the Ladies are out of ſight: Here, take that *Bellet Doux* which I have pull'd out by chance from among twenty, that I always wear about me for ſuch Occaſions.
Carl. But to which of 'em ſhall I deliver it?
San. Even to her thou can'ſt firſt overtake.
Nay, do not loſe thy time in looking on't, there's no particular Direction, Man; Fortune ever ſuperſcribes my Letters to the Fair Sex; I let her alone to find me out a handſome Miſtreſs; and let me alone to make her kind afterwards.
Carl. But ſuppoſe I ſhou'd happen to deliver it to my own Miſtreſs, for ſhe was in the preſence with her Father.
San. Then I ſuppoſe thou wilt be the firſt that ſhalt repent it, for ſhe will certainly fall in Love with me. [Lopez

[Lopez *and* Dalinda *re-enter, and walk ſoftly over the Stage.*
Look, there's one of 'em already; my Heart beats at the very ſight of her; this muſt and ſhall be ſhe, by *Cupid.*

Carl. And by *Venus* the very ſhe I love.

San. Prithee no more words then, for Fate will have it ſo.

Carl. Aſide.] I know it's impoſſible for her Father to receive him, or her to love him, and yet his good Fortune, and my Raſcally three penny Planet, make me ſuſpicious without Reaſon: But hang Superſtition, I'll draw ſuch a Picture of him, as ſhall do his buſineſs.

San. Now will I ſtand by *Incognito*, like ſome mighty Potentate, and ſee my own Embaſſy deliver'd.

[Carlos *overtakes* Lopez *and* Dalinda *juſt going off, and ſalutes them.*

Lop. Couſin *Carlos*, you are welcome from the Wars; I think I ſaw you in the Show to day.

Carl. The Ceremony hinder'd me from paying my reſpects; but I made haſte, you ſee ——

Lop. I hope you'll no more be a Stranger to my Houſe, than you have been formerly: Your Miſtreſs here will be proud to entertain you; and then you ſhall tell me the whole Expedition: I love Battels wonderfully, when a Man may hear 'em without Peril of his Perſon.

San. Aſide.] Nothing of my Letter all this while
Why, when *Carlos*? [*Whiſpering aloud to him.*

Carl. Aſide.] Now I dare not but deliver it, becauſe he ſees me.
Don *Lopez*, I have a fooliſh kind of Petition to you [*To* Lopez.

Lop. Why do you call it a fooliſh Petition?

Carl. Becauſe I bring it from a Fool. There's a Friend of mine, of a plentiful Fortune, that's deſperately in Love with your Fair Daughter, *Dalinda*; and has Commanded me, by your permiſſion, to deliver this Letter to her.

Lop. A Rich Man's Letter may be deliver'd. [Carlos *gives her the Letter.*

Dal. What's here? A Note without a Superſcription. [*She ſeems to Read.*
As I Live, a Bill of Exchange for 200 Piſtols,
Charg'd upon a Banker, and payable to the Bearer;
An accompliſht Cavalier, I warrant him; He writes finely, and in the beſt manner.

Carl. Aſide.] There's the Covetous Sex, at the firſt Syllable,
The Fool's good Planet begins to Work already; but I ſhall ſtop its Influence.

Lop. Good Couſin Colonel; what manner of Man is my Son-in-Law, that may be?

Carl. D' ye ſee that ſneaking Fellow yonder?

Lop. Who, that Gallant Cavalier?

Dal. I wiſh it were no worſe.

Carl. Plague, ye make me mad betwixt ye. His outſide's Tawdry, and his inſide's Foo'. He's an Uſurer's Son, and his Father was a *Jew.*

Dal. No matter for all that, he's Rich.

Carl. He was begot upon the Wife of a deſperate Debtor,
Our of pure good Husbandry, to ſave ſomething: He's Covetous by the Father's ſide; A Block head by the Mother's; And a Knave by both.

Lop. I ſee nothing like your deſcription of him, at this diſtance.
Call him hither, I wou'd fain ſpeak with him.

Carl. Come hither, Don *Sancho*, and make good the Character I have given of you. [Sancho *comes up, and ſalutes 'em awkwardly.*

Lop. Cavalier, I ſhall be glad to be better known to you.

San. to *Carl.*] You ſee I have Luck in a Bag, *Carlos.*

Carl. aſide.] Ay, in a Bag of Money, I ſee it to my ſorrow.
Try his Wit, Signior, you'll find him as heavy as Lead. [*Aſide to* Lopez.

Lop. to *San.*] So his Money be Silver, I care not.
Come Cavalier, what ſay you to my Daughter?

San. Why, I ſay, I was reſolv'd to Love the firſt Fair Lady that I met.

Dal. Oh Lord, Sir! *Carl.* to *Lop.*] Do but mark his Breeding.

Lop. I like him never the worſe for his Plain-Dealing.

Dal. Bluntneſs, methinks, becomes a Souldier.

Carl. aſide.] How Naturally Old Men take to Riches, and Women to Fools.

Lop. to *San.*] You have made a Noble Declaration of your Love, Sir,
With a handſome Preſent of two hundred Piſtols.

San.

San. What, I hope I have not miſtaken Papers, and ſent you my Letter of Exchange for 200 Piſtols, charg'd upon the Banker *Porto Carrero*: Pray return that Letter, Madam; and I'll look out for another, that ſhall Treat only of dry Love, without thoſe terrible Appendixes.

Dal. Why, did not ye intend this for me, Cavalier?

San. No, you ſhall hear me rap out all the Oaths in Chriſtendom, that I am wholly Innocent of this Accuſation.

Dal. Come, you bely your Noble Nature; look upon me agen Cavalier,

[*She makes the* Doux Yeux *to him.*

And then Examine your own Heart,
If you meant it not to me.

San. to *Carl.*] Nay, I confeſs my Heart beats a charge towards ye:
And yet Two Hundred Piſtols, is a ſwinging Summ for one kind Look, *Carlos*!

Carl. to *him.*] A Damnable hard Penny-worth! Hold you there, Don *Sancho.*

[Dalinda *looks upon him agen, more ſweetly.*

San. She has two Devils in her Eyes, that laſt Ogle was a lick-penny. Well, Madam, I Dedicate thoſe fair Two Hundred Piſtols, to your more fair Hand: And now you have Receiv'd 'em, I meant 'em to you.

Dal. And, in requital, I receive you for my Servant, Cavalier.

Carl. aſide.] Damn him for his awkward Liberality, he's always Covetous,
But when 'tis to do me a miſchief.

Lop. to *Dal.*] He's come on again, my Heart was almoſt at my Mouth. Now, Mrs. Minion, let me take you to task in private. [*Draws her aſide a little.* What hope have you, of the *Conde* Don *Alonzo De Cardona*?

Dal. Little or none; a bare poſſibility. You know what has paſs'd betwixt us.

Lop. But ſuppoſe he ſhou'd renew his Love; had you rather Marry that rich Old *Conde*; or this poor Young Rogue, Don *Carlos*?

Dal. This Poor Young Rogue, if you pleaſe, Father.

Lop. I thought as much, good Madam; but to come cloſer to the preſent Buſineſs, betwixt Don *Carlos* and Don *Sancho*, That is to ſay, a Poor Young Wit, and a Rich Young Fool; put the Caſe Gentlewoman, which of 'em wou'd you chuſe?

Dal. If it were not for meer Neceſſity, I have a kind of a loathing to a Fool.

Lop. The more Fool you, Madam.

Dal. Wou'd you have a Race of Booby Grandſons?

Lop. That's as your Conſcience ſerves ye; I ſay only, that your Husband ſhall be a Fool, I ſay, not your Childrens Father ſhall be one.

San. to *Carlos.*] This is a plaguy long Whiſper, I do not like it
And yet now I think on't, my left Eye itches, ſome good luck is coming towards me.

Lop. to *them.*] I'll be ſhort and pithy with ye, Don *Sancho*, I think they call ye? If out of my abundant Love, I ſhou'd beſtow my Dutiful Daughter on you, what kind of Husband wou'd you make?

San. Husband, Sennor? Why none at all. None of my Predeceſſors were ever Marry'd: My Father and my Mother never were, and I will not be the firſt of my Family that ſhall degenerate; I thought my 200 Piſtols would have done my buſineſs with *Dalinda*, and a little winking Money with you.

Lop. What, wou'd you make me a Pimp to my own Daughter?

Dal. And imagine my Chaſtity cou'd be corrupted with a petty Bribe.

San. Nay, I am not ſo obſtinate neither, againſt Marriage; *Carlos* gave me this wicked Counſel, on purpoſe to baniſh me; and in revenge to him, I will Marry.

Lop. I hope you'll ask her leave firſt?

San. Shoo! I take that for granted; no Woman has the power to reſiſt my Courtſhip.

Lop. Suppoſe then, as before ſuppos'd; what kind of Husband wou'd you make?

San. Then to deal roundly with you; I wou'd run a rambling my ſelf, and leave the drudgery of my Houſe to her management: All things ſhou'd go at Sixes and Sevens for *Sancho*; In ſhort, Sennor, I will be as Abſolute, as the Great Turk, and take as little care of my People, as a Heathen God.

Lop. Now, Don *Carlos*, what ſay you?

Carl. aſide. to *Lop.*] I'll fit 'em for a Husband:
Why, Sennor, I wou'd be the moſt careful Creature of her Buſineſs; I wou'd inſpect every thing, wou'd manage the whole Eſtate to ſave her the trouble; I wou'd be careful of her Health, by keeping her within doors; ſhe ſhou'd neither give nor receive Viſits; nor kneel at Church among the Fops, that Look one way, and Pray another.

Dal.

Dal. Oh abominable!

Lop. Why, thou ungrateful Fellow! Wou'dſt thou make a Slave of my Daughter? And leave her no Buſineſs; that is to ſay, no Authority in her own Houſe?

Dal. Ay, and to call Fine Young Gentlemen Fops too!
To lock me up from Viſitants, which are the only Comfort of a Diſconſolate, Miſerable, Married Woman!

Lop. And 'twere not for fear thou ſhou'dſt beat me, I cou'd find in my Heart to beat thee. Don *Sancho* I have an Olla at home, and you ſhall be welcome to it. Farewel Kinſman. [*To* Carlos.

[*Exeunt* Lopez, *and* Sancho, *leading out* Dalinda.

Carl. Now, if I had another Head, I cou'd find in my Heart, to run this Head againſt that Wall. Nature has given me my Portion in Senſe, with a Pox to her, and turn'd me out into the wide World to ſtarve upon it. She has given *Sancho* an empty Noddle; but Fortune in revenge has fill'd his Pockets: juſt a Lord's Eſtate in Land and Wit. Well, I have loſt *Dalinda*; and ſomething muſt be done to undermine *Sancho* in her good Opinion: Some pernicious Counſel muſt be given him: He is my Prince, and I am his States-Man; and when our two Intereſts come to claſh, I hope to make a meer Monarch of him: And my Hunger is ſomewhat in my way to quicken my Invention.

Want whets the Wit, 'tis true; but Wit not bleſt
With Fortune's Aid, makes Beggars at the beſt.
Wit is not fed; but ſharpn'd with Applauſe,
For Wealth is ſolid Food, and Wit but hungry Sauſe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene is a Bed-Chamber, a Couch prepar'd, and ſet ſo near the Pit that the Audience may hear.

Alphonſo *enters with a Book in his hand, and ſits; reads to himſelf a little while: Enter* Victoria, *and ſits by him, then ſpeaks.*

Vict. IF on your Private Buſ'neſs I intrude,
Forgive th' exceſs of Love that makes me rude:
I hope your ſickneſs has not reacht your Heart;
But come to bear a ſuff'ring Siſter's part:
Yet, leſt I ſhou'd offend you by my ſtay,
Command me to depart, and I obey.

Alphon. The Patient who has paſs'd a ſleepleſs Night,
Is far leſs pleas'd with his Phyſician's ſight:
Welcome thou pleaſing, but thou ſhort Reprive,
To eaſe my Death, but not to make me live.
Welcome, but welcome as a Winter's Sun,
That riſes late, and is too quickly gone.

Vict. You are the Star of Day, the publick Light:
And I am but your Siſter of the Night:
Eclips'd when you are abſent from my ſight.

Alphon. Death will for ever take me from your Eyes;
But grieve not you, for when I Sett, you Riſe.
Don *Garcia* has deſerv'd to be your Choice,
And 'tis a Brother's Duty to rejoyce.

Vict. And yet methought you gave him not your Voice.

Alphon. You ſaw a ſudden Sickneſs left me weak;
I had no Joy to give, nor Tongue to ſpeak:
And therefore I withdrew, to ſeek Relief
In Books, the fruitleſs Remedies of Grief.

Vict. But tell me what Philoſopher you found
To cure your Pain?

Alphon.

Alphon. The fitteſt for my VVound;
V Vho beſt the gentle Paſſions knows to move;
Ovid, the ſoft Philoſopher of Love:
His *Love Epiſtles* for my Friends I choſe;
For there I found the Kindred of my VVoes.
Vict. His Nymphs the Vows of Perjur'd Men deplore;
One in the Woods, and one upon the Shoar:
All are at length forſaken or betray'd:
And the falſe Hero leaves the faithful Maid.
Alphon. Not all: For *Linus* kept his Conſtancy:
And one, perhaps, who more reſembled me.
Vict. That Letter wou'd I view: In hope to find
Some Features of the Fair that rules your Mind.
Alph. Read, for the guilty Page is doubled down:
The Love too ſoon will make the Lover known.
Read, if you dare, and when the Crime you ſee,
Accuſe my cruel Fate, but pity me.
Vict. aſide.] 'Tis what I fear'd, th' unhappy *Canace*!
Read you; for to a Brother 'twas deſign'd,
And ſent him by a Siſter much too kind.

[*Giving her the Book*

[*To him*

Alphonſo *takes the Book, and reads.*
Why did thy Flames beyond a Brother's move?
Why lov'd I thee with more than Siſter's Love?

[He looks upon her, and ſhe holds down her Head.

He reads again.
My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boaſt:
My Food grew loathſom, and my Strength I loſt:
Still, e'er I ſpoke, a ſigh wou'd ſtop my Tongue:
Short were my ſlumbers, and my Nights were long.
I knew not from my Love thoſe Griefs did grow:
Yet was, alas! The thing I did not know.

[She looks on him, and he holds down his Head

Forc'd at the laſt, my ſhameful pain I tell.
Vict. No more: We know our mutual Love too well.

[*Both look up, and meet each others Eyes.*

Alphon. Two Lines in reading had eſcap'd my ſight:
Shall I go back, and do the Poet right?
Vict. Already we have read too far, I fear:
But read no more than Modeſty may bear.
Alphonſo reading.
For I lov'd too, and knowing not my wound,
A ſecret Peaſure in thy Kiſſes found.

(He offers to kiſs her, and ſhe turns her Head away.

May we not repreſent the Kiſs we read?
Vict. Alphonſo, no: Brother, I ſhou'd have ſaid!
Alphonſo reading again.
When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full Conſent:
Then, with tumultuous Joys, my Heart did beat.
And Guilt that made 'em Anxious, made 'em Great.
(She ſnatches the Book, and throws it down, then riſes and walks, he riſes alſo.
Vict. Incendiary Book, Polluted Flame,
Dare not to tempt the Chaſt *Victoria*'s Fame.
I love, perhaps, more than a Siſter ſhou'd:
And Nature prompts; but Heav'n reſtrains my Blood.
Heav'n was unkind, to ſet ſo ſtrict a Bound.
And Love wou'd ſtruggle to forbidden Ground.
Oh let us gain a *Parthian* Victory;
Our only way to conquer, is to fly.
Alphon. No more, *Victoria*; tho' my Love aſpires
More high than yours, and fiercer are my Fires:
I cannot bear your looks; new Flames ariſe
From ev'ry Glance; and kindle from your Eyes.

Pure are the Beams which from thoſe Suns you dart;
But gather blackneſs from my ſooty Heart:
Then let us each with haſty ſteps remove;
Nor ſpread Contagion, where we meant but Love.

Vict. Hear Heav'n and Earth, and witneſs to my Vows;
And Love, thou greateſt Power that Nature knows;
This Heart, *Alphonſo*, ſhall be firmly thine;
This Hand ſhall never with another joyn.
Or if by force my Father makes me wed;
Then Death ſhall be the Bridegroom of my Bed.
Now let us both our ſhares of Sorrow take;
And both be wretched for each others ſake.

Alphon. By thoſe relentleſs Powers that rule the Skies;
And by a greater Power, *Victoria*'s Eyes,
No Love but yours ſhall touch *Alphonſo*'s Heart;
Nor Time, nor Death, my vow'd Affections part.
Nor ſhall my hated Rival live to ſee
That hour which envious Fate denies to me.
Now ſeal we both our Vows with one dear Kiſs.

Vict. No, 'tis a hot, and an inceſtuous Bliſs!
Let both be ſatisfi'd with what we ſwore;
I dare not give it, leſt I give you more.

(*Exit* Victoria *looking back on him, and he gazing on her.*

Alphon. Oh Raging, Impious, and yet hopeleſs Fire,
Not daring to poſſeſs what I deſire.
Condemn'd to ſuffer what I cannot bear;
Tortur'd with Love, and Furious with Deſpair.
Of all the Pains which wretched Mortals prove,
The feweſt Remedies belong to Love:
But ours has none: For if we ſhou'd enjoy,
Our fatal Cure muſt both of us deſtroy.
Oh, Dear *Victoria*, cauſe of all my Pain!
Oh, Dear *Victoria*, whom I wou'd not gain!
Victoria, for whoſe ſake I wou'd ſurvive:
Victoria, for whoſe ſake I dare not live.

Enter Garcia *with Attendants. The two Princes ſalute but* Alphonſo *very coldly.*

Garci. I come to ſhew my grief for your Diſtemper:
For if my Noble Brother ſaw my Heart,
There ſhou'd you find a Plain, a Holy Friendſhip,
Unmixt with Intereſt, equally partaking
Of what affects you, both of good and ill.

Alphon. I thank you; but my Malady increaſes
At your approach; I have no more to ſay,
But wiſh you better health than I can boaſt;
And to my ſelf a lonely Privacy.

Garci. I find I am not welcome to your ſight;
But know not from what cauſe.

Alphon. Angrily.] My ſureſt Remedy is in your abſence:
'Tis hard my Lodgings cannot be my own;
But importun'd with Viſits, undeſir'd;
And therefore, I muſt tell you troubleſom.

Garci. 'Tis an odd way of entertaining Friends,
But ſince I find you diſcompos'd with ſickneſs,
That ſhall excuſe your Humours; where I go
I hope for better Welcome.

Alphon. Sir, I muſt ask whom you pretend to viſit?

Garci. My Miſtreſs, Prince.

Alphon. Your Miſtreſs! Who's that Miſtreſs?

Garci. What need I name *Victoria*?

Alphon. Who? My Siſter?

Garci. Whom elſe cou'd you magine? *Alphon.* Any other.

Garci. And why not her?

Alphon. Becauſe I know not if ſhe will admit you.

Garci. Her Father has allow'd it.

Alphon. But not ſhe;

Or if both have, yet my conſent is wanting.
You take upon you in a Foreign Kingdom,
As if you were at home in your *Navarre*.
Garci. And you, methinks,
As if you had no Father, or no King.
Farewell, I will not ſtay.
Alphon. You ſhall not go:
Thus as I am, thus ſingle, thus unarm'd,
And you with Guards attended ——
Garci. You Teach me to forget the Rule of Manners.
Alphon. I mean to Teach you better.
[*As* Garcia *is going to paſs by him*, Alphonſo *runs to one of his Attendants, and ſnatches his Sword away, then ſteps between* Garcia *and the Door.*
Enter Veramond *and* Ximena, *Attended.*
Vera. What means this rude Behaviour in my Court?
As if our *Arragon* were turn'd to *Thrace*;
Unhoſpitable to her Gueſts, and thou
Alphonſo, a *Lycurgus*.
Alphon. He would paſs
Without my Siſter's leave, into her Lodgings.
By Heav'n, if this be ſuffer'd to proceed,
The next will be, to Treat the Royal Maid
As courſly, as ſhe were ſome Suburb Girl.
Garci. to *Vera.*] Had I not your Permiſſion, Sir? *Vera.* You had.
But theſe, *Alphonſo*, are thy Ruffian Manners.
How dar'ſt thou, Boy, to break my Orders,
And then aſperſe thy Siſter with thy Crime?
Alphon. She ſaid his Preſence was unpleaſing to her.
Vera. Come, thou bely'ſt her Innocence and Duty:
She did not, durſt not, ſay it.
Alphon. If ſhe did not,
I dare, and will maintain to all the World,
That *Garcia*, is not worthy of my Siſter.
Vera. Not worthy?
Alphon. No; I ſay once more, not worthy.
Garci. Not in my ſelf; for who deſerves *Victoria*?
But, ſince her Royal Father bids me hope,
Not leſs unworthy than another Prince.
To *Ver.*] And none, with your permiſſion, Sir, ſhall dare
To interpoſe, betwixt my Love and Me.
Alphon. Sure a leſs Price than our Infanta's Bed,
Might pay thee for thy Mercenary Troops.
Vera. Peace, Inſolent, too long I have indur'd
Thy Haughty Soul, untam'd and turbulent:
But if I Live, this ſhall not paſs unpuniſht;
Darkneſs and Chains, are Medicines for a Madman.
Xim. My Lord, I humbly beg you, ſpare your Son;
And add not Fury to a Raging Fire.
He ſoon will recollect his ſcatter'd Reaſon;
Which Heat of Youth, and Sickneſs, and Fatigues,
Have diſſipated in his boyling Blood.
Give him but time, and then his Temperate Humor
Will ſoon return into the Native Channel;
And, unoppos'd, be calm.
Vera. No, never more:
The Moon has roul'd above his Head, and turn'd it;
As Peals of Thunder ſow'r the generous Wine.
(To *Alphon.*) Hence from my Preſence thou, no more my Son.
Xim. If he be Mad, be Madneſs his excuſe;
And Pardon Nature's Error, not his own.
Vera. *Ximena*, you have fondled him to this;
I Propheſied; and now 'tis come to paſs.
Gar. Perhaps, I interrupted him too rudely:
And ſince I caus'd, my ſelf, that ill Reception,

Forgive our mutual Faults.
Vera. You ſhall prevail;
Tho' he deſerves not ſuch an Interceſſor:
(To *Alphon.*) Retire, *Alphonſo*, to your inmoſt Lodgings;
And there incloſe your ſelf, and mourn your Crimes.
Be this your laſt Relapſe; the next is Fatal.
Alphon. I will retire.
But, if I am a Madman, as you ſay;
And as I half believe, expect no Cure,
But in *Alphonſo*'s Death. [Alphonſo *goes in.*
Xim. aſide.] It Works apace:
But whither it will tend, Heaven only knows.
[Veramond *ſees the Book upon the Ground, and takes it up.*
Vera. This Book he left; go bear it after him.
Yet ſtay, I know not why, but ſomewhat prompts me
To Read this folded Page.
(To *Garcia.*) Go, Royal Youth,
I wou'd my ſelf conduct you to *Victoria*:
But Lovers need no Guide to their Deſires:
And Love no Witneſs, but himſelf Requires.
[*Exeunt the King and Queen one way, with their Attendants, and Don* Garcia *with his, another.*

The SCENE *A Street.*

Enter Carlos, *before Don* Lopez *his Door.*

Carl. That's the Door of *Lopez*, and *Sancho* muſt come out this way; now Fool ſit faſt, for thou ſhalt not want for peſtilent Advice: But firſt, I muſt know, how far thou haſt proceeded with the Father and the Daughter, that I may know what Drugs I muſt prepare, for the preſent Condition of my Patient; oh, the Door opens already, and he bolts out ſingle, as I wiſht.

Enter Sancho, *picking his Teeth.*

Sancho. What, *Carlos*, you have Din'd before me; but, it may be, you ha' not far'd ſo well.

Carl. The beſt part of your Entertainment, I ſuppoſe, was the Deſſert of the Fair *Dalinda* after Dinner; and how, and how, go Matters?

San. Better than thou wou'dſt have 'em, thou wou'dſt have put a ſpoke in my Wheel, I know it.

Carl. No, Fortune always ſets thoſe of your Admirable Underſtanding uppermoſt; but remember, *Dalinda* was once mine, however.

San. Thou wou'dſt not have me give the Box away, when I have thrown Seven? Come, ſet upon it what thou dar'ſt, and I'll give thee leave to do thy worſt.

Carl. You are very confident of your good Luck.

San. Thou know'ſt, I have a perpetual aſcendant over thee.

Carl. And you are ſure to carry her?

San. She is fond of my Perſon; ſhe ogled me all Dinner time; ſhe put her foot under the Table, and trod upon mine; and if theſe are not certain Symptoms of Paſſion, the Devil's in Womankind.

Carl. And her Father?

San. The goodeſt Old Man; he drank my Health to his Daughter; and I, to comply with my Obligation, anſwer'd the Challenge; there I think I was with her again.

Carl. You have no more to do but to take out a Licence.

San. Indeed I have her Licence for it.

Carl. What, quibbling too in your Proſperity? If you let another I ſhall be inrag'd. But you have not told me that her Father is conſenting.

San. In a manner: But——

Carl. But what, is he not abſolutely yours?

San. There's a ſmall demur upon the matter; in ſhort, he hit me in the Teeth with a damnable Rich Old *Conde*; who, I find, has been dabbling with this Covetous Old Huncks; but bating him, Don *Lopez* tells me I ſhall be the welcomeſt Man alive.

Carl. Do you know that *Conde*'s Name?

San.

San. *Don* ſomething *de Cardona*, whom the Devil confound.

Carl. My old Acquaintance; he charged with me in the Battel, but what became of him I know not; if he be the Man, deſpair betimes, *Sancho*, he'll revenge my Quarrel, and carry her in ſpight of you.

San. I am cunning, you know; and I believe he nam'd that curſed *Conde*, only to draw me on the faſter.

Carl. And do you think a Gentleman can ſucceed againſt a *Conde*, with a Woman? *San.* Why not?

Carl. No more than a *Conde* againſt a Duke, and ſo upwards. Abandon her, I ſay.

San. No; I am reſolute.

Carl. To be the Shoeing-horn for the *Conde*?

San. I confeſs, I wou'd not be the Shoeing-horn to draw him on.

Carl. No; for that's to be a Pimp for him.

San. Right; therefore I will leave her.

Carl. Then go back; and quarrel with her and her Father: Go, I ſay, immediately before your Virtue cools.

San. I'll give 'em their own, I'll warrant 'em: What, make a Shoeing-horn of a Man of Honour? [*Exit* Sancho.

Carl. alone.] If the *Conde* be in Love, then why ſhou'd *Lopez* admit of *Sancho* for a Suitor; if not, the Fool is in the right, that it was only feign'd to draw him on. However, my advice will ſtrike on both ſides; for if *Sancho* quarrels he's diſcarded, and for the *Conde* —— ſtay a little —— What if I ſhou'd play this *Conde*? I know him, and can Mimmick him exactly, 'tis but a Jeſt if I am diſcovered; and if the *Conde* loves her, and ſhe him, then I marry her in his ſhape---Oh, they are coming out to quarrel in the open Air; for the Houſe is grown too hot for 'em; but I dare not ſtay to ſee the Battel, for fear of getting blows on both ſides. [*Exit* Carlos

Enter Lopez, Dalinda, *and* Sancho.

Lop. I'll wait upon you out of my Houſe, however.

San. Father-in-Law, that might have been; no more Ceremonies, I'll be no Shoeing-horn for any Man.

Lop. You wou'd not be my Daughter's hinderance?

San. There's no more to be ſaid on't; but either a Bargain, or no Bargain.

Lop. A Bargain, if the *Conde* comes not on.

San. Then as he comes on, I muſt go off, with a Pox to you; and to your Daughter.

Dal. At leaſt it ſhall not be a Pox of your giving.

San. The *Conde*'s Pox take you then; that's an Honourable Pox deſcended in a right Line from Don *Rodorick* the *Goth*, I'll warrant you.

Lop. Indeed, if your Eſtate were as great as his——

San. Nay, for that matter I can drop Gold with him, as little as I care for her.

Dal. But then his Title?

San. I have more Gold yet, to weigh down his Parchment. And then my Wit againſt a *Conde*'s Wit, that's for Overplus; for though I ſay it——

Lop. Who ſhou'd not ſay it.

San. Yet I do ſay it, and will ſay it, eſpecially as Lords go now: Come, there's no more to be ſaid, *Lopez*; but take back your Trumpery, I mean your Daughter; or I'll ſend for the Scavenger with a Dung Cart.

Lop. This is inſufferable: And by this Honourable Beard——

San. Which I'll pull off by handfuls, if you ſwagger——

Lop. aſide to Dal.] What ſhall we do with this Madman, Daughter?

Dal. You ſhou'd ſend for an Alguazile to order him, if I were ſure that the *Conde* wou'd come on again; but ſince that's uncertain, go in, Father, and let me alone with him, if I make him your Son-in-Law, that's Puniſhment ſufficient for him.

Lop. Well, Cavalier, you may chance to hear of me. [*Exit* Lopez.

San. Yes, and of your Daughter too, in the next Lampoon, I doubt not—— (To *Dalinda.*) Why don't you follow him? What do you and I together, Maddam Counteſs?

Dal. Nay, I know not. *San.* Nor I neither.

Dal. I hope you will not beat me. [*She looks languiſhingly upon him.*

San. I can't tell that——Thou haſt a damnable kind of lear that wou'd provoke me to ſomething——I ſay not what.

Dal. Beat me with my own hand, if I deſerve it, there 'tis for you.

[*Gives him her hand, and ſqueezes his.* *San.*

San. If I ſhould beat thee now, as thou haſt deſerv'd richly, I could make thee ſatisfaction.

Dal. Indeed, they ſay an old Man ſhou'd never beat a young Woman, becauſe he cannot make her ſatisfaction.

San. Abominable Chuck. If I did not hate thee mortally, I cou'd be content to love thee for a quarter of an hour, or ſo — Why, what's here to do? You are at your old tricks again: Prithee, ſweet Devil, do not ogle me, nor ſqueeze my Palm ſo feelingly, thou dear Infernal, do not.

Dal. Why, do I hurt you?

San. No, but thou tickleſt me to the very Heart-ſtrings, moſt wickedly.

Dal. You command me then to leave you? [*Seeming to be going.*

San. Not command you neither, not abſolutely. *Dal.* I go then——

San. Then I do Command thee—I mean, to ſtay a little longer. Thou haſt fir'd my blood moſt horribly, with that ſqueezing; haſt not thou the Itch? Speak, Damnation, I think I have got the Infection of thee— [*He ſhakes his hands.*

Dal. I'll go and comfort my poor old Father, for the Affront you gave him.

San. No, Perverſeneſs; I'll make thee ſtay, in very ſpight of thy proud Sex I'll humble thee.

Dal. But was not you a grievous Man to uſe him ſo? You ſhall tell me, or I break your Fingers.

San. Not a word, to ſave thee from Perdition; I am as dumb as a Heathen Oracle.

Dal. Then I muſt ſqueeze it out of you —— [*Preſſing his hand again.*

San. Ah, ah, it runs through me like Wild Fire —— [*Panting.*

Dal. Did not *Carlos* give you this naughty Counſel?

San. I ſhou'd not anſwer thee, I know it. Heartlikins, this is juſt cramping a Man when he's aſleep, to make him tell his Dream; let go my hand, and *Carlos* did not adviſe me, but hold it, and he did; now will you be at quiet with me?

Dal. Not, till you promiſe me to be Friends with my Father.

San. Well, confound thee, I am Friends with him.

Dal. And to baniſh *Carlos* for an Evil Counſellor.

San. Upon condition, you'll diſcharge the Count from ſeeing you.

Dal. No Conditions, either ſurrender upon Diſcretion, or I'll put you to the Sword.

San. Pox on thee, for being ſo Tyrannical, but I can't help my ſelf, and therefore I totally ſubmit.

Dal. Now then, you ſhall perceive how Gracious a Princeſs I intend to be; my Father dotes upon this Count, but I deſpiſe him.

San. That's a good Girl; for Love of me, I'll warrant you.

Dal. You think I cokes you now.

San. No, I know my own Merit too well for that.

Dal. Then do what I adviſe you; my Father has not often ſeen this Count; what if you ſhou'd paſs for him? *San.* Hum, I do not apprehend thee.

Dal. A Man of your Wit, and be ſo ſtupid; you ſhall counterfeit the Count.

San. Counterfeit the Count, that's a pure quibble, but I can make no more on't.

Dal. He's an Old Fellow, and a Fool; now, you ſhall take upon you to be this Count, to deceive my Father; and I'll keep your Counſel, and Teach you how to Repreſent him.

San. Oh, now I underſtand you; but 'tis impoſſible for me to counterfeit a Fool.

Dal. I'll warrant you, truſt Nature.

San. A Man of my Senſe, can never hide his Parts.

Dal. No, but you may ſhew 'em; go back to your Lodgings, I'll provide you Cloaths, and ſend you Directions in Writing, how to behave your ſelf before my Father —— One word more, be ſure you manage this in private, and ſhut out *Carlos*, leſt he ſhould diſcover our Intrigue.

San. Well, I will ſtrive for once to get the better of my Wit, and play the Natural as Naturally as I can, but you had better come your ſelf and Teach me, for you have put me in a pure way of taking your Inſtructions. [*Exit* Sancho.

Dal. alone.] When I conſider what has paſs'd between the Count and me, there's little Reaſon to believe, a Man ſhou'd put on a foul Shirt again, when he has put it off already, and has change of Linen by him; however, my Father ſhall know nothing of this Diſguiſe, for he that ſold my firſt Maidenhead to the Lord, may ſell my ſecond to the Fool; and that wou'd be too much in Conſcience, that a Woman once in twice, ſhould not have the Letting her own Freehold; and therefore, I will have the Selling of my ſelf, and *Sancho*, ſhall have the refuſal of the Bargain.

Wiſe

Wiſe Heav'n, in pity to the Sex, deſign'd
Fools, for the laſt Relief of Womankind.
Two Married Wits, no quiet can enjoy:
Two Fools together wou'd the Houſe deſtroy.
But Providence, to level Humane Life,
Made the Fool Husband, for the Witty Wife. [*Exit* Dalinda.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Scene, Victoria's *Chamber.*

Enter Alphonſo, *with Muſick.*

A Song is Sung: When it is beginning, Victoria *Enters.*

Song of *Jealouſie.*

1.

WHat State of Life can be ſo bleſt
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breaſt?
Two Souls in one, the ſame deſire
To grant the Bliſs, and to require!
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſie!
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind!

2.

All other ills, tho' ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine, and perfect Love:
In abſence, or unkind diſdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's pain:
But ah, no Cure but Death we find,
To ſet us free
From Jealouſie:
O Jealouſie:
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind.

3.

Falſe, in thy Glaſs all Objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too far:
Thou art the Fire of endleſs Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light.
All Torments of the Damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealouſie!
Thou Tyrant, Tyrant Jealouſie,
Thou Tyrant of the Mind. [*Exeunt Muſicians.*

Alphon. 'Tis true, my Tyrant Father has confin'd me;
But Love, who traverſes the World at will,
Who knows not Awe, nor Law, nor Parentage,
Has broke my Tedder, and enlarg'd my bounds.

Vict. Retire betimes, the Court is full of Eyes;
As Eagles ſharp, fatal as Baſiliſques;
Who Live on Looking, and who See to Death.

Alphon. I come but to depart, and go for ever:
Becauſe denied the common Rights of Nature;
Which the Firſt Brother, and Firſt Siſter had.
Why, were not you and I that Happy Pair?
But Nature doats with Age.

Vict. What e'er it be, 'tis paſt redreſs, *Alphonſo.*

Alphon. But then, ſhall *Garcia* take thee in his Arms?
Glutted with Joys, which I wou'd die to Taſt:
No, let me ſtab the Wretch in every Vein;
And leave him dry of Pleaſure, e'er we part.

Vict. Alphonſo, no, you cannot Kill Don *Garcia*,
But you declare the Cauſe, and own your Love.

Alphon. And what care I, what after Ages ſay
Alphonſo did, to make *Alphonſo* Happy?
But oh, you Love; and would preſerve his Life
To be for ever his.

Vict. My Deareſt Brother:
I Hate your Rival, and I die for you.
All but my Spotleſs Honour ſhall be yours.

Alphon. By Heaven! But that word Heaven comes croſs my Thoughts——

Vict. Beware; for by my own, I gueſs your Paſſion.

You

You wou'd I fear——
Alphon. Enjoy my Heaven one moment.——
Vict. And part with it for ever: Think on that.
Alphon. That moment were Eternity in little:
A mighty Summ, but taken on content;
To ſave the tedious telling o'er and o'er.
Vict. Oh, we are too long together.
Alphon. Fear you that?
Vict. I ought to fear it; but I truſt my Virtue.
Depart, my Soul, I will not ask you whither;
For fear, I ſhou'd Repent of my Repentance;
And follow you to Death.
Alphon. I go, *Victoria*:
But Love's cold Fit of Jealouſie returns;
You muſt not be *Don Garcia*'s; Swear, you will not.
Vict. I Swear I will not, by my own conſent.
Alphon. You may be forc'd; oh, curſed Jealouſie,
Thou Baſtard Son of Love, unlike thy Father,
Why doſt thou ſtill Torment me?
Vict. Truſt my Honour.
Alphon. That may be chaft into a warmth, *Victoria.*
Talk, Seeing, Touching are Incendiaries.
And theſe may mount your Young Deſires, like Straw
To meet the Jett that draws you.
Vict. Truſt my Love.
Alphon. I Swear I truſt it, but I fear your Beauty;
'Tis a fair Fruit that hangs upon the Bough:
Tempts and is Tempted.
Vict. 'Tis indeed a Fruit;
Seen and deſir'd of all, while yet unpull'd,
But can be gather'd by one only Hand.
Alphon. That one, is *Garcia*; ſtill the Fit returns;
I wiſh my Jealouſie cou'd quench my Love.
Vict. It cannot, if I meaſure yours by mine:
Or if extinguiſht, like a trail of ſmoak
From a Wax Taper, ſoon wou'd light again.
Alphon. 'Tis ſo, for when I ſay I will not Love,
Then I Love moſt: Farewel my only Joy,
I go to hide me from the World and you.
Vict. As when the Sun is down,
His Light is clipt into a thouſand Stars,
So your ſweet Image, tho' you ſhine not on me,
Will gild the horrour of the Night, and make
A pleaſing Scene of ſolitary Grief.
Enter Veramond *and* Ximena, *he with an* Ovid *in his hand.*
Vera. How dar'ſt thou, Rebel, thus provoke my Patience,
Beyond all ſufferance, and tranſgreſs thy Bounds?
Alph. When Kings and Fathers, on their Sons and Subjects
Exact into Intolerable things to bear,
Nature and Self-defence diſpence with Duty.
Vera. Oh Heav'n, what horrid Sin have I committed!
That I was puniſh'd to beget this Son?
Alphon. I could ask Heaven another Queſtion too;
But that 'tis not ſo decent: In few words,
Hither I came to take my lateſt leave
Of dear *Victoria*, then depart for ever.
And buried in ſome ſolitary Cave,
Forgetting and forgotten, end my Days.
Ver. 'Tis what thou haſt deſerv'd: Perform thy Pennance.
Xim. So hard a Sentence for ſo ſmall a Fault?
Are you a Father, Sir?
Vera. Is he a Son?
Thou know'ſt not his Offence.
But mark the glowing Blood, the guilty Fluſh

Upon *Victoria*'s Face and read it there.
Xim. I know not what you mean.
Vera. Victoria, ſpeak
And clear your ſelf —— She anſwers not a word.
Nay then my fears are true, on both ſides guilty.
Vict. (*aſide.*) 'Tis found; and we are loſt.
Vera. But what needs more Conviction: Know you this?
[*Shewing the* Ovid *to* Alphonſo.
This Book the Tutor of Inceſtuous Love?
The Page is doubled down, and points thee to thy Crime.
I fear'd, before, from every rolling glance;
How quick they ſhot upon thy Siſter's Face:
And ſhe receiv'd them all, like ſmoking Flax;
Confeſs'd the Fire, and anſwer'd to the Flame.
Vict. I Love my Brother, and avow that Fire:
His Love to me has rais'd his Noble Thoughts
To Brave Atchievements, for your Crown and you.
For Love's the Steel that ſtrikes upon the Flint:
Gives Coldneſs Heat, exerts the hidden Flame;
And ſpreads the Sparkles round, to warm the World.
Vera. Oh Heav'ns, ſhe makes a Merit of her Crime.
Victoria, I wou'd yet think better of thee,
And therefore dare I not enquire too far;
Willing to doubt the Guilt I fear to find.
Depart and Anſwer not. [*Exit* Victoria.
For thee, whom I abhor to call my Son, [*To* Alphonſo.
And wiſh thou wert a Stranger to my Blood ——
Xim. (*aſide.*) That was a happy hint; I muſt improve it.
Vera. One way, and only one, remains to clear thee:
If, with a Holy Fire, thou Lov'ſt thy Siſter,
Aſpiring but to Fame, not ſinking down
Into th' abyſs of Luſt unnatural,
Conſent that ſhe may be *Don Garcia*'s Wife;
Elſe give the Lye to all thy fair Pretences;
And ſtand expos'd a Monſter of Mankind:
Foul as the Fiends, which fell from Heaven's high Towers,
Fall thou from Empire ſo; and from my ſight
Depart, Accurſt for ever.
Alphon. Gladly I leave you; but ſhall go more lightly,
If eas'd of this your dreadful Imprecation:
O! let me go unloaded with your Curſe;
And I will bleſs you for my Baniſhment.
Vera. So may that Bleſſing or that Curſe o'ertake thee,
As thou Obey'ſt or Diſobey'ſt my Will.
Alphon. Guiltleſs of Sin, with Conſcience to my Friend,
I go, to ſhun that fatal Hour, that ſhews me
Victoria Married, and *Alphonſo* loſt. [*He's going.*
Xim. Stay yet, *Alphonſo*; for one moment ſtay:
For ſome what, if I durſt, I have to ſpeak,
Which wou'd at leaſt take half thy load away;
And free thy ſhoulders from the weight of Sin.
Vera. Ximena, dar'ſt thou hope to palliate Inceſt,
And gild ſo black a Crime?
Xim. I gild it not; but if I prove it none,
You may be kind, *Alphonſo* may be happy,
And theſe Domeſtick Jarrs, for ever ceaſe.
Vera. Explain your ſelf.
Xim. Afford me then your Patience.
A mighty Secret labours in my Soul,
And like a ruſhing Stream breaks down the Dam;
This day muſt give it vent, it reſts in you
To make it end in a Tempeſtuous Night,
Or in a Glorious Evening.
Vera. No more Preface.

Xim. You wonder at *Alphonſo*'s haughty Carriage,
His fiery Temper, and his awleſs Mind.
Vera. Too true, *Ximena.*
Xim. And he wonders more
At your harſh Nature, and your rugged uſage,
On each ſide unbecoming Son and Father;
And yet the cauſe of both is to be found.
But e're I farther ſhall proceed to ſpeak;
Command your Royal Priſoner to be brought;
For I muſt be confronted with *Ramirez*:
And in his Preſence tell you wondrous things;
Which if he vouch not, let *Ximena* Die.
Vera. I ſent for him to hear his final Doom:
And think he waits without.
Admit the Priſoner. [*He goes to the Door and ſpeaks.*

Enter Ramirez, *Guarded.*

Now, Sir, is yet your Haughty Soul reſolv'd
To quit your empty Title for your Freedom?
Xim. Ramirez, anſwer not, to raiſe his Paſſion:
For now th' important Secret of our Lives
Muſt come to Publick view; and on that hinge
Depends thy Crown, thy Liberty, and Life,
My Honour and thy Son's.
Alphon. (*aſide.*) What Means my Mother?
Vera. A Son, *Ramirez*? *Ram.* Yes, a Son I had.
Vera. He Dyed an Infant here in *Saragoſſa.*
Ram. A living Son I have; and ſince the Queen
Is pleas'd t' expoſe my Life,
Before a Judge ſo prejudic'd as you:
Undaunted in the Face of Death I ſpeak;
And claim *Alphonſo* mine.
Vera. There needs no more; I ſpare thee all the reſt:
My Wife's Adultery, thy foul Interloping;
My own Diſhonour, and that Baſtard's Birth.
Xim. Injurious words, unfitting you to ſpeak;
And me, my Lord, and thoſe concern'd to hear.
Alph. (to *Vera.*) Tho' I wou'd give what e'er the Sun beholds
Not to be yours; yet, when my Mother's Fame
Is queſtion'd, none ſhall wrong her Innocence:
Nor ſhall *Ramirez* go
Unpuniſht for that Infamous Aſperſion.
Ram. Alphonſo, Peace, your Father bids you Peace.
Vera. Then, what am I?
Ram. His Foſter-Father.
Vera. Impudently ſaid:
And yet I hope 'tis true: ſo much I hate him,
That I cou'd buy the Publick Scorn, to be
An Alien to his Blood.
Xim. Have patience, Sir;
And you ſhall have your wiſh, on cheaper Terms,
But hear me ſpeak.
Vera. Good Heav'n, then give me patience.
Xim. When you and brave *Ramirez*, then your Friend,
Me and my Siſter Married, four full Years
We paſs'd in Barren Wedlock, Childleſs both;
Ramirez, you remember, brought his Queen
To *Saragoſſa* on a friendly Viſit:
Then as we both were Married on one day;
We both Conceiv'd together. *Vera.* I obſerve it:
That when *Ramirez* came, you both Conceiv'd.
Mark that; and if thou haſt the Face, Proceed.
Xim. My Lord, I dare;
You took me once aſide; and as your Rage
Inſpir'd your Soul, ſpoke thus; *Ximena*, know

That

That if the Fruit thou bear'ſt, be not a Son,
Henceforth, no more my Queen, we part for ever.
The word was hard, I bore it as I cou'd;
I Pray'd, and Heav'n in pity heard my Vows:
Two Boys in one fair Morning were diſclos'd
By me, and by my Siſter.
And both the Fathers equally were Bleſt.
Vera. Say one was bleſt with two; and ſpeak more truly.
Xim. Forbear this Language, Sir; or I am Dumb;
It ſeems that you deſerv'd not him you had:
For, in ſev'n days, Heav'n Raviſht your *Alphonſo*;
My Siſter's little *Veramond* ſurviv'd,
And ſhe's a Living Witneſs of this Truth.
Great was my Grief; but greater was my Fear,
From your (alas) too much experienc'd Anger.
Thus low reduc'd, and urg'd, by anxious Thougts,
Of what I might expect from your unkindneſs ——
Now ſpeak, *Ramirez*; and relate the reſt;
For my Tongue falters, and denies its Office;
So much I fear my Lord ſhou'd take offence.
Ram. Then like, or diſapprove it, thus it was.
She told my Wife and me this mournful Story,
Her Fears for thy Reſentment of thy loſs,
If by misfortune it ſhou'd reach thy Ears:
Begg'd Secreſie, and then Implor'd our Aid,
To ſubſtitute the Living for the Dead;
And make our *Veramond* paſs for thy *Alphonſo*.
A hard Requeſt, but with compaſſion mov'd,
At length, 'twas granted.
Vera. Is this true, *Ximena*?
Xim. So Heav'n and you forgive my Pious Fraud,
As what he ſays is certain.
Alphon. Oh Joyful News, Oh Happy Day; too good
To end in Night, ——My Father, and my King.
[*Runs to* Ramirez, *kneels to him, and kiſſes his Hand.*
My Soul foreknew you with a ſure preſage
Of Native Duty, and Inſtinctive Love.
Ram. Ariſe, my Son.
Vera. You own him then?
Ram. I do.
Vera. A welcome riddance;
Mean time, in proſpect of a double Crown,
You gave the Sparrow leave to brood upon
The Cuckoo's Egg.
Ram. The advantage was to you;
He prov'd his Blood upon me when we fought.
Fierce Eagles never procreate fearful Doves:
I ſent him word he was my Son, before
The Battel, but the Hand of Fate was in it:
The Note miſcarried, and we blindly met.
Xim. Paſt Accidents imbitter both your Minds.
Think forwards on your mutual Intereſts;
Alphonſo Loves *Victoria*:
I ſaw it in the Seeds, before diſclos'd
To other Eyes; conniv'd at it, approv'd it.
Vera. A moſt commodious Mother!
Xim. Blame me not;
Guilt there was none, but in their apprehenſion:
And both their Virtues bar'd ill conſequences.
Now take the bleſt occaſion by the foretop;
And, on their Marriage found a laſting Peace.
Ram. A trivial Accident begot this War.
Some paltry bounds of ill diſtinguiſht Earth;
A clod that lay betwixt us unaſcertain'd;

And Royal Pride, on both ſides, drew our Swords:
Thus Monarchs quarrel, and their Subjects bleed.
Remove your Land-marks, ſet 'em where you pleaſe:
Stretch out your *Arragon* on my *Caſtile*;
And be once more my Brother.
Alphon. I implore it:
And proſtrate, beg your Pardon, and your Grace;
I have offended in my Proud Behaviour;
But make *Victoria* mine, and what your Son
In Duty wanted, by your Son-in-Law
Shall doubly be ſupply'd.
Xim. What, wou'd you more?
Vera. (*to her.*) Are you the Mediatrix of this Peace?
Xim. It well becomes the ſoftneſs of my Sex;
To mediate for ſweet Peace, the beſt of Bleſſings,
And like a *Sabine* Wife, to run betwixt
Relations lifted Swords.
Vera. A rare Chaſte *Sabine*, you!
To ſave th' Adulterer of thy Husband's Bed;
See there *Alphonſo*'s Father, that Old Goat,
Who on Two Siſters propagated Luſt:
And Got two Children, for himſelf and me.
Suppoſe thee Chaſte, a favourable Gueſs
To any of thy Sex, theſe are my Foes.
(To *Ramirez.*) Thou firſt, the former ſharer of my Sheets:
A King without a Kingdom, thine is Conquer'd;
And *Garcia* with *Victoria* ſhall enjoy it.
Ram. So monſtrouſly you wrong your Wife and me——
Vera. No more, my Will is Law.
Ram. So Tyrants ſay.
Vera. I will not hear thee ſpeak, conduct him hence;
And ſtew him in the Dungeon's depth with Toads.
[*The Guards carry off* Ramirez.
(To *Alphon.*) For thee the worthy Son of ſuch a Father —— [*Walks by himſelf.*
Xim. (to *Alphon.*) 'Tis deſp'rate now; and I with ill-tim'd zeal,
Have haſtn'd your deſtruction.
Alphon. (*to her.*) You have Sav'd me.
Vera. (*aſide.*) Say I ſhou'd put th' ungrateful Wretch to Death,
He's thought my Son, and whilſt ſo thought, 'tis dangerous.
Impriſon him; the People might Rebel:
He's Popular, and I am ill-Belov'd.
Then Baniſh him, that's beſt, but yet unſafe:
He may with Foreign Aid Reconquer all.
I'll venture that, with *Garcia* to my Friend;
He ſhall recall his Troops, mine are at hand
And ready preſt for Service. [*He comes to* Alph. *and* Ximena.
Xim. Now the ſtorm ——
Vera. (To *Alphon.*) Thy Doom's reſolv'd: too gentle for thy Crimes:
I ſpair thy Life, depart to Baniſhment;
To morrow leave the Realm, this day the Town
And like the Scape-Goat driv'n into the Deſart,
Bear all ill Omens with thee.
Alphon. Proud of my Exile, with erected Face,
I leave your Court, your Town, and your Dominions.
Pleas'd that I Love, at leaſt without a Crime;
Lighter by what I loſt: I tread in Air
Unhappy, but Triumphant in deſpair. [*Exit* Alphonſo.
Vera. Behold how haughtily he ſtrides away,
Lofty and bold; as if not Baniſht hence,
But ſeeking for ſome other place to Reign.
I think he cannot hope; but leſt he ſhou'd,
Victoria ſoon ſhall be *Don Garcia*'s Bride.
(To *Ximen.*) Go, Madam, for I know you are in haſte,
To greet your Daughter with this goodly News.

Tell her, *Alphonſo* is no more my Son.
But tell her too, he ſhall not be her Husband.
Bid her prepare her ſelf to Wed *Navarr:*
Whether by force or by conſent, I care not:
To morrow ſhall determine that Affair.
Nor ſhall my Will be fruſtrate, or delay'd:
Kings are not Kings, unleſs they be obey'd. [*Exeunt* Ambo.

The SCENE *is in the Street, before* Lopez's *Houſe.*

Enter. Sancho, *Habited like* Don Alonzo de Cardona. Dalinda *meeting him.*

Dal. I watch'd your coming at the Window, and told my Father: He's coming out to welcome you.

San. But if I chance to break out into a little Wit ſometimes, you'll excuſe my frailty.

Dal. Pugh, you are ſo ſuſpicious of your ſelf, and have ſo little reaſon for't: be as witty as you can; I fear you not.

Enter. Don Lopez, *and ſalutes him.*

Lop. Noble *Conde*, you are welcome from the Wars: and who did beſt in the Battel, I beſeech your Honour?

San. Why, next my Honour, one Colonel *Sancho* did beſt.

Lop. Who, *Sancho*? he's little better than a Coxcomb.

San. Nay, he has too much Wit; if he had as much Grace, 'twou'd be better for him.

Lop. But he's your Lordſhip's Rival in my Daughter.

San. Is he ſo? then make much of him, Old Gentleman.

Lop. You wo'd not have me prefer him to your Excellency?

San. Faith, you can hardly chuſe amiſs betwixt us two; he's my other ſelf, Man.

Lop. I make a vaſt difference betwixt you.

San. That ſhall be a very good Jeſt between you and me another time.

Dal. (*aſide.*) The Fool's too much a Fool, he's going to diſcover himſelf, if I prevent it not. (*To* Lopez.) Make haſte, Father, and put him upon the Point, or he'll give me up to *Sancho.*

Lop. Let *Sancho* be no Fool, ſince your Lordſhip pleaſes, for he is not bound to make my Daughter any ſatisfaction, as you are.

San. And ſatisfaction ſhe ſhall have: What I hope you don't think I am an Eunuch?

Dal. (*aſide.*) Oh Heaven! I ſhall be ruin'd be tween them, I forgot to inſtruct my Father not to meddle with that Point. (*To* Lopez.) Say no more of it, I beſeech you, Sir.

Lop. (*to her.*) 'Tis for thy good; let me alone: You know you have injur'd the poor Girl, my Lord.

San. Not to my Remembrance, Sennor; You and I may have quarrel'd, I confeſs, and I think I may have given you ſome hard words to day.

Dal. (*aſide.*) Now has he forgotten he's my Lord, and is harping upon the Quarrel he had with him as *Sancho*: this muſt end in my Deſtruction.

Lop. Your Lordſhip and I can have had no Quarrel to day, for I have not ſeen you this Twelve-month.

San. That's true; now I remember my ſelf, you have not.

Lop. But that you have wrong'd my Daughter is manifeſt.

Dal. (to *Sancho.*) Sir, I muſt needs ſpeak a word with you in private; if you love me, confeſs you have enjoy'd me; for I told my Father ſo on purpoſe to make him the more condeſcending to the Match.

San. (*to her.*) A word to the Wiſe, I underſtand you; Now you ſhall ſee me top upon the old Fellow.

(*To* Lopez.) Well, Sennor, I won't ſtand with you for a Night's Lodging with your Daughter; I acknowledge I have been a little familiar with her, or ſo: but to make her amends I will marry her, and conſummate with her moſt abundantly.

Lop. Then all ſhall be ſet right, and the Man ſhall have his Mare again.

Enter Carlos *habited like* Sancho.

Lop. What, another *Don Alonzo*? this is Prodigious!

Carl. (*aſide, ſeeing* Sancho.) Bleſs me, the Poſt is taken up already, and the true Count is here before me.

Dal. (*aſide.*) This is not my *Conde*: but ſome other Counterfeit. (*To* Sancho.) You are as true a Count as he: Stand to your Likeneſs.

San. Wou'd I were out of my Likeneſs. [*Sneaking back.*

Dal. Put forward, Man, I'll ſecond you.

San.

San. But what a Deviliſh high Back he has gotten too, he'll carry me away a pick a pick, that's certain.

Carl. (aſide) I find him now: by their whiſpering, and by his aukwardneſs, this muſt be *Sancho*; and I'll outface him.

(To Lopez.) Sennor *Don Lopez*, I am come by your Permiſſion, to renew my Addreſſes to your fair Daughter.

Lop. Your Lordſhip is moſt welcome.

San. Whoſe Lordſhip?

Lop. Why, one of your Lordſhips; I know not which; for by your Backs you are both my Lords: That's as you two can agree the matter.

*San. (*to *Carlos.)* Sirrah, where did you ſteal that Back of mine?

Carl. Sirrah, I was born with it; but what He Cammel has your Mother been dealing withal, that you are begotten in my Reſemblance?

San. What, I hope you won't pretend to paſs for the true *Conde*?

Carl. I am Don *Alonzo de Cardona.*

San. And ſo am I.

Carl. If you ſtay a little longer, I'll ſtretch your Bones till you are as ſtreight as an Arrow.

San. Do not provoke me; I am miſchievouſly bent.

Carl. Nay, you are bent enough in Conſcience, but I have a bent Fiſt for Boxing.

San. And I have a ſtreight Foot for Kicking. [*They come up to each other.*

Lop. Here will be Blood-ſhed immediately; hold Noblemen both; will ye be content that I ſhould examine ye; and then ſtand to my award which is the true *Conde*.

San. Well, to ſave Chriſtian Blood, I will.

Carl. And to ſave Jewiſh Blood, that's your Blood, Sirrah, I am contented too.

Lop. (to *Carlos.*) What Command had you, my Lord, in the laſt Battel?

Carl. I had none; I was a Volunteer, and Charg'd with Honourable Colonel *Carlos* in the Fight.

*Lop. (*to *Sancho.)* And what command had your Lordſhip there?

San. I had none neither; and I charg'd with that Rogue, *Carlos.*

Lop. (aſide.) So far they are both right, as I have heard.
(To Sancho.) And what became of you afterwards?

San. Now I am pos'd; for *Carlos* told me he knew nothing of the Count afterwards; Sennor, I do not well remember what became of me, for I was in a very great Paſſion; but I did prodigious things, that's certain.

Carl. (to *Lop.)* Sennor, you may ſee he's a Counterfeit, becauſe he knows nothing of himſelf; but I, the true *Conde*, was trodden under the Horſes Feet, and lay for dead above half an hour.

San. Well; and now I remember my ſelf, I was laid for dead too for juſt about half a year.

Lop.(to *Dalind.)* This is the wrong Lord; he can ſay nothing but what the other Lord has ſaid before him.

San. Then he's the likelier to be the true *Conde*; for he's a Fool, Father.

Carl. You ſee, Sennor, he does nor remember what became of him, as I ſaid before.

San. How wou'd you have a Man remember, when he was laid for dead?

Carl. But I recover'd, Rogue, and purſu'd the Enemy.

San. And I recover'd, and purſu'd 'em too, for above an hundred miles together, at full ſpeed.

Lop. That's farther than you needed by threeſcore miles; for 'tis but forty from the place of Battel to the City.

Carl. Yes, at full ſpeed upon the ſame Horſe, and never drew Bit neither.

*San. (*to *Dalin.)* Help me, dear *Dalinda*! I am Bogg'd, you ſee.

Dal. (to him.) That's with purſuing your Enemies too far; but I'll help you out again---------*(To* Lopez.) Pray, Sir, let me examine 'em a little.

Lop. You'll make nothing of that firſt *Conde*.

Dal. Yes, a Son-in-Law, I warrant you.
(To them.) Which of you two promis'd me Marriage? *Both.* I did.

*Dal. (*to *Carl.)* And did you enjoy me?

Carl. Heaven forbid, Madam: what, before Marriage?

*Dal. (*to *Sanch.)* And what did you?

San. I did enjoy her, ſo I did: and there I was before you, for a falſe *Conde* as you are.

Carl. Speak for your ſelf, Madam, and clear your Reputation, from that ſcandalous Companion.

Dal.

Dal. (with her Fan before her face.) I muſt confeſs the true *Conde* has enjoy'd me; the more my Frailty.

Lop. The matter mends on that ſide.

San. Now Good man Gooſe-cap, who's the moſt a Man of Honour, he who has enjoy'd a fair Lady, or he who has only lickt his Lips, and gone without her?

Carl. (aſide.) I ſee ſhe takes his part; this is all a Lye contriv'd betwixt 'em.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. (to *Dalind.*) Madam, I am ſent to you on a ſad Errand from the late *Conde Don Alonzo*, who was kill'd in the laſt Battle.

Lop. You are miſtaken, Friend; for here he ſtands alive, and well. [*Pointing to* Sancho. And for fear of failing, here's a Counterpart of him. [*Pointing to* Carlos.

Meſſ. Do not abuſe your ſelf, Sennor; neither of theſe is the true *Conde*: I took him from under the Horſes Feet, and he had only life enough to ſay, Remember me to my fair *Dalinda.*

Lop. (To *Sanch.*) What does your Lordſhip ſay to this?

San. He was fairly kill'd, I muſt confeſs: but I can give you a better account of his Lordſhip afterwards.

Lop. You? why, who are you?

San. Nay, I am he too.

Meſſ. You ſee he's a Counterfeit; and ſo is the other.

Lop. 'Tis too true.

Dal. Did the *Conde* leave me nothing in his Will?

Meſſ. Not a Croſs, Madam.

Dal. There's the ſame Payment for your News; be gone, poor Fellow.

[*Exit Meſſenger.*

Carl. At leaſt I have the ſatisfaction that he's diſcover'd as well as I am.

[*Throwing off ſome part of his Diſguiſe.*

Now, *Sancho*, you are welcome to the diſcovery of your fine Intrigue.

Lop. Then, *Sancho*, I make good my word to you; ſince the *Conde* is dead, you ſtand faireſt for my Daughter; And you, Couſin *Carlos*, with your Wit and your Poverty, are in *Statu Quo*: Come away, Son-in-Law, and leave the forſaken Lover to make himſelf a Willow Garland.

[*Exeunt* Sancho, Lopez, and Dalinda.

Carl. Yet if I cou'd hinder *Sancho* from marrying her, I ſhou'd make my ſelf ſome ſatisfaction. I'll think on't farther; and ſomething comes into my head already. [*Stands muſing.*

Enter Alphonſo.

Alphon. Now *Carlos*, what make you here in this Diſguiſe? I have been looking for you at leaſt half an hour.

Carl. Only a Maſquerade, Sir, an innocent Diverſon in times of Peace.

Alphon. No, *Carlos*, theſe are times of War, not Peace: I muſt abruptly tell you what is paſt:

I am *Ramirez* Son, not *Veramond*'s.
I love *Victoria*, and for her am baniſht.

Carl. Juſt my own condition: I have had a Revolution in my ſmall Affairs too; I am baniſht, and going to look for the next commodious Tree to make a wry Face upon it.

Alphon. I know you Brave; and if you love me ſtill,
Follow my Fortune; yours ſhall be my Care,
Our Army lies Encamp'd without the Walls:
Your Regiment is Quarter'd in the Town:
I think I can with eaſe Revolt the Troops,
Becauſe they love me; and with their Aſſiſtance,
Releaſe my Father; and redeem my Miſtreſs:
While you and yours, at an appointed Signal,
Procure me Entrance.

Carl. Right; and force the Gate.----------

Alphon. That's all I ask: I think my ſelf as worthy
To wed *Victoria*, as this Foreign Prince:
But if you find Reluctance to this Action,
Now ſpeak, that I may ſeek ſome other Friend.

Carl. No, Sir; I ſhall never break with you for ſo ſmall a matter as a Rebellion, I warrant you for my Souldiers, they'll never flinch, when there's a Town to Plunder.

Alphon.

Alphon. The Signal andthe Time ſhall be concerted:
Victoria be the Word----------
That happy Name our bold Attempt ſhall bleſs;
And give an Omen of aſſur'd Succeſs. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene a Street; with a Temple at a diſtance.

Enter Garcia, *with a Letter in his Hand*; Ximena *and* Celidea.

Garcia. MAY I believe you, 'tis *Victoria*'s Hand?
For 'tis a ſtrange Requeſt.
Xim. So may it move your Noble Mind to pity,
As what the Paper tells you is moſt true.
She gave it me; and with a thouſand ſighs,
Begg'd me to recommend her Life, her Love,
And all her hopes of Happineſs to you.
Gar. To break my Marriage off, renounce her Bed,
To ſtand excluded from my promis'd Bliſs,
And as my proper Act to do all this?
Diſdainful, Faithleſs, and Ungrateful Maid!
Celid. Diſdainful and Ungrateful; but not Faithleſs.
Becauſe ſhe never vow'd nor promis'd Love,
But only to *Alphonſo*.
Xim. They lov'd not as a Brother and a Siſter,
But as the Fair and Brave each other Love.
For ſympathy of Souls inſpir'd their Paſſion.
Gar. That ſympathy which made him Love *Victoria*,
Has caus'd the ſame effect of love in me.
Celid. But not in her: She Lov'd him firſt, my Lord;
And you Beſieg'd a Town already his.
As you for her, others may Die for you,
And plead that Argument to hope your Love,
If the ſame Reaſon hold.
Gar. No doubt it wou'd,
Were not my Soul already prepoſſeſt.
Celid. So is *Victoria*'s Soul, for her *Alphonſo*.
And that's her plea for Conſtancy to him.
Gar. My Reaſon is convinc'd, but not my Paſſion,
For I muſt Love, and Loving muſt Enjoy.
Celid. Others muſt not Enjoy, and yet muſt Love.
Xim. You cannot Wed *Victoria* but by force:
And force can only make her Perſon yours.
Think what a fatal Doom you paſs on her,
To make your ſelf half happy.
Gar. When ſhe's mine
I will purſue her with ſo dear a Paſſion,
So chaſe her coldneſs with my warm Embraces,
That ſhe ſhall melt at length, hard as ſhe is;
And run like ſtubborn Metal.
Celid. No, my Lord,
Victoria is not form'd of Steel, but Marble,
Which is not made to melt, but flies the Fire;
And neither yields nor ſoftens to the flames.
Gain her Eſteem, at leaſt, her Love is hopeleſs.
Gar. Eſteem, a ſcanty, mean Reward of Paſſion,
That pays not half the value of the loſs.
Celid. Pay Scorn, with Scorn, and make Revenge a Pleaſure; So Generous
Minds ſhou'd do, and ſo ſhou'd I;
What needs there more,
You ſee who Loves you not——And——

Xim.

Xim. And ſhe wou'd ſay, you may behold who Loves you;
But Maiden Baſhfulneſs has ty'd her Tongue:
Look on her Eyes, they ſpeak.
Celid. (*ſoftly.*) A Language which they never ſpoke before.
Xim. Mark how ſhe whiſpers, like a Weſtern wind
Which trembles thro' the Foreſt; ſhe, whoſe Eyes
Meet ready Victory where e're they glance;
Whom gazing Crowds admire, whom Nations court,
And (did her Praiſe become a Mother's Mouth)
One who cou'd change the Worſhip of all Climates,
And make a New Religion where ſhe comes,
Unite the differing Faith of all the World,
To Idolize her Face.
Gar. And well ſhe may:
Her Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shape, her Features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand; by Love
Himſelf in Love: but oh, 'tis now too late,
My Eyes have drank a Poiſon in, before;
A former Baſilisk has ſeen me firſt.
Yet know, Fair Princeſs, if there were a part
In all my Breaſt, that cou'd receive a wound,
Your Eyes cou'd only give it.
Celid. So helpleſs Friends, when ſafe themſelves a-ſhoar,
Behold a Veſſel driv'n againſt a Rock,
They Sigh, they Weep, they Counſel, and they Pray,
They ſtretch their unaſſiſting Hands in vain,
But none will plunge into the raging Main,
To ſave the ſinking Paſſenger from Death.
Xim. Already ſee the Joyleſs Bride appears,
Grief, Rage, Diſdain, Diſtraction and Deſpair
Are equal in my Daughters diff'rent Fates:
In one, to be conſtrain'd to be your Wife;
In one, to be refus'd.

Enter Veramond *and* Victoria; *led as to Marriage, a Train follows; and after it a Guard.*

Celid. Great Nature break thy Chain, that Links together
The Fabrick of this Globe, and make a Chaos
Like that within my Soul; Oh Heaven unkind
That gives us Paſſions, ſtrong and unconfin'd;
And leaves us Reaſon for a vain Defence;
Too Pow'rful Rebels, and too weak a Prince.

[Garcia, Ximena, Celidea, *mix with the Train, which walk as in Proceſſion, towards the Temple.*

Enter on the ſudden Alphonſo *and* Carlos *at the head of their Party; the Souldiers attack the Guards, and King; and drive 'em off the Stage:* Alphonſo *fights with* Garcia, *grapples with him and gets him under; in the mean, time* Ximena, Victoria, *and* Celidea, *retire to a corner of the Stage: when* Garcia *is fall'n* Celidea *runs, and kneels to* Alphonſo.

Celid. Oh ſpare him, ſpare the Noble *Garcia*'s Life,
Or take the Forfeit in the loſs of mine.
How happy ſhou'd I be to die for him,
Who will not live for me!
Alphon. (to *Garcia.*) Riſe, and be ſafe:
If you have any Thanks to pay, reſerve 'em
To give this Royal Maid.
Gar. (*riſing.*) You'd been more kind
To take my Life, for I wou'd throw it off
Diſhonour'd as I am, 'tis worn to Rags,
Not worth a Prince's wearing. [*Exit* Garcia *follow'd by* Celidea.

Re-enter Veramond *diſarm'd and led by* Carlos.

Vera. Ungrateful Traytor!
Alphon. Hold thy peace, Old Man:
I do not love t'inſult on thy Misfortunes,
Tho thou haſt brought this Ruine on thy ſelf.

Vera. Avenging Heav'n--------
Alphon. I prithee curſe me not,
Becauſe I held thee for my Father once.
Vera. Then wou'd I were thy Father, that my Curſe
Might take the ſurer place, and----------
Alphon. Guard him hence;
But uſe no Violence to his Royal Perſon:
Call back the Souldiers, *Carlos*, from the Spoil;
I have my wiſh in having my *Victoria*,
And wou'd no more of him, nor what is his.
[Carlos *reſtores to* Veramond *his Sword, with Reſpect, and conducts him off;*
Ximena *follows him:* Alphonſo *waits on them to the Door, and returns.*
Vict. What have you done, *Alphonſo*?
Alphon. What I ought.
Obtain'd the Glorious Prize for which I fought;
Redeem'd you from a Father's Tyranny;
And from a hated Rival ſet you free.
Remove, my Fair, from this unhappy place;
The Scene of Sorrows, Suff'rings, and Diſgrace:
To my Victorious Camp with me remove:
The Scene of Triumph, and Rewarded Love.
Vict. *Mars* has been preſent with your Arms to day,
But Love and *Hymen* have been far away:
You forc'd me from a Rival's Pow'r, I know;
But then you forc'd me from a Father's too.
Alphon. What words are theſe! I feel my Vital Heat
Forſake my Limbs, my curdl'd Blood retreat:
Too much amaz'd to ſpeak, in this Surprize,
With ſilent Grief, on yours I fix my Eyes:
To learn the reaſons of your Change from thence;
To read your cruel Doom, and my Offence.
Vict. Your Arms, and Glorious Action, I approve:
Eſteem your Honour, and Embrace your Love.
Alphon. My Soul recovers, as a gentle Show'r
Refreſhes and revives a drooping Flow'r.
I'm yours ſo much, ſo little am my own;
Your Smiles are Life, and Death is in your Frown.
Vict. But oh, a hard requeſt is yet behind;
Which, for my ſake, endure with equal Mind:
Your Debt of Honour you have clear'd this day;
But mine of Duty, ſtill remains to pay:
Reſtore my Liberty, and let me go
To make a full Diſcharge of all I owe.
Alph. What Debts but thoſe of Love have you to clear?
Are you not free, are you not Soveraign here?
And were you not a Slave, before I broke
Your fatal Chains, and loos'd you from the Yoke?
Vict. 'Tis true, I was; but that Captivity,
Tho hard to bear, was more becoming me.
A Slave I am: but Nature made me ſo,
Slave to my Father, not my Father's Foe:
Since, then, you have declar'd me Free, this hour
I put my ſelf within a Parent's Power.
Alphon. Cruel *Victoria*! wou'd you go from hence,
And leave a deſolate, deſpairing Prince?
Is this the Freedom you demand from me;
Are theſe the Vows, and this the Conſtancy?
Put off the Mask: for I too well perceive
Whom you reſolve to love, and whom to leave,
Go, teach me at my own Expence, to find
What change a day can make in Womankind.
Vict. Think not a day, or all my Life, can make
Victoria's Heart her ſtedfaſt Love forſake:
I plighted you my Faith: and I renew

My Vows once more, to love but only you.
Alphon. You vow'd no time our Fortune ſhou'd divide:
And well 'twas kept, like all your Vows beſide;
When ev'n this hour you went to be a Bride.
Vict. I went; but was ſecurely firſt prepar'd:
For this was my Redemption or my Guard, [*Pulls out a Dagger.*
Let this your cauſeleſs Jealouſie remove;
And learn no more to doubt *Victoria*'s Love.
Alphon. That fatal Proof I never did deſire.
Vict. And yet a Proof more fatal you require.
Which wou'd, with Infamy, my Name purſue;
To fly my Father, and to follow you.
Alphon. Your Love you forfeit, if you go away.
Vict. I forfeit my Obedience if I ſtay.
Alphon. You may transfer your Duty, and be mine.
Vict. Yes, when my Father ſhall his Claim reſign:
For when the Nuptial Knot our Love aſſures;
All that was his before, is after, yours.
Alphon. Then when you vow'd your Love, you falſly ſwore.
Vict. I love you much, but love my Honour more.
Alphon. You hate my Rival, yet you take the way
To make you his inevitable Prey.
Vict. Beaſts fear not more to be the Hunter's Spoil.
Alphon. Then ſure you wou'd not run into the Toyl.
How ill your Actions with your Words agree!
Vict. This Friend is ſtill at hand to ſet me free. [*Holding up the Dagger.*
Alphon. Let me not live to ſee that Fatal Hour:
Rather return into your Father's Pow'r.
Rather return into *his* Arms again,
For whom your Loſt *Alphonſo* you diſdain.
If one muſt die, to ſet your Honour free,
You have already caſt the Lot on me.
Death is my only way to clear my Fame;
Which muſt be Branded with a Coward's Name,
If baſely I reſign *Victoria*'s Charms,
And tamely give you to my Rival's Arms.
Vict. To give me to my Father is no Crime.
Alphon. 'Tis ſtill the ſame; your Father gives you him.
Ungrateful Woman!
Vict. More ungrateful Man!
More than I ought I give, and all I can:
But if my Duty I prefer to you,
Be ſatisfi'd with all that Love can do.
Alphon. Not ſatisfi'd; but yet your Will ſhall be
Like Fates inviolable Law to me.
Since my Unhappy Stars will have it ſo,
Depart from hence, and leave your Father's Foe.
Go then; but quickly go; for while you ſtay,
As on a Rack I find my ſelf decay;
And every Moment looks a part of me away.
Vict. I wiſh I with my Duty cou'd diſpence:
Heav'n knows how loath I am to part from hence:
So, from the Seal is ſoften'd Wax diſjoyn'd:
So, from the Mother Plant, the tender Rind:
But take the lateſt Pledge that Love can give:
Have Courage; and for your *Victoria* Live.

[*She offers him her Hand, he Kiſſes it: Exit* Victoria, *he Looking after her.*

Enter Ramirez, *Attended by* Carlos, Ramirez *Embraces* Alphonſo.

Ram. Prop of my Age, and Pattern of my Youth,
But ſuch as far excels th' Original;
Ten Thouſand Bleſſings on thee, for this Deed.
Alphon. Heav'n and my Fate ſpeak other Language to me;
No Bleſſings, none, but millions of their Curſes,

Like burning Glaſſes, with contracted Beams,
Are pointed on my Head.
Ram. What words are theſe, on this Auſpicious Day!
Alphon. Oh fly me, fly me, Sir.
Leſt the Contagion of my Woes,
Pollute my Father s Joys; *Victoria*'s gone,
And with her, went *Alphonſo*'s Life, and Soul.
Ram. You had her in your Pow'r; and were too eaſie.
Alphon. Or rather ſhe too cruel.
Her Duty forc'd her hence, in ſcorn of Love.
Ram. You muſt reſume your Arms;
And force her Father's Will, to make her yours.
Why, like a Woman, ſtand you thus complaining,
Born to the Strength, and Courage of a Man?
Rouze up your Spirits to a juſt Revenge:
Like Lightning waſtful, and like Thunder loud.
Rivers of Blood ſhall run about the Town;
For which you were ſo laviſh of your own.
Garcia ſhall Dye; and, by his Death, remove
The cauſe of Jealouſie, and Injur'd Love.
The King himſelf, th' ungrateful King, ſhall fall;
Of all our Ills, the curſt Original.
Alphon. Beſeech you, Sir, no more.
Ram. Your Reaſon, Son?
Alphon. For you have giv'n my Soul ſo large a ſwing,
That it bounds back again with double force:
Only becauſe you carried it too far.
You've ſet an Image of ſo vaſt deſtruction
Before my ſight, that Reaſon ſhuns th' approach;
And dares not view the fearful precipice.
Ram. Is Vengeance, which is ſaid ſo ſweet a Morſel
That Heav'n reſerves it for its proper Taſt,
Is it ſo ſoon diſ-reliſht?
Alphon. What have the People done? The Sheep of Princes,
That they ſhou'd periſh for the Shepherd's Fault?
They bring their yearly Wool, to cloath their owners,
And yet when bare themſelves, are cull'd for Slaughter.
Shou'd I do this, what cou'd the Wolf do more,
Than what the Maſter did?
Ram. Then *Garcia*, muſt he ſcape?
Alphon. 'Tis true, I had him at my Mercy once;
I ſhou'd have Kill'd him then, or once forgiven,
Shou'd ſpare him now.
Ram. (*aſide.*) His Noble Soul relents!
Alphon. But then I give *Victoria* to his Arms;
And make my own Deſtruction my own Act----------
That fires my Blood again----------yet if ſhe Love him,
Is Killing him ſhe Loves, the way to gain her?
No, let him Live----------But *Veramond* ſhall Die;
Who, when he was my Father as he thought,
When I deſerv'd his Love; then hated me.
Ram. (*aſide.*) Oh! now the Tempeſt drives another way.
Alphon. No more deliberation, there it goes:
I'll Kill him firſt, to ſatisfie my Vengeance:
And then t' Atone her Anger, Kill my ſelf. [*Seems going haſtily.*
Ram. Hold, hold, *Alphonſo*, Heav'n and Earth and I,
Who have a Father's Title to your Life,
Forbid that Parricide.
Alphon. Wou'd you refuſe a Mad-Man leave to Sleep?
'Tis Sleep muſt cure me, and that Sleep is Death.
Ram. A Mad-Man muſt be cool'd, to make him Sleep.
I have prepar'd a gentle Opiat for you,
One Moment's Patience, and I will infuſe it:
You ſee me diſpoſſeſt of all my State——

Alphon.

Alphon. Yes, to my Grief: and to enhance that Grief,
'T is to my Sword, my Father ows his Ruin.
Ram. And 'tis that only Sword that can reſtore me.
It muſt, and ought: you owe it to your Duty.
Alphon. Duty was what *Victoria* urg'd to me:
I hate that fatal word, becauſe ſhe us'd it;
And for a Cruel Father, left her Love.
Ram. Cou'd ſhe do that, for *Veramond*, a Tyrant,
Which you refuſe to me?
The Conquering Troops of *Arragon* are yours:
You are their Life, their Idol, and their Soul.
Conduct me Home, and with their Aid Reſtore me;
And that once done, we ſhall not need to Treat,
For *Veramond* himſelf will ſend; and ſue
For that Alliance which his Pride now ſcorns.
Alphon. Long e're that time, *Victoria* will be *Garcia*'s:
Her Father will not loſe one moment's ſpace,
To gratifie his Vengeance with Ruine,
If I wou'd force him, this muſt be the time:
Which ſince I now refuſe, 'tis loſt for ever.
Hear then; and take it as my laſt reſolve;
Lead you the Troops: you need not fear their Faith:
The Guilt of their Rebellion make 'em yours.
With them, and with your own, Reſtore your ſelf.
Ram. Then what becomes of you?
Alphon. No matter what.
Provide your ſelf of ſome more worthy Heir.
For I am loſt, beyond Redemption loſt;
Farewel the Joys of Empire from this moment:
Farewel the Honours of the duſty Field;
Here lay I down this Inſtrument of Death. [*Ungirds his Sword, and lays it down.*
And may it gird ſome Happier Souldier's ſide:
For nothing it cou'd gain, can countervail
To me, the loſs of my *Victoria*'s Love.
Your Bleſſing, and farewel —— [*Kneels.*
Ram. Alas, I fear ſome fatal Reſolution
Is harbour'd in your Soul: if thus you leave me,
My Mind forbodes, we never more ſhall meet.
Alphon. Give not ſo black an Omen to this parting.
For we may meet again, if Heav'n thinks fit ——
A Beam of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the brown Horrour, and directs my way.
Blaſt not my purpoſe, by refuſing leave,
Nor ask the means: but know I will not Dye
Till I have prov'd th' extreameſt Remedy.
And, if Unarm'd, I go to tempt my Fate:
Think my deſpair is from *Victoria*'s Hate. [*Exit* Alphonſo.
Ram. I might have us'd the Pow'r Heav'n gives to Parents,
And hindred his departure:
But ſomewhat of Divine controul'd my Tongue;
For Hero's Souls, irregular to us,
Yet move like Planets in their proper Sphere;
Performing even courſe,
In Paths uneven to beholders Eyes.—— [*Pauſes a little.*
(To *Carlos*) His words, myſterious as they were, imported,
Some deſperate Deſign, which I muſt watch,
And therefore dare not lead the Forces far:
But Camp'd without the Town at ſome ſmall diſtance;
T' expect the Iſſue, and prevent his Death.
Carl. Sir, what Orders give you? for you are now our General.
Ram. Follow, and you ſhall know —— [*Exit* Ramirez.
Carl. Follow! whither? No Plunder when the Town was fairly taken, there's a hopeful General to follow; the Son and Father are both gone away, without providing for me, who betray'd the City to 'em; a fine Incouragement for Virtue;

Well,

W'ell, theſe Monarchs make no more of us Souldiers, when their turn is ſerv'd, than we make of our old batter'd Horſes; to put us off for Stallions, is the beſt that can become of us: and thoſe indeed are my preſent Circumſtances: *Dalinda* will none, and *Sancho* is juſt mounting; if I get not between, and thruſt him off: for which purpoſe I have inſinuated to him that I have left *Dalinda* for his ſake, and am upon another Scent,----------Yonder he comes: This, and another Lye which I have ready coin'd, will go near to ſpoil his Market.

Enter Sancho.

San. Well, *Carlos*, the Hurly Burly's quite over; I met *Ramirez* marching off the Army; and juſt afterwards appear'd a Fellow in a Fool's Coat on Horſe-back, with three Trumpets; *Herod*, I think they call'd him; or ſome ſuch Jewiſh Name.

Carl. A Herauld at Arms you mean.

San. It may be ſo; but I ſhou'd have taken him for ſome *Pardonner*, for he ſcatter'd Indulgences by handfuls to the People, but only they paid nothing for 'em.

Carl. But did he Proclaim nothing?

San. Oh, yes; and now I remember, he began his Speech with, *O Yes*, too; he Proclaim'd a General Pardon to all Rebels, of which number, you know, you and I, *Carlos*, were two Ring-leaders.

Carl. Then farewell *Ramirez*, e'en trudge on by your ſelf, for there's an end of my Expedition; I will lay down my Arms like a Dutiful Subject; and ſubmit to his Majeſty when I can rebel no longer.

San. Very good; and try t'other touch for *Dalinda*, will you?

Carl. You know I have quitted her for your ſake, and now am altogether for—— Let me ſee, what Lady am I for?

San. Pump, pump, *Carlos*; for that's to be invented yet.

Carl. Only out of my Head a little: 'Tis the dead Count's Siſter; a great Fortune ſince her Brother died, but ſomewhat homely: She has already made ſome Advances to me, or elſe I lye.

San. And will you ſay *To Have and to Hold*, with an ugly Woman?

Carl. Yes, and *For Better for Worſe*, that is, for Virgin or for Whore, as you will, *Sancho*; who are liſting your ſelf into the Honourable Company of Cuckolds.

San. What, a Hero as I am, to be a Cuckold?

Carl. Do not diſdain your Calling; *Julius Cæſar* was one before you: The Count has had her by her own Confeſſion; ſo ſhe's a Nobleman's Dowager for your Comfort.

San. Pugh, ſhe deny'd it afterwards; that was but a Copy of her Countenance.

Carl. What if it prove a Copy of the *Conde*'s Countenance, do you think ſhe had not a Baſtard by him?

San. That was only a Plot betwixt us to cheat her Father.

Carl. Did her Father know nothing of it?

San. Not a Syllable.

Carl. Then when he believ'd you to be the Count, how came he to charge you with enjoying her?

San. That is ſomething to the purpoſe; but now I think on't, 'tis nothing neither; 'tis but asking her the Queſtion, and I know ſhe'll ſatisfie me.

Carl. And you are reſolv'd to take her word?

San. Rather than yours; for you may have a mind to have a lick at the Honey-pot your ſelf.

Carl. Farewel; you know I have other buſineſs upon the Stocks.

[*Seems going out.*

San. Stay *Carlos*; I'm afraid you know ſomething more of this bawdy buſineſs than you confeſs.

Carl. Fecks, not I.

San. Fecks! what a ſneaking Oath is that for a Man of Honour? Swear me bloodily like a Souldier, if you wou'd be believ'd.

Carl. Without Swearing, I believe her honeſt; therefore make ſure of her immediately.

San. That is, take a Rival's Counſel, and make ſure of being an Antedated Cuckold.

Carl. If you won't believe me, I can't help it; but marry *Dalinda*, and be happy; for I may prevent you, if you make not haſte.

San. Thou haſt cheated me ſo often, that I can't credit one Syllable thou ſay'ſt.

Carl.

Carl. (*going out.*) Then take your Fortune.

[Carlos *pulls out his Handkerchief to wipe his Face, and drops a Letter.*

Yonder comes *Dalinda*, I know her by her Trip. I'll watch their Greeting. [*Exit.*

San. The Rogue's malicious, and wou'd have me marry her in ſpight; beſides he's off and on at ſo Deviliſh a rate, a Man knows not where to have him: Well, I am reſolv'd in the firſt place not to follow the Rogue's Counſel, I will not marry her becauſe he advis'd me to't; and yet I will marry her becauſe he counſel'd me not to marry her: Hey day, I will marry her, and I will not marry her: what's the meaning of this, Friend *Sancho*? That's taking the Rogue's advice one way or t'other. [*Sees the Letter, and takes it up.*

What, has he dropt a Letter! To whom is it directed? to Don *Carlos D'Ybarra*, that's himſelf.

Mutters, as reading to himſelf.

Dalinda's *Fair, and a Fortune; but marry her not; for to my knowledge* (Pox confound him for his knowledge) *ſhe has had a* —— (What A —— Mr. Friend?) why, a Baſtard, *by the late* Conde: (Ay, I thought as much.) *But his Siſter* Leonora *is in Love with you.*

Damn it, I'll read no more: It agrees with what he firſt told me, and therefore it muſt be all Orthodox. Here ſhe comes too, juſt in the nick of my Revenge; but I ſhall be very Laconic with her.

Enter Dalinda.

Dal. Now Servant.
San. Now Cockatrice.
Dal. You're pretty familiar ——
San. So have you been ——
Dal. With your Miſtreſs.
San. With the *Conde*, of Whoring Memory.
Dal. A fine Salutation!
San. A final parting.
Dal. What's the meaning of this! will you come in?
San. Will you go in?
Dal. Come, look upon me.

[*She makes the* Doux Yeux *to him.*

San. I have no Eyes.
Dal. Then I muſt take you by the Hand. [*She offers, and he pulls back.*
San. I have no Hands neither.
Dal. How's this! I have been but too kind ——
San. Yes, to the *Conde.*
Dal. Pugh, that was a Jeſt, you know.
San. 'Tis turn'd to earneſt.
Dal. You know 'twas of my Conception.
San. And of your bringing forth too.
Dal. What did I bring forth?
San. A Baſtard.
Dal. Oh Impudent!
San. Woman.
Dal. What Proof have you of that Scandal?
San. This with a Pox to ye. [*Throws her the Letter.*

Exit.

Patience, oh ye Gods!

[*She takes up the Note, and as ſhe is reading it, Re-enter* Carlos.

Carl. Much good may do you with your Note, Madam; now I think I am Revengd at full; your Cully has forſaken you.

Dal. 'Well, I did not expect this from you, Couſin *Carlos.*

Carl. What did you take me for? King *Log* in *Æſop*'s Fables, for you to inſultme, and play at leap Frog over me? Did not you forſake me for a Fool?

Dal. But was not this a terrible Revenge of yours? muſt you needs ſhew him the Letter which has ruin'd my Reputation, and loſt my Fortune? Am I the firſt frail Creature, that had the Misfortune of two Great Bellies, and yet afterwards, was Decently Married, and paſs'd for a Virgin?

Carl. Nay don't aggravate the Matter: conſult your Note, and you'll find but one Baſtard charg'd upon you; you ſee I was not for laying loaders.

Dal.

Dal. A great Curteſie to bate me one, as if that was not enough to do my Buſineſs.

Carl. Well, ſuppoſe I ſhou'd diſcover this Contrivance of mine; and ſet all right again?

Dal. (aſide.) Contrivance; oh Heaven! I've undone my ſelf, by confeſſing all too ſoon.

Carl. If I ſhou'd prove you Innocent, you'd prove ungrateful?

Dal. No, you know I always Lov'd you.

Carl. You've ſhewn it moſt abundantly, in chuſing *Sancho!*

Dal. You ſpeak more truly than you think: I have ſhewn it. For, ſince I muſt confeſs the Truth to you, I am no Fortune: my Father, tho' he bears it high to put me off, has Mortgag'd his Eſtate: We keep Servants for ſhew, and when we ſhou'd pay their wages, pick a Quarrel with their Service, and turn 'em off Pennyleſs. There's neither Sheet nor Shirt in the whole Family; the Lodging Rooms are furniſht with Loam: and bare Mattreſſes are the Beds. The Dining Room, plays the Hypocrite for all the Houſe; for all the Furniture is there: when Strangers Dine with us, we Eat before the Servants, and then they Faſt; but when we Dine alone, 'tis all a muſs: They ſcramble for the Victuals, before 'tis ſerv'd up, and then we Faſt.

Carl. The Spirit of Famine comes upon me, at the very deſcription of it.

Dal. Now, ſince neither you nor I have Fortunes, what ſhou'd we do together, unleſs we ſhou'd turn *Cannibals*, and Eat up one another? But if you wou'd make up this foul Buſineſs, and help me to that Rich Fool *Sancho*, I ſay no more, But ——

Carl. But thou wou'dſt be kind to me; ſpeak out; for I dare not truſt thee; thou'rt ſuch a Woman.

Dal. You ſhou'd. —

Carl. What ſhou'd I?

Dal. Why, you ſhou'd ——

Carl. Well, well, I will believe thee, tho my Heart miſgives me plaguily. And therefore, in the firſt place, I beg your pardon for the Scandal I have laid upon you: In the next, I reſtore your Virginity, and take away your Baſtard.

Dal. And you'll tell *Sancho* 'twas a forg'd Letter.

Carl. No doubt on't; for I wrote it to my ſelf; and out of Revenge invented the whole Story.

Dal. But ſuppoſe, Dear Couſin; that *Sancho* ſhou'd not believe all this to be your Invention; and ſhou'd ſtill ſuſpect the Letter to be true?

Carl. I can eaſily convince him, by Writing the ſame Hand again, in which that Letter was Indited.

Dal. That's an excellent Expedient; but do it now; for a Woman can never be clear'd, too ſoon.

Carl. But when you are clear'd, you'll forget your Promiſe to me ——

Dal. But if I am not clear'd I cannot Marry him; nor be put in a way to keep my Promiſe. Come, I'll hold my Hand, Write upon it, I always carry Pen and Ink about me.

Carl. Let me Seal my Affection firſt: [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Now, what ſhou'd I write?

Dal. Only theſe words at the bottom of the Note, in the ſame Character.
This Letter was wholly forg'd by me, *Carlos.* [*He Kneels and Writes.*

Carl. There 'tis —— [*Gives it her, ſhe puts it in her Pocket.*
But now tell me truly what made you confeſs a couple of Baſtards, have you indeed been dabbling?

Dal. Who, I confeſs it! Oh thou Impudent Fellow! I only ſooth'd thee up in thy Villainy, to make thee betray thy own Plot. I confeſs'd ſeemingly, to make thee confeſs really. Heav'n and thy own Conſcience, know I did. [*Seems to weep.*

Carl. But when you're Married, you'll remember your Promiſe?

Dal. What Promiſe?

Carl. That I ſhou'd ——

Dal. Shou'd what?

Carl. Muſt I tell you?

Dal. No, I'll tell you; I ſaid you ſhould, and ſo you ſhall, be cozen'd in your Expectation.

Carl. I foreboded this; and yet was Fool enough to truſt thee; give me back my Letter.

Dal.

Dal. What, deliver up my Evidence, that's the Teſtimony of my Virtue, and thy Wickedneſs.

Carl. I'll ſearch your Petticoat.

Dal. Dare but touch my Petticoat, and I'll cry out a Rape againſt thee.

Carl. Oh thou *Eve* of *Geneſis*; thou wou'dſt have Tempted the Serpent, if thou hadſt bin there.

Dal. The next News you hear, is of my Wedding; be Patient, and you ſhall be Invited to the Dinner.

Carl. I ſay no more, but I'll go Home and Indite *Iambicks*; thou ſhalt not want far an *Epithalamium*. I'll do thy buſineſs in Verſe. *Exit.*

Dal. My Comfort is, I have done your Buſineſs in Proſe, already.
The Wittieſt Men, are all but Womens Tools,
'Tis our Prerogative, to make 'em Fools.
For one Sweet Look, the Rich, the Beaux, the Braves,
And all Mankind, run headlong to be Slaves.
Ours is the Harveſt which thoſe *Indians* mow;
They Plough the Deep; but we Reap what they Sow. *Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE, Lopez's *Houſe.*

Sancho, Lopez, Dalinda. Carlos *meeting them.*

Carl. GIve you Joy, Mr. Bridegroom and Mrs. Bride, you ſee I have accepted your Invitation.

San. And thou art welcome, as a Witneſs of my Triumph.

Carl. I cou'd tell Tales, that wou'd ſpoil your Appetite, both to your Dinner and your Bride: You think you are married to a vaſt Fortune.

Dal. A better, perhaps, than you imagine.

Lop. For if *Sancho* looks into his Writings, he'll find that my Eſtate was mortgag'd to his Father.

San. Then wou'd I had lookt into my Writings before I had lookt ſo far into your Daughter.

Dal. My Father's Fortune will be yours at laſt: and I have but redeem'd it for you.

San. I'm ſure I'm married without Redemption!

Carl. You muſt take the good and the bad together; he that keeps a tame Cat muſt be content to be ſcratcht a little.

Dal. The Count's Siſter, I hope, has Claws for you too.

Carl. That was invented only in hopes of you, *Dalinda*: tho now I thank my Stars that I have miſs'd you: for two Wits without Fortunes, wou'd be like two Milſtones without Corn betwixt 'em; they wou'd only grind upon one another, and make a terrible noiſe, but no Meal wou'd follow.

Enter a Nurſe leading a Boy and a Girl.

Nurſe. Madam, here are two poor Orphans, that hearing you are married, come to dine with you.

Dal. (*aſide.*) My two Baſtards! I am undone: what ſhall I do with 'em?

Lop. (*aſide.*) The Devil take my damn'd Grand-children for their unſeaſonable Viſit.

San. Welcome, welcome: They're come a mumming to grace my Wedding, I'll warrant you.

Carl. I begin to ſuſpect they come to Sup and Lodge as well as Dine here.

Lop. (*to Nurſe.*) There's two Piſtols for you; take 'em away, and bring 'em again to Morrow Morning.

Nurſe, Thank your Honour: Come away, Children; but firſt I muſt deliver a Note to this Gentleman: Don *Carlos*, I'm ſure you remember me.

[*Gives him a Note.*

Carl. Did not you wait on Donna *Leonora*, the *Conde*'s Siſter?

Nurſe. Have you forgotten *Inez* the faithful Truſtee of your Affection? Read your Letter; there's better News than you deſerve.

[Carlos *reads his Letter to himſelf.*

Dal. (*to Nurſe.*) Steal away, dear Nurſe, while he's reading, and there's more Money for you; fear not, you ſhall be duly paid; for I am married to one who can provide for them.

Nurſe. (*to her.*) Well, I'll keep your Credit: but remember.

[*Exit Nurſe with the Children.*

Carl. (*after Reading.*) Poor loving Creature, ſhe is e'en too Conſtant; I cou'd never have expected this from her: Look you here, you ſhall ſee I have no reaſon to envy your Fortune *Sancho.* [*Looks about him.* How now, what's become of the Nurſe and the two Children?

Dal. They wou'd have been but too troubleſom Gueſts, and are gone away.

Carl. By your Favour I ſhall make bold to call 'em back again. [*Exit* Carlos.

Dal. (to *Lopez.*) Oh Barbarous Villain! he'll diſcover all.

Lop. The beſt on't is, you're already married.

Dal. But we have not Conſummated; I cou'd have ſo wheedled Mr. Bridegroom to Night, that e're to Morrow Morning he ſhou'd have forgiven me.

Re-enter Carlos *with Nurſe and Children.*

Carl. Come, Nurſe, no more mincing Matters; your Lady's Orders in my Letter muſt be obey'd: I muſt find a Father and Mother for the Children in this Company.

San. Whoſe pretty Children are theſe, *Carlos*, that you are to provide for?

Carl. E'en your Bride's, *Sancho*, at your ſervice: Children, do your Duty to your Mother.

Children. (*kneeling.*) Mamma, your Bleſſing.

San. Hey day, what's here to do? Are theſe the Iſſue of your Body, Madam Bride?

Carl. Yes; and they are now your Children by the Mother's ſide: The late *Conde* preſents his Service to you, with theſe two Pledges of his Affection to your Wife.

San. Is it even thus, *Dalinda*?

Lop. Chriſtian Patience, Son-in-Law.

San. Chriſtian Patience! I ſay Pagan Fury: This is enough to make me turn Jew again, like my Father of Hebrew Memory.

Carl. You may make your Aſſault, Colonel, without danger; the breach is already made to your hands.

San. Ay, the Devil take him that ſtorm'd it firſt.

Carl. Speak well of the Dead.

Dal. (*kneeling.*) And forgive the Living.

San. Oh *Dalinda*! no more *Dalinda*, but *Dalilah* the *Philiſtine*: Cou'd you find none but me to practiſe on?

Carl. Sooner upon you than upon any Man; for Nature has put a Superſcription upon a Fool's Face, and all Cheats are directed thither.

Lop. There's no recalling what's paſt and done.

San. You never ſaid a truer word, Father-in-Law; 'tis done, indeed, to my Sorrow.

Carl. If you cou'd undo it, *Sancho*, it were ſomething; but ſince you cannot, your only Remedy is to do it again.

San. That's true: But the Memory of that damn'd *Conde* is enough to turn ones Stomach to her: Do you remember what a Deviliſh hunch Back he had when you and I play'd him.

Carl. For that Reaſon you may be ſure ſhe'll loath the thought of him.

San. Do you think ſo, *Carlos*?

Dal. How can I do otherwiſe, when I have in my Arms ſo handſome, ſo ſweet, and ſo charming a Cavalier as you?

San. Well, I am I know not howiſh; ſhe has a delicious Tongue of her own, and I begin to mollifie.

Carl. Do, *Sancho*: Faith, you've held it out too long, in Conſcience, for ſo ſlight a quarrel; this is nothing among great Ladies, Man; how many Fathers have I known that have given their Bleſſings to other Mens Children: Come, bleſs 'em, bleſs 'em, honeſt Daddy: Kneel down, Children.

Children. (*kneeling.*) Your Bleſſing, Pappa. *Children cry.*

San. It goes againſt the grain to give it them.

Carl. For ſhame, *Sancho*, take 'em up: you'll break their pretty Hearts elſe: 'twou'd grieve a Man's Soul to ſee 'em weep thus.

San. Ay, they learnt that trick of their Mother; but I cannot be obdurate, the fault was none of theirs, I'm ſure. [*Crying.*

Heav'n

Heav'n e'en bleſs you, and I'll provide for you: Nay, and it ſhall go hard, but I'll get you ſome more Play-Fellows: if your Mother be as Fruitful as ſhe us'd to be.

Lop. Why this is as it ſhou'd be.

Dal. Heav'n Reward you; and I'll ſtudy Obedience to you.

San. They ſay, Children are great Bleſſings; if they are, I have two great Bleſſings ready gotten to my hands.

Carl. For your Comfort, Marriage they ſay, is Holy.

San. Ay, and ſo is Martyrdom, as they ſay; but both of 'em are good for juſt nothing, but to make an end of a Man's Life.

Lop. Chear up, Son-in-Law: your Children are very towardly, you ſee they can ask Bleſſing already.

Dal. If he does not like 'em, he may Get the next himſelf.

Carl. I will not trouble the Company, with Reading my Letter from the Dead Count's Siſter; 'Tis enough to tell you, that I Lov'd her once, and forſook her, becauſe ſhe was then no Fortune: but ſhe has been kinder to me, than I deſerve: and has offer'd me her Brother's Eſtate in Dowry with her.

Dal. Which I hope you will accept.

Carl. Yes, and releaſe you of a certain Promiſe to me, without explaining. She only recommended to me her Brother's Children by *Dalinda*. And I think I have taken a decent care in providing them a Rich Father.

San. I always lov'd a Harlot, and now I have one of my own, I'll e'en take up with her; for my Youth is going; and my days of Whoring, I mean emphatical Whoring, are almoſt over: but for once, we'll have a Frolick; come Off-Spring, can either of you two Dance?

1 *Child.* Yes forſooth Father, and my Siſter can Sing too like a little Angel.

San. Then foot it featly; that you may ſay hereafter, you remember when your Mother was firſt Married, and Danc'd at her Wedding.

Carl. Hold a little; you may remember too, Madam Bride, that I promis'd you an Epithalamium: 'Twas meant a Satyr; but Fortune has turn'd it to a Jeſt; I have giv'n it to the Muſicians, and brought 'em along with me; ſtrike up, Gentlemen.

[*The Dance is firſt, then the Song, the laſt words of which are Sung while the Company is going out, and the Muſick Plays before them.*

Song: By Mr. *Congreve.*

1.

HOW Happy's the Husband, whoſe Wife has
Not Damn'd to the Bed of an Ignorant Bride?
Secure of what's left, he ne'er miſſes the reſt,
But where there's enough, ſuppoſes a Feaſt;
So foreknowing the Cheat,
He eſcapes the Deceit,
And in ſpite of the Curſe, reſolves to be Bleſt.

[*been try'd!*

2.

If Children are Bleſſings, his Comfort's the more,
Whoſe Spouſe has been known to be Fruitful before;
And the Boy that ſhe brings ready made to his Hand,
May ſtand him inſtead, for an Heir to his Land,
Shou'd his own prove a Sot,
When he's Lawfully Got,
As when e're 'tis ſo, if he don't, I'll be hang'd.

Song for a GIRL.

1.

YOung I am, and yet unſkill'd
How to make a Lover yield:
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to Love; and when to feign:

2.

Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am Young and True;
E're I can my Soul diſguiſe;
Heave my Breaſts, and roul my Eyes.

3.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to Lye, and to Betray:
He that has me firſt, is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.

4.

Cou'd I find a blooming Youth;
Full of Love, and full of Truth,
Brisk, and of a janty meen,
I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

A Royal Chamber is diſcover'd, by drawing the former Scene; Veramond, Garcia, Ximena, Victoria, Celidea, *with a full Train of Courtiers and Guards*; *amongſt the Croud*, Ramirez *Diſguis'd*, *with ſome of his Party.*

Vera. (to *Vict.*) No more delays, but go.
Ximen. This is Inhumane,
To preſs her to a Marriage made by Force.
At leaſt allow your ſelf and her this day,
That each of you may think, and one may change.
Vera. You mean the Times or Accidents may change,
And leave her for *Alphonſo*.
Xim. Your Enemies are but without your Gates,
And ſoon they may return: forbear for fear.
Vera. The ſooner then
I muſt prevent th' effect of their return.
What now remains, but to compleat my Vows,
And Sacrifice to Vengeance?
Xim. Your own Daughter!
Vera. Even her, my ſelf, and all the World together.
Vict. Can you refuſe me one poor day to Live?
Vera. Obey me, and be Bleſt; if not, Accurſt.
A Father's Curſe has wings, remember that;
Thro this World and the next, it will purſue thee;
And ſink thee down, for ever.
Vict. 'Tis enough,
I know how far a Daughter owes Obedience;
But Duty has a bound like other Empires:
It reaches but to Life, for all beyond it
Is the Dominion of another World,
Where you have no Command.
For you, *Don Garcia*,
You know the Pow'r a Miſtreſs ought to have;
But ſince you will be Maſter, take your Hour,
The next is mine.
Gar. I grant the Debt of Service which I owe you:
But 'tis a Summ too vaſt to pay at ſight.
If now you call it in, I muſt be Bankrupt
To all my future Bliſs.
Vict. I find by you,
The Laws of Love, are like the Laws of Heav'n;
All know, but few will keep 'em—— To the Temple,
Where I my ſelf am Victim.

Enter Alphonſo, *Unarm'd*; *all ſeem Amaz'd.*

Alph. Stay, *Veramond.*
Veramond. (*aſide.*) *Alphonſo* here! then all my Hopes are blaſted.
The Town is his, and I once more a Slave.
Alph. Diſmiſs thy fears and tremble not, Old Man,
I neither come with purpoſe, nor with Power
T' avenge my wrongs, but ſingle and unarm'd:
This Head is neceſſary to thy Peace,
And to *Victoria*'s violated Vows:
Who, while I Live, can never be *Don Garcia*'s.
Take then this odious Life; ſecurely take it,
And glut thy Vengeance with *Alphonſo*'s Blood.
Behold the Man who forc'd thee in thy Strength,
In thy Imperial Town made thee a Captive.
Now give thy Fury ſcope: Revenge th' Affront,
And ſhew more pity not to ſpare my Life,
Than I in ſparing thine.
Xim. (to *Celidea.*) Oh boundleſs Courage, or extream Deſpair!
Celid. (to *her.*) I tremble for th' event; ſee the King reddens.
The Fear which ſeiz'd him at *Alphonſo*'s ſight,

And left his Face forſaken of his Blood.
Is vaniſht now;
And a new Tide returns upon his Cheeks:
And Rage and Vengeance ſparkle in his Eyes.
Vera. (aſide.) All things are huſht; no noiſe is in the Streets;
Nor ſhouts of Souldiers, nor the cries of Matrons,
To ſpeak a Town in plunder —— Then I take
(To *Alph.*) A Traytor's Counſel once, and thou ſhalt Die;
Condemn'd by thy own Sentence, go to Death;
Nor ſhall thy ſeeming Generoſity,
And feign'd aſſurance, ſave thee; 'tis deſpair,
To ſee thy fruſtrate Hopes, that brought thee hither;
To meet my juſt Revenge.
Alphon. Yes, I will Die, becauſe I chuſe to Die.
Which had I not deſir'd, I had not come
Unarm'd, Unguarded, and alone, to tempt
Thy known Ingratitude, and barb'rous hate.
Boaſt not th' advantage, which thou hold'ſt of me,
But know thy ſelf for what thou art; no more
Than the mean Miniſter of my deſpair.
Vera. Whether to Heav'n's Juſtice, or thy Choice,
I owe this happy Hour of ſweet Revenge,
I'll not be wanting to the wiſht occaſion.
Vict. You ſhall not Die alone, my dear *Alphonſo*,
Tho much I blame this deſp'rate Enterprize:
You ſhou'd have ſtay'd, to ſee
Th' Event of what I promis'd to perform:
For had I been ſo baſe to be another's,
That baſeneſs might have cur'd your ill-plac'd Love.
But this untimely raſhneſs, makes you Guilty,
Both of your Fate, and mine.
Alphon. While I believ'd
My Life was precious to my dear *Victoria*,
I valu'd and preſerv'd it for her ſake.
But when you broke from your Deliv'rer's Arms,
To put your ſelf into a Tyrant's Power;
I threw a worthleſs, wretched Being from me;
Abandon'd firſt by you.
Vict. Oh Cruel Man!
Where, at what moment did that Change begin,
With which you tax my Violated Vows?
I left your Lawleſs Pow'r, to put my ſelf
Into a Father's Chains, my Lawful Tyrant.
If this be my upbraided Crime, even this,
On that occaſion, wou'd I do once more.
But, cou'd I, with my Honour ſafe, have ſtay'd
In your dear Arms, bear witneſs Heav'n and Earth,
Nor Threats, nor Force nor Promiſes, nor Fears
Shou'd take me from your Love.
Alphon. Oh, I believe you.
Vaniſh my fears, and cauſeleſs Jealouſies;
Live my *Victoria*: for your ſelf, not me;
But let th' unfortunate *Alphonſo* Die;
My Death will glut your Cruel Father's Rage;
When I am gone, and his Revenge compleat,
Pity perhaps may ſeize a Parent's Mind;
To free you from a hated Lover's Arms.
Celid. (to *Ximen.*) Speak Mother, ſpeak: my Father gives you time:
He ſtands amaz'd, irreſolute, and dumb:
Like the ſtill Face of Heav'n before a Storm;
Speak, and Arreſt the Thunder e're it rowls.
Xim. I ſtand ſuſpected: but you, *Celidea*,
The Favourite of his Heart, his Darling Child,
May ſpeak, and ought, your Int'reſt is concern'd:

For

For if *Alphonſo* Die, your hopes are loſt.
I ſee your Father's Soul, like glowing Steel
Is on the Anvil; ſtrike, while yet he's hot:
Turn him, and ply him, ſet him ſtraight betimes,
Leſt he for ever warp.
Celid. I fear, and yet wou'd ſpeak; but will he hear me?
Xim. For what is all this ſilence, but to hear?
Bring him but to calm Reaſoning, and he's gain'd.
Celid. Then Heav'n inſpire my Tongue——
Sir, Royal Sir——
He hears me not; he lifts not up his Eyes:
But fixt upon the Pavements looks the way [*She pulls him.*
That points to Death.
Oh hear me, hear me, Father.
Have you forgot that dear indulgent Name,
Never before in vain pronounc'd by me?
Vera. Ha! who diſturbs my Thoughts?
Celid. (kneeling.) 'Tis *Celidea.*
Alas I wou'd relieve you, if I durſt;
If ever I offended, even in Thought,
Or made not your Commands
The bounds of all my Wiſhes, and Deſires,
Bid me be dumb, or elſe permit me Speech.
Vera. Oh riſe, my only unoffending Child,
Who reconciles me to the Name of Father!
Speak then; but not for her, and leſs for him.
Celid. Perhaps I wou'd accuſe 'em, not defend;
For both are Guilty, dipt in equal Crimes:
And are obnoxious to your Juſtice both.
Vera. True, *Celidea*; thou confirm'ſt my Sentence;
'Tis juſt *Alphonſo* Die.
Xim. (aſide.) Forgive her, Heav'n! ſhe aggravates their Faults;
And puſhes their deſtruction.
Celid. Speak *Alphonſo*:
Can you deny, when Royal *Veramond*,
Then Thought your Father, and by you ſo deem'd,
When he requir'd your Captive, old *Ramirez*,
And order'd his Confinement; did you well
Then to controul the Pleaſure of that King,
Under whoſe juſt Commands you Fought and Conquer'd?
Alphon. I did not well: but heat of boyling Youth,
And ill-weigh'd Honour, made me diſobey.
Vera. That Cauſe is gain'd; for he confeſſes Guilt.
Proceed, moſt equitable Judge, proceed.
Celid. (to *Alphon.*) Next I reproach you, with a worſe Rebellion.
The King's firſt Promiſe to *Don Garcia* made,
You dar'd t' oppoſe: forbad his fair Addreſſes;
Then made a Ruffian Quarrel with that Prince.
And laſt, were guilty of Inceſtuous Love.
I will not load my Siſter with Conſent;
But, in ſtrict Virtue, liſtning to a Crime,
And not rejecting, is it ſelf a Crime.
Vict. Is this a Siſter's Office? Peace for ſhame:
We Lov'd without trangreſſing Virtues bounds;
We fixt the limits of our tend'reſt Thoughts;
Came to the verge of honour, and there ſtopt:
We warm'd us by the Fire; but were not ſcorcht:
If this be Sin, Angels might Love with leſs;
And mingle Rays of Minds, leſs pure than ours.
Our Souls enjoy'd; but to their Holy Feaſts,
Bodies on both ſides, were forbidden Gueſts.
Celid. Now help me, Father; or our Cauſe is loſt:
For much I fear their Love was innocent.
Vera. With my own Troops *Alphonſo* ſeiz'd my Perſon;

In my own Town, to my perpetual Shame:
Paſs on to that; and ſtrike the Traytor Dead.
Celid. Yes, Proud *Alphonſo*, you were baniſht hence;
Your Father was confin'd; and doom'd to Death;
The Beauty you Ador'd was made another's.
How durſt you, then, attempt t' avenge your wrongs,
And force your Miſtreſs from your Rival's Arms?
Rather than Die contented, as you ought.
Alphon. Even for thoſe very Reaſons you alledge.
Xim. (*aſide.*) At laſt I find her drift.
Vera. Thou Juſtifieſt, and not Accuſeſt him.
Celid. Patience, good Father, and here out the reſt.
Thought you, becauſe you bravely Fought, and Conquer'd [To *Alphon.*
For Royal *Veramond*, nay, ſav'd his Life,
And ſet him free, when you had Conquer'd him,
Only becauſe he was *Victoria*'s Father,
Thought you for ſuch light Services as theſe,
That he ſhou'd ſpare you now? O Generous Madman,
To give your Head to one, who ne'er forgave.
Vera. (*aſide.*) Oh, ſhe ſtings me.
Celid. And you, *Don Garcia*, witneſs to this Truth:
You were his hated Rival, fairly vanquiſht;
And yet he ſpar'd your Life.
Garc. At your requeſt:
I owe it to you both.
That he diſmiſt my Siſter, 'was her Fault:
I charge it not on him; but 'twas his Folly.
A Capital Fool he was, in that laſt Error;
For which he juſtly ſtands Condemn'd to Death.
Your Sentence, Royal Sir?
Vera. That he ſhou'd Live;
Shou'd Live Triumphant over *Veramond*,
And ſhou'd Live Happy in *Victoria*'s Love ——
Oh, I have held as long as Nature cou'd;
Convinc'd in Reaſon, obſtinate in Will;
I ſaw the Pleader's aim, found her deſign,
I long'd to be o'ercome, and yet reſiſted.
What have I done againſt thee, my *Alphonſo*?
And what haſt thou not done for *Veramond*?
Xim. Oh fortunate Event!
Vict. Oh happy Day!
Alphon. Oh unexpected Bliſs, and therefore double!
Vera. (to *Alphon.*) Can you forgive me, yes, I know you can?
Alphonſo can forgive *Victoria*'s Father.
But yet, in pity, Pardon not too ſoon:
Puniſh my Pride a while;
And make me linger for ſo great a Good,
Leſt extaſie of Joy prevent the Bleſſing;
And you, inſtead of Pardon, give me Death.
[*He offers to kneel to* Alphonſo: Alphonſo *takes him up, and kneels himſelf.*
Alphon. Oh let me raiſe my Father from the ground!
Vera. (*riſing.*) 'Tis your peculiar Virtue, my *Alphonſo*,
Always to raiſe me up.
Alphon. Here let me grow, till I obtain your Grace:
My Life has been, one Univerſal Crime;
And you, like Heav'n, accepting ſhort Repentance,
Forgive my length of Sins.
Vera. (*raiſing him.*) Let us forget from whence offence began.
But ſince to ſave my ſhame, thou wilt be Guilty,
Impute thy hate for me, to ſure inſtinct;
That ſhow'd thee thy True Father in my Foe;
Now Grafted on my Stock, be Son to both.
(*turning to Garc.*) To you *Don Garcia*, next.
Garc. Before you ſpeak,

Permit

Permit me, Sir, t' aſſume ſome little Merit
In this days Happineſs; your Promiſe made
Victoria mine——
Alphon. What then?
Garc. Nay, hear me out,
He kept his Royal Word; he gave her me;
I loſt her, when I fell beneath your Sword.
Or if I have a Title, I reſign it,
And make her yours.
Alphon. I take her as your Gift.
Garc. (to *Vera.*) Make me but bleſt in *Celidea*'s Love;
She ſav'd my Life, and hers it is for ever.
'Tis pity ſhe who gain'd another's Cauſe,
Shou'd loſe her own.
Vera. (preſenting *Celidea.*) She's yours.
Celid. My Joys are full.
Vict. And mine o'er-flow.
Alphon. And mine are all a Soul can bear, and Live.
Vera. Then ſeek we out *Ramirez*;
To make him Partner of this happy day;
That gives him back his Crown, and his *Alphonſo.*
Ram. Behold me here, unſought: with ſome few Friends;
[*Taking off his Vizard.*
(Reſolv'd to Save my Son, or Periſh with him)
Thus far I trac'd, and follow'd him, unknown,
And here have waited, with a beating Heart,
To ſee this bleſt Event.
Vera. Juſt like the winding up of ſome Deſign,
Well form'd, upon the crowded Theatre.
Where all concern'd ſurprizingly are pleas'd;
And what they wiſh, ſee done. Lead to the Temple;
Let thanks be paid; and Heav'n be prais'd no leſs
For private Union, than for publick Peace.

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